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The American Union.

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Poetry.

MERRY HEART.

to have a merry heart,
ver short we stay;
wisdom in a merry heart,
'er the world may say.
phy may lift its its head,
find out many a flaw,
e me the philosophy
t's happy with a straw!

e but brings us happiness,
.. brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, tho' rich ones try,
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away—let others say
What'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

There's beauty in a merry laugh—
A moral beauty, too;
It shows the heart's an honest heart
That's paid each man his due,
And lent a share of what's to spare,
Despite of wisdom's fears,
And made the cheek less sorrow speak,
The eyes weep fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
The tempest-wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark—
Its sunlight is within!
Then laugh away—let others say
What'er they will of mirth;
Who laugh the most may truly say,
He's got the wealth of earth!

MY STEP-MOTHER.

"I wonder what papa has gone to Glenville so soon again for? Do you know, Mrs. Allen?" I asked of the lady who acted as housekeeper in our family for the four years that we three children had been written "motherless."

"I did not ask him," she replied.

Her evasive reply increased by suspicion, and after twirling my napkin a moment, I said:

"Well, we sometimes know the reason of things, and therefore, are not obliged to ask for information." After a moment's silence she replied:

"No, Nellie, I do not know for what purpose your father visits Glenville."

"But strongly suspect." I persisted "and so do I. Do you not?"

"If so I do not think it best to say anything about it."

Two days after papa returned, and after tea, we gathered in the parlor, for papa is a lawyer, and did not stay in his office during the evenings. Mrs. Allen took up her knitting, Florie was embroidering, and I took up a magazine, but not to read. I had told Florie that the next time papa asked me to sing the piece entitled "I cannot call her mother," and I was momentarily expecting such a request, I was trying to get up sufficient courage to do so. But papa sat in his easy chair, with his head thrown back, and his eyes closed. I stole a look at him, and whispered to Florie, "doubtless papa is thinking of the fascinating lady who is to be the future Mrs. Gordon."—Before Florie could reply, papa opened his eyes and asked me to play, and I rose with a little fluttering at the heart to do so. I took up a pile of music in order to gain time, and looked it over, then laid it down upon the music stand, I struck the first note on the prelude of the piece I said I would play. Before I began the words, Mrs. Allen left the room. She knew what it was, and thought it might lead to remarks that she would not like to hear.—My voice never once faltered as I sung it with as much feeling as I could throw into into the words. When I had finished there was perfect silence in the room for a few moments. I finally began a lively march, but papa interrupted me, and said in a pleasant tone:

"You need not play any more this even- Nellie, for me. I hope you did not g those verses because they expressed your sentiments, did you?"

"I do not know what difference it can make to any one whether these lines express my feelings or not," I replied coldly.

"It will make some difference with your future happiness," he continued. "I am to be married soon, and of course that will make the lady your mother. Are you not prepared to receive as such any one I may select, and give her the affections of a daughter?"

Florie burst into tears, and though I felt a choking sensation in the throat, I replied with some spirit:

"Of course. I shall treat the future Mrs. Gordon with respect if she can command it; but I have a mother though she be in her grave, whom I cannot forget, if others can, with some apparent ease."

"Nellie, you forget yourself, if you mean to insiuate that I have forgotten your mother. I have not, nor never shall; but you could not understand my feelings if I should explain them; therefore I will say no more. You can act at your own pleasure about loving her, but you must not forget that she will be mistress of the house. How is it with you my daughter?" turning to Florie, and his voice had a tenderer tone than when he spoke to me; "do you share your sister's feelings?"

"O, papa! I do not want a new mamma."

"Why do you care, Florie?"

"Because she will spoil our plans and make us do just what we do not wish to, and watch us all the time, and—and"

"Who told you all that, my dear?"

"Nellie."

"Why, Nellie, I thought you had too much sense to to talk to a younger sister in such a way as that!"

"Well," I replied angrily. "I would like to know if there was ever a step-mother who was not as cross, and disagreeable, and hateful as she could be. I never heard of one."

