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Selected Poetry.

Inscribed to Retail Merchants.

Few men in all the walks of life
Are subject to the cares and strife
Attendant on a Dry Goods man!
His eyes are always ope'd to see
The latest styles—*au-de-Paris*,
And foremost in the selling van.

Mistress A. comes in to buy,
At least if any please her eye.
Down comes the goods in torrents, all
Dry Goods cheap. "I thought I'd call."
He spreads them out then, piece by piece,
And talks of texture, style and fleece,
She thinks that blue by far the purer,
He of course thinks nothing surer.
From shade to shade then, on she'll talk,
No object now her mind can baulk.
"It is so rich, and so superb."
Price—bah—no price at all will curb.
Her mind is set—she'll surely buy,
And then the price is not so high.
What is the price, at length she asks,
And in his sunny smile she basks.
"Only two-fifty; just half the price
It ought to be for goods so nice."
"Two fifty! you surely must mistake!
My purse and honor I will stake
The same was purchased, by my daughter,
Of H. & Co. for one and a quarter."
Though offered less than actual cost
He now beholds the sale is lost.
Three hours spent, no sale effected,
Her character e'en just detected.
"A SHOPPER!" well, I never thought it
Though from her ways I might have known it.
She leaves in lurch the Dry Goods man
With the threadbare phrase—I'll call again.

Then next to come is Mistress B.—
"I've just called in the style to see;
If any chance to meet my eye
I'll trouble you to lay it by.
If none will suit no harm is done,
So now you see for what I've come."
And he of course must do his best,
Smile and act like a dog caressed.
Two hours more are spent in vain
And she goes out to—call again.

And next Miss C., and a host of others
Come in to talk of beaux and lovers.
The Salesman smiles and chats with them
Of size of waist and depth of hem,
The length suffice to make a skirt
With yards behind to catch the dirt.

The Clerk, alas, his time has come,
The morning gone, and with a sum
Scarcely enough with which to pay
His trifling fees a single day.
At length they go with canting strain,
For each hath said—I'll call again.

Poor fellow!

Wilberforce on the Irish Potato.

There was a debate in Parliament about English laborers. Jack Finnarty, one of the reporters of the London press, just imported from Tipperary, said to the only other reporter in the gallery at the time, that he felt very drowsy, and that he would be after taking a little nap if he would tell him, when he awoke, anything which might take place. The other agreed, and Jack was soon asleep.

After half an hour's snooze, Jack opened his eyes.

"Has anything happened?" was his first question.

"To be sure there has," said the other, whose name was Morgan O'Sullivan.

"Has there, by the powers!" said Jack.

"Yes, Jack, and very important, too."

"Well, then, and why don't you be after telling it me at once? What was it about?"

"About the virtue of the Irish potato, Jack."

"Was it the Irish potato you said, Morgan?"

"The Irish potato; and a most elegant speech it was."

"Thunder and lightning, then, and why don't you tell it me?"

"I'll read it from my note book, Jack, and you'll take it down as I go on," said Morgan.

"Och, it's myself sure, that's ready at any time to write what any mimber says about our praties. Are you ready to begin?"

"Quite ready," answered Morgan.

"Now, then," said Jack, with energy, "now, then, Morgan, my boy."

Morgan, pretending to read from his note book, commenced thus—"The honorable mimber said that if"—

"Och, be aisy a little bit," interrupted Jack; "who was the honorable member?"

Morgan, hesitating—"Was it his name you asked? Sure it was Mr. Wilberforce."

"Mr. Wilberforce? Och, very well, then."

Morgan resumed. "Mr. Wilberforce said it always appeared to him beyond all question that the great cause why the Irish laborers were, as a body, so much stronger, and capable of enduring so much greater physical fatigue than the English, was the surpassing virtues of their potato. And he"—

"Morgan," my dear fellow," shouted Jack at the mention of the Irish potato—"Morgan, my dear fellow, this is so important that we must give it in the first person."

"Do you think so," said Morgan.

"Troth, and I do," answered Jack.

Morgan resumed: "And I have no doubt," continued Mr. Wilberforce, "that had it been my lot to be born and reared in"—

"Did the mimber say reared?" interrupted Jack.

