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Backbone.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes,
Bowing low to wealth or favor,
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be drove or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this, *backbone*.

When you see a theologian
Hugging close some ugly creed,
Fearing to reject or question
Dogmas which his priest may read,
Holding back all noble feeling,
Choking down each manly view,
Caring more for forms and symbols
Than to know the Good and True;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this, *backbone*.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for some fat position,
In the ring, or at the polls,
With no sterling manhood in him,
Nothing stable, broad or sound,
Destitute of pluck or ballast,
Double-sided all around;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this, *backbone*.

A modest song and plainly told—
The text is worth a mine of gold;
For many men most sadly lack
A noble stiffness in the back.

A HASTY WORD---WHAT FOLLOWED.

"Harry," said I, to our little five-year old, "will you run and tell Bridget to have warm biscuit for tea?"

He started quickly, and as he started his foot caught in a little stand upon which I had placed a rare Parian vase, with a rosebud just unfolding its crimson petals in it. The stand fell over, and the vase (a gift from my dead mother) was shattered.

"You naughty boy!" I cried angrily, "you deserve to be whipped. Pick up the pieces instantly, and put them in the coal hod."

He stopped, carefully picked up the fragments, carried them away and was gone sometime. When he returned it was with something clasped tightly in his hand.

Coming to me he placed a five cent piece in my hand, saying timidly:

"Will that buy you a new vase, mama?"

What evil demon possessed me to take the coin, his sacredly cherished treasure (a kind neighbor had given him,) and throw it from me, I know not.

Harry picked it up with tears running, and sat down upon his stool with his hands folded meekly. Presently he said, "May I go and play with Eddie Potter?"

"I don't care where you go," I said, crossly, "if you will only keep out of my sight."

Harry went to the closet where his coat and hat hung, put them on, and came and stood by my side.

"Mamma, will you please forgive me? I'm so sorry!" and he put up his lips for a kiss.

O, God forgive me! I pushed the little fellow away. He stood by the door a moment looking pitifully at me. It is 25 years ago to-day since he stood there; but I can see him, with his blue coat, red and gray worsted skating cap, and the little red mittens, as if it were but yesterday. But I looked coldly at him, the door opened and shut—the little feet went slowly down the stairs. I heard him go out, and unfasten the gate. Looking out the window, I saw the little fellow lift his face with a smile as he saw me, which gave place to a pitiful quiver of the lips as he saw I took no notice of him. I watched the darling down the street, with a strange, undefinable feeling, till the little coat and red mittens were visible no longer. Twice a sudden impulse moved me to call him back, but I crushed it down. O, would to God I had! Well, I sewed all through the winter afternoon. At four o'clock I put my work away, and sat by the window. Conscience began to reproach me for my conduct.

"I don't care," it said, "If the beautiful vase is a ruin. What is the value of [illegible] world compared with [illegible] not spoken cross- [illegible] who was al- [illegible] it is

"Mother, mother! Harry Loring is drowned. We were sliding on the mill pond, and there was a hole in the ice with snow on it, and Harry didn't see it and—"

There was a deep silence in the room, broken only by the blithe, sweet voice of a canary, and the purr of a Maltese cat. Presently Mrs. Potter came towards me, and placed her hand softly on my shoulder, saying—

"Ella, my poor, poor child!"

I never moved, but sat gazing with wide open eyes at an awful picture. A cold, gray afternoon, a pond, little boys playing upon it, one little figure, well known to me, suddenly disappearing through the treacherous ice, down, down, and the little hands grasping at cruel weeds, the sweet mouth full of water. And those wicked, sinful words ringing through my ears, "I don't care where you go, so long as you keep out of my sight." There was a mist before my eyes, a ringing in my ears. I remember leaving the house with a blind feeling of going where my Harry was. Then came a horrible sense of earth breaking away under my feet, and then all was a blank.

A pleasant feeling of warmth, a languid sense pervaded my whole system. I opened my eyes, glanced around the room. A strange woman by the fire; at the foot of the bed my husband, with his hands over his eyes. I tried to think where I was and what had happened, but in vain. Then my attention was arrested by a little figure in a red flannel night dress, cuddled up in a big chair—my Harry! Then it all flashed across my mind. I sat up straight in the bed, with a faint "Why!"

"What is it?" I said feebly.

