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GROWING OLD.

BY MATHEW ARNOLD.

What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom only, but our strength—decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every funct'on less exact,
Each nerve more weakly strung?

Yes, this, and more! but not,
An, 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be!
'Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow,
A golden day's decline!

'Tis not to see the world,
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirred;
And weep and feel the fullness of the past,
The years that are no more!

It is to spend long days,
And not once feel that we were ever young,
It is to add, immure
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotions—none.

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

WHAT LOVE DID.

"Button! button! who's got the button?"

These words fell in hurried accents of vexation from the cherry-ripe lips of Miss Lucy Ware, and were accompanied by a fairy-like avalanche of fascinating screams. She was just about to step aboard the cars when she discovered her loss.

"Oh, dear! It was on when I started.—What can have become of it? I can never match it in this world!"

And she cast a look of consternation at the vacant place on her sacque, where there should have been a large agate button.

"Why don't you look around for it?" she demanded of her handsome cousin, Gerald Wentworth, who was to see her safely started on her journey.

He elevated his eyebrows at her imperious tone, and scanned the ground at their feet.

What are *you* looking at, Tom She[illegible] You'd better go back to your[illegible] chine shop, unless you can find my button!"

Tom Shelly lifted his hat, bowed low to conceal a shade of pain that passed across his face, and walked away. He had come to take a last look at the despotic little beauty before she passed from his vision perhaps forever. She was the incarnation to him of all that was bright, winning, sprightly and loveable; and after she was gone, he would muse and dream about her, when she, perhaps would bestow an occasional, transient thought on him as an atom among her home reminiscenses.

Just then the warning whistle sounded, and Miss Ware was compelled, sorely against her will, to submit to her loss, and proceed on her journey.

She waved her handkerchief, Gerald Wentworth waved his hat, and then the latter overtook Tom Shelly.

"She's a high-toned little piece, Shelly," he said.

"Who? Oh, yes! Miss Ware. She is to be gone for a long time, I believe?"

"All winter."

Tom sighed. He looked at his rusty clothes, and contrasted them with the elegant suit of his companion.

"She's pretty proud, isn't she?"

"Proud as Lucifer's Sister—if he had one, laughed Wentworth. "Though I don't know as I ought to say that. I think a good deal of her myself."

"You do?"

"Yes—she's my cousin, you know."

"She is very beautiful."

"And she knows it too."

Tom was silent. He did not feel capable of maintaing his careless tone; so he looked straight ahead, and planted his heels on the pavement with vigor as he stepped.

"They say you're the best man in Dunning's machine shop, Shelly. How's that?"

"Curse the machine shop and its grease and dirt!" exclaimed Shelly. I wish I'd chosen some more genteel business."

"Well, it isn't as neat as it might be, to be sure. But still, when you get up to the top, it's all right. Look at Dunning—how he stands in the community. He began by kindling the fires, you know."

Here the two turned off in different directions. Their brief conversation passed from Wentworth's mind immediately; but Tom remembered it, dwelling and lingering on each word, and turning it over and over in his mind. There was no torture so delightful to him as to hear Lucy Ware talked about, and to meditate on whatever concerned her in near or remote degree.—He watched by stealth her smiles, and was angry with all the world because he could not resist the infatuation. For he ought to have dismissed her from his thoughts with contempt after she refused one night to go to a concert with him, because he did not dress well enough. He was wounded and cut; but the circumstance did not bring common sense to his head. He sulked, and toiled, and pocketed his miserable, doubting hope, and pocketed his fifteen dollars a week, and was still and abject slave.

Miss Ware was going to New York to spend the winter with a wealthy aunt, and now he had her last words to think of—a command to go back to his greasy machine shop!

When he left the shop that night it was to walk home with slow steps and a thoughtful face. Ruminations in wuich there were gleams of sense, energy and purpose ran through his head.

He found supper waiting, and sat down opposite his mother with an absent pre-occupied look.

"Are you tired, Tom?"

"No, not particularly."

"I thought you look so."

"Dunning began at the bottom, didn't he, mother? And why can't I work up to where he stands now? Yes, Wentworth was right. I'll do it.

"Do what Tom?"

"Oh, nothing—only I'm not going to stand at the lathe all my life—I can tell you that."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? Aren't you doing very well, now?"

"No. I'm nothing but a greasy, begrimed laborer. But I'll make my mark yet, or give up the ghost."