"He said reared," was the reply.

"Had it been my lot to be born and reared in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of the potato—that most salubrious and nutritious root—instead of being the poor, infirm, shrivelled and stunted creature, you, sir, and honorable gentlemen now behold me, I would have been a tall, stout, athletic man, and able to carry an enormous weight"

Wilberforce is correctly described.

Here Jack Finnarty observed, looking his friend eagerly in the face: "Faith, Morgan, and that's what I call true eloquence! Go on."

"I hold that root to be invaluable; and the man who first cultivated it in Ireland, I regard as a better benefactor of the first magnitude to his species, and my decided opinion is, that never until we grow potatoes in England in sufficient quantities to feed all our laborers, will those laborers be so able-bodied a class as the Irish." ["Hear! hear!" from both sides of the House.]

"Well, by St. Patrick, but that beats everything," observed Jack. "That's raal philosophy. And the other members cried, "hear, hear! did they?"

As soon as the House rose, Jack, in perfect acstacies at the eulogium which had been pronounced upon the virtue of the potatoes of Ould Ireland, ran in haste to a public house where the reporters who should have been on duty for the other morning papers were assembled. He read over his notes to them, which they copied verbatim, and they repaired to their respective offices and gave a copy of it into the hands of the printer

It appeared in all the public papers next morning, except the one with which Morgan was connected. It created sensation and surprise in London. Everybody, while regretting that the necessity should exist, saw no other course was left but to put Mr. Wilberforce at once in a straight jacket and provide him with a keeper.

The house, as usual, in the evening met, and Mr. Wilberforce, on the Speaker taking the chair, rose and begged the indulgence of the House one moment to a matter which concerned it as well as himself personally. "Every honorable member," he observed, "has doubtless read the speech which I am represented as having made on the previous night. With the permission of the House I will read it." (Here the honorable member read the speech amidst deafening roars of laughter.) "I can assure honorable members that no one could have read this speech with more surprise than I did this morning when I found the paper on my breakfast table. For myself personally, I care but little about it, though if I were capable of uttering such nonsense as is here put in my mouth, it is high time that, instead of being a member of this House, I were an inmate of some lunatic asylum. It is for the dignity of this House that I feel concerned; for if honorable members were capable of listening to such nonsense, supposing me capable of giving expression to it, it were much more appropriate to call this a theatre for the performance of farces, than a place for the legislative deliberations of the representatives of a nation."

Jack Finnarty afterwards kept his eyes open while in the reporter's gallery, and trusted to his own ears.

Shakespeare Run Mad.

Peter Knight was found wandering in the fourteenth ward of New York city. The officer could not determine whether he was intoxicated or crazy, but as he said he had no home he was taken in charge as a vagrant. He had been traversing the streets with folded arms, talking to himself in odd bits of plays and poems. He possessed a facility of quotation equal to Richard Swiveller, Esq., was as reckless about the exactitude of his extracts, and jumbled up his authorities with as much confusion as Captain Cuttle himself. He seldom gave a quotation right, but would break off in the middle and substitute some words of his own or dove-tail in an irrelevant piece from a strange author, or mix up half a dozen authors with interpolations of his own, in an inextricable verbal jumble.

Clerk—What's your name?

Prisoner—Peter Knight; am a native to the marrow bone—that's Shakspear.

Clerk—Were you intoxicated yesterday?

Prisoner—'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis there isn't a devil of a doubt of it. That's Scott.

Clerk—Where did you get your liquor?

Where the bee sucks there sucks Peter Knight all day. Thou base, inglorious slave, thinkest thou I'd reveal the name of him who gave me wine? No, simple Bob. That's Beaumont and Fletcher.

Officer (in a whisper). If you don't tell, you'll have to go to jail.

