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Poetry.

A MITE SONG.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys—they were not new;
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth He think of His children
When they never give at all?

The Sailor Boy.

In a lonely cottage on the borders of a great wood lived little Tommy Tremlett.—Tommy was an orphan. When he was yet an infant, his father, a seafaring man, died of fever on board his ship; and in little more than a year afterwards his mother followed her husband to the grave. Poor little Tommy was alone in the world! Yet no, he was not quite alone; his aged grandmother was still alive; and when his mother was laid in the quiet grave, the old lady took the little orphan child and carried him far away to her cottage home to bring him up herself.

As he grew up, Tommy was found to be a quiet, thoughtful, timid boy, and the lonely life he led with his good grandmother—whose cottage was full two miles away from the village where the other houses stood—made him more shy and timid still.

But timid and retiring as the child was, he had a great idea of making himself useful. Only give him something to do, and he showed a wonderful delight in doing it thoroughly and well. He would polish up his grandmother's brass fender and fire-irons, her pots and kettles, her knives and forks, till they glistened again. In her little bit of garden he soon became as useful as she was herself; and as for errands, only let him know that she wanted anything from the village, and his basket was on his arm and he was off for his two miles' walk or run, so merry and light-hearted that as he came near the houses the people would say—"Here comes little Tommy with his big basket again. What a busy little chap he is, to be sure!"

But, wonderful little helper as he was to his grandmother, Tommy, as I have said, was a thoughtful, quiet boy, and nothing pleased him so well as to go with her, when the stillness of evening came, to her favorite seat by the side of the pond which separated their garden from the wood; and, while she sat there with her knitting, to watch the swallows as they skimmed the air, and the fishes as they leaped like flashes of light out of the water to seize the flies that sported on its surface; or to send his little paper boats on long voyages over the tiny waves, and picture them to himself as great ships sailing over the boundless ocean which he had heard so much about but had never seen. And when a gust of wind came, and his little craft was swamped beneath the waves, he would wonder how many of the ships that started on long voyages to distant lands ever came back again. And when the sun went down behind the dark trees of the wood, and the twilight deepened into night, and the old lady dropping her work upon her knee sat there thinking, thinking; while the soft pale moon rose silently in the heavens and, with the stars which peeped out one by one, looked down upon its image in the quiet waters below, he would think of his father buried beneath the waves, and of his mother in the lonely churchyard, and then picture them to himself as standing in that glorious company of which his grandmother so often read and spoke, who, with white robes, and crowns of gold, and palms of victory, sing the praises of God forever in heaven.

But there came a time when these quiet dreams were over, and the little timid child was thrown out upon the great rough world to endure its troubles and to battle with its temptations all alone.

One morning, when he rose from his bed, he found that his grandmother was ill—speechless! He ran for the village doctor, but it was too late! When they returned together her spirit had taken its flight to that bright world of which she so delighted to think and speak.

The only relative she was known to have—a nephew—was summoned; he took possession of the cottage and the few things belonging to her, and began to wonder what to do with the orphan child. He was a hard-hearted, selfish man, and never for a moment thought of taking the desolate little creature to himself, as the good old grandmother had done. So as a convenient way of "providing for him," as he was pleased to call his anxiety to get rid of him, he determined to send him to sea.—"His father was a sailor," he said to those who spoke of the boy's evident unfitness for such a life; "let him be a sailor like his father!"

So the necessary arrangements were made; Tommy was fitted out, and being accompanied to the railway station by his new "guardian," was sent alone, on the first journey he had ever made, to join his ship.

Poor little fellow! how lonely, how desolate he felt! "Good-bye. Be a good boy, and do your duty, you know!" How these cold words of parting seemed to cut him off from human care and sympathy. A sailor too! he had always dreaded the sea, though he had thought of it so much.—Many sailors were coarse, rough, and unkind, and the thought of being thrown amongst them, with no one to protect or care for him, was full of terror to him.—And yet he knew that he was not left alone. Had not his good grandmother always told him how his Heavenly Father cared for him, never forgetting him day or night! And had he not always believed this, and in his simple, childish way trusted in the power and goodness of God!

