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Deeds of Kindness.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say: "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up"—
How many a weary traveller
Would miss a fragrant smell;
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say:
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away"—
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way—
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom, too!
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child can do
For others by his love.

TOO GOOD CREDIT.

"Let me show you one of the cheapest pieces of cloth I have seen for sixth months," said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income from a clerkship was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards," replied the customer; "the silk and buttons are all I want."

"Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs—no trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to show my goods," said the storekeeper, drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the counter. "There," he added, as he unfolded the glossy broadcloth and clapped his hand upon it self-complacently, "there is something worth looking at; and it's as cheap as dirt. Only four dollars a yard, and worth six—every cent of it. I bought it at auction yesterday, at a great bargain."

"It's cheap enough, certainly," replied Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent down to inspect the cloth; "but I've no money to spare just now."

"Don't want any money," replied Edwards; "at least, not from such men as you."

Jacobs looked up into the man's face, in doubt as to his meaning.

"Your credit is good," said Edwards smiling.

"Credit! I've no credit. I never asked a man to trust me in my life," returned the customer.

"I'll trust you to half that is in my store," was answered.

"Thank you," said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this.—"But I've no wants in the dry goods line to that extent. A skein of silk and a dozen of buttons for my wife, are all that I require at present."

"You want a new coat," replied the persevering storekeeper, and he laid his hand upon the sleeve of Jacob's coat and examined it closely. "This one is getting rusty and threadbare. A man like you should have some regard for his appearance. Let me see—two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost but eight dollars, and I won't send in your bill for six months.—Eight dollars for a fine broadcloth coat—think of that! Bargains of this kind don't grow on ever tree."

While Edwards talked thus he was displaying the goods he wished to sell in a way to let the rich, glossy surface catch the best points of light, and his quick eye soon told him that his customer was beginning to be tempted.

"I'll cut you off a coat-pattern," said he, taking up his yard-stick. I know you want it. Don't hesitate about the matter."

Jacobs did not say "No," although the word was upon his tongue. While he yet hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off and served from the piece.

"There it is," came in a satisfied, half triumphant tone from the store-keeper's lips. "And it is the greatest bargain you ever had. You will want trimmings of course."

As he spoke he turned to the shelves for padding, linings, silks, etc., and while Jacobs, half-bewildered stood looking on, cut from one piece and another, until the trimmings were all nicely laid out. This done, Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing his hands from an internal feeling of delight, and said—

"You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course."

"My vest *is* a little shabby," replied Jacobs, as he glanced downward at a garment which had seen pretty fair service.

"If that's the best one you have, it will never do to go with a new coat," said Edwards, in a decided tone. "Let me show you a beautiful piece of black satin."

And so the storekeeper went on tempting his customer, until he sold him a vest and pantaloons in addition to the coat. After that he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife. Having indulged himself with an entire new suit, he could not, upon reflection, think of passing by his wife, who had been wishing for a new silk dress for more than six years.

"Can't you think of anything else?" inquired Edwards. "I shall be happy to supply whatever you may want in my line."

"Nothing more, I believe," answered Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty-five dollars, and he had yet to pay for making the coat, vest and pantaloons.

"But you will want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send down for whatever she may need; never mind about the money; your credit is good with me for any amount."

When Jacobs went home and told his wife what he had done, she, unreflecting woman, was delighted.

"I wish you had taken a piece of muslin," said she; "we want sheets and pillow-cases badly."

"You can get a piece," replied Jacobs; "we won't have to pay for it now. Edwards will send the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay it then."

"Oh, yes, easy enough," responded his wife, confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But things did not stop there. A credit account is too often like a breach in a canal—the stream is small at first, but soon increases to a ruinous current. Now that want had found a source, want became more clamorous than before. Scarcely a day passed that Mr. or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from the store, not dreaming, simple souls, that an alarmingly heavy debt was accumulating against them.