"You must not talk; lie down. Oh, darling!" and the strong man wept like a child. And the little figure came and jumped on my bed, and putting his arms around my neck cried too. And I, puzzled to know what it all meant, cried also. The strange figure came forward and took Harry away, saying:

"Be careful now, Mr. Loring everything depends upon quiet."

"Tell me all now," said I. "I must know. I had such a horrible feeling.—Oh, Harold, I dreamed Harry was drowned!"

His face grew white.

"He was near death; George Gray got him out of the pond. Gray sent down to the office for me; I went after Dr. Hooper and came right up. There was not a spark of life left, but we succeeded at last."

"How many days ago was it, Harold?" I asked, presently.

"Seven weeks ago yesterday, Ella," said he with a smile.

"Seven weeks!" said I "Impossible!"

"You have been very sick with the brain fever. You were very near death; for days we despaired of ever seeing you conscious. You would call yourself by all kinds of names; you would say, 'Harry is drowned, and I made him drown himself.' Last night Dr. Hooper said the crisis was at hand, if you lived through the night you would get well. Oh, Ella! I am so thankful you are spared to me!"

"I have been weak and sinful, Harold," I said, and then told him all, not keeping back anything.

He heard me through, stroking my hair in a gentle fashion. When I had finished he said:

"It has taught you a lesson, Ella dear." and that was all.

I soon recovered. For a long time I could not bear Harry out of my sight. It seemed as if I could not do half enough to atone for my wicked conduct. The thought makes me shudder now—if it had been that Harry had never come back to me, and that the last words he heard from his mother's lips were so unkind. I have had three children since, and not one of them ever received a cross or hasty word from me. Often-times my patience is severely tried, but one thought of that horrible death to which Harry came so near, drives the demon away.

Mothers, bear patiently with these little innocent ones. Are there not many worse eyes, now resting upon this simple story, fill with bitter tears at the recollection of unkind words and even blows, to little children laid away forever—who would give all their earthly possession, yes years of their lives, to recall those hasty words which made their child's lips quiver pitifully, and the clear eyes dim with tears? Ah! you cannot have them back. They are gone, and your sin remains.

Reflection.—"When I look upon the [illegible] he great," said Addison, "every [illegible] ver dies in me. When I read [illegible] beautiful, every inordi- [illegible] out. When I meet with [illegible] parents on the tombstone, [illegible] s with compassion. When I [illegible] s of parents themselves, I con- [illegible] nity of grieving for those whom [illegible] quickly follow. When I see [illegible] over those who have deposed [illegible] I see rival wits placed side by [illegible] oly men that divided the world [illegible] r contentions and disputes—I reflect [illegible] rrow and astonishment on the little [illegible] itions, factions and debates of man- [illegible] When I read the several dates of [illegible] ombs—of some that died yesterday, [illegible] of some six hundred years ago—I con- [illegible] er the great day when we shall all of us [illegible] e contemporaries, and make our appear- [illegible] ance together."

Tolerance.

It is a great mistake to imagine that we can make others think as we do, and on this theory erect our opinions into a shrine at which all must worship. Our convictions may be a law for ourselves, but we have no right to make them a law to others. This world is made up of a great many people, who stubornly insist on having a great many different opinions. In many things we are all alike; in ten thousand things we are all slightly different. Convictions are the property of all earnest and reflecting minds; but dear as our convictions are to ourselves, they may be unspeakably repulsive to others. We have no right therefore to make our opinions, however well matured they may be, the standard of propriety, and demand that others shall conform to them. Our friend may no more be able to think as we do than we are to think as he does; to exact conformity to our ideas under such circumstances is, therefore, insupportable tyranny. We cannot imagine, sometimes, how our acquaintances *can* have certain opinions, and *can* do certain things; but that is their business, not ours. Each living soul is a centre to itself, but not a centre to others. Toleration, then—a lesson which the world has been learning for ages, but never yet mastered—is one of the first duties we need to observe in our relations with others. We must be charitable and learn to recognize the fact that another may be qute as good as ourselves, even though he thinks very differently. If persons, sects, and peoples could and would but observe this sublime duty, the world would become an Eden of peace and beauty.

American Wonders.

The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara, where the waters from the great upper lakes form a river three-fouths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in columns to the depth of 125 feet.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave of Kentucky; where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the know world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe.

The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over two thousand acres.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea being four hundred and thirty miles long, and one thousand feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific railroad, over three thousand miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the natural bridge over Cedar creek in Virginia. It extends over a chasm eighty feet in width and fifty in depth, and at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri.—It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.