As these thoughts passed through his mind, while the tears trickled down his cheeks—he was glad there was no one else in the carriage to see him—the little fellow's faith rose higher than it ever did before, and the words which had often been a comfort to him brought him unspeakable solace now—"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

When the little fellow joined his ship, and got fairly afloat on the mighty deep, he found his new life fully as rough and uncongenial to him as he had pictured it. The sailors were many of them coarse, wicked men; the captain, irritable and sour; the work, hard and perilous; and willing as he was, and manfully as he resolved with God's help to do his best, he often crept away behind some cask or chest and poured out his soul to God in sad and troubled prayers. There was one of the crew, an old man, so violent and profane that even his fellows had given him the nickname of "Swearing Dick." He was a positive terror to the poor shrinking little cabin-boy. How his loud, harsh voice thrilled through him! How his continual cuffings and buffetings hurt the child's sensitive nature!

But God had heard the child's prayers; deliverance was at hand.

It happened one day, when this cruel man had been more angry and violent than usual, that in an interval of duty Tommy had crept away, as he often did, behind a cask to pray for himself and his tormentor. The old man, happening to come for some reason to that end of the ship, came suddenly upon the child kneeling upon the deck with his face upturned to heaven and the tears trickling down his cheeks. The old blasphemer stopped, immovable as a statue! What vision was it that rose upon his awakened conscience? It was the vision of another child—his own—kneeling thus at his mother's knee; and the gush of sacred memories which gathered around that simple childish act broke through the hardness of his heart and sent two big tears rolling down his weather-beaten face.

The boy arose from his knees with a frightened look at seeing himself observed, and would have crept away; but the old man stopped him.

"Come here Tom," he said. "Don't mind me. I had a little chap myself once, as used to kneel down like that. He's—he's gone—aloft! So has his mother."—There was a pause, during which the old man seemed unable to speak. At length he said abruptly, "When you want a friend, lad, you come to me."

From that hour the old man seemed to regard the little cabin boy as his own child. He patiently instructed him in his duties; he assisted him in his most toilsome tasks; he defended him against the ill-humors and rough usage of the men, and by his constant care and help made the boy's sailor life so different from what it had been that gradually he grew reconciled to it and even came to like it.

It was some years after these events that a young naval officer bent over the bed of a dying man in one of our seamen's hospitals.

"Tom"—the words came faint and broken—"Tom, meet—me—up—aloft—by-and-by—you—know."

"By God's grace I will," said the young man. "Aye, aye! that's—the—answer—lad. God—bless—thee!"

The dying man was no other than he who was once known as "Swearing Dick," and the young naval officer our once timid little friend, Tommy Tremlett.

The young man's companionship had been blessed to the old man's conversion.—He had found the mercy of Christ, and had now gone to join his wife and child in the presence of his Saviour "*up aloft.*"—*Children's Friend.*

TO BE WELL.—Here is the remedy for the ills of the flesh and the spirit, composed of leaves, plants and roots, which taken without a wry face, will make any one respectable and happy.

Leave off drinking.
Leave off Smoking.
Leave off chewing tobacco.
Leave off snuffing.
Leave off swearing.
Plant your pleasure in the home circle.
Plant your business in some honorable employment.
Plant your faith in truth.
Root your habits in industry.
Root your feelings in benevolence.
Root your affections in God.
For directions, see the Holy Scriptures.

God-Like Condescension.