As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not large. He was, as has been intimated, a clerk in a wholesale store, and received a salary of seven hundred dollars a year.—His family consisted of a wife and three children, and he had found it necessary to be prudent in all his expenditures, in order to make both ends meet. Somewhat independent in his feelings, he had never asked credit of any one with whom he dealt, and no one offering it, previous to the tempting inducement held out by Edwards, he had regulated his outgo by his actual income.—By this means he had managed to keep even with the world, though not to gain any advantages on the side of fortune.—Let us see how it was with him at the end of six months, under the new system. Let us see if his "good credit" has been any real benefit to him.

It was so very pleasant to have things comfortable, or for a little display, without feeling that the indulgence drained the purse too heavily. And weak vanity on the part of Jacobs and wife was gratified by the flattering opinions of Jacobs' honesty entertained by Edwards, the storekeeper. His credit was good, and he was proud of the fact. But the day of reckoning was approaching and at last it came.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry goods store, there was no more money in the young clerk's purse at the end of six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing, when necessity called for additions to the family wardrobe, had been spent for things the purchase of which would have been omitted but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of in the storekeeper's hands, and tempted needless expenditure.

As the end of the six months' credit period approached, the mind of Jacobs began to rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and to be disturbed by a feeling of anxiety. As to the amount of this bill he was in some uncertainty; but he thought that it would not be less than forty dollars. That was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and his current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the nightmare pressure of debt, and it seemed at times as if it would almost suffocate him.

One evening he came home more sober than usual. He had thought of little all day besides his bill at the store. On meeting his wife he saw that something was wrong.

"What ails you, Jane!" said he kindly.

"Are you sick?"

"No," was the simple reply. But her eyes dropped as she said it, and her husband saw that her lips slightly quivered.

"Something is wrong, Jane," said the husband.

Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from beneath her half-closed eyes—the bosom labored with the weight of some pressure.

"Tell me Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no! no! Nothing of that kind," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected, of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness. "The credit was for only six months. But how much is it?"

His voice was unsteady as he asked the question.

"A hundred and twenty dollars." And poor Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the startled husband. "Impossible! There is some mistake. A hundred and twenty dollars? Never!"

"There is the bill." And Mrs. Jacobs drew it from her bosom.

Jacobs glanced eagerly at the footing-up of the long column of figues. There were numerals to the value of one hundred and twenty dollars.

"It can't be," he said in a troubled voice. "Edwards has made some mistake."

"So I thought when I first looked at the bill," replied Mrs. Jacobs, recovering herself, yet speaking in a sad voice. "But I am sorry to say it is all right. I have been over it again, and again, and again, and cannot find an error. Oh, dear! how foolish I have been. It was so easy to get things when no money had to be paid down. But I never thought of a bill like this, never."

Jacobs sat for some moments with his eyes upon the floor. He was thinking rapidly.

"So much for a good credit," he said at length, taking a long breath. "What a fool I have been! That cunning fellow, Edwards, has gone to the windward of me completely. He knew that if he got me on his books he would secure three dollars to one of my money beyond what he would get by the cash-down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months!—Ah, me! Are we happier now, for the extra dry goods we have procured? Not a whit. Our bodies have been a little better clothed, and our love of display gratified to some extent; but has all that wrought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning?"

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was she repenting of her part in the folly they had committed.

The time came, but neither husband nor wife could do much more than taste food. That bill for a hundred and twenty dollars had taken away their appetites. The night that followed brought to neither of them a very refreshing slumber; and in the morning they awoke sober-minded, and little inclined for conversation. But one thought was in the mind of Jacobs—the bill of Edwards; and one feeling in the mind of his wife—self-reproach for her part in the work of embarrassment.

"What will you do?" said Mrs. Jacobs, in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with glittering eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm; causing him to pause as he was about leaving the house.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the young man gloomily. "I shall have to see Edwards, I suppose, and ask him to wait. But I'm sure I'd rather take a horse-whipping. Good credit! He'll sing a different song now."

For a moment or two longer the husband and wife stood looking at each other; then, as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business was past the store of Mr. Edwards; but now he avoided the street in which he lived and went a whole block out of his way to do so.

