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Poetry.

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

I've seen some people in this life
Who always are repining,
Who never, never yet could see
The storm-cloud's silver lining.
There always something is amiss,
From sunrise to its setting;
That God's hand made their map of life,
They seem the while forgetting.

And I have seen a blessed sight
To sin-beclouded vision,
Some people who, where'er they be,
Make earth seem an Elysian.
They always see the brightest side—
The direful shadows never—
And keep the flower of hope in bloom
Within their hearts forever.

The one can make the sunniest day
Seem wondrous sad and dreary;
The other smiles the clouds away,
And makes a dark day cheery.
This life of ours is, after all,
About as we shall make it,
If we can banish grief and care,
Let's haste to undertake it.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

Bound home to New York from the Sandwich Island, the ship Hampton, was bowling along through the Pacific Ocean, under a cloud of canvas.

The crimson rays of the rising sun had tinted the blue, rolling waves, when Bertha Winthrop, one of the passengers, came on deck.

She was a lovely girl of eighteen, with hazel eyes, light-brown hair, a clear, white skin, and perfect features. Nothing could have been more charming than the contour of her well-formed head, balanced on a neck as round and smooth as if sculptured from marble, yet full of life and expression.

The supple grace of her whole form, from the sloping shoulders, the lithe, flexible waist, down to the small, well-shaped feet, was remarkable, perhaps partially due to her habits of exercise in the open air, not only in walking and riding, but also in swimming.

She had been to Honalula, on a visit to some relatives, and was now returning home under the escort of her lover, Herbert Weldon, a handsome naval officer of twenty-three, who had obtained leave of absence from the commander of his vessel, laying off Maui, Sandwich Islands.

Bertha was not at all demonstrative in manner. Some people said she was cold. Her calm self-possession never deserted her. She would look with still, clear eyes upon her lover, when he spoke to her she seldom blushed, or stood with drooping lashes before him.

This at times wounded Herbert's vanity. He wondered if it was possible she did not care for him, after all. True, her voice had faltered, he had heard the beating of her heart, and felt the trembling of her hand, when he won from her many months before, the confession that she loved him. But these signs of affection soon passed away, and she seemed as calm as ever.

There are some men who can not like such women; there are others who adore them.

Bertha was not long on deck when the young officer sought her side.

The two conversed. Finally Herbert said, "If we have good weather, we will reach New York in three months. Then, dear girl, I will make you my wife."

"Yes, Herbert," she answered in a low, quick voice.

"I think we are 'well matched,' as it is called," he went on—"don't you?"

"Certainly," she replied, in the same quiet way, a slight smile on the pretty lips.

"Mine for ever! My own to love, cherish, and protect! Oh, Bertha, you cannot imagine how eagerly I look forward to the happy time!"

"Oh, yes, I can understand all that!" she replied, camly, raising her soft clear eyes, and looking him steadily, yet not boldly, in the face.

A shadow crossed Herbert's brow. Could she love him, and yet be so calm?

"Bertha," he suddenly said, "I wish you would say something—act in some way to let me know that you think as much of me as I do of you!"

For an instant the girl flushed from brow to neck. Then she became pale.

"Herbert,' she said, quietly, "you must never doubt me."

The young man was not satisfied. When Bertha left him, and went into the cabin, without having spoken again, he felt chagrined.

The sun had risen, but it was veiled by a hazy vapor. Masses of heavy black clouds were rushing along from the windward.—The ship's captain was ordering sail to be taken in.

Hither and thither about the decks went the active sailors, pulling and hauling on braces, sheets, and clewlines. Then up the rigging they darted to furl the topgallant sails, the fore and mizzen topsails, and to close-reef the main.

While all hands were aloft the gale came shrieking, howling and roaring on the ship.

With her lee-rail scooping up the white waters, her shrouds whistling and bending to the gale, her masts swaying and cracking, her timbers groaning and humming, away she went, driving through the mad waters, veiled in a shroud of spray from bow to stern.

Amidships, holding on to a pin on the main rife-rail, stood Herbert, watching the men who were furling the jib.

Suddenly the ship made a mad plunge; a great torrent of water came sweeping, like a huge, moving wall, over the weather-rail.

Ere the young officer could avoid it by running aft, it struck his form, washing him overboard like a shot. There was a slender, half-rotton rope hanging from the waist, attached to a rail. Herbert seized this as he went, with ready self-possession, twisting it around his waist.