"Mercy! don't talk so. I thought you were very well satisfied."

"Satisfied!" he said contemptuously.

"It is wrong to murmur against one's lot. We ought to be thankful—"

"Don't mention the word 'thankful' to me! Pardon me, mother, I don't mean to speak unkindly; but—well, there's going to be a change, that's all.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to leave Mr. Dunning?"

"No, no."

"What was it about Mr. Wentworth?"

"Oh, I met him to-day'—Tom blushed—"and he reminded me of how Dunning began as a chore boy, and of the way he stands now. And I thought, why can't I do it?"

Tom looked at his mother in a defiant, argumentative way.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, slightly nonplussed. "But you shouldn't deceive yourself by building air-castles."

"I'll take care of that. But I've got an in idea that I mean to work out. It may amount to nothing."

"What is it, Tom?"

"I can't tell you now. You know that [illegible]s sometimes make more money than [illegible]. If I could only invent something."

Mrs. Shelly shook her head doubtfully.

"Inventors are generally hair-brained creatures."

"Not by a good deal! You ought to be ashamed to slander them. Think of what they have done for the world."

Tom left the table with his meal but half finished, and threw himself down on the couch. Putting his hand in his pocket it came in contact with something that sent a crimson flood to his face. He rose hastily and went up to his room. He lit a lamp, and smiled in exultation as he laid a small object on the table. It was Miss Lucy Ware's missing button. Yes, Tom had seen it when it dropped, picked it up, and resolved to keep it as a remembrancer of the tantalizing siren who had so bewitched him. Some time, perhaps, he would return it. He cchuckled as he thought of discomfiture, and her blissful ignorance of who was the possessor of the lost trinket. Then the foolish fellow gazed at it in an inside pocket of his vest.

He went to a shelf on which was ranged a choice collection of scientific works, took one down, and commenced reading.—But his thoughts refusing to concentrate themselves on the subject of the book, he finally flung it aside and went down stairs. He astonished his mother for the rest of the evening by being unusually gay and vivacious. He perpetrated fearful jokes, and both laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks, thus insuring a good night's rest.

But a change was coming. The next day Tom bought pencils, compasses, and drafting paper, and in the evening shut himself up in his room. This was repeated the next evening, and the next, and at the end of a week his mother learned to look no more for the pleasant hours they had been wont to spend together after tea. Tom grew pale, and his face assumed a thoughtful, resolute look. And soon he drew half of his two hundred dollars from the bank and fitted up a little workshop in a back chamber. Here the sound of filing and hammering was heard late into the hours of almost every evening. Tom was working out his idea, whatever it was; and it was plainly no child's play with him, but a game in which he had staked his all, a battle for life or death. His earnest face told this, always soberly meditative now, and scarcely ever relaxing into a smile.—His mother noticed this; Mr. Dunning noticed it; but he discharged all his daily duties with rigid fidelity, and gave short answers to expressions of concern. And thus the winter passed.

One August day Mr. Dunning said:

"Shelly, you are entitled to a vacation, and you look as though you needed it. Go off for a couple of weeks. Your pay shall go on the same."

"I don't want it now, sir. I'm all right."

"Ah, but I'm afraid you are not all right. You are pale and thin."

"I would prefer to work on for the present," persisted Tom. "I may want a vacation before long. I'll ask for it when I do."

"All right. Don't be afraid to mention it. Only don't wait till the busy season."

For the next three weeks Tom stuck later than ever to his little workshop, evenings, and often toiled there till the week small hours were tolled out by the lonely solemn town clock.

At the end of that time he went to Mr. Dunning with bright, almost happy looking eyes. Yet he had a jaded, exhausted air.

"Now, sir, I want my vacation."

"Whew!" said Mr. Dunning. "We've just got in some big orders, you know."

"I can't help it, sir. I must have a week."

"'You *must?*"

"I'm sorry, sir; but rather than not have it, I'd throw up my place."

"Why, what's the row, Shelly? Anything going wrong?"

"No, sir. I hope you will pardon my persistence, but can I go for a week?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Dunning, reflectively, "I suppose so. You ought to have taken it in the summer, though. But since you ask for only a week, you shall have it."

That night Tom packed something very carefully in a small box, bade his mother good-bye, and started for Washington.

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"Upon my word, Shelly, I did not know there was so much in you!"