"How am I to pay this bill?" murmured the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his work for the twentieth time, as he sat at his desk, and giving his mind up to troubled thoughts.

Just at this moment the senior partner in the establishment came up and stood beside him.

"Well, my young friend," said he kindly, "how are you getting along?"

Jacobs tried to smile and look cheerful, as he replied—

"Pretty well, sir." But his voice had in it a touch of despondency.

"Let me see," remarked the employer after a pause; "your regular year is up today, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jacobs, his heart sinking more heavily in his bosom, for the question suggested a discharge from the place, business having been dull for some time.

"I was looking at your account-yesterday," resumed the employer, "and find that it is drawn up close. Have you nothing ahead?"

"Not a dollar, I am sorry to say," resumed Jacobs. "Living is expensive, and I have six mouths to feed."

"That being the case," said the employer, "as you have been faithful to us, and your services are valuable, we must add something to your salary. You now receive seven hundred dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"We will call it eight hundred and fifty!"

A sudden light flashed into the face of the unhappy clerk, seeing which the employer, already blessed in blessing another, added:

"And it shall be for the last as well as for the coming year. I will fill you out a check for one hundred and fifty dollars as the balance due you up to this day."

The feelings of Jacobs were to much agitated to trust himself with oral thanks, as he received the check, which the employer immediately filled up; but his countenance fully expressed his grateful emotions.

A little while afterwards the young man entered the store of Edwards, who met him with a smiling face.

"I've come to settle your bill," said Jacobs.

"You needn't have troubled yourself about that," replied the storekeeper, "although money is always acceptable."

The money was paid and the bill receipted, when Edwards, rubbing his hands, an action peculiar to him when in a happy frame of mind, said:

"And now, what shall I show you?"

"Nothing," was the young man's grave reply.

"Nothing! Don't say that," replied Edwards. "I've just got in a beautiful lot of Spring goods."

"I've no money to spare," answered Jacobs.

"That's of no consequence. Your credit is good for any amount."

"A world too good, I find," said Jacobs, beginning to button up his coat with the air of a man who had lost his pocket-book, and feels disposed to look well that his purse doesn't follow in the same unprofitable direction.

"How so? What do you mean?" asked the storekeeper.

"My good credit has taken a hundred and twenty dollars out of my pocket," replied Jacobs.

"I don't understand you," said Edwards looking serious.

"It's very plain case," answered Jacobs. "This credit account at your store has induced myself and wife to purchase twice as many goods as we would otherwise have bought. That has taken sixty dollars out of my pocket; and sixty dollars more have been spent under temptation, because it was in the purse, instead of being paid out for goods credited to us on your books. Now do you understand me?"

The storekeeper was silent.

"Good morning, Mr. Edwards," said Jacobs. "When I have cash to spare, I shall be happy to spend it with you; but no more book accounts for me."

Wise will they be who profit by the experience of Mr. Jacobs. These credit accounts are a curse to people with moderate incomes, and should never under any pretence, be opened.

The Reason Why.

We frequently see complaints that mechanics refuse to take apprentices, and occasionally we notice the query—"Why are there no more apprentices?" The Philadelphia Day says the reason is plain enough, and proceeds as follows:

"The correct system of apprenticeship is founded upon obedience. Obedience to superiors is not a virtue of the youth of this country. Parents who say that they want their sons to learn trades and become useful men, almost invariably refuse to conform to the conditions which pertain to a true apprenticeship. Parents almost invariably object to articles of indentures, by which the master mechanic secures himself against the probable loss of his pupil so soon as the latter has acquired a smattering of the knowledge pertaining to his trade. Indentures are regarded in the light of a sort of slavery. Yet what are they but a contract between the parent and the mechanic, in which the former agrees to make over the services of the boy to the mechanic for a fixed period, in consideration of certain practical knowledge and skill to be afforded the apprentice by the mechanic? That is the whole story. The relations between master and apprentice are founded upon the principle of so much information for so much service. We shall admit that there are hard and brutal parents. There are, likewise, a great many worthless apprentices; boys who have been falsely educated at home, and regard the preliminaries to a knowledge in any department of industry as an imposition. Under the loose system of apprenticeship in vogue no employer is certain of retaining his apprentice beyond a year and a half. The country is full of bunglers at trades. Young men get a smattering of the trade, conceive that they can get journeymen's wages. Off they go. Their late employer loses the time he gave to instructing the apprentice, and does not care to run more risks. In view of this disability no wonder mechanics refuse to take apprentices. The trades' unions have undoubtedly done the trade a decided service in limiting the number of apprentices; and more than all, in fixing the standard of skill so high that mere bunglers cannot demand more than bunglers' wages. The boy who wants to learn must obey orders. If he wants to learn a trade he must agree to subordinate his personal and puerile inclinations to the will, and judgment of his employers. If he cannot agree to this he may better keep clear of the trades both for their and his own good."