The wild mass of water swept over and past him; there he was, hanging by the end of the rope, about ten yards from the ship's side.

Bertha, who had come on deck just as her lover was swept over the rail, now ran amidships, with pale cheeks and wild eyes, called on the ship's officers to save the young man.

No boat could be lowered in such a gale. The officers ran to the rail, however, and commenced hauling on the rope, to which the imperiled one, half-hidden by the raging foaming waters and the flying spray, was still clinging.

As they continued to haul, an ominous, snapping sound was heard. The strands of the rotton rope were giving away!

"He must go!" cried the captain, despairingly. "No earthly power can save him now! The rope will part ere we get him alongside!"

Nearer—nearer to the ship was the young officer drawn. When he was within five yards of it, the rope held him by only *one of its strands!*

This, going round and round, must part in a few seconds.

With clasped hands, and eyes gleaming large and bright, Bertha watched Herbert, her lips tightly compressed, as if by the power of her will alone she would prevent the rope from giving way

The strain upon that one strand was tremendous. It cracked and snapped, but still held.

The first mate stood reaching far out over the rail to be ready to seize Herbert the moment he should be drawn within his reach. The captain had taken a bowline-hitch on the end of the main topsail halliards, thus forming a noose, which he stood ready to throw if the strand should part ere Herbert was pulled to the ship.

To throw it now would probably be attended with fatal results. The noose would strike the other rope, and not slip down over the young man further than his neck, thus strangling him.

Nearer—still nearer!

Bertha could now see her lover looking up from the white foaming vortex, his eyes bright with the hope of being saved. He was only two yards from the vessel's side. The first mate, leaning far over from the outside of the ship, to which he had lashed himself, could almost reach him.

"Thank God! he is saved!" cried the man, hoarsely, as he made a clutch at Herbert's hair.

He had just seized a few threads of those bright locks—he was endeavoring to obtain a firmer hold, when a loud, snapping sound was heard, as the rope parted!

The man with the noose threw it, but it fell short, dashed aside by a heavy sea, from Herbert, as the ship rushed past him. With a gurgling cry of despair, the young man drifted to leeward!

But not he alone; for Bertha, who, the moment she saw that the strand must part had quickly fastened the end of the main-topgallant halliards about her waist, had sprang bravely into the wild sea, and, striking bravely into the mad waves, as the turns of the rope which she had thrown off of the pin slackened, she fast approached her lover.

Reaching him, when he was about twenty yards astern, she threw her white arms about him, and held him firmly, while the men on deck now hauled on the rope.

Although half suffocated by the raging waters—although her beautiful waist was compressed by the strain of the rope upon it, so that she could hardly breath—yet with her white teeth firmly set, her large wild eyes gleaming like stars through the foam, her long wet hair sweeping the young man's face, her warm bosom beating against his own, the brave girl still held firmly to her lover, determined to save his life!

At last the two were drawn to the ship's side and helped aboard, amid the ringing cheers of sailors and officers.

Herbert then bore into the cabin the noble girl, who, exhausted by her exertions, had nearly fainted when she reached the deck.

As he hung over her applying restoratives and kissing her again and again, she smiled and said, gently:

"Have I not done something at last to prove how much I love you?"

"You are a noble girl!" he answered: "and I now understand you. Another woman might have been want to express her feelings to me in passionate language and with burning cheeks; but she would have stood helplessly by and seen me perish. You are one of those glorious creaturers who are demonstrative in action rather than in speech!"

And so he still found her, when, a few months later, he made her his wife.

PASSING along the road the other day, we thought we had found a very beautiful knife. On picking it up, we found it to be only a handle without a blade. So do we hear very beautiful sermons—well written and well read—but they are without a blade. They cut out no cancers of sin and carve out no models of piety. Sermons must have blades.

John Cain.

THE TALE OF A DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

"M. Quad" gets off the following in the Detroit *Free Press.*

AS HE WAS.

John Cain was a quiet, unobstrusive citizen. He didn't long for fame and renown, and he didn't care two cents whether this great and glorious country was ruled by a one-horse republican or a two-horse democrat.

HIS VIRTUES.

He had a pew in church, gave sixteen ounces for a pound, and when a man looked him square in the eye, Mr. Cain never took a back seat. He was home at a reasonable hour in the evening, never took part in the discussion, "Is lager healthy?" and many a man wished that his life rolled on as evenly and peacefully as John Cain's.