Tom Shelly and Mr. Dunning were closeted together in the latter's private office, with some papers spread out before them, and a small brass model of a machine standing on the desk.

"Well, sir, since you approve of it, and think it likely to answer its purpose, suppose we talk business."

"Business?"

"Yes. You have capital, and I have the patent. There's money in the machine, but it will take money to bring it out."

"Very true."

"Well, your capital invested in these works is one hundred thousand dollars.—I'll put in my invention at fifty thousand, and own one-third of the establishment."

"Ha! I should think you might!"

"Or, if you like, I will travel two months, and see how the thing is likely to take before we make any agreement."

"Don't you think you've got your ideas up rather high on the matter?"

"Perhaps I have," answered Tom coolly; "but I don't propose to go begging, and let others grow rich out of what I ought to have."

"Such things are all experiments—great risks."

"I know, sir; but you see what it is, and the need it supplies, and it is for you to say whether you will run the risk of taking hold of it."

Mr. Dunning paused and reflected. "I will think the matter over," he said at length, "and you may come here to-morrow evening."

This was as satisfactory as Tom could have expected, and so he withdrew.

When he went home he asked his mother (to whom he had confided naught of his plans) how she would like to live in Judge Graham's house on Main street.

"The Judge is going to Europe, and wants to sell."

"What is that to us Tom? We can't buy his house."

"Well we may be able to sometime."

"Sometime! What a way you have of looking ahead, Tom!"

"It's better to look ahead than behind, I think."

Tom went up stairs, threw himself back in a chair, and took Lucy Ware's button out. He fingered the memento over and over, gazed on it, and finally pressed it to his lips stealthily, as if he feared some one might be looking. Then he wondered what Mr. Dunning's decision would be, and revolved in his mind all the contingencies of success or failure. He slept but little that night, for his whole future hung on the interview of twenty-four hours hence.

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New Year's night! A silver wedding!

Mr. Dunning's mansion was thrown open and thronged with his friends. It was no stately affair. The children were there as well as the old folks, and the house was aglow with merriment and good cheer.

There were beautiful presents, smiling congratulations, and shaking of hands, bright-eyed girls, with dazzling dresses and shining white shoulders; dignified matrons in stately silks and diamonds; benignant fathers in glossy broadcloths and sober kids; elegant young men in swollow-tails and white vests; screaming children, with wild delighted countenances; and the buzz and rustle and din and clatter of a crowd that had dismissed dull care for the nonce, and was bent on making a night of it.

Tom Shelly was there, and so was Lucy Ware. The former was surrounded by friends and new acquaintances eager to congratulate him on a recent important event—namely, his admission as partner with Mr. Dunning.

"Dunning & Shelly has a very respectable sound," said one.

"Accept my congratulations on your good fortune," said another.

"Well, Tom, your luck has come at last."

"You deserve your luck—every bit of it," were the words of an old friend.

Tom received all this with due grace and modesty. A few ventured to sound him, to test his intelligence, but were speedily satisfied on that score. He was a thoughtful reader, and possessed a little stock of books that many of those around him would have done well to substitute for the unwholesome sweetmeats with which they were wont to regale their minds.

In the meantime Tom is soliloquizing mentally. He is growing restive, and longs to speak to Lucy Ware. But he wonders how she will receive him—whether his good fortune will make him more attractive to her. And if it does, and if certain hopes he has cherished are fulfilled, will it be *he* that wins her, or something else? Will it be a cash match or a love match? Or won't it be any match at all, and is such speculation idle? These were perplexing questions, and Tom found himself unable to consider them with that coolness of judgment he had resolved within himself to bring to bear on the matter.

At last Tom approached her, and as he drew near felt a choking thrill. She was just as beautiful as ever, and gave him a glance out her liquid black eyes that rippled up from under the long lashes like a flood of sunlight.

But in spite of the wild canter into which his blood was fired, he bade her good evening, touched her gloved palm, and uttered some commonplace remark with very praiseworthy nonchalance.

Just then a set was forming to dance, and one couple was wanting. Of course Tom asked Miss Ware for the honor, etc., and the two marched on the floor.

"You will allow me to express my pleasure at your new advancement, will you not?" she asked in a tone in which there was just a shade of tremulousness.

"Oh, certainly, if you take enough interest in me to feel any pleasure at it."

"Why, of course I do. I always feel interested in those deserving of success. Her tone was charmingly frank now.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Tom, a little disappointed. The sparkle in Miss Ware's eyes dilated a little.