The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College, Philadelphia.

The largest acqueduct in the world is the Croton acqueduct, New York. It is 40½ miles long, and cost $12,000,000.

"They."

A great many excellent people have had their worldly prospects entirely destoyed, and hundreds, nay, thousands, have had their hearts rung with anguish in consequence of the slanders of the family of *They*. If a man repeats a slander in the street, and he is asked who told him so, his answer is, "*They* said so." *They* ought to be hooted out of society; for *They* have done more mischief in the domestic and social circles than any other family under heaven. How easy it is for a slander to be propagated, which, perhaps, may ruin a young man's prospects forever; and it must be borne in mind that *They* are implicitly believed. An example by way of illustration: A friend meets another in the street, and asks if he has seen Mr. Q. that morning. His answer is no; that he heard he [illegible] been gambling all night. The response is—it is impossible, for he drank tea with me last evening, and did not leave until ten o'clock; who told you so? *They* told me so, is the answer; and as he desired a favor of me to-day, I shall not grant it until I know the truth of the business, for I don't intend to assist gamblers. So poor Mr. Q., who had always borne a good character—who drank tea with his neighbor, and who, on his return to his residence, retired to rest—and, withal, never saw a gaming table in his life, is branded with the title of gambler because *They* said so. A slander is like dust; it finds its way into the most remote recesses, and spreads, like the clouds, over the whole face of the heavens. We advise our readers to place very little or no confidence in any story whose propagator is *They*. *They* should never be believed in religion, politics, or in any matter pertaining to social life.

A priest is on trial before a civil tribunal in Rome for murder—the first case of the kind recorded since Popes became Sovereigns of the Eternal City. The Court sits in what was formerly a convent.

Be praised not for your ancesters, but for your virtues.

Quit That.

Quit what. Quit telling your innocent, confiding, trembling children about ghosts and hobgoblins.

You are throwing sorrow into young hearts that will cling there through life. How many mothers are there who quiet their children by saying the bug-a-boos will come and take them off!

"Come, old nigger, come" and—"Well, will you hush, then, right this minute?"

The poor child believes all its own mother says, and why shouldn't it? It ought to believe. That is a filial duty. The sobbing, fluttering heart is quiet, but not composed. Those tearful eyes close in a sleep of terror; a weary, broken rest follows; the child dreams—but oh! who can tell the sadness of a child, while it dreams in a sleep frightned upon it by alarms of all that is terrible and repulsive?

Parents think of all this. See that your children hear of no ghostly lessons. See that they are taught to love the Savior, and to honor his blessed name.

How heavenly the teachings of that familiar hymn, breathed from a true mother's soul over a sleeping child:—

"Hush, my baby, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

No Home.—No home. What a misfortune! How sad the thought! There are thousands who know nothing of the blessed influence of comfortable homes; merely because of a want of thrift, or from dissipated habits. Youth spent in frivolous amusements and demoralizing associations, leaving them at a middle age, when the physical and intellectual man should be in its greatest vigor, enervated and without one laudable ambition. Friends long since lost, confidence gone, and nothing to look to in old age but a mere toleration in the community where they should be ornaments. No home to fly to when wearied with the struggles incident to life; no wife to cheer them in their despondency; no children to amuse them, and no virtuous household to give zest to the joys of life. All is blank, and there is no hope or succor except that which is given out by the hands of private or public charities. When the family of the industrious and sober citizen gather around the cheerful fire of a wintry day, the homeless man is seeking shelter in the cells of a station-house, or begging for a night's rest in the out-buildings of one who started in life at the same time, with no greater advantages; but honesty and industry built up that home, while dissipation destroyed the other.

Shingle Your Own House.—Scene—Bar-room. Time—Midnight.

Wife.—"I wish that man would go home, if he has one to go to."

Landlord.—"Hush! hush! He'll call for something else directly."

Wife.—"I wish he would make haste about it then, for it's time every honest man was in bed."

Landlord.—"He's taking the shingles off his own house and putting them on ours."

At this time James began to come to his senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretching himself, as if he had just awoke, saying,

"I believe I will go."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landlord.

"O yes, I must go," said James, and he started off.

After an absence of some time, the landlord met and accosted him with—

"Hallo, Jim, why ain't you been down to see us?"