Many years ago, circumstances threw me for some months into the society of an aged and learned Unitarian. We were walking together, one beautiful summer day, on the banks of a Highland river, and surrounded with some of the sublimest Scottish scenery, when the man of years and learning suddenly paused, and, pointing to the glories of sky and mountain, said with a feeling of apparent devoutness—"What are we? Worms creeping on the earth; less than nothing. Can you imagine that the God who lighted those skies, and clothed this earth with beauty, should become a man and die for us?" I was very young and inexperienced at the time and could only say, "We are not judges of what it befits the great God to do. Besides, low as we are in sin and misery, our nature was originally high; it is spiritual, and was made in the image of God." Before our walk was ended, my companion paused and said, with deep solemnity, "I do wish I knew what is truth." Years after, it was my lot as a young pastor, to attend the death-bed of a youth who had attained the highest University honors, who, during a part of his University course, suffered much spiritual harm from what he called "the subtle spirit of thrice-diluted infidelity" which pervaded "Combe's Constitution of Man," but who had happily attained a clear and loving faith in Christ, and had devoted his life to the service of the Gospel in China. Mentioning to him one day the incident which I have now recited, my dying friend raised himself on his couch, and, with an expression of intense ardor in his eyes, said with energy—"I would have taken him on his own grounds. Real greatness does not consider degradation to stoop; it condescends to the meanest; and the loftier our conceptions of Godhead, the readier shall we be to believe that he He did that wondrous thing, take upon Him the form of a servant, and become obedient unto death."

My friend was right. It was *God-like* love and condescension to become man, and to be born as He was in the city of David. It was *God-like* love to die for sinners on the cross. The award of enlightened reason, as well as of faith, is, that the Incarnation, and the whole incarnate life, was God-like. And the record of that life is "with us unto this day," that we may learn to follow, in our lower sphere, the example of the grace of Him who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor."

What is Glycerine?

This question is often asked, and answer would be of much use to many, for it is an article that is much used, and ought to be found in every household. It is a principle which exists in fat, and fats are a combination of glycerine. Lard, after the lard oil has been pressed out, is chiefly a compound of steric acid and glycerine. Where the best candles are manufactured, the compound is broken up, and the stetic acid is used for candles, while the glycerine is cleansed and put up for sale. Pure glycerine should be a quite thick and colorless liquid. It has no odor; its name is from the Greek word meaning sweet, and this term points out one of its most prominent characteristics—its sweetness. For its undrying qualities it is very remarkable. If spread out and exposed to the air, it remains unchangeable for a long time. It will not mix with oils, but mixes freely with alcohol and with water, and has a solvent power for numerous substances. It is much used in medicine as a solvent for many drugs. In medical preparations it is much used instead of sugar. We all know of its excellent qualities for chapped and sore hands, face and lips, keeping the parts from the air, and is much more convenient than any other oily matters. Diluted with water it makes a good hair dressing, keeping the hair smooth and moist and rendering it easily combed.—Glycerine does not freeze or evaporate. It is used instead of molasses to mix in glue, to form the rollers by which ink is applied to type. It is exclusively used in cities to put in gas meters, and in many other ways. These are only a few of the uses to which it can be put. It would be still more generally used if people knew the virtue of this interesting chemical product.

A POINT WELL TAKEN.—One of our large houses failed the other day. Liabilities, $180,000; assets, nothing. One of our religious papers comes out with a severe denunciation of the immorality of such a style of business. One of the world's people comes to the rescue of the bankrupt firm, and wants to know how much worse the style of business is than that conducted in some of our churches. We have at least four congregations who have built expensive houses that they could not pay for or fill, have gone into bankruptcy, and by foreclosure of $50,000 to $100,000 of debt, leaving upholsters, organ builders, painters, masons, frescoers, etc., out in the cold, and buying the church back for half what it cost. Some organizations, to get rid of their liabilities, have reorganized, the same individuals making the new society. This church morality is a great reproach, demoralizing the church and dishonoring religion.—*Burleigh, in Boston Journal.*

THE RING.—"Give me," said Lubin to his fair, to whom he would be more than friend, "give me the little ring you wear 'tis like my love—it has no end." "Excuse me, that I cannot do; my heart you have no hope of winning the ring is like my love for you, for, Lubin it has no beginning!"

Reported Profits in Fruit.