BUT, ALAS!

the tempter came. In an evil hour John Cain allowed the politicians to get after him and to surround him. They said he was the strongest man in the county; that he could scoop out of his boots any man set up in opposition; that his virtues were many, and his faults 00000; that it was his duty to come out and take a nomination, in order that this pure and incorruptible form of government be maintained pure and incorruptible. All this and much more they told him, and John Cain

BECAME PUFFED UP.

It surprised him some to think that he held his peaceful way along for forty odd years like a knot-hole in a barn-door, without any one having discovered what a heap of a fellow he was, but he concluded that there was a new era in politics, and that it was all right.

THEY BAMBOOZLED HIM.

The politicians covered John Cain with soft soap. They told him that the canvass shouldn't cost him a red, and that he could still retire at 8 o'clock every evening, and rest assured that his interests would be properly cared for. It was to be a still hunt—a very quiet election, and he would hardly know what was going on. John was an honest, unsuspecting idiot, and he swallowed their words as the confiding fish absorbs the baited hook.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

John Cain was duly nominated, and the band came out and serenaded him. With the band came several hundred electors, who filled the Cain mansion to overflowing; spit tobacco all over the house, ate and drank all they could find, broke down the gate, and went off with three cheers for John Cain.

WANTED SUGAR.

Before the canvass was ten days old, half-a-dozen men called on Cain and gently hinted that he must come down with the "sugar." He didn't even know what "sugar" was until they explained. They wanted money to raise a pole, to buy beer, to get slips printed, and to do fifty other things with, all for his particular benefit, and he had to hand out money.

THE COMBAT DEEPENS.

In the course of another week they drew Cain out to make a speech at a ward meeting. He tried to claw off, but they told him that the opposing candidate would run him out of sight if he didn't come out, and he went out. When he got through speaking, the crowd drank at his expense, and Mr. Cain was astonished at the way the liquor went down, and more astonished at the way the bill footed up. He didn't reach home until midnight, and for the first time in his life he was going to bed with his boots on. His wife couldn't speak to him, the hired girl left the house to save her character, and John Cain wished the politicians had let him alone.

INCREASE OF CURRENCY.

More men came and crooked their fingers at him, and whispered 'sugar.' They wanted money to buy some dobutful votes, and to hire four-horse team, and to mail his slips, and he had to come down. He hesitated about it, but they told him that the opposing candidate felt sure of victory, and that acted as a spur.

WARM-HEARTED FRIENDS.

There was hardly a night that from 14 to 240 friends did not call on Mr. Cain to inform him as to the 'prospect.' They drank up the currant wine Mrs. Cain had laid by for sickness, emptied her preserve jars, and there wasn't a morning that she couldn't sweep out 40 or 50 cigars stubs and a peck of mud. They all told Cain that he could beat the other man so far out of sight that it would take a carrier pigeon to find him, and he couldn't very well refuse to go over to the corner grocery and 'set 'em up' for the boys.

THE CRISIS

finally came. On the eve of the election, Mr. Cain's friends called for 'sugar' again, and he had to sugar 'em. A big crowd called to warn him that he would certainly be elected, and the saloon bill was $28 more. Thirteen or fourteen men shook hands with his wife, a hundred more shook hands with him, and he had to get up and declare that he didn't favor woman's rights, and that he did; that he was down on whiskey, and yet loved it as a beverage; that he wanted the currency inflated, and yet favored specie payments; that he favored the civil-rights bill, and yet didn't, and in his brief speech Mrs. Cane counted twenty-seven straight lies, besides the evasions—Mr. Cain wanted to hold popular views, and he had to be on all sides at once.

ELECTION DAY.

On the day of the election, they dragged him from poll to poll, stopping at all the saloons on the way. He had to make 256,000 promises, pull his wallet until it was as flat as a wafer, drank lager with some cold water with others, and when night came he went home and tried to hug the hired girl, called Mrs. Cain his dear old rhinoscerus, and fell over the cradle, and went to sleep with his head under the stove.

HOW HE SCOOPED 'EM.

When Mr. Cain arose in the morning, and became sober enough to read the election returns, he found he had scooped them as follows:

Opposing candidate	36,420
John Cain	31,380
Cain's majority (in a horn)	5,140

EOLIAN HARP.

Mr. Cain went and sat down under an apple tree in the back yard, and he gave himself up to reflection, and so forth.—Through the leafless branches sighed the November winds, and in the house sighed Mrs. Cain, and both sighs murmured gently in his ear.