"Why," said James, "I had taken so many shingles off my house it began to leak, so I thought it time to stop the leak, and I have done it."

Young man, whose house are you shingling? How many bricks have you got in some of the houses in town?

Daughter—The character of a community depends much on the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent, accomplished, the young men feel their requirement that they themselves should be upright, gentlemanly, and refined; but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found to be dissipated and worthless. But remember always that a sister is the best guardian of a brother's integrity. She is the surest inculcator of faith in female purity. As a daughter, she is the true light of home.—The pride of the father oftener is centered in his sons, but affection is expended on his daughter. She should therefore be the sun and centre of all.

A story is told of an editor who died, went to Heaven, but was denied admittance, lest he would meet some delinquent subscribers, and bad feelings be engendered in that peaceful clime. Having to go somewhere, the editor next appeared in the regions of darkness, but was positively refused admittance, as the place was full of delinquent subscribers. Wearily the editor turned back to the Celestial city, and was met by the watchman at the portals with a smile, who said: "I was mistaken, you can enter, there is not a delinquent subscriber in Heaven."

Happiness and joy are the inevitable consequences of virtuous actions, and these are the only substantial benefits of life. Ill-gotten pleasures are void of that vitality which is necessary to make them lasting.

Rowing Against the Tide.

It is easy to glide with the ripples,
Adown the stream of time,
To flow with the course of the river,
Like music to some old rhyme;
But ah, it takes courage and patience,
Against the current to ride,
And we must have strength from heaven,
When rowing against the tide.

We may float on the river's surface,
While our oars scarce touch the stream,
And visions of earthly glory,
On our dazzled sight may gleam;
We forget that on before us
The dashing torrents roar,
And while we are idly dreaming,
Its waters will carry us o'er.

But few—ah! would they were many—
Row up the "Stream of Life,"
They struggle amidst its surges,
And mind neither toil or strife.
Though weary and faint with labor,
Singing triumphant they ride,
For Christ is the hero's captain,
When rowing against the tide.

For on through the hazy distance,
Like a mist on a distant shore,
They see the walls of the city,
With its banners floating o'er.
Seen through a glass so darkly,
They almost mistake their way,
But faith throws light on their labor,
When darkness shuts out their day.

And shall we be one of that number,
Who mind not toil and pain?
Shall we mourn the loss of earthly joys
When we have a crown to gain?
Or shall we glide on with the river,
With death at the end of our ride,
While our brother, with heaven before him,
Is rowing against the tide?

Romantic Sketch of Mrs. Wharton's Early Life.

The following comments upon Mrs. Wharton's case are from the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph:

Ellen G. Nugent was born in this city about forty-five years ago. Her father, George Nugent, was a most prominent and successful merchant of the day, doing a large importing business of fine goods, silks, ect. In character he was strictly upright and honorable, living as it were by a set rule of firmness and justice to all. His daughter Ellen was by his second wife he having been previously married to a Cuban woman, by whom he had two children, both boys, one of whom is now a respectable and prosperous member of our community. There were six other children by the second wife, four sons and two daughters.—Both of the daughters are married and living in the city. Her mother, Mrs. Nugent, has only been dead a few years, having outlived her husband, who died about the time of the great California gold excitement.

Of all Mr. Nugent's children his daughter Nellie was his idol. He lavished every attention upon her that money could command. Especial pains were taken with education and she spent considerable time at Bishop Doane's seminary, in Burlington, New Jersey. And now the real interest of our story commences. Nellie has grown up under our pencil into beautiful womanhood, and her mature character is beginning to determine itself. The scene is the Gulf Mills House, and the time is about twenty-five years ago.

By the universal voice of those who knew her at this time, she was certainly a most lovely girl. About twenty years of age, is slender and graceful, yet queenly bearing, with magnificent jet-black hair of unusual length, dark eyes and fair complexion—such was her physical beauty. But those who knew her well say that was the least of her attractions. It was rather her engaging manner, her wining ways, her dashing, inspiring disposition that bound captive at the chariot-wheel of Cupid too many of her male acquaintances.

It was about this time that she began to develop a passion that has ever since been inordinate with her, and that was the desire to dress magnificently. Her father spared no expense to gratify her lightest whim, and gave her money enough to clothe a duchess. Her father allowed her to carry the purse of a duchess, and consequently the reader can judge of his surprise when outside bills that had been contracted by his daughter to the amount of thousands of dollars were sent in to him for settlement, and all this heavy running into debt had taken place in a comparatively short time, and without the slightest premonitory intelligence.