"By what means do you become so extensively informed on the subject of step-mothers?" asked papa ironically.

"Well, there is a description of one in 'Claudiline's Trials, and one in 'Mercie Merton;' besides, I have known two young ladies who were blessed with such usurpers at home, and I gained some of my extensive information from them."

"So from the overdrawn pictures of trashy novels, and the sensation stories of school-misses, you judge of the whole. If your mind is so prejudiced, it will take a more able advocate than myself to show you on what a flimsy base your opinions constructed; therefore, we will say no more about it."

o o o o o o o

The evening came on which papa and his wife—how my lips curled as I spoke the word—were expected. I had just said to Florie, "what can't be cured must be endured," but she will soon learn what frigid politeness means from me, and I hope you too. I'll own I'm anxious to see her, for I cannot exactly determine what course to pursue till I do.

"I wanted to ask papa how she looked, but I didn't dare to after you sang that song to him," returned Florie, when we heard the carriage at the door.

"Smooth your hair now, and pin your collar straight," I hastily exclaimed; "don't let Mrs. Gordon think you a young heathen, to whom she is to act the part of missionary."

We had taken tea and were in the parlor. I had taken mamma's portrait and hung it in our room. We had one there then, but I remarked to Florie, as I carried it up stairs, "ain't I good to save Mrs. Gordon all the trouble possible? Now we can have one apiece."

I felt really nervous when the carriage stopped at the door, but I did not follow, Ned and Florie as they rushed into the parlor, till after they had been to the dining-room and partaken of some refreshments. As papa presented his "eldest daughter" to his wife, I rose and coldly offered my hand. The lady who was hereafter to occupy my dear mother's place in the household, was about thirty years of age, of medium height, good-looking, and a pleasant smile lighted her face, as she held my hand a moment and "hoped I was well." Late in the evening she expressed desire to hear me play. I did rise immediately; but when she said, "do not unless it is perfectly agreeable to you." "Most certainly it is," I replied, and selecting the one "I Sit and Weep by My Mother's Grave," as the most appropriate one I could find, I sung it with pathos, for my heart was full of grief, and my eyes of unshed tears. I rose from the piano, and glanced at papa and his new wife. Her eyes were full of tears as she said to me in a low tone:

"You sing it with much feeling, Nellie: probably more because you can sympathize with the author, and I can sympathize with both. I have no mother, and I too have loved—

"To sit and weep
Beside dear mother's grave."

This was so different from what I expected that I could not reply and merely bowed my head. As we entered the breakfast room the following morning, Mrs. Gordon took the head of the table, and foolish child that I was, felt the angry blood rush to my face, I had occupied that place for six months—ever since I had donned long dresses—and I thought she takes mamma's place and mine too. After papa had gone down town, and Mrs. Gordon, Florie and myself had been home, she chatted so pleasantly with us that I almost regretted the part I had determined to act; but when the gardener came in, and directing his remarks to me, asked if he should take up all the dahlia roots for the winter, I grew angry and said; "you can ask Mrs. Gordon. I shall not direct you any more about the flowers." I did not look at her to notice the effect of my words, but Florie said her face colored. However, her voice was calm as she said, "I will go into the garden in a moment and tell you," and taking a shawl she passed out, leaving me ashamed that I did not speak in a less ungracious manner.

I need not mention every little act of hers that slowly but surely undermined the prejudice that I had against step-mothers which I had imbibed from early childhood. A few weeks after she became a member of our household she tapped at my chamber, and after coming in and sitting down a few moments which was spent in pleasant conversation, she said to me:

"Was not one of those portraits of your mother taken from the parlor, Nellie?"

"The one over the table was," I replied. "I hung it there a few weeks ago."

"Well, if you are willing I will replace it," she continued, "so that all the family can have the same pleasure you do. I think your forehead resembles hers very much," she added, as she stepped on a chair and took it down.