"John Cain's a perpendicular idiot."

Spectacles of the Heavens.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose I rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour an unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence; Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the brighter constellations of the west and the north remained unchanged. Steadily the wonderous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dessolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of the purple soon blushed along the sky, the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."—*Edward Everett.*

Not Guilty.

Some years ago an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed the robbery; in due time the case came up for trial. The Irishman being upon the stand, was cross-examined, after having sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, by one of our keenest lawyers, and something like the following was the result:

"You say that the prisoner at the bar was the man who assaulted and robbed you?"

"Yis."

"Was it moonlight when the occurrence took place?"

"Not a bit ov it."

"Was it starlight?"

"Not a whit; it was so dark that you could not have seen your hand before you."

Was there a light shining from any house near by?"

"Not a bit av a house was there anywhere about."

"Well, then, if there was no moon, no starlight, no light from any house, and so dark that you couldn't see your hand before you, how are you able to swear that the prisoner is the man? Did you see him?

Why, your Honor, when the spalpeen struck me (may the divil away wid him) the fire flew out of me eyes so bright that you might have seen to pick up a pin; you could, be jabers!"

The court, jury, counsel and spectators exploded at this quaint idea, and the prisoner was declared not guilty.

THE number of class leaders in the Methodist Episcopal Church is stated at fifty-two thousand.

Draining the Agricultural Pocket.

This is precisely what a great many good people complain of—that this system of drainage is so complete and effective.—Railroads, middlemen, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants, monopolies of all sorts, all have laid pipe throughout the agricultural domain, whereby they draw out of those who till it the very essence and fruit of their labor. The row is legitimate. Contra pipes are being laid. This is proper. Agricultural drains are being filled up. This is right. The outgo is being checked. This is good. Irrigation is being substituted for this leakage, and the water is held in reserve for future use. This is wise.—We wonder if it would be safe for this modest editorial pencil to point out some of the drains that reach into the agricultural pocket that are too frequently overlooked by those who complain most? For instance:

1. Buying land that is not needed and running in debt for it, when that already possessed is not half stocked nor rendered half as productive as it ought to be.

2. Mortgaging the farm to build a new and pretentious house that is not adapted to the farmer's wants, when the old one may be made comfortable and convenient without incurring debt.

3. Running in debt for costly carpets and furniture for the said new house, in order that its "style" may equal some other man's home.

4. Buying a five or eight hundred dollar piano, in order that a beloved daughter of twelve to sixteen years may waste her time and neglect her education in more important matters.

5. Running in debt for costly carriages in which to ride over roads that are a disgrace to civilization.

6. Sending the daughters away to expensive boarding schools, where they are taught everything, nearly, except what they will need to know when they shall have become wives and mothers; and the boys away to some university or college, where they learn how to squander money, row a boat or play at ball, it may be, and that they are too refined to soil their hands handling a manure fork or wrench their cords and muscles handling a plow.

7. Running for a local office and doing the dirty work of, and spending money for some pretentious politician who is supposed to have "influence at Headquarters," thus wasting both time and money that should be employed in farm improvement.

8. Employing carpenters to build expensive, fancy, fillagree fence about and in front of the house, while the fences on the balance of the farm look as if a cyclone had just swept over them.

9. Running in debt, unnecessarily, under any circumstances.

10. Attending to everybody's business but one's own.

11. Diverting money from one's legitimate business to enter into speculations.

12. Pretending to be what one is not and aping the airs and style of those whose wealth enables them to do as they choose.

These dozen drains might be easily multiplied by another twelve, and yet the list would not be exhausted. We fancy some people will be able to discover others by looking at these.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A City with Silver-Paved Streets.

Our principal streets says the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise*, is being macadamized with refuse ore taken from the mines in early days, and being coated with rich ore that has been year after year sifted down upon them from the ore wagons, are now everywhere more or less argentiferous.—Indeed there is not the slightest stretch of imagination in saying that we never take a step in the town but we are walking on silver—that our streets are literally paved with silver. While speaking of the fact a day or two since, a young man bet his friend the price of the assaying and "cigars" that he would take a lump of mud off the wheel of a 'bus, then standing before them, and would get out of it precious metals to the value of over $5 per ton. An ounce or two of mud was taken from the wheel of the vehicle and placed in the hands of an assayer, who was not told where the sample was obtained, and who no doubt supposed that he was dealing with decomposed ore vein matter from one of our mines. The assay was made, and the assayer's certificate showed that the sample contained: "Silver, $7.54, gold, $2.32; total $9.86." After this we may put on airs, even though our streets are villainously muddy occasionally, for the very mud on our boots contains both silver and gold—is not the vulgar mud of the "cow country" towns.