Where had the money gone? Hardly upon herself, since, although always elegantly attired in obedience to fashion's latest mandate, this debt excess was too absurdly large to be answered for on the ground of personal expenditure. But a little investigation showed. It was found that this money has been expended for laces, silks, jewelry, etc., etc., which were lavished with an imperial hand as presents upon her young friends.

This was certainly a little eccentric, and quite enough to cause the eye brow to raise. Beautiful young ladies do not generally run their fathers into debt simply to give away indiscriminately costly gifts. But something more strange was yet to come. The debts were paid by the father, and the current of events drifted along towards the most remarkable feature of this remarkable woman's life.

Miss Nellie was the brilliant centre of a large circle of peoples of the best class in that vicinity. So that when, shortly after, each and all of them received an invitation to the marriage of that young lady, you may be sure it created some little stir of excitement. At length the suspicious hour rolled round, and all the invited guests assembled at the Nugent mansion to witness the marriage of the beauty. Great preparations had been made for the event. Mr. Nugent was determined that the daughter who was queen of his heart should be mated in a regal manner. Never had the young girl looked so lovely as did the bride seated in her satin and lace with her attendant maids about her, and waiting with the love-light in her eyes, for the happy groom.

The hour at which the nuptial knot was to have been tied struck with a dismal clang, and yet no bridegroom. Messengers were sent in haste, and on their return they announced that Mr. Williamson had not contracted the marriage, and knew nothing about it.

Subsequent investigation showed conclusively that the marriage had not the slightest foundation, so far as any intention of Mr. Williamson was concerned, and people began to intimate that something was wrong in her head. Mr. Nugent, after carful pondering over the matter, was resolved to have Nellie removed to an asylum for the insane. It wanted but a day or two of the execution of the asylum project, when one morning it was found that the beautiful bird had flown in the night from the paternal nest. But in a very little while the father received intelligence that his daughter had eloped with young Lieutenant Harry W. Wharton, had proceeded with-him to Philadelphia, had been there married.

The runaway couple had not been long home until they received assurance of forgiveness, and returned to the house at Gulf Mills. They also for a time lived at Norristown, and in Philadelphia again. It wasn't long after marriage until Mrs. Wharton was in financial difficulties again, which were again settled by her indulgent father.

After this her husband, who was captain now, was stationed at Fort Kearney for some five or seven years. Mrs. Wharton accompanied him, as indeed she did in all his wanderings, even going down into Texas with him on one occasion. While out into the plains the eyesight of the captain had become defective he and his wife returned to Philadelphia again.

At the breaking out of the war the captain got a commission in a Delaware regiment, and evetually was appointed general disbursing agent having his headquarters in Eutaw street Baltimore, right near his house in "Hamilton Place." With the exception of a short time they lived in Washington this was his home up to his mysterious death in 1867.

Such are some of the salient points and bold outline in the career of this most remarkable woman. Notwithstanding the growing suspicion that she also poisoned her husband and soon it is the universal testimony that never was there a more loving wife. She was most passionately devoted to him and followed him everywhere. We have also seen that money was her great weakness. She was nearly always in difficulties of this kind, and would borrow from any one. This is of course to be accounted for in a great measures by her inordinate passion for dress. Wherever she went she was bound to move in the most fashionable circles, which she invariably adorned by her beauty and engaging deportment.

We do not purpose as we said at the start to touch upon the particulars of this most remarkable case. Mrs. Wharton now stands before the bar of justice, charged with murder and attempted murder, and it seems to be the general opinion that three or four more items will be added to the crimson list, two of them the murder of husband and son. The facts the public are already familiar with: the theory that will embrace every case can never be arrived at. The whole story only goes to show that, keen as has been the scrutiny of human character these thousands of years, it still has unsounded depths and undiscovered latitudes. And this monumental City tragedy whose central figure is an elegant lady of the first circles of society, only adds another stigma to the lengthy list that our poets, philosophers, and scientists are called upon to solve.

Our sole purpose is to lay before the public some facts that are not known, facts culled by laborious search in private avenues of information, and which, combined, contain to a certain extent the private life of Mrs. Wharton, and throw a great light upon what will most necessarily be her only ground of defense.