Prisoner—I do remember an apothecary, and hereabouts he dwells—no he don't, he lives over in the bowery—but in his needy shop a codfish hangs, and on his shelves, a beggarly account of empty bottles; noting penury to myself, I said, if any man did need a brandy punch, whose sales is fifty dollars in Gotham, here lives a caitiff wretch who has probably plenty of it under the counter. Why should I here conceal my fault? Wine, ho! I cried. The call was answered. I have no wine, said he, but plenty of whis—silence! thou pernicious caitiff, quoth I; thou invisible spirit of wine, since we can get thee by no other name, why let us call thee gin and sugar. He brought the cursed juice of juniper in a phial, and in the perches of my throat did pour Udolpho Wolfe's instilment. Thus was I by a Dutchman's hand dispatched—not drunk nor sober, sent into this dirty station house three-quarters tight, with all my imperfections in my head. The fellow's name? My very soul rebels. But whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the cuffs and bruises of this burly Dutchman, or to take up arms against his serene highness, and, by informing, end him? I go, and it is done. Villain, here's at thy heart! His name, your honor, is Bebblesnoffkin, in the Bowery. That's Shakspeare mixed.

Clerk—Have you a home?

Prisoner—My home is on the deep, deep deep sea. That's Plutarch's Lives.

Clerk—How do you get your living?

Prisoner—Doubt thou the stars are fire; doubt truth to be a liar, but never doubt that I'll get a living while the oyster sloops don't have but one watchman. That's Billy S.

Clerk—Do you pay for your oysters?

Prisoner—Base is the slave that pays: the speed of thought is in my limbs. That's Byron.

Clerk—Do you steal them and run away?

Prisoner—I've told thee all. I'll tell thee no more, though short the story be; let me go back where I was before, and I'll get my living without troubling the corporation. That's Tom Moore, altered to suit circumstances.

Justice, (evidently at a loss, whispered to mystified clerk)—I think he's crazy. What do you think it best to do with him?

Prisoner (overhearing)—Off with his head so much. That's Shakspeare curtailed.

Justice—Will you promise to dispense with the brandy and gin, if you are discharged?

Prisoner—Oh, I could be happier with t'other dear charmer bottled up and the cork put in. That's Dibdin, with a vengeance.

Judge—What do you suppose will become of you, if you go on in this way, living as you have done?

Prisoner—Alas, poor Yorick!—Peter, I mean. Who knows where he will lay his bones? Few and short will be the prayers said; the minister will come, put on his robes and read the service, the choir 'll sing a hymn, earth to earth and dust to gravel, and nobody 'll feel any sorrow, but they'll cram him in his clay cold bed and bury somebody else on top of him to-morrow, and that'll be the last of Peter Knight.

Clerk—Peter, we'll have to send you up for ten days.

Prisoner—Fare thee well, and if forever, all the better. That's Byron, revised and corrected.

The Old Story.

Many years ago a celebrated Italian artist was walking along the streets of his native city perplexed and desponding in consequence of some irritating circumstances or misfortune, when he beheld a little boy of such surprising and unsurpased beauty that he forgot his own trouble and gloom in looking upon the almost angel face before him.

"That face I must have," said the artist, "for my studio. Will you come to my room and sit for a picture, my little man?"

The little boy was glad to go and see the pictures and pencils and curious things in the artist's room: and he was still more pleased when he saw what seemed to be another boy looking just like himself smiling from the artist's canvas.

The artist took great pleasure in looking at the sweet face. When he was troubled, or irritated, or perplexed, he lifted his eyes to that lovely image on the wall, and its beautiful features and expression calmed his heart and made him happy again. Many a visitor to his studio wished to purchase that lovely; but, though poor, and often wanting money to buy food and clothes, he would not sell his good angel, as he called this portrait.

So the years went on. Oftentimes as he looked up to the face on the glowing canvas he wondered what had become of that boy.

"How I should like to see how he looks now! I wonder if I should know him? Is he a good man and true, or wicked and abondoned? Or has he died and gone to a better land?"

One day the artist was strolling down one of the fine walks of the city, when he beheld a man whose face and mein were so vicious, so depraved, so almost fiend-like, that he involuntarily stopped and gazed at him.

"What a spectacle! I should like to paint that figure, and hang in my studio opposite the angel boy," said the artist to himself.

The young man asked the painter for money, for he was a beggar as well as a thief.

"Come to my room, and let me paint your portrait, and I will give you all you ask," said the artist.