I had not a word to utter. I felt that I was killed with kindness yet, after all this, I endeavored to maintain that reserve of manner that I had determined should ever characterized my deportment toward her. The time for the closing of the school came and I asked papa to get me an expensive set of coral and gold ornaments to wear.—"I will think of it," he returned; but when we were alone he said to me:

"Ellen, if you call my wife mother, I will get these things for you. I do not like to hear you call her Mrs. Gordon, especially before strangers."

"Very well," I returned, 'I can do without them, they are not absolutely necessary to my happiness.'

The morning of the exhibition day came and as I was leaving the institution, I saw Mrs. Gordon come out of the jeweler's and walk hastily home. I followed, vexed and almost angry, I thought to myself, "if I call her mother at dinner, papa will notice it and get me the ornaments while I am dressing and I can wear them to exhibition this evening. I wonder what Emma Andrews would say if I should, as I told her I never would while I lived, and I won't so that's decided."

Dinner over, I went up to my room to dress, for the excises were to commence at two. As I stood by the table, I noticed a small kid case, with a slip of paper on it. I opened the paper, which bore my name on the outside, and read: 'Will Nellie accept this from her friend, Alice Gordon?' In the box lay the long coveted ornaments in their satin bed. This last act of forbearance and love was more than even I could endure, and I sobbed bitterly, while conscience upbraided me for the past. I did not wish to go down, and as Florie was dressed I wrote on a slip of paper:—'Accept the thanks of your daughter, Ellen,' and she carried it to mother, as I then determined to call her.

In a few moments I heard steps approaching, and turning I laid my head on her shoulder and murmured: 'Forgive me, mother.'

Gently she smoothed back the heavy mass of hair from my forehead. 'I did not do this to buy your love, Nellie,' she said, 'I hope you would have given that without this testimony of my affection.'

From that day the most perfect confidence has existed between us, and I ever found her a true friend—a faithful adviser. And now, though a decade of years have passed away, I still remember the look of satisfaction that rested on her face, at the result of her labor of love, when I yielded to the dictates of my better nature, and gave her a daughter's love and respect.

A little child whose lips have just learned to speak the sweetes of all words—mamma—is sleeping in her tiny couch at my side; and when I think of the future, of the little one God has committed to my care, I pray to the Great Disposer of all human events, that if I be called to leave her, while yet her feet are in the thorny paths of childhood and youth, that she may find as faithful a friend, though a stepmother, as she whom in my early youth I learned to call by that name.

This wide and unfounded prejudice against the class referred to has caused much unhappiness in many families.

Let all who have the care of children do all in their power to disabuse their young minds of such a feeling.

Experience has taught me that one may find a true, faithful, and loving friend even in the person of a step mother.

How is it at Home!

How many little troubles of this world might be changed to joys, just as weeds may be plucked out and roses placed in their stead, did we try to have it so.—Mothers, sisters, do you ever think of this? How many little trifles does your daughter perform, good mother, which may seem small; but a dozen of these a day make up the many of a week and the thousands of a year, and yet you pretend to imagine that they do nothing. Or, sister, how much does that older or younger one, whom the natural ties of affection should make them, or never give even a kind word or a smile in return for what they would consider a pleasure to do, did you seem thankful. But, alas? too many of us, parents, daughters, and brothers alike, forget the supreme command of God to love one another—forget that the very essence of true Christianity consists in a faithful keeping together of the bonds of "brotherly love." How many of us sink deeper the arrow that already wounds the heart by the unkind word which a smile would heal in a moment—how many of us thus neglect the simplest lesson that our Heavenly Father thus designs for us to try to attain what we imagine a nobler height by seeking to overcome what we call greater and thus lose the priceless gem. Sweet is Christianity. Happy must be the professor of the love of God. But alas! too many find when it is too late that they have "imagined a vain thing" and that they have lost the key to the pearly gate by murdering the affection and love that should have made home happy. Remember, then mothers, sisters and brothers, that at home, Christianity is in its purest element, and when it fails to be visible in heaven, it is at home that the recording angel looks, and from there come the many damning proofs that may shut us out from the supernal bliss of heaven on that great day.

