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Poetry.

SONG OF THE BUTTERFLY.

I come from bowers of lilacs gay,
With honeysuckles blending,
And many a spray of willows gray,
Above the waters bending.

I flutter by the river side,
Where laves the swan his bosom,
And o'er the open common wide,
Where yellow ragworts blossom.

Away on downy pinions borne,
With many a happy rover,
I skim about the rustling corn
And revel in the clover.

I laugh to see the frugal bee
For others hoard her treasure;
From morn to night a toiler she,
But mine's a life of pleasure.

I gem my head with pollen dust
From out the waxen lillies,
And in the stream my plume adjust,
Swinging on daffadilics.

I drink the sweets the violet yields
On banks of emerald mosses,
Then flaunt away to trefoil fields,
Flung thick with golden bosses.

I banquet on the hawthorn's breath,
Where lady-birds assemble,
And dance upon the open heath,
Where fairy bluebells tremble.

A careless rover, blithe and gay,
I pass my sunny hours;
Content, when summer's pass'd away,
To perish with the flowers.

What if I'm caught in the silken net,
By gentle lady, dying
Impaled within her cabinet,
And like a mummy drying!

I would not wish a richer tomb;
She'll prize me as a treasure—
Nor shall it shade my days with gloom,
For mine's a life of pleasure!

My Aunt's Summer Boarders.

My aunt came down stairs one morning greatly excited. "Louise, step here a moment," said she.

I followed her into a small reception-room with some anxiety, for I knew by the palor of her face, by the capstrings untied, the absence of care in her toilet, that something unusual had recently happened.

"Louise, what am I to think?" she asked, as I seated myself beside her. "Miss Berry came to me last Thursday morning; let me see"—she referred to her tablets—"yes, it was Thursday, and told me that she missed her gold necklace with the jet and gold cross. I said nothing to you about it, though it worried me very much. This morning she cannot find her diamond ring, though she is sure she put it in her jewelry box last night; and she says a costly lace handkerchief is also missing.—What are we to think? Of course the servants could not get access to her room in the night. How could I suspect either Barbara or Hannah? I could as soon accuse you."

A cloak and cross, a diamond ring, and a valuable lace handkerchief—the idea of such a loss nearly took my breath away.—Miss Berry was one of my aunt's summer boarders. She was a Southern woman of a good family, and had spent two summers with us. Her health being so delicate that she did not like to room by herself, she had hinted that another inmate, in whom we had confidence, would be agreeable to her. So when, in early June, a letter came to us, purporting to be from Dr. Russell, an old friend of my aunt, asking if we could accommodate his niece, aunty was very glad of the opportunity, and had our large, best room arranged for the occupancy of two.

Miss Berry was a quiet little woman of some twenty-six or seven years. She had been pretty, but ill-health and disappointment in early life had given her a faded and sad expression. She was quite wealthy in her own right, and though not following the fashion to its full extent, she always looked very stylish and ladylike.

Miss Betty Willis, the other boarder—niece of Dr. Russell, of whom she talked a great deal—was the exact opposite of Miss Berry. She was handsome, tall, dashing and very brilliant. I had not been impressed in her favor, but aunt Joe and Miss Berry both admired her. She brought with her a very elegant Saratoga trunk, filled with an abundance of beautiful dresses.

I wondered more than once why this handsome young girl wished to board in so retired a country place. To be sure, it was one of the most beautiful locations in the State. There were mountain views, Lake views, and lovely stretches of variagated landscape. Aunt Joe was of a social happy nature, and always had more or less young company. Still I always thought it singular that Miss Betty did not join some party among her numerous friends, and spend her summer at a fashionable watering-place. We two, aunt and I, talked the matter over, but came to no conclusion. It was not to be disputed that Miss Berry had lost her valuables, and she was a person to whom any loss was a serious one; yet she had promised my aunt to say nothing about it for a time.

"What were we to do? Our servants had been with us for years, one from her childhood, and we could not suspect either of them. There was no one else in the house save Miss Berry and Miss Betty, both of whom had become, seemingly, very much in love with each other, for they were very seldom apart. Miss Berry always left the key with my aunt when the two rambled by themselves, but to-day she carried it with her, and I could see that my aunt felt very much hurt.

As soon as we had the opportunity we searched every part of the house where there was any possibility of finding the missing articles, but without success.—Miss Berry, who was always dignified, seemed colder than ever to aunt and myself, and the situation grew very uncomfortable for all.