"Well, I got it by hard work," he said. "I went back to my greasy machine shop that time, as you bid me."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you forgotten about it? It was when you went to New York to visit your aunt. You lost your button at the depot, you know, and told me to go back to my greasy machine shop if I couldn't find it.

Miss Ware blushed scarlet. "Oh, don't speak of that. It was very rude in me. I supposed you had forgotten it. I was only in fun."

"But I wasn't." Tom's tone was rather stern, and Lucy looked up quickly. "I made a vow then."

"Oh, dear! I hope I wasn't the means of your making a vow."

"Do you? And suppose you were—what then?. Is there anything so alarming about making vows?"

"I don't know. They're so very seldom kept."

"Ah, but this one is partially fulfilled already, and will be entirely some time.—That is, only one thing can prevent it."

Miss Lucy did not ask what that one thing was, but grew reserved, and during the rest of the quadrille did not look into Tom's face with her previous unembarrassed freedom. The conversation had been carried on disjointedly during the pauses in the dancing. When the last figure was finished, Miss Ware said:

"Oh, dear, I am so tired of dancing! Let us walk in the other room, and see what the children are doing."

Her hand still rested on Tom's arm, and they made their way into another apartment, where a merry throng of boys and girls were partaking of the pleasures of that old and exciting game. "Button! button! who's got the button?"

"That's a good old game," said Lucy, glancing at the children.

"Button! button! who's got the button?" came in ringing tones from one of the players.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Tom.

"No, sir; I've got it myself!" shouted a merry, blue-eyed girl, betrayed into letting out her secret.

A little scene of confusion followed, and then the game went on.

Lucy Ware had looked up at Tom in surprise. "What made you say that?" she asked.

"Because it is true," he answered, looking at her with a mischievous twitch in the eye.

Miss Lucy looked puzzled.

"Do you want to see it?"

"Yes," she answered, with a doubtful look.

He reached in his pocket and held something out in his hand.

"Why," she exclaimed, in amazement, "that's mine! Where did you get it; It's the one I lost."

"I know it."

"She blushed vividly, and was utterly mystefied.

"Please explain," she said.

"Oh, there's not much to explain. I picked it up when you lost it that time."

"And why did you not give it to me?"

"I preferred to keep it. I took it to my greasy machine shop."

"Please don't."

Tom laughed, and grew immediately serious again. He had to screw his courage up to the sticking point to utter the next words.

"I kept it because I loved you!" he whispered.

"Oh!" And Miss Lucy hid her face in her hands, while her heart beat violently.

"And I have't got over it yet!" he said boldly.

This was a very audacious remark, and Tom had to take breath after it. Miss Ware also breathed audibly. But she did not spurn him with indignation—no, far from it. Tom finally said, in a voice a trifle unsteady.

"I made a vow that morning, part of which was to work my way out of that greasy machine shop. I've done that.—The next part was to keep the button until its owner cared enough for it to—repay—to—that is, to give herself to me as a condition of its restoration."

Miss Ware looked into his face with swimming eyes, yet out of the depths of which still welled up a fountain of irrepressible roguery.

"But my sacque has gone out of fashion now, and the button will be of no use to me," she said.

Tom looked at her earnestly.

"And, besides, I think you ought to be willing to give more than a button for what you ask."

Tom flushed a little at this, but suddenly seized her hand and exclaimed with energy:

"I can give the whole love of an undivided heart—a life-long devotion—a love as unchanging and unstirring as the sun that shine! Will that do?"

"I don't know but it will," came in a faint murmur.

Hnd so the old, old game was played, and who shall say that hearts did not win?

A Plain Proposition.

It is natural for a man to indulge an appetite that affords him pleasure. So frequently in many cases has this been done, that what at first was innocent, by constant indulgence becomes vice. It has been so with Patrick O'Reardon, and he now puts in an appearance before a Justice on the charge of habitual drunkenness.

"You will persist in drinking, Pat," said the magistrate.

"Faith, you may well say that; I'd get thirsty if I didn't."

"Then you don't drink when you are thirsty, but only in fear that you may become so?

"Yes, sir."

"And you think whiskey is better than water?"

"It's stronger, sir."

"But do you think it's as good?"

"O yes, sir, *because you can mix them*, and the whiskey *kills the impurities in the water*."

"But what kills the impurities in the whiskey?" asked the justice.