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.—Many young persons are ever thinking over some new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more 'fun,' more joy. Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care, and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of the wilderness.

"Holy man,' said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path, untill he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why hast the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless' said the king, that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird, said the wise man; build thy home in Heaven, and thou, shalt then have peace and happiness."

"WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER."

BY A DISPLACED THREE-YEAR OLD.

Mozzer bought a baby,
'Ittle bitsy sing;
Sinks I mos could put him
Frou my rubber ring.
An't he awful ugly?
An't he awful pink?
"Just come down from Heaven,"
Tat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor told anozzer
Great big awful lie;
Nose an't out of joint zen,
Tat an't why I cry.
Mamma stays up bedroom—
Guess he makes her sick;
Frou him in ze gutter,
If I can, right quick.

Cuddle him and love him!
Call him "Blessed sing!"
Don't care if my kite an't
Got a bit of string!
Send me off with Biddy
Ever single day.
"Be a good boy, Charlie;
Run away and play."

"Sink I ought to love him!"
No I won't; so zere!
Nassy crying baby,
Not got any hair.
Got all my nice kisses,
Got my place in bed;
Mean to take my drum-stick,
And crack him on the head.

Advantages of Small Farms.

A correspondent writes to the Department of Agriculture from Van Buren, Iowa, that he is running a small farm of forty acres, with twenty under cultivation in fruit, vegetables, and small grain. "My income varies from $1,500 to $2,000 a year," he appears proud to acknowledge. The more industry and intellect one puts into an acre of soil, the more money he is likely to take out of it. His judgment should tell him what crops will pay best in the markets within his reach, with a small farm close in hand, small taxes, and small outgo for labor, feed, and working stock. There is both art and good sense in keeping down expenses on the farm, and in other branches of business.

Success in tillage and husbandry depends on the capacity of the human brain, rather than on the size of one's plantation.—One family, by skill, industry and economy, becomes rich by cultivating twenty acres only, while another family grows poor by the bad management of 2,000 under the plow. It is not the pursuit, but the man, that is a failure. The farmer often grasps more acres than he can handle to the best advantage, and all are more or less slighted at certain times and seasons to the injury of his cash income. Labor is misdirected, or neglected till out of season, when vitality in seeds and cultivated plants does no good. On a small farm every blow may be struck at the proper moment.

Every person has but a limited quantity of force, physical and mental; and it is the most common of all mistakes to dilute and spread this force over too large a surface. It is not the diffusion of muscular strength, but its concentration that bores artesian wells, and draws a fountain of living water from the strata of rocks hundreds of feet in thickness to the surface for the use of uneducated man. Diffused labor on a large farm is like the scattered rays of light in the intersteiler spaces before the telescope collects them together, and thereby extends human vision and knowledge to millions of suns and worlds before unknown.

The cultivator of the earth needs time and opportunity for profitable study. How shall he command such an advantage?—Not, surely, by holding more land than he uses with any benefit to his family, or to mankind at large. The democratic doctrine of seeking "the greatest good of the greatest number," forbids all land monopoly. Seventy-five men are said to own one-half of the soil of Scotland. Such a state of society cannot last many centuries in the future. Live and let live is a principle good for all time.—*Nashville Union and American.*

The War-Waste of Life.

Since the creation of the world, fourteen thousand millions of human beings have fallen in the battles which man has waged against his fellow creatures—man. If this amazing number of men were to hold each other by the hand, at arm's length, they would extend over fourteen millions, five hundred and eighty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three miles of ground, and would encircle the globe on which we dwell six hundred and eight times. Allowing the weight of a man to be on an everage, one hundredweight, (and that is below the mark,) we shall come to the conclusion that six million two hundred and fifty thousand tons of human flesh have been mangled, disfigured, gashed, and trampled under foot. The calculation will appear more striking when we state that, if only the forefingers of every one of those fourteen thousand millions of human beings were laid in a straight line, they would reach more than six hundred thousand miles beyond the moon; and that if a person were to undertake to count the number allowing nineteen hours a day, and seven days to a week—at the rate of six thousand per hour, it would occupy that person three hundred and thirty-six years. And—awful is the consideration!—three hundred and fifty thousand pipes of human blood have been spilt in battle!