In proportion as Miss Berry grew distant, however, Miss Betty became more affectionate, especially toward me. One day when we were sitting alone in the parlor, I communicated the news of the loss of the jewelry and the handkerchief to her. For a moment the color retreated from her face. She glanced at me, a look of alarm in her large dark eyes.

"I wouldn't say anything, but do you know I have missed several articles, too?" she said. "How could a thief possibly get in our rooms without waking us up?"

"You have lost something?" I exclaimed. "Was it anything valuable?"

"Not particularly so," she made reply; "an old fashioned locket that had my mother's hair in it, and a handkerchief of fine lace. "Oh, I don't mind the things much—still it's not very pleasant."

"I should say not," I answered hotly.—"You must think you are in a nest of thieves. We never missed a pin before, and I should as soon think of stealing myself as of accusing my servants, the most honest creatures in the world!"

"You can't always tell," was her response, with a peculiar smile. "But pray don't worry about it; perhaps the things will come back to light. Maybe there's a jackdaw about; you know they are great thieves. I dare say we will find all the missing articles. I am sorry for Miss Berry, though, she told me her ring was an heirloom, and very valuable."

So we continued under a cloud for several days. It was on a Thursday that we had just left the dinner-table, Miss Betty passing out of the room with me. We two had been sitting longer than the rest, she wittily giving her experience of boarding houses she had stayed at.

Aunt had been gone sometime, but as we left the threshold we both met her, pale as a ghost, and a strangely scared look on her face. Miss Betty paused and caught me by the arm. I said:

"Why, aunt, what is the matter?"

She only shook her head and turned into a room at her right.

"The good woman has seen a ghost," said Miss Betty, with a strange laugh; but I noticed that she ran very hastily up the stairs; in fact, I might say rushed—and was soon out of sight. When she had gone my aunt looked out and beckoned to me.

"My silver closet had been opened," she said, under her breath, "with a false key, for I found the lock uninjured."

"And has anything been taken?"

"I should think so! There were nearly a thousand dollars in gold and bank bills—just as your uncle left it to me."

"That can't be gone!" I said, my heart in my throat.

"Every cent of it, and the few ornaments I possessed—gold rings, John's gold headed cane and—

"Oh, aunt!"

I lost my strength, and pale and trembling sank into a seat. We were surrounded by mystery. No one had left the house for weeks together. We had kept up a vigilant watch. We knew not who to suspect. This money was the little all, besides the house and property, that my aunt had, and in her old age could ill afford to lose it. What should we do? I thought and thought until my brain fairly ached.

Suddenly I remembered the way in which Miss Betty rushed up stairs, and thought I had then no suspicion of her, yet the face kept recurring to me, and troubled me. That afternoon Miss Betty walked out by herself.

"I went to the post-office," she said, coming in just before supper.

"Did you get a letter?" asked Miss Berry.

"Yes, indeed"—and she held up a yellowish-looking missive—"and I am sorry to say it contains bad news," she added.

I sat outside of the hall where I could hear all that was said.

"Bad news? Dear me!" ejaculated Miss Berry, in her quiet way; "I hope I shall get no bad news to-day."

"Poor Uncle Russel is in great affliction and sends for me. Mrs. Russell is very ill; I don't believe she can live if she has one of her spells; they are awful."

She did not see me as she came into the hall, but I saw her, and her face was absolutely deformed with the smile and strange look of triumph which changed her countenance. It almost said, "I have deceived the whole of you." From that moment I was afraid of the woman.

"I am so sorry to be obliged to leave to-morrow," she said; as we lingered at the supper-table.

Miss Berry's forehead grew dark.

"I'm sure I don't know what I shall do," she said, "I don't think the house is safe; as I am over my nervous headache I shall also get ready to go."

Said I to my aunt as soon as we two were together:

"I don't believe that girl belongs to Dr. Russell's family; and then I told her of my sudden suspicions, adding, "I have formed a plan which I think will at least set our mind at rest about her. Give me five dollars, and I will bring you home the news."

She gave the money, and I threw on my hat. Miss Berry and Miss Betty were sitting on the veranda.

"Going out in the moonlight?" asked Miss Betty, and there was a curious light in her eyes—she seemed trying to read my face. Suddenly she sprang up. "I've half a mind to go with you," she said.

"Are you afraid of the measels?" I asked, growing desperate, "because I am going where they have them.'

"Yes, I am,' she said hesitating, and sat down. "Pray don't come near me on your return,' she added, laughing; but yet there was constraint in her voice.

The telegraph operator was a friend of ours, and one of his children had been very sick with the measels. I was glad in my heart that I had that excuse.