Californians not only report immense yields of fruit in the State, but also very large profits. For instance, the San Jose *Argus* says of fruits in that part of the State: "Five acres of prunes, eight years old, yielded a net profit of $2,000; two acres of Bartlett pairs, twelve years old, shipped East, a net profit of $1,300; two acres of prunes, dried and packed, a net profit of $900. At the price paid for strawberries last year, they would net the producer something over $300 per acre;—pie-plant, which is extensively grown on the garden lands adjacent to San Jose and Santa Clara, will net about $200 per acre; asparagus, also extensively cultivated for the San Francisco market, $200 per acre; grapes, eight years old, from $100 to $300 per acre; currants and raspberries, of which the Santa Clara Valley produces enormous quantities, $300. The cherry crop is the finest in the State."

We can remember that some very similar reports about fruit-growing in the Atlantic States once found their way into the newspapers, and in fact some of them were really true; but, unfortunately for the cultivator, and fortunately for the consumer, just as soon as it was fairly shown that money could be made in fruit culture, a hundred started out in the business where formerly there were but one, or perhaps half a dozen. The results were an over production, the market glutted, and prices fell far below a profitable point. Those who were able to hold on and stand an occasional loss while their weaker rivals were being driven from the field came out safely in the end; but there are comparatively few persons who can or care to do this. Hence the frequent fluctuations in both prices and supplies of various kinds of fruits. There is, no doubt, money to be made in raising fruits, both on the Atlantic and Pacific side of the continent;—but high prices and large demands are not likely to rule for any considerable length of time while there are so many thousands of persons seeking for something to do.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Didn't Catch Him.

There is nothing more depressing or mortifying to a young man than to be jilted by a girl. His agony seems unendurable when she not only throws him overboard but also ships a rival. His case may become desperate if, after she has named the happy day, and he has bought the ring, secured fitting wedding raiment and engaged the parson, she gives him the slip and marries another fellow. Some men think of firearms or cold poisons under such circumstances, but not so with a St. Louis young gentleman named Hickland. Miss Jennings had consented to marry him. The day fixed, was near at hand, the viands cooked, the wedding dress complete, and the minister notified. But the very day before the expected wedding Miss Jennings went out at evening, married a Mr. Cather, and by midnight the couple were speeding away on their bridal journey.—Did Mr. Hickland despond and grow desperate? He told the parson to be on hand just the same, forthwith proceeded to the house of his affianced, asked in marriage the hand of Miss Haywood, there residing, was accepted, told the people to keep the viands hot, fetched the parson, and, while Mr. and Mrs. Cather were hasting away, a merry company witnessed the wedding of Mr. Hickland and Miss Haywood. The supper was the most elegant which had been lately served in all that region, and love claps his hands in joy over two wedded pairs instead of one. Mr. Hickland is a philosopher. May he and his bride live long and be happy.

Breaking The Child's Will.

The grand blunder which almost all parents and nursemaids commit is, that when the child takes a whim against doing what he is wanted to do—will not eat his bread and butter, will not come to his lessons, etc, they, so to speak, lay hold of his hind leg, and drag him to his duties; whereas a person of tact will almost always distract the child's attention from its own obstinacy, and in a few moments lead it gently round to submission. I know that many persons would think it wrong not to break down the child's self-will by main force, to come to battle with him and show him that he is the weaker vessel; but my convictions is that such struggles only tend to make his self-will more robust. If you can skillfully contrive to lay the dispute for a few minutes, and hitch his thoughts off the excitement of the contest, ten to one he will then give in quite cheerfully; and this is far better for him than tears and punishment.

THE SCHOOLMASTER NEEDED.—The following is an illustration of the development of English spelling in the Punjab.—It is a verbatim copy of a letter received by a schoolmaster in the North from a household in his locality: "Cur, as you are a man of no legs and I wish to inter my son in your skull." The obscurity and seeming offensiveness of this address disappear on translation. What was intended to be written was: "Sir, as you are a man of knowledge, I wish to enter my son at your school."

A man was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken coop, when his little daughter exclaimed, "Don't take aim, pa; let it go off by accident!" "Why so?" asked her father.—"Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits somebody!"

Some Curious Calculations.