Seventeen Hundred Years in the Oven.

One house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano-storm buried it. Painters, and decorators, and cleaners were masters of the situation.—The household gods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleanings and other like infections inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmens' tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the sucking pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of 1700 years! They have been cooking ever since November 23d, A. D. 79. M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.—*Leisure Hour.*

Little local noises deaden the loudest distant ones; and so it is that this world shuts out from the ears of men, as it does, the voice of Almighty God.

A Condensed Sermon.

The poor you have to-day,
Close to your very doors;
Search out their needs without delay;
Give from your hoarded stores;
Nor deem that with the setting sun
Your work of charity is done.

Forgive your enemies;
Let not your heart be set
On still remembering injuries;
Forgive and then forget;
And know for once how sweet is life
Lifted above ignoble strife.

Then if you can be free
From lust of power and gain,
From pride, self-love and vanity,
And all their lurking train,
You'll surely have that peace of mind
So many seek in vain to find.

Easy enough to do?
Simple as one could ask?
Easy to do as preach, say you?
Try, then, the simple task;
And let me know next Sunday morn
How many souls anew are born.

[Communicated.]

INTEMPERANCE.

Mr. Editor:—

I do not know that the columns of your paper are open to the discussion of moral questions, yet I believe you are independent and fearless in the advocasy of truth, even though presented in a few suggestions upon the *novel* subject of intemperance.—Thus presuming I propose to talk a little while to the afflicted portion of your readers, who are more fond of whiskey than logic.

In the first place, sir, (imagining I've a good subject in a corner) why is this—that you are daily under the influence of intoxicating drinks? O, you deny it! I only drink occasionally, and for the why? I've the right, and neither you nor any other 'canting, white-livered, cold-water hypocrite' has any right to say otherwise." Yes, I understand him; that is his answer; but what are the facts? In the first place as to the right.

It is true that this is a free country; and more than that—man is a free agent, to kill, commit suicide, or get drunk. The law allows the latter (by legalizing the traffic), and the latter presupposes the former.

In the next place, Have I any right to say otherwise? As to the right, I say, this is a free country, and the law allows me to write little squibs to the editor upon the subject of intemperance, and engage in a fool's errand of undertaking to convince this part of the world that rum isn't good for man's health, pocket and happiness.—So, upon the question of right, constitutionally speaking, a sober man has as much right to talk about drunkenness as the drunkard has to get drunk.

Now, Mr. Editor, with this little prelude what is the state of the whiskey interest in Caroline county to-day? We have thirteen licensed establishments selling whiskey, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that each establishment, at ten cents a drink, (not counting the bar-keeper) disposes of forty drinks a day—one-half, perhaps swallowed by a single fish. At forty drinks for each establishment, we have four dollars a day for each, making seven hundred and twenty dollars per week, and for the fifty-two weeks in the year the nice little estate of twenty-three thousand, four hundred and sixty-four dollars. And for what? That the great State of Maryland may put in her iron vaults the paltry sum of three hundred and fifty-three dollars, and that the one hundred and thirty daily suckers (allowing four drinks daily to each sucker) may get their usual allowance of the elegant "mountain dew," with treble extract of strychnine.