It was seven o'clock when I reached the office. I knew Dr. Russell's address, and immediately telegraphed:—

"Your neice, Miss Betty Willis, tells us that Mrs. Russell is dangerously ill. Is that a fact?'

I waited at the office for an answer. It came within thirty minutes.

"No. I'll send a detective down early in the morning. I have no neice of that name. Detain the woman.'

I went home with the message. Miss Betty had gone to her room; Miss Berry was lamenting to my aunt that she was to be left alone. I felt strangely—trembled from head to foot—but was cautious enough to hold my tongue, not even telling my aunt more than that part of the message.

I think I did not sleep at all that night. I felt a fear that Miss Betty might even now slip through our fingers. I was sure she suspected danger. Her trunk was packed the first thing in the morning. She wanted it sent to the station, but it was an hour before she could find a man to take it. I stood at the window almost crying as it was brought down to the lower hall. The next moment I saw a strange man, who I felt must be a detective, enter the house.

I can hardly tell what happened next.—Miss Berry was in hysterics, and all the stolen goods were paraded on the parlor floor. Presently the house was cleared;—Miss Betty had gone, and Miss Berry soon came to her senses.

Since then nothing can prevail upon my aunt to take summer boarders. Even Miss Berry has applied in vain.

An Astonished Dutchman.

A Dutchman in the Pennsylvania oil regions let his lands to an oil company last Spring on condition of receiving one-eighth of the oil produced. The well proved to be a pretty good one, and the farmer began to think the oil men should give him a better chance, and ventured to tell them so. They asked him what he wanted. He said they ought to give him one-twelfth. The arrangement was finally made, with the understanding that the Dutchman was not to tell any one. All went smooth until the time came, when our friend was early at hand, to see how much better he would be off under the new bargain. Eleven barrels were rolled to one side for the oil men and one for him. "How's dish?" said he. "I think I was to get more as before. You have made some mistake." The matter was explained to him that he formerly got one barrel out of every eight, but it was his proposition to take one out of every twelve. This revelation took him aback. He scratched his head, looked cross, and relieved his swelling breast of feelings of self-reproach by indignantly remarking: "Well, dat ish the first time as ever I knowed eight was more as twelve."—*Miners' Journal.*

THE LAST RESORT TO RAISE MONEY.—One of our clergymen was called upon a short time since for a contribution to aid in burying a woman who had died in another part of the city. He made the facts known to a number of ladies belonging to his church, who immediately raised money and such articles they thought necessary for the occasion, and took them to the late residence of the deceased. When they entered the house they saw what they supposed to be the corpse lying in the room, but instead of uncovering the head and looking at the dead, as is usually the case on such occasions, they gave their contributions to a member of the family, and left. Shortly after their departure one of the ladies discovered that she had dropped her glove, and returned to the house which she entered without knocking at the door; when to her great astonishment she saw the supposed dead woman setting up in bed and counting the money which had been given for her interment. This is certainly a great improvement on all other ways to get money under false pretences.—*Wilmington Gazette.*

A man with four wives was brought before a Dutch Justice for commitment on charge of bigamy. "Four vives!" exclaimed the astonished Hans, "four vives? Dat vos a most hinocious crime! Discarch him at vonst." "Why," protested the prosecutor, "why discharge him when the proof is positive? Will the court explain?" "Yes, I explains. Off he lif mit four vives he got bunishment enough. I lif mit von, und I got doo much bunishment already."

The Seamstress Unpaid.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

"Error is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

She was just an average American girl. But on this last day of girlhood, when her face beamed with love and her tears and smiles seemed frolicking with each other, she was very pretty and sweet.

The home was full of kinsfolk, and bustle, and merriment, and life-long mates, who came with good wishes, good byes and bridal gifts.

And on that morning came a lone woman; thin and pale, weary and worn she was. Very quietly she lay down her heavy bundle.

"I could not leave Mamie, last night, to bring them," she said gently.

"Oh! I knew you'd come; you never disappoint anybody," said the happy girl, opening the bundle. "How beautifully you have made them! Kate, Louise, see how nicely Mrs. Allen sews."

"I speak for your needle when I get married!" cried one.

"And I!" laughed the other.