"Nothing, at all—*it does all the killin itself*," he replied triumphantly and looked very much as if he had established a proposition that admitted of no denial.

Rewards of Fidelity.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

Sagacious.—The Jauger is a great fisherman. His fishing tackle consists of his paws and his tail. When he has taken his post upon a fallen trunk over the water of the river he drops the tip of his tail into the water, to represent a nut or a fruit fallen from a tree; and when the turtle comes to the surface to procure the prize, the jaguar seizes him with one of his claws, and throws him out over the land. He then springs to the land himself, and holding the turtle down with one paw, he inserts the other between the upper and the under shell, and tears out the quivering flesh and limbs of his victim between them.

What is Life?.—Life is but Death's vestibule, and our pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to the grave, the pulse that preserves our being beats our dead march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating it onward to the depth of death. To-day we see our friends in health; to-morrow we hear of their decease. We clasped the hand of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we closed his eyes. We rode in a chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few more hours the last black chariot must convey us to the home of all the living.

Couldn't See It.—"Old Trotter" is an eccentric genius, who drives the first stage out of Fork Kearney westward. The following is related of him; "One day he stopped a man on the road who drove a miserable team of sick and aged little mules, and with the ejaculation, "Look a here, pilgrim; I know a man that would give you eight hundred dollars if he could see them mules." "Why," exclaimed the man, startled by such an unexpected prospect of luck, "you don't say so. Who is he?" "He's a blind man," said Trotter; "g'lang."

A lazy chap has found out that working between meals is unhealthy for him.

The Tear of Gratitude.

There is a gem more pearly bright,
More dear to mercy's eye,
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow light
First cheers the evening sky;
A liquid pearl that glitters where
No sorrows now intrude;
A richer gem than monarchs wear;
The tear of gratitude.

But ne'er shall narrow love of self
Invite the tribute forth,
Nor can the sordid slave of pelf
Appreciate its worth;
But ye who soothe the widow's woe
And give the orphan food
For you this liquid pearl shall flow,
The tear of gratitude.

Ye who but slake an infant's thirst
In Heavenly mercy's name
Or proffer penury a crust,
The sweet reward may claim;
Then while you rove life's sunny banks,
With sweetest flowets strewed,
Still may you claim the widow's thanks,
The orphan's gratitude.

To Young Men on the Marry.

Young men about to marry—observe the dark girl with a large leg will become fat at thirty, and lie abed reading novels until midday. The brunette with slender, very slender limbs, will worry your soul out with jealousy. The blonde with large limbs will degenerate at thirty-five to the possession of a pair of ankles double the natural size, and afflicted with rheumatism. The fair haired damsel with thin limbs will get up at half-past five A. M., to scold the servants, and will spend nights talking scandal over tea. The light, rosy girl, with a sturdy, muscular, well turned leg, will be just the girl for you. If you can find a red haired girl, with a large limb, pop the question at once. The short lady should always possess a slender limb; the tall should possess an ample one. [illegible]se are the rules to observe in makin[illegible] your choice! We do not make them—nature has established them, and we announce them for the benefit of mankind. These hints are reliable, and prevailing fashion make them quite popular.

A cotemporary says, in a lecture to young men, "Don't marry dimples, nor ankles, nor eyes, nor mouths, nor chins, nor hair, nor necks, nor teeth, nor simpers. These bits and scraps of femininity are mighty poor things to tie to. Marry the true thing." We'll wager a dollar that the man who fathered this gratuitous bit of advice, had been doing something that he was ashamed of. What young man would be foolish enough to tie himself to a "scrap of femininity" that possessed none of these "mighty poor things!" Undoubtedly some one has been fooling around this poor fellow, and the whole thing is a put up job. Marry the true thing! Just imagine the *true thing* without dimples, or ankles, or eyes or mouths, (three or four of them,) or hair, or neck, or teeth, or simpers. But very few ever "hitched on to" such a shadow, and they died soon afterward. We call these "scraps" good things to have in the house, and the young man who don't tie to some of them lives in vain.

Occupation.—What a glorious thing it is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exersion might sweep away into funeral pall, the strong spirit of its might and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

Such a Speaker.—A Western reporter who has just witnessed the contortions of a popular lecturer, admits that certainly the most astounding lecture-gymnastic he ever saw was that lecturer's head-gesture, in which he contrives to fling his beard upward and his long hair downward over his face, and thus involve himself in a momentary eclipse of countenance, from which he suddenly emerges by a legerdemain toss of his arms and hands aloft, accompanied by a pounding jerk perpendicularly of his legs.