Mr. Editor, this temperance question has been hammered at since the dawn of civilization, and the cry has been Down! Down!! Down!!! but it will only *down* the throats of its victims. Fanatics may talk of the terrible ravages of King Alcohol; the mother may appeal to heaven as only the mother can for her erring, drunken son; society may stand aghast upon beholding the victim of the delirium tremens, and in sorrow gather around the grave of the suicide, but still the ice and the whiskey goes round, and all because each man is responsible to God alone for his acts. I move we hammer "once again," but on a tangent plane. How would it do for the people of Caroline county to get up a little rebellion against the whiskey trade, and petition our legislature to abolish this ten cent business, and only allow liquor to be sold in quantities *not less* than five gallons? Then our Constitution would not be violated; our glorious privileges would remain, and when we felt bad, and it was too cold or too hot, the *fluid* would be within reach. And we would get out of treating *so much* and being treated so much, and all these gilded establishments would pass away like the dream of yesterday.

Now, Mr. Editor, I fear I have written too much to gain a place in your paper; but is it not too bad that, as a people, we should be cursed with the evil effects of rum drinking, such as I need not recite.—Every day are they too bitterly made apparent. Young men—old men—mothers—sisters—all—have an interest in protecting society against the social horrors of this accursed traffic. Is it not too bad that man, in his onward march to eternity, should dwarf and brutalize his manhood, and tarnish his nobility and beauty of soul simply because drinking whiskey is fashionable and convenient?

FANATIC.

N. B.—If any one thinks this ain't true, let's hear from him.

The Days That Have Flown.

"Time flies!" How often does the phrase tremble on our tongues, and yet how seldom do we take counsel from its wisdom! Ever complaining, and seldom doing, we reproach the past, because, as the poet truthfully taught, "we take no note of time, but from its loss." As if that which we ourselves neglected were chargeable with the fault. Strange perversity, unhallowed nonsense, and against it we wage war to the teeth—our armor being cheerfulness and contentment, and our only weapon the inborn hope of man. We respect the past, nay more, we love it for the good lessons it taught us; and, as a great poet rattled through some half dozen of his best stanzas, by giving as many musical variations upon two pretty words, we, humbly following so illustrious an example, will venture to assert, despite the sneers of a whole battalion of hypochondriacs, that "'tis sweet" to think of the days that have flown—days that linger in the memory like dim shadows of young time.

The journey has been a gentle one, so let us linger by the way. And first and foremost we would remark, that why should what we have lost of our brief existence be associated with sadness and regret? There is nothing in the constitution of man which sanctions or encourages so outrageous a satire upon the dearest and the noblest of Heaven's gifts—human life. The past! It is silly baseness to traduce what was ever ready to assist us when we felt inclined to assist ourselves; for the greatest grumbler alive must, in his conscience, admit that the past always held out the hand of fellowship, and never disdained to give those who were willing a hearty shake.

Unlucky Days for Matrimony.—We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them (on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in *The Book of Days*) that there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to go into joinhand—namely, seven in January, three each in February, March, May and December; two each in April, June, July, August, September, and November; and one in October; so that January is the worst, and October the best month for committing matrimony; the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 10th, 15th; February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 18th; August 5th, 19th; Septmtember 6th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th; and December 15th, 16th, 17th. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

Monday for wealth;
Tuesday for health;
Wednesday the best of all;
Thursday for crosses;
Friday for losses;
Saturday no luck at all.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of hard work.—Work for the best salaries you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle.—Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear out all that you earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up before conquering every difficulty; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expense; too proud to lie, or steal, or cheat; too proud to be stingy.

There is too much pomp and display, too much money spent, too much gormandising, and too much sermon at funerals.—Think of the immense sums of money uselessly expended on costly and ornamental coffins, and in mourning weeds which are intended for the eye of a cold and unfeeling world. In order to pander to this fashion families are often reduced to want and misery by the expenditure of money beyond their means. Multitudes are annually hurried to premature graves by diseases contracted through exposure to the inclemancy of the weather at funerals.