Mrs. Allen heeded not, scarcely heard.—All about her brought back so vividly the little while ago when she too stood between the old life and the new, and her whole soul quivered with happiness; when she too leaned, with a full love and trust, on one good, kind and true. Then she heard that shrill whistle of the proud locomotive; saw it bound down the deep, dark gorge; heard those shrieks and moans and groans. Then she thought of that grave, flower-covered now, where, with a breaking heart, she had laid that broken body, thanking God her own beloved would suffer no more, and thence came forth to suffer alone. Then came a sweet thought of the dear little girl who, in that hour of bitter sorrow, was her joy; for whom she lived on them, and for whom (since, in the panic, her means had all been lost) she had labored. As thoughts of *her*—her stimulant, her idol, her *all*—came upon her, she roused herself to hear:

"I am very much pleased with your work, Mrs. Allen, and I am sorry,—but, really, money slips through one's fingers so at such a time, I haven't any to pay you. Come around to-morrow, and mother will pay you, and give you some flowers and goodies for Mamie."

In a dazed way, Mrs. Allen, half-sick and heart-sick, turned to go, but *could not*, and said falteringly:

"Mamie is sick, and I did hope to get something for her."

"It is too bad! Please go into the store and ask father to pay you. Tell him I sen you."

Mrs. Allen went to the store, and asked for the father. He was not in; no one knew where he was. With a slow step, for the heavy heart she took back weighed her down more than the bundle she brought out, she turned to her home. Bewildered by her hopelessness and need of food, life seemed a burden she could bear no longer, and as she crossed her threshold she sank down. But a sweet voice called:

"Mamma, dear mamma, what have you brought me to eat?"

Love winged her tired feet, and she went to a neighbor near,—one who had always been kind to and thoughtful for her. She had never begged, and now she would but borrow. The neighbor had gone to get a present for the bride. She went to the road, looked up and down, then desperately turned back, asked for pencil and paper, and wrote it all.

The neighbor came in late. It had not been easy to find anything the like of which had not been selected by some one; the teapot was smoking and she was chilled, and the family impatient. So tea was over and toilets commenced as quickly as possible.

The church and the home were dressed with flowers; the bride looked never so well; the presents were a very medley of rich and simple, useful and useless, delicate and common, but by their number a flattery and a charm. And life and light and joy was in all and over all.

The morning of so bright a night found all the gay town weary and dull and lazy. Over late breakfasts they relieved the last evening. Half-envious criticism of dress, sarcastic imitation of manners, just and unjust, took the place of the honeyed praises and sweet smiles of the last night.

And the heavens, too, were changed.—Where shone the crescent moon and the brilliant stars now were cloud masses charged with snow. Slowly and calmly the storm commenced, heavy and thick it grew. The fierce wind came up and caught the little flakes and hurled them and whirled them about. All the day long, all the night long, earth and air and sky were snow; and nought could be heard but the howling winds.

Much of the dull day and all the night the neighbor had slept, and, with bright eyes and rested body, looked out on the clear, broad, unbroken expanse—pure, clean, white, and dazzling in the sunbeams, looked across to Mrs. Allen's cottage, and at breakfast said to her husband:

"As soon as the snow ploughs have been along, I wish you would send John over to dig Mrs. Allen's path."

"Certainly, certainly. No woman could dig through this snow."

"She just looked sick-a-bed when she was afther writin' her letter to yez," spoke the girl.

"Writing a letter to me! When?"

"When ye's afther buyin' your present."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Faith, ma'am, I put it on the rack, where ye always tells me to."

"Go, get it."

She could scarcely read it through her tear-dimmed eyes.

"No wood, no fire, two days ago! And this fearful storm? Why haven't I seen to her! I might have known *she* wouldn't beg. Oh, I wish I had given *her* the money I spent on that *thoughtless* girl!"

The unfinished breakfast was left, and her husband, as anxious as she, with his man, both loaded with food and wood, tramped and shoveled a path through which she waded across with steaming coffee.

They found on the bed with closed eyes, composed limbs and hands folded across the breast, the loved Mamie. And by her the mother, turned to ice, kneeling, with clasped hands, upturned eyes, and tear-drops frozen upon her cheeks.

Died of a Lawsuit.

THE DIARY OF AN EXHAUSTED LITIGANT.

A tattered memorandum book was recently found on the steps of a very humble dwelling "out west." Some of the entries are as follows:

"My father had a slight misunderstanding with a neighbor about a division fence, which he had inherited from my grandfather. After several disputes he consulted a lawyer, who had a good many children, but little practice. This was fatal. A suit was commenced.

"Several years ago my lawyer said I must get ready for the trial. I did so, and went to court every term. But it was postponed on every pretense which human ingenuity could invent.