The Life Struggle.—The world knows no victory to be compared with the victory over our passions. The struggle of life is between the flesh and the spirit, and one or the other finally gains the ascendancy. Every day and every hour of the christian's life is the contest going on. The apostle Paul, after having labored long and earnestly in his Lord's service—after having done more for the spread of the truth than all the other apostles, still felt that he was a human being, and liable at any time, through the weakness of the flesh, to lose all. "I keep under my body," says he, "and bring it into subjection, lest after I have preached the gospel unto others, I myself should be a castaway." Our pathway through life is thickly set with snares for our feet. The seductions of passion, the allurements of vice, things to arouse our anger and stir up our heart's feelings, await us at every turn of life's devious ways, and blessed, indeed, is that man or that woman that meets them all without harm.

The more we sleep, the less we live.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Court-plaster—Kisses.

—If you would lay in a supply of old wine, be sure to make it out of *elder*-berries.

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

—When a pickpocket pulls at your watch tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

—Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it has to be ground before it can be used.

—One who has reflected a good deal on the lapse of ages prefers, on the whole, the age of seventeen.

—Some people say that dark-haired women marry soonest. We differ; it is the light-headed ones.

—Balloonists don't care about making much money. If they can only make ascent they are satisfied.

—It is not he who knows he has the most nose that knows more about his nose than anybody knows he knows.

—"Pa, what can I do, unless you get me a riding habit, up here in the country?"—"Get into the habit of walking, my dear."

—"Sam, how many logs have sawed, eh?" "Why, madam, when I've got this and three others done I'll have sawed four."

—What's the difference between a honey comb and a honey moon? One consists of a number of small cells; the other of one great sell.

—A lady remarked of a very ignorant man, who was complimented on his good sense: "He ought to have a great stock of good sense, for he never spends any."

—Cook—"Oh, it's your pa, is it, Master Tom? Well, the telegraph may be very wonderful, but it don't take me in, and if that's your pa's writing, I'll eat my head."

—An Irish schoolmaster recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should always be applied to all ships and vessels afloat, except mail steamers and men of war.

—Some one wrote to Horace Greely, inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

—A young man wants to know what business he had better go into to enable him to occupy a high position in society.—Let him try the roofing business; in that trade a smart man will soon get to the top of the ladder.

—"I'll teach you to play pitch and toss. I'll flog you for an hour, I will," said a father to his son. "Father," instantly replied the incorrigible, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two or nothing."

—Dr. Hall has written a long article to prove that it is unhealthy for man and wife to sleep in the same room, but the Rome (Ga.) *Commercial* knows of some wives that would make it unhealthy for their husbands to sleep anywhere else.

—A gentleman one day indiscreetly asked a lady how old she was. "Let me see. I was eighteen when I was married, and my husband was thirty; now he is twice thirty, that is sixty; so of course I am twice eighteen, that is thirty-six."

—A singing-master, while teaching his pupils, was visited by a brother of the tuneful art. The visitor observing that the chorister pitched the tune vocally, said, "Sir, don't you use a pipe?" "No," replied Semibreve, with admirable gravity, "I chew."

—A gallant New England knight of the quill gives the following description of a country dance; "The gorgeous strings of glass beads will now glisten on the heavy bosoms of village belles, like polished rubies resting on the delicate surface of warm apple-dumplings."

—Some people have very inquiring minds—but few we think carry their curiosity so far as a Yankee friend of ours, who rung the bell of a fashionable residence the other day, and when the servant girl made her appearance, politely inquired what the family intended to have for dinner.

—A lady's husband being away from home, died while absent. One of the neighbors being requested to inform her of her husband's death, found her at dinner, and when he informed her of the death she requested the neighbor to wait until she had finished her dinner, when he would hear some bawling.

—A sailor went to a watchmaker, and, presenting a small French watch to him demanded how much the repair of it would come to. The watchmaker, after examining it, said: "It will be more expense repairing than its original cost." "I don't mind that," said the tar; "I will give you double the original cost, for I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it, and if you repair it I will give you two for it."

—A well-known Senator in Washington is noted for taking two sherry cobblers in succession before breakfast. One morning while the Senator was practicing at the Metropolitan bar a friend put to him the pertinent question: "Senator, why do you take two sherry-cobblers as a custom?—Won't one tone you? The Senator drew himself up. "I will tell you why I take two sherry-cobblers. When I have taken one, it makes me feel like another man.—Well, you see, I'm bound by common courtesy to treat that [illegible] so I take a second."

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