If one cent was set out at compound interest in the year 1 at four per cent, the first of January, 1866, it would amount to 1 quintillion 201,458 quadrillions 332 trillions of dollars. If we were to take this sum as a capital, and would use its yearly interest (four per cent.) then the income tax we would have to pay at the rate of one per cent. would be 480 quadrillions 583,320 trillions of dollars. If we paid the tax collector this sum in *silver*, he would need 3,004,345,000,000,000,000,000 wagons for its transportation. Provided the whole earth's surface, both land and water, were peopled as closely as possible, we should have but the two-millionth part of the drivers required, and the line of wagons would have the length of 8 trillions 472,000 billions of miles. The speed of light is 192,000 miles per second, and it would take 743,600 years to reach the collector beginning at the furthest wagon, if he, to have better control over the wagons on both sides, stationed himself in the centre of the line. Again, a robbery could be committed on the hindmost wagon which would not be discovered till the 24,780th generation of tax-collectors. If, on the contrary, instead of using the interests of the capital (the bulk of which, by and by, would be equal in gold to forty-four globes,) if this capital were distributed among the people of the earth, each one of its 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants would receive about 1,200 trillions of dollars to live on, and could every second use $2,000,000 for 38,096,000 years without reaching the bottom of his purse.—*San Francisco Real Estate Advance.*

A Confirmed Drunkard.

A BOY OF 15 FOLLOWS THE EXAMPLE SET BY HIS PARENTS.

A distressing scene was that witnessed in the police court this morning, as pale and trembling, a boy not over 15 years of age was led into the dock. His thin and wasted body was but half clad, and the eyes that had an unnatural glassy look, were sunken far back into his head. "What is the charge against this boy," said the Magistrate. "Drunkenness," replied the officer; "I found him on Front street last night so helplessly drunk that it required several to bring him here. His father and mother both drink. Poor boy, he is not to blame, he has no home, and no reason to feel proud like other boys. He is ashamed of his parents and spends every cent he can make and steal for rum." "Thomas Kerrigan," said 'Squire O'Neil, "your case is an uncommon one. It distresses me to see a good looking boy like you are come to this; it is not so much your fault as those who should have done better by you, but have set you such a terrible example, and I must send you to jail for 20 days." As stocial, and unabashed as the most hardened criminal this youth received his sentence, and went back into the cell to sleep off the effects of the poisonous liquor yet in his body. Poor Tommy, what might not his chances of life have been, if the example set him by his nearest kin, was not that of the drunkard.—*Wilmington Evening.*

THE IGNORANT BALLOT.—Rev. Joseph Cook, the celebrated Boston preacher, says in a late address that it was his fortune—or misfortune—to be born in New York, and that it is a grieveous thing to him to know that that vast Commonwealth which above and west of the highlands of the Hudson, is only a prolongation of New England, is politically under the heels of New York below the highlands, and would not be if the reading test, which it used to have, had been retained in the popular suffrage. Mr. Cook exclaims with holy horror that eighteen or twenty thousand voters in every municipal election in New York cannot read or write, and "they are a make weight sufficient, in the hands of a few astute and unscrupulous men, to determine the result of any ordinary political contest in that city. Drop out her twenty thousand ignorant ballots and New York city, politicians say, could with no great difficulty be restored to the control of her industrious and intelligent classes. If New York were London, and if her ignorant ballot were large in proportion to her size not merely New York State, but I fear New England would be under the heels of the lower half of New York city."

"ONE year ago Mrs. Belknap was the toast," says Mrs. Clemmer. "She read so much about the splendors of her beauty and the wonders of her toilet that she grew to believe herself to be a little above any of her earthly sisters. In three years she was utterly transformed in aspect from a gentle, subdued-looking widow to airy, supercilious woman of fashion. When Senator Christiancy married a little girl who counted scrip in the Treasury, the society 'leaders' met and debated whether they should receive her or not. Nobody taboo-ed her so positively and utterly as Mrs. Belknap. She, the daughter of a country doctor, was not willing to receive on equal terms the little 'Treasury clerk,' suddenly elevated to the dignity of a Senator's wife. But Mrs. Fish went to see the little golden haired woman, and treated her just as kindly as she could any one—and that is very kindly. Already we have ceased altogether to hear of Mrs. Belknap's magnificent dresses. She lives at the Arlington, and no doubt keeps still her near personal friends; but she is no longer the fashion. Nobody cares whether her shoes are ones or tens."