"1870. March term—Counsel for defendant moved for continuance, because he was engaged in the court of common pleas. Court granted the motion but intimated with great dignity that such an excuse would never avail with him again.

"September term—Counsel trying a case in an adjoining county. Judge hesitated, but yielded.

December term—Defendant ill. Proved by the certificate of a respectable physician.

"1872. March term—Counsel has made an engagement to meet a client from New York, who could not conveniently leave his business again. Continued, the judge suggesting that New York clients might find counsel nearer home.

"1873. September term—Carried the title deeds to my lawyer. Surveyor examined the premises, said the defendant had encroached upon me. But another surveyor, (partner and pupil of the first one,) said that my deed spoke of a hackmatack stump in the line of the fence, a foot in diamater; whereas the only tree anywhere in the fence was a pepperridge tree not more than seven inches and a half across; case postponed to employ other surveyors.

"December Term—Counsel agreed that Court might visit premises in dispute. Judge refused to go provided that nobody went with them to explain and confuse. Next morning a heavy snow fell, and boundaries were covered. Case continued.

1874. September term—Motion to postpone, on the ground that the defendant's attorney wished to be absent hunting for a few days. Motion prevailed. I remonstrated, but my counsel said the lawyers were very accomodating gentleman, and the courtesies of the bar required it.

"1875. March term—one the jurors taken sick. Motion to go on with the trial with eleven jurors. Defendant's counsel objected with great strength of voice, and demanded a full jury trial, pure and simple. I think he called it the 'palladium of our liberties.' Case postponed.

"September term—Received a bill for retainers, term fees, clerk's fees, and expenses. One item was for the amount of a retainer which my lawyer had declined from the defendent. Offered him the farm, provided I gained the case. He said this would not be deemed honorable practice, but he would take it and give me credit as far as it went.

"Took the cars for the west coming mostly on freight train and after nightfall.

"Mem.—Don't forget inscription for my tombstone—'Here lies one who died of a lawsuit bequeathed by his father."—*Hartford Courant.*

A DEAR CHICKEN.—We are warned that it is apt to be unprofitable to count chickens before they are hatched. There is one case at least where a *prairie* chicken did not prove profitable *after* it was hatched.

One days, says the St. Louis *Weekly Despatch*, Henry Wait, in Sac County, Iowa, shot a prairie chicken which was sitting on a wheat stack. The wadding from the gun set the stack on fire, and from there it went to the granery, and to the barn and wagon shed, and from thence to the dwelling, consuming the whole business, and it was with difficulty that the mother rescued all her children from the burning building. Mr. Wait's coat was hanging in the barn, which contained $50 in cash and $900 in notes, and was also destroyed. The total loss is estimated at no less than $2,500.

Death is the wish of some, the relief of many, and the end of all. It sets the slave at liberty, carries the banished man home, and places all mortals on the same level, insomuch that life itself were a punishment without it.

Shining Hosts.

I have read, Said Spurgeon, of one who dreamed a dream, when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets, who have gone to be with God.

And he heaved a deep sigh as he said, "Alas! I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By-and-by, there came another band, equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heart within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas!" "I belong not to that fellowship, and I cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encouraged him, for they were the noble martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously; and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross, hard by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought:—

'There will be no shouting about them.'

But to his astonishment, it seemed as if all heaven was rent with sevenfold shouts as they passed in. And the angel said unto him—

"These are they that are mighty sinners saved by mighty grace."

And then he said—

"Blessed be God! I can go in with them."

And so he awoke.

Blessed be God! you and I, too can go in with that company. I cannot hope to go in anywhere but with that company.—Such is my own sense of how I expect to enter heaven, and we will go together, brother sinner, or sister sinner, trusting in the precious blood, and washed in the blood of the Lamb. God grant it may be so!

Are We Getting too Much Education?

A writer in the New York *Observer* throws out this idea:

The number of seekers in the walks of letters is vastly increased and is daily increasing. The liberal professions of law, medicine and theology are in our country overstocked. There is always plenty of room at the top, but the top holds but two or three, and a thousand want to be there. To enter these professions is running a great risk, and many educated young men, stimulated by the fame of literary men and poets, hope to earn a living and perhaps immortality by their wits as writers.