A HESBAND advertises thus: "My wife, Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke; and as to trusting her, anybody can do so if they see fit; for as Inever pay my own debts, it is not very likely that I'll pay her'n."

Peeping at the Girls.

A short time ago a few Cincinnatians were on a hunting trip in Indiana. One night they found it convenient to put up at a small country tavern where the accommodations were somewhat limited, so much as to compel them all to bunk in one moderate sized room next to the roof. This being the best they could do, they accepted the conditions without much murmuring, being pretty effectually tired out with their days's tramp, and, after supper, retired early.

About ten o'clock they were awakened out of sound slumber by great gayety and laughter proceeding from the adjoining rooom, occupied by the landlord's three buxom daughters. It was evident that, as they were retiring for the night, they were having a high old frolic.

Now the hunters were all young men, and it was very tantalizing to have so much "gal" fun going on with only a door intervening. At length one of the hunters whispered to the others:

"See there, boys, there's a knot-hole in the door, and we can see all that is going on. Heap of fun there, you bet."

They looked, and there sure enough, was what appeared to be a good-sized knot-hole, showing the [illegible] ad-joining to be very brig[illegible]

A bold hunter crept [illegible] and applied his eye to [illegible] was astonished to find [illegible] ing.

As he put his head [illegible] knot-hole seemed to disa[illegible]

Stepping back apace [illegible] the knot-hole again.

"What did you see?" [illegible] the hunters, who was [illegible] osity in bed.

"Didn't see anything," w[illegible] "They either took the knot[illegible] pluged it up."

Then another hunter trie[illegible] effect. As he stooped to ste[illegible] unconscious maidenhood on[illegible] knot-hole vamosed. They [illegible] puzzled, until one of them cri[illegible]

"See there, boys; look at the roof!"

They looked, and the mystery was solved!—There was a knot-hole in the board roofing, through which the moon was shining, the light falling upon the door so as to produce the illusion described. The hunters slept better after this discovery.

Little Causes of Death.

There are times when a man is in such vigorous health, that it seems as if nothing could hurt him.

A young lady alighted from her carriage in Central Park and stood upon the damp grass for half an hour, listening to the music of the band; the feet became cold, a chill struck through her system, and she died in a few days of a disease in the throat.

Recently a young lady from New York was visiting some of the interesting places in Rome; becoming weary, she sat on a stone bench for a few moments and has been paralyzed from her waist down, ever since.

A person walks one summer's day to some public exhibition or picture exhibition or picture gallery; it feels refreshingly cool on first entrance, time passes unawares, when all at once an ugly chill runs down the back, and next day there is a cold which is to worry and annoy for weeks, if not for months. Very many, especially delicate ladies, "get their death" in this way, in visiting picture galleries and public buildings; the precaution should be taken always on such occasions to have an extra shawl along even in the hottest days of summer, to be thrown over the shoulders, and if the gloves are kept on, it is a great aid in preventing the system from cooling off too rapidly.

It is a simple and a very little thing to take a bath. A young lawyer took a bath some years ago, in this city; he stayed in too long, became chilled, and was a cripple all his days, for forty years afterwards.

Many a person has been found dead in the bath-tub, from attempting to enjoy that luxury too soon after eating. Never bathe, hot or cold, on a full stomach; the most perfectly safe time for taking any kind of bath is before breakfast, for then there is the least danger that the system is overheated, and then too it has the most vigor, the greatest power of recreation, the greatest ability of resisting the influence of cold.

It is usual for sea-bathes to be taken in the middle of the forenoon or afternoon; but considering the hot sun, sending its fiercest rays on the head, it would be wiser and safer to select the early morning.—*Hall's Journal of health.*

A LONG BRANCH correspondent thus concludes an account of a fight for a kiss. "She fought fair, however, and when she could fight no longer for want of breath, she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her side—her hair fell back over her shoulders—her eyes closed, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air. Gracious! did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin? or a bee upon a clover top? I need not say more. What a beautiful picture for a painter."