BLISS'S LAST HYMN.

[The last verses written by the evangelist who perished at Ashtabula bridge.]

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step on my onward way
He makes new scenes arise;
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

CHO.—Where he may lead I'll follow,
My trust in him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, "He knows, He knows."

One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence came
His loving "Follow me."

O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with his own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In him who loves me so.

So on I go, not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in dark with God
Than go alone in light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

Harrowing Wheat in Spring.

The advantage of harrowing wheat lands thoroughly in the Spring, as soon as the ground becomes dry enough to prevent the horses sinking into it, is known to many farmers who have practiced it, but is unknown to the majority. Wheat is usually sown in September, upon well prepared land. This land is left there subject to all the storms of rain and snow, and the dry weather in succeeding Spring, until the wheat is harvested. In consequence, the land becomes, in May and June, nearly as hard as a meadow. At a season of the year when the plants are in the greatest vigor of growth, the land is so hard as not to give one-half the nourishment it would if kept mellow by any process. Suppose, for instance, corn should be planted in the Fall, under similar conditions with wheat, and that the winter did not injure it; and that it were left without cultivation of any sort until harvested; it is evident that the yield would be diminished over one-half; in fact, the yield would probably be so light and poor as to be almost worthless.—Now, wheat, from many experiments in its cultivation by hand in England, shows as great a sensitiveness to cultivation as corn; the yield by careful hand cultivation being increased to sixty bushels, and in some instances, eighty bushels per acre. Now, a thorough harrowing of wheat in Spring, in a very inexpensive manner, performs the cultivation nearly as well as when done by hand. If the crust formed by the winter snows and spring rains is thoroughly broken, and the ground to the depth of two or more inches, well pulverized, the effect upon wheat is like magic. It starts into the most vigorous growth, and in a few weeks has nearly or quite doubled in size the wheat not harrowed. In pieces of wheat that have come under the writer's observation, which were harrowed in strips, that is—one strip not harrowed at all, and other strips on each side thoroughly harrowed, the harrowed wheat stood fully one foot higher than the unharrowed at each side, and in every way strikingly ranker and more vigorous. Mr. Robt. J. Swann, of Rose Hill Farm, Geneva, N. Y., who has heavy clay land, says he has harrowed his wheat for four years with the Thomas harrow, and finds the yield to be increased fully ten bushels per acre. Byram Moulton, of Alexander, Genessee county, N. Y., harvested from fifty acres 1,600 bushels of wheat. His neighbors only obtained about ten bushels per acre.—The only difference of land or treatment was that Moulton's wheat was thoroughly harrowed with this implement in the Spring, and his neighbors' was not. The effect produced by harrowing barley and oats, after they have obtained a growth of four or five inches, is equally marked. I have observed many instances where fully twenty bushels per acre increase, in consequence of thorough harrowing, was obtained. These facts and many others of similar character show clearly the great profit which may derive from a thorough cultivation, by harrowing, of wheat, oats, barley, and other sown crops, with the Thomas smoothing harrow.

A COLORED WOMAN'S TAXES.—As the officer in a section of Boston was about posting a poor colored woman's house to answer the requirement of the law, previous to selling for non-payment of sidewalk assessment, he was met by the colored woman, who inquired the cause of the notice. 'It is for non-payment of taxes." "Taxes—what for," asked the poor woman.—"For sidewalk." "Oh! ah, that's it, hey? Well, put him up; old woman's days most ended; one after another the good Lord's gone and taken the children, the old man's gone to rest, and the old woman's left all alone. Put up the notice; put it up I say, and sell; shan't need it much longer, anyhow. Bless the Lord; pretty soon I'll go home to reign with Jesus, then there won't be any taxes to pay, and the poor old woman'll be at rest.,' The tax man said that was a different reception from that which he received from another woman, whose house he posted at the other end of the stree.

ETHAN ALLEN IN COURT.—Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, once plead his own case in court far more honestly and effectually than did the lawyers he had employed.