Women are now highly educated, and to an educated woman the field of literature is filled with flowers and fruits which she is free to pluck and enjoy. It is her highest privilege as a worker, and it promises usefulness, distinction and pay. Our public and private schools are annually sending out a greater number of educated persons, male and female, than the wants of the country require. The natural result is a surplus of persons who wish to earn their bread by their brains instead of manual labor. Our public schools turn out thousands who, by their education, have been disinclined to pursue mechanical employments. The child of a day laborer who becomes a well educated youth, resists the thought of being a day laborer or manual worker. He will not learn a trade after he has graduated! Hence it comes to pass that the labor question is seriously complicated by the education of the people. It is too late to remedy the matter. The State is educating too much—not too many but too much. The State should teach only elementary studies, leaving higher education entirely to the private wishes and means of individuals.

Physical labor is despised by hundreds who ought to do nothing but work. Young men and women uncounted are now worrying themselves to death to get their daily bread by writing for the press, who should learn an honest trade, and live by it.

THE WEALTH OF THE ROTHCHILDS.—The combined capital of the Rothchilds is stated by Emile Burnout, the well-known publicist, to have attained in the past year to the almost incalculable sum of seventeen billions of francs, or $3,400,000,000. The significance of these stupendous figures may be rudely conceived by comparison, but there is nothing in the history of private wealth with which they can be computed.

"Talk about the extravagance in dress of women!" cries Martha Jane, exultingly, "what do you say to Tweed's six million suit, I'd like to know! He isn't a woman.

An insectologer has discovered that the best time to examine the wonderful architecture of the hornet's nest is after the hornets have moved out.

The Jews.

It is curious, not to say amusing, to see how people present the introduction of the Jewish element into George Eliot's last great story. That the Jews killed Christ is the principle thing that many excellent Christians remember about that extraordinary race. They forget that the race also gave birth to Christ. That Christ should be killed by any people among whom he might appear was inevitable, and had to do with human nature at large. The exceptianal and marvelous thing, speaking secular, was his production. There can be no reply to the tremendous retort of the Israelite upon whom the Christian had spat—that half Christendom worship a Jew, and the other half a Jewess. Says Matthew Arnold: "As well imagine a man with a sense for sculpture not cultivating it by the help of the remains of Greel art, or a man with a sense for poetry not cultivating it by the help of Homer and Shakspeare, as a man with a sense for conduct not cultivating it by the help of the Bible!' "Greece was the lift-up to the nations of the banner of art and science, as Israel was the lift-up of the banner of righteousness."

CURIOSITY SATISFIED. — The Monroe (Mich.) *Commercial* tells this story at a poor Portlander's expense:

A few days ago, an aged son of green Erin, who lives in the country and peddles vegetables about town, drew up at the jail to sell some of his produce. He found no one in at that moment, except a small boy. Seeing hand-cuffs lying there, he asked the boy what they were. The little fellow, in his anxiety to explain their use, wanted him to try them on, which the man consented to do, and in less time than it takes to tell the story, had a pair of handcuffs firmly locked on each wrist. Having ascertained their use, he wanted to get them off, but the boy was powerless to help him, Mr. Woodin having gone to Detroit, and having the key to the hand-cuffs in his pocket. So the poor fellow had to stay there till ten o'clock at night, when Sheriff Woodin returned and released him from his distress. His curiosity about the handcuffs was fully satisfied.

DON'T LOSE A MINUTE.—Keep busy.—The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. If you have no regular work, do chores, as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we forget our troubles, and get a respite from sorrow. The man whose mind and hands are busy finds no time to weep or wail. If work is slack, spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most. If you lack books, there are free or very cheap libraries, at least in cities, at your command. The man who does not acquire some item of useful information between daybreak and bedtime must mournfully say, with the Roman Emperor, "I have lost a day."

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth." "Well, Peter, I dare say you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." What's the matter?" Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night" "You did! What for?" Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that way."

A Scotch minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir," was the reply.—"Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."

A countryman went to see his lady-love, and wishing to be conversational, observed, "The thermomokran is twenty degrees below zelon this evening."—"Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kinds of birds do fly lower some seasons of the year than others."

He used to visit her every week; but he don't go there any more now for when the old gentleman came into the parlor they were sitting six feet apart, it is true; but the shoulder of his coat had enough white powder on it to supply a nursery for a week.

"COME, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going, for it's time honest men were at home." "Well, yes," was the answer, "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account."

The best and sweetest flowers of Paradise God gives to his people when they are upon their knees. Prayer is the gate of heaven, or key to let us into Paradise.—*Rev. T. Brooks.*

"What is the reason that your wife and you always disagree?" asked one Irishman of another. "Because we are both of one mind." "She wants to be master, and so do I."

After the clergyman had united a happy pair not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming, "Don't be so *unspeakably* happy."

Curran was once asked by a judge on the bench, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality; the liar by truth.