An exchange says that it knows of a boy who accidentaly swallowed a silver half-dollar. They gave him warm water tartar emtic, and antimonial wine, and poked their fingers down his throat when the boy thought he would throw up his toe-nails—After a while a doctor came along who understood such cases. He administered a small dose of patent medicine, and in less than ten minutes the boy threw up a half a dollar in five cent pieces. Science is a great thing.

Gluttony is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.

A St. Louis Minister prayed in his church that 'the wicked game of base ball' and the devil's tattoo called 'Shoo Fly' may spend their force.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—A man in the *write* place—an editor.

—Paper is now used for the lining of ice-coolers.

—Two cents a pint is charged for water in some Colorado towns.

—According to the article of war it is death to stop a cannon ball.

—A postmaster by the name of Goodale, when he is in a hurry, signs himself XX.

—A Western editor reports money "close but not close enough to be reached."

—The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are to strong to be broken.

—Henry Clay's old home, Ashland, has been purchased by the University of Kentucky for $90,000.

—The man who by a mistake took a drink from a bottle of mucilage says he has felt "stuck up" ever since.

—"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John, but you can have me, if you will."

—A correspondent at Long Branch says that the way the President dodges the politicians and office seekers is amusing.

—The establishment of female suffrage in Wyoming is said to have brought political ruin upon all male candidates who are not good looking.

—The army of the United States will be reduced to the standard of 30,000 enlisted men after the 30th inst., in accordance with the act of Congress.

—An Omaha paper advises the people "not to make such a fuss about the shooting of one constable, as there are over forty candidates for the position.

Says Katie to her husband, 'John,
What rock does true love build upon?"
Quoth John, and grined from ear to ear.
"The rock of yonder cradle, dear.

—An old lady observing a sign over a tailoring establishment bearing the inscription, "Fountain of Fashion," exclaimed: "Ah that must be the place where squirts come from."

—"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to a stingy old aunt, proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple instead of dividing it."

—Alexander H. Stephens, in his paper, the Columbus (Ga.) *Sun*, says that the "idea of adopting a Radical platform to elect a Democratic President is as sensible as burning down a house to clean it of flees.

—Hon. Horace Capron, Commissioner of Agriculture, has resigned, his resignation to take effect on August 1st. He accepts a similar position under the Japanese Government, at a salary of $20,000 per annum.

—A husband advertises thus: "My wife Maria has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, anybody can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her'n."

—A Yankee was walking [illegible] man on the road to New [illegible] ing to test his companion, said to him: "Where would you be now, Paddy, if the devil had his due?" "Faith," replied Paddy, "I'd be walking by myself to New York."

—Judge Dwinell, at San Francisco, has again refused to grant Laura Fair another trial. He has also refused to sign a recommendation to the Supreme Court to grant one, saying it would be inconsistent for him to ask a higher court to do what he would not do himself.

—Artificial ice has the reputation of being far more endurable than the natural article, the crystal being more solid, and exhibiting less tendency to split into flakes. The estimate has been made that thirty per cent less of artificial ice will secure the same preservative effect.

—A physician of Springfield, Mass., was hurriedly called away from the dinner table recently by a messenger who made the following request: "There is a child fallen into a drain and got drownded; we've got the water out of him, and now we want you to get the mud out of him."

—The oldest woman in Maine, says the Augusta *Journal*, is Miss Bertha Foster, who was born on the 15th of June, 1768, and is consequently over 107 years old. Since her 100th birthday she has both spun and knit. For one pair of stockings knit since that time she has received five dollars.

—"Martha, my dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "What do you say to moving to the far west?" "Oh, I am delighted with the idea! You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are, and in three yeare he died leaving his widow worth $100,000."

—The Wyoming canal of Pennsylvania has been the subject of a singular accident near Wilkesbarre. On the 4th inst. about fifty feet of the canal suddenly sunk, completely draining the whole level. The canal had been built over deserted chambers of a coal mine, the roof of which caved in, causing the disaster. Fortunately the accident occured on a holiday, as the water which rushed through the opening filled the adjoining chambers, and had the usual number of miners been at work, escape from the mines would have been cut off, causing a fearful loss of life.

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