The young man followed the painter, and set for a sketch. When it was finished, and he received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go; but his eye rested upon the picture of the boy; he looked at it, turned pale, and then burst into tears.

"What trubles you, man?" said the painter.

It was long before the young man could speak. He sobbed aloud, and seemed pierced with agony.

At last he pointed to the picture on the wall: and in broken tones which seemed to come from a broken heart, he said:

"Twenty years ago you asked me to come up here and sit for a picture, and the angel face is that portrait. Behold me now, a ruined man; so bloated, so hideous that women and children turn away their faces from me; so fiend-like that you want my picture to show how ugly a man could look. Ah! I see now what vice and crime have done for me."

The artist was amazed. He could not believe his own eyes and ears.

"Pray how did this happen?" he asked.

The young man told his sad and dreadful story; how, being an only son, and very beautiful, his parents petted and spoiled him; how he went with bad boys and learned all their bad habits and vices and came to love them; how having plenty of money, he was enticed to wicked places till all was lost, and then, unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, was caught and imprisioned with the worst criminals, came out still more depraved to commit worse crimes than before; how every bad deed he performed seemed to drive him to commit a worse one, till it seemed to him he could not stop till brought to the gallows.

It was a fearful tale, and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop, and offered to help him. But alas, it was too late. Disease, contracted by dissipation, soon prostrated the young man, and he died before he could reform.

The painter hung his portrait opposite that of the beautiful boy, and when visitors asked him why he allowed such a hideous looking face to be there, he told them the story, saying as he closed, "between the angel and the demon there is only twenty years of vice." The lesson of this tale is in the tale itself. You who read it can tell what it is. Think of it often, and heed it always

[From the New York Mail.]

Our Celestial Visitors.

Mr. Burlingame is accompanied by two ministers, both Chinese dignitaries—Chih-Tajin and Sun-Tajin, and these three form the embassy. Chih-Tajin and Sun-Tajin are mandarins of the second rank. They are called mandarins of the Peacock's Feather, being entitled to wear a peacock's feather in their head-dress.—This has been presented to them by the Emperor, and is a mark of distinction conferred upon officers who have performed eminent services. Chih-Tajin and Sun-Tajin are men something over forty years. They wear small mustaches, and all the portion of the head in front of the ears is shaved, the rest of the hair is suffered to grow long, and being plaited tightly, falls nearly to the ground, in appearance very similar to an animal's tail. Both are rather small-sized men—the latter being taller and stouter. They are very intelligent looking, and extremely active in their walk and jesture. Their politeness is extreme, and shows itself in constant bowing, and great readiness to oblige curious questioners.

Among the Chinese personages is a cook, Wang by name. He forms one of the most striking looking objects in the whole party, being very old wearing (unlike the party generally) a beard and mustache, which are of snowy whiteness and give a venerable appearance. Many persons mistook him for the mandarins themselves, and looked on him with great respect, as a man of great power and learning. The Chinese, however, yesterday, did not call the services of this functionary into requisition, but partook of the meals furnished them by mine host of the Westmimister, like other mortals, sitting upon chairs and eat with knife fork and spoon. The chopstick is, to be sure, their national implement for eating but they are by no means inexpert in the use of ours, and handle them better than we probably would theirs. Rice is the staple of the Chinaman's food, and it was duly provided for them yesterday and partaken of.—They also eat meats, but rather eschew beef, their *literati* considering it heating, and the people objecting to its use as food on account of the ox being used for agricultural purposes. One of the first things the Chinese asked for on their arrival at their hotel, was their national beverage, tea. This they drank without milk or sugar, and with great relish. The venerable Mr. Wang will not, of course, be a noncnity in the party, but will furnish their excellencies, the ministers, with nick-nacks, which the cooks of this land are unequal to preparing.

The dress in which our Chinese visitors appeared was but their traveling costume, and does not, of course, give proper idea of the glories of the raiment which may be supposed to concealed in the two hundred and odd trunks and valises. Chih-Tajin and Sun-Tajin had on gowns of brown stuff, reaching to the ankles; a sort of jackets or smocks, coming below the hips; skull-caps, linen trowers, and shoes of velvet cloth, with very thick soles of a white material. With variations in color, this was the dress of them all; the servants, however, wearing a garment longer than the jacket and shorter than the gown and answering for both. The olive complexion of the Mongolian race, of course, was a conspicious feature of their appearance, as well as in several of them the peculiar oval face and almond-shaped eyes.