HIS NATIVITY.—A man applied to the officer of Registration a few days ago to have his name placed upon the poll lists. "What is your nativity?" asked the officer. "Sure, I'm—I'm—a Dimicrat," was the answer. He was immediately enrolled.

Poisoned Whiskey.

The Philadelphia *Price Current* says: Western distillers have recently invented a new system of manufacturing whiskey, by means of which a peculiar strength and oder is imparted to the product, highly injurious to the health of the consumers, and certainly not creditable to those engaged in its sale. Neither the noxious ingredients themselves nor the process of manufacture are known to many outside the ring, but sufficient has leaked out to show the character of the men and the business. Sulphuric acid is blended with the mash or applied directly to the product of the stills, which imparts a disagreeable oder to the whiskey; and so powerful is its effect upon it that it corrodes and eats up the inside of the barrels in which the foul compound is kept.

Another feature of this rot-gut, sold under the name of whiskey, is that it cannot be extracted by any process of distillation, redistilation, or rectification. This fact has caused its presence to be traced in high wines purchased from the West by respectible distillers here, and prompted them to shut down on the nefarious traffic as injurious to life and the interests of the trade. By experiment it has been tested that if a small piece of iron or copper is [illegible] to a barrel of whiskey adulterated acid the entire mass will be [illegible] ned, and if left in it for a [illegible] evolve a large quantity [illegible] copper or verdegris. Such [illegible] fail to prove fearfully [illegible] ic health, if brought [illegible] we are glad to per[illegible] nbined effort is contem[illegible] de to discard it altogether. [illegible] fficient, the consequences [illegible] serious to cell for some [illegible] ent by which the sale of [illegible] shall be prohibited [illegible] enalties.

Experience.

[illegible] Mobile to Jackson re[illegible] up a lot of oysters which was something never before seen by some of the darkies present, who began to examine them with great astonishment.

"Whar de mouf?" inquired one of the most inquisitive. "How um eat, eh?—Golly! I thinks dem nuffin' 'cept a bone. Yah! yah!" he continued, laughing at his own wit. "I 'spec' some white man tink nig a fool when he called dat ting ister."

Just then he discovered an oyster slightly open, and seizing it he eyed it closely. Not satisfied with his examination, he placed it to his nose; but no sooner was the organ inserted between the shells than they closed, when the darkey howled with pain, and called out, "Pull 'em off! pull 'em off!"

But the more the oyster was pulled, the more he would not let go; and so poor Cuffee danced and yelled; his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal ornament were both ludicrious and painful.

"Hit um wid a stick," said a buxom wench; and in a moment the oyster was knocked right and left with a hearty will, but Cuffe's head went with it.

"Pinch he tail," cried a little nig "and he sure to let go."

But there was no tail to pinch, and Cuffee seemed doomed to wear the oyster forever. At this moment an "intelligent contraband" whipped out a knife and severed the oyster. Cuffee looked at the shells in amazement, and finding the oyster toothless, threw it away with the remark, "Um got no teef, but he gum it powerful!"

Little Tangles.

The following illustration of the privilege of the Christian to seek divine direction and help in all the affairs and troubles of life, however numerous or small, is taken from a foreign paper.

Once upon a time, there was a great king, who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and woof, and patterns were all given by the king, and he looked for diligent work-people. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send to him, and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their looms, was one little child, whom the king did not think too young to [illegible] Often alone at his work, cheerfully and patiently she labored. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures, the silks were tangled, and the weaving unlike the pattern, they gathered round the child and said—

"Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver, "he told us that we might do so."

"So we do night and morning."

"Ah," said the child, "but I send directly, if I find I have a little tangle."