Arab Widows.—When an Arab woman intends marrying again after the death of her husband, she goes the night before the ceremony to pay a visit to his grave. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended, not to be jealous. As, however, she feels he will be offended or jealous, the widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goats' skins of water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water upon the grave to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him she then departs.

In reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or content, an old lady of experience said: "My dear, when you have found a place where everybody and everything are always pleasant, and nothing whatever is disagreeable, let me know and I'll move there too."

A clergyman asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's prayer, 'Who art in Heaven,' since God is everywhere?" He saw a little drummer boy who looked as if he could give an answer, and turned to him for it: "Well, little soldier, what do you say?" "Because it's headquarters."

FACETIÆ.

—Courting is bliss, but matrimony is blister.

—An old steamboat boiler is used for a jail in Arkansas.

—"Going out with the tied"—accompanying the bridal party out of church.

—A judge in Indiana has been named "Old Necessity," because necessity knows no law.

—J. P., of Peekskill, writes the editor of the local sheet that "youl git your hed punched if you print in yur paper that my yf had twins."

—What sustained our revolutionary sires during their fight for liberty? was what a Canaan pedagogue asked a boy, and was astonished when the boy said, "Their legs, sir."

"How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman of a wag on learning of the death of a wealthy citizen. "Everything," responded the wag; "he didn't take a dollar with him."

—"But these hacks are dangerous. We might get the small pox." "You've no cause to be afraid of my coach, mum, for I've 'ad the 'ind wheels vaccinated, and it took beautiful."

—A man from the country visited all the stores in Jasper, Indiana, recently, to buy a divorce. He was told that they were just out of divorces, but would have a full supply in a few days."

—"Whiskey is your greatest enemy."—But," said Mr. Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "O, yes, Mr. Jones, but it don't say we are to swallow them."

—A lawyer once wrote "rascal" in the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it.

—A gentleman in describing the absurdity of a man dancing the polka appropriately said that "it appeared as if the individual had a hole in his pocket, and was vainly endeavoring to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

—An Indiana county clerk has found in his office a certificate which reads: "This is to sertify that I, William Sands, is agreed that Jim Brown shall hev mi Daughter Patsey to wife this 17th day of genewerry, 1811."

—A Western city has a candidate for public prosecutor whose claims satisfy everybody. The reason is found in the writings of St. Paul—"Without a knowledge of the law there can be no condemnation."

—I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if, when I was far away, she'd drop for me a tear. I paused for cheering words my throbbing heart to cool; and with her rosy lips she said, "O, Ike, you're such a fool!"

—At a social party, where numerous definitions was one of the games of the evening, the question was put, "What is religion?" to which one of the party more famous as a man of business than wit replied, "Religion is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best *policy*."

—An Illinois man who had his watch stolen from his pocket and advertised that the thief must return it if he would avoid trouble, received, before eleven o'clock on the same day, three watches and a letter promising a fourth if he would send twenty-five dollars and ask no questions. Who will now say that advertising don't pay?

—"Mother," said little Ned one morning after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing awhile as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added: "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

—A lady who had been annoyed considerably while journeying towards Boston by a couple of would-be politicians, at last had a chance to vent her indignation. One of them remarked that he hoped "we would have a fool for the next President."—"Why?" calmly retorted the lady, "do you want the office?" Her rejoinder had the desired effect and stopped the noisy discussion.

—A Boston trader called at a house in Maine some time ago to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded he would not take it—it was so full of skippers. As he was going off the farmer said to him: "Look here, mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?" The trader took another look at the cheese, and seeing more and more evidence of its being alive, replied: "Well, let it be a day or two longer and I guess you can drive it down."

—In the early stages of the ministry of the celebrated Dr. Strong, of Hartford, he preached so[illegible]times in a neighboring village. One [illegible]y a committee called upon him to settle for his services, and, after stammering for awhile, signified to him that his further services were not desired. "What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked the doctor. "Why," replied the spokesman with some hesitation, "the people have got the impression that you are inclining to universal salvation." "Gentlemen," answered the doctor, "I never have preached that doctrine; but if I ever should, I promise to make the people of this town an exception."

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