The official dress of the two mandarins consists of a hat, round-crowned, and with a brim turning up sharply and rather high, made in winter of felt, covered with black velvet or fur, in summer of bamboo; a long gown of heavy silk material; high satin boots, with very thick white soles, and leggins of silk, padded in winter with cotton. On the breast and back is a piece of square embroidery looking like a plaster, and having worked on it fantastic figures of birds. No sword is worn, that privilege being enjoyed only by the military mandarins.

The mandarins, in the conversation yesterday expressed their pleasure with what they saw in California, and wondered how San Francisco could have grown so rapidly as they were informed it had.

The embassy and their *attaches* are provided with elegant apartments, with private dining-rooms and all conveniences, and the retinue of servants are suitably quartered. The mass of luggage they brought with them is something astonishing, approaching 300 pieces—trunks, boxes, valises and parcels—but chiefly trunks and boxes of the ordinary size used for travel. To transport themselves and their mass of stuff to the hotel, get somewhat settled in their rooms, eat dinner, and perform the ablutions which their long voyage rendered more than a luxury, was a good afternoon's work, and left them little time to talk with curious visitors.

The interpeters, some of whom are very feminine in appearance, are excessively vivacious, and their ability to interchange opinions or thoughts with the new people in whose land they find themselves, adds much to their appreciation of the novelty of the travels. They speak English well and idomatically.

A Day with the Pope.

A correspondent of the *Evement Illustre* gives an interesting account of the Pope's personal appearance, of the apartments in which he lives, and of the manner in which he ordinarily spends the days:

"The Pope is pretty tall and stout, without being obese. The furniture of his private room is a square table, with two chairs and an armchair for himself. The room is very small with a low ceiling, no curtains, and the walls covered with paper of the cheapest sort. Those of the grand official saloons are covered with silk.—His bedroom has yellow curtains, no carpet, and a brick floor, with a little bedstead of iron without curtains. He is very neat in his person; his hands which are covered with white mittens, are particularly attended to. He rises at 6 o'clock, shaves himself, and says his mass in a little private chapel; and then hears another. At 8 o'clock he takes a small cup of chocolate, and at 8:30 he receives his Ministers. Cardinal Antonelli comes every day to the Vatican, and when prevented from doing so the under Secretary of State, Monsignor Marini, takes his place. The other days of the week the other functionaries in the turn transact business with him. At 10:30 the Ministers withdraw. The audiences then begin and are not over until 1. At 2 oclock the Pope dines in his private apartment. His repast is of the most modest kind, and it always ends with a sweetmeat of which the Italians are fond. From 2:30 to 3 he takes his siesta, at 3 he reads his Breviary, and at 5:30 goes out for a drive in a carriage with four horses, accompanied only by two young priests. If the weather permits he alights and walks in the most retired parts of the city; nevertheless, he is followed by upwards of two thousand persons, who walk after him in silence.—When it rains His Holiness proceeds to the galleries of the Vatican when the visitors have retired. He is a great lover of antiques, as proved by the researches and restorations he is continually making.—On his return home, 6 o'clock, the audiences recommence and last till 10 at night, when he retires to sup. He goes to bed at 11, and the next day goes through the same routine. Though advanced in years, he sings very well, and, what is quite unknown even to many Romans, plays well on the violoncello. When I was received my my companion, the chamberlain plucked me by the sleeve to make me kneel.—The Pope, perceiving the movement, spared us the genuflexion, and made us approach table at which he was sitting.—'So, then,' his Holiness said, 'you are two journalists, friends, going together to Naples?' He spoke about Naples, and asked us how we liked Rome, adding that people found themselves very free during their stay. He then took two photographic likeness of himself, one for each of us, and with a sly smile said, 'I am going to write something for the journalists,' and in a firm hand, traced these words:

'*Diligite veritatem, filiam Dei*;'

after which he held out his hand to us.—His affability is extreme.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Pungent.

Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