THE Champion glutton of Mobile, Ala., is for the time being on the sick list. The following application to the physician in charge of the Mobile City Hospital speaks for itself: "Dr. Barnes—This is the man who ate 42 eggs for breakfast and dr[illegible] one gallon of beer; for dinner, he ate [illegible] pounds of beef, 2 loaves of bread, and drank 1 gallon of beer. He now feels sick an[illegible] wishes admittance into the hospital."

A DETERMINED young lady says if [illegible] can get no other she will have a rainb[illegible]

Immensity of Creation.

Some astronomers have computed that there are no less than 75,000,000 suns in the universe. The fixed stars are all suns, and have, like our sun, numerous planets revolving around them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in the diameter 3,600,000,000 of miles, and that which it controls is much greater. That sun which is nearest neighbor to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun 22,000,000,000 of miles. Now if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun, and if the solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the 75,000,000 of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation?

Every sun of the 75,000,000 controls a field of space of about 10,000,000 of miles in diameter. Who can survey a plantation containing 75,000,000 circular fields, each of them 10,000,000 miles in diameter? Such, however, is one of the plantations of Him who has measured the water in the hollow of his hand, and meet our heaven with a span, and comprehend the dust of the earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; Him who, sitting upon the orbit of the earth, stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in!

A Good Joke.

A capital joke, and all the more palatable because it is true, and can be vouched, for took place a few Sundays since, at one of the prominent Fourth street churches. It seems that a worthy deacon has been very industrious in selling a new church book costing seventy-five cents. At the service in question, the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, arose and said.—"All you who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath." The deacon, who by the way was a little deaf, and having an eye to selling the books, and supposing his pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted. "And all you haven't any, can get as many as you want by calling on me at seventy-five cents each.

The preacher looked cross-eyed at the deacon; the audience punched each other in the side, the bubble grew larger until it burst into a loud guffaw, ladies colored up crimsoned, blushed and thanked the Lord for the low price of peopling the earth.—There was no benediction that morning worth speaking of.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.—Few persons, comparatively, in this latitude, preserve their sweet potatoes during the winter months even so far as to supply their own spring planting. In consequence they have difficulty sometimes in securing reliable seed, that which they buy in the market failing to germinate. They soon become, too, unfit for use under ordinary treatment, and few farmers, we believe, have the benefit of this fine esculent thro' the winter months. There is really no reason for this, if a moderate degree of care be used in putting them away.

Supposing them to be not bruised or cut in handling, all else necessary from moisture and cold. A short article in the Country Gentleman seems to cover the whole ground. "Dig just before heavy frosts" (we should say, if possible, before any frost,) "and having plenty of dry dirt," (which should be gathered and put away in August,) "and making a layer of it on top of the ground, in a pen, house, or out of doors, lay the potatoes on it, letting no two touch, and another layer of dirt and then one of potatoes, &c. An obtuse cone shape is best. Layers of dirt to be one or two inches thick. After disposing of all your potatoes in this way, cover them with the same dry dirt, then cover with dry straw, fodder or something of the kind, and protect it from the rain by boards. The principal point is in having the dirt dry, and in keeping it so."

"WHISKEY HAS USED HIM UP."—There is scarcely a community or neighborhood from Maine to Oregon where this saying is not used almost every day in the year, and altogether too truly. A subject of this kind is to be found in almost every town. The lawyer with brillliant talent and a large business has fallen below the range of respectability and confidence; whiskey was the cause. The politician with bright prospects before him has played out, and the account is charged to whiskey. The Judge of talent, age and respectibility is the subject of privaie and neighborhood talk. His enemies point with derision, and his friends hang their heads in shame, and whiskey has done it. That kind hearted neighbor and hard working man has become a pest in society and trouble to his family. Whiskey has beat him.—Whiskey will beat any man living, and that is just what it is made for.

A MINISTER asked a tipsy fellow, who was leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go when he died. "If I can't get along any better than I do," he said, "I shan't go anywhere."