Patchches in the Wrong Place.

One of Boston's best known merchants, noted for his shrewdness and penetration, had a test case presented a short time since and came off victorious. As it is an illustration of this millionaire's penetration in great business affairs, we give the story here.

It appears that the merchant wanted another gardner upon his country estate, near Boston, and an individual presented himself for that office.

"Understand the business?"

"Yes, been in it for years."

Whom had he lived with last? The applicant mentioned a gentleman the merchant was well acquainted with, stated that he left for no fault, but that his former employer was going to Europe, had sold his estate, and had no further use for him.

"What wages do you expect?"

"Eighteen dollars a month."

This was astonishingly low for such a promising looking, sober man, and the shrewd business man rubbed his chin thoughtfully and reflected that it was a bargain lot; but "wasn't there something wrong about it?" His habitual caution even in this comparatively trifling negotiation did not forsake him.

"Call to-morrow at this time, and I will have seen Mr. ——, your former employer, and give you an answer."

The gardener turned and began to walk slowly away; as he did so he displayed two patches on the seat of his breeches beneath the line of his round-about jacket.

"Hollo! here! come back here," called the merchant; "you needn't apply to-morrow; I see I shan't want you."

The astonished applicant stammered out something about his knowledge of gardening and good character, but was cut off by his practical observer.

"Don't want you, sir; the patches are on the wrong side of your breeches. A gardener's breeches ought to be patched at the knees, not on the seat. You won't do for me."—*Boston Bulletin.*

"Tickets, Sir."

This was the way it happened. One of the regular attendants at Central Church, is a railroad conductor. He is regular, not so much from any personal inclination for Calvinism, as from the fact that he has a first-rate Presbyterian wife who keeps him in the way he should go. A few Sundays since one of the deacons was absent, and our conductor was requested to pass the plate. Of course he consented. For the dozen pews everything passed off well.—There was a regular financial shower of nickles and dimes, and the railroad man watched sharp, but couldn't see that anybody "got away" without responding.—Finally he came to a seat where the occupants was either busted or disinclined, for he shook his head, but made no attempt on his pocket. The conductor looked at him sharply, but no cash appeared. Then he nudged his shoulder, and softly called:—"Ticket, sir!" Again the man's head wagged horizontally, but the stamps didn't come. "Pass, then!" whispered the conductor. Still no response. Just as the railroad chap was about to call up the fireman and brakeman to help pitch the impecunious worshiper out of doors, the regular deacon came in, and relieved his proxy. The conductor says he believes in running a church the same way you would a railroad train. If a man won't pay, or hasn't a pass, let him git.

THREE EMINENT PHYSICIANS.—As the celebrated French physician, Desmoulins, lay on his death bed, he was visited and almost constantly surrounded by the most distinguished medical men of Paris, as well as other prominent citizens of the metropolis. Great were the lamentations of all at the loss about to be sustained by the profession, in the death of one they regarded as its greatest ornament; but Desmoulins spoke cheerfully to his practitioners, assuring them he had left behind three physicians much greater than himself. Each of doctors hoping that his own name would be called, inquired anxiously who was sufficiently illustrious to surpass the immortal Desmoulins. With great distinctness the dying man answered, "They are Water, Exercise, and Diet. Call in the service of the first freely, of the second regularly, and the third moderately. Follow this advice, and you may well dispense with my aid. Living, I could do nothing without them; and dying, I shall not be missed, if you make friends of these, my faithful coadjutors."

WHOSE BOY IS THAT?—He may be seen any day, in almost any part of the village; he never makes room for you on the sidewalk, looks at you saucily, and swears smartly if asked anything; he is very impudent, and often vulgar, to ladies who pass; he delights in frightening and sometimes does serious injury to little boys and girls; he lounges at the street corners, and is the first arrival at a dog fight or any other sport or scrape; he crowds into the postoffice in the evening, and multiplies himself and his antics at such a rate that people having ligitimate business are crowded out; he thinks himself very sharp; he is certainly very noisy. He can smoke and chew tobacco now and then, and rip out an oath most any time. We ask whose boy he is? Mother is he yours? We think he is, for there are many good qualities in the lad, and we do not think you know what he does on the street. Look after him, mother; keep him more at home.—Train him and you will have a son to be proud of.