He was once sued upon a promisory note for sixty pounds, and, as it was not convenient for him to meet judgement, he employed a lawyer to procure a continuance. As the readiest means of doing this the lawyer determined to deny the signature. The attesting witness lived in Boston, and the impossibility of procuring him would make a continuance necessary.

When the case was called, Allen happened to be present, and, to his astonishment heard the lawyer gravely deny the signature of the note. With long strides, he made his way through the crowd, and confronting the amazed limb of the law, rebuked him in a voice of thunder.

"Mr.———, I did not hire you to come here and lie. This is a true note; I signed it, I'll swear to it, and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling, but I want time. What I employed you for was to get this business put over to the next court, not to come here and lie and juggle about it"

The counsel for the plaintiff was so impressed with the stern honesty of the old patriot that he readily consented to a continuance.

EVIDENTLY NOT A WESLEYAN.—A traveler in the Western district was struck by the absence of the usual tessellated language of the bullock driver, in the case of a man on the road with a small team, which he thus apostrophized: "Come hither, Baptist! Woo-o-o! Presbyterian," etc. This mode of address seemed so strange to the traveler that he entered into conversation with the man and asked him how these titles were applicable to a bullock team. "Well, sir, you see," said he, "I calls this the celestial team. You see that bullock on the off side leading; I call him Baptist. We'll be crossing the creek presently, and he'll be bound to make for water. That one on the near side, he's 'Piscopalian, 'cause he hold his head so weary high. That bullock on the off side of the pole, the one with the crumpled horn, I calls him Presbyterian. He is the most out-and-out knowing bullock of the lot. The brindle in the same yoke with him, he's Weslyan. He's always a grunting and groaning, as if he was dragging the whole load. Bless your life, sir, he's not pulling an ounce."

CHILDREN NEVER LIVE LONG.—When they are not carried away in little coffins and laid forever in the silent grave, they become transformed so rapidly that we lose them in another way. The athletic young soldier or collegian, the graceful heroine of the ball room, many make proud the parental heart but can they quite console it for the loss of the little ones who pleagued and enlivened the early years of marriage? A father sometimes feels a legitimate and reasonable melancholy as he contemplates the most promising of his little daughters, full of vivacity and health. How long will the dear child remain to him? She will be altered in six months; in six years she will be succeeded by a totally different creature—a creature new in flesh and blood and bone, thinking other thoughts and speaking other language. There is a sadness even in that change which is increase and progression, for the glory of noon-day has destroyed the sweet delicacy of the dewy Aurora, and the wealth of summer has obliterated the freshness of Spring.

MAN'S INGENUITY.—The fishermen of Norway carry in their fishing boats a water telescope or tube three or four feet in length. They immerse one end in the water, and then, looking intently through the glass, they are enabled to perceive objects ten or fifteen fathoms deep as distinctly as if they were within a few feet of the surface. Hence when they discover plenty of fish they surround them with their large draught nets, and often catch them by hundreds at a haul, which, were it not for these telescopes, would often prove precarious and unprofitable fishing. This instrument is not only used by the fisherman, but is also found in the navy and coasting vessels.

"Pa," asked a Norwich boy, "what is meant by Paradise?" "Paradise my son," replied Mr. Stanton gloomily, "Paradise is the latter part of next summer, when your mother goes on a visit to your grandfathers."

The following is a store-sign, as copied verbatim, from the original in a remote American mining town: "Bibles, Blackball, Butter; Testaments, Tar, Treacle; Godly Books and Gimlets; Condensed Eggs and Castor oil for sale here."

Crow Indians are Democrats, who, they have been told, eat Crow, drink old Crows, and are full of Crows after a victory—with Custer to be next on.

Does anything in the world more closely resemble a stream of lightening than the flash of a woman's eye when you tread on the train of her party dress.

Thermometers are made in Nevada by filling a stovepipe with whiskey. When the whiskey freezes solid change in the weather is predicted.

A colored orator, during the recent campaign, declared that he never would sell his birthday for a nest of partridges.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.