[illegible] young lady says the arm[illegible] m's show "writes a [illegible] she cannot deny that [illegible]

[illegible] suffering from a *pane* in [illegible] relieve it by wearing a *sash*.

The Lord's Praye

A maiden knelt in the tw[illegible] and clasping her hands fervent[illegible] forth: "Our Father who ar[illegible] hallowed be Thy name."

A mother in great agony and grief gazed on her child, sleeping her long last sleep, a smile wreathing her soft lips, and white hands folded across that still and pulseless heart, and kneeling there, the living beside the dead, she prays, "Thy will be done."

As early beams of the orient gild the sleeping land, a widow with her suffering little ones chilled by poverty and woe bows at the throne of grace, and fervently prays: "Give us this day our daily bread."

An aged father, as his loved and loving boy goes forth from his parental care to brave the cold frowns of life, kneels beside him on the eve of his departure and pleads: "Lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen."

THE SLEEPER IN MEETING.—A rural pastor thus reports, concerning the "hea man" of his congregation. "A heavy countryman was accustomed to enter the church with regularity, compose himself in a comfortable seat, and go to sleep for the whole of the service. In order to break him of his ill-mannered habit, I gave a lad a penny to sit beside the slumberer, and by continually twitching at his garments keep him awake. The plan for the first sunday answered so admirably, that on the next I offered a similar bribe for a like service. The conscientious lad refused the offer, saying that the man had already given him twice the sum to allow him a quiet rest."

YOUNG LADIES.—Some one asked Mrs. Cady Santon if she thought the girls possessed the phisique necessary for the wear and tear of a college course of study. Her reply is both sensible and sarcastic. "I would like to see you," said Mrs. Stanton, "take thirteen hundred young men, and lace them up, and hang ten to twenty pounds weight of clothing to their waist, perch them upon three inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, chignons, rats and mice, and stick ten thousand hair-pins into their scalps; if they can stand all this, they can stand a little Latin and Greek."

EXAMINATION.—A clergyman wishing to know whether the children of his parishoners understood their Bible, he asked a lad whom he found one day reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man.

"Moses, to be sure," said the boy.

"Moses," exclaimed the parson, "how can that be!"

"Why," said the lad, "he broke all the commandments at once."

"Is my face dirty?" asked a young lady from the back woods, while seated with her aunt at the dinner table on a steamer running from Cairo to New Orleans.

"Dirty! No. Why do you ask?"

"Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate, I've thrown three under the table and yet every time he comes around he puts another one before me."

SAWING DOWN OF ANCIENT SAWS.—"There's no rose without a thorn." Yes, there is, there,s the *prim*-rose.

"It is not good for a man to be alone." Yes, it is; when he has only dinner enough for one.

"Delays are dangerous." No, they are not; when a man thinks of marrying, or is going to be hanged.

NOT QUITE.—A man asked another to come and dine of boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," said the other; "and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, barring the beef."

A MAN with one eye laid another a wager that he (the one-eyed) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted.—"You have lost." says the first; "I can see *two* eyes in your face, and you can see only *one* in mine."

AN exchange says; "The devil has got a pretty firm grip on the seat of a man's trowsers who will take his local newspaper for one, two or more years, and then refuse to pay for it."

A BAREHEADED, barefooted, little boy astonished a worshiping congregation in a Massachusetts town on a recent Sunday by rushing into church and exclaiming. "Where's my papa? The pigs are out."

A WOMAN at Oberlin, Ohio, collected money for the soldiers orphans, and used it to buy a bonnet. She said that orphans, after they got used to it, could get along without bread, but women must have bonnets.

WE venture to suggest a simple plan for the reformation of the habitual tippler, without depriving him of his liberty; let him, whenever he takes his walks abroad, be conspiciously labeled, "To be kept dry."

A Brooklyn mother advised her d[illegible] to oil her hair, and fainted flat[illegible] that candid damsel replied, [illegible] it spoils the gentlemen's v[illegible]

AN ugly disease in [illegible] gles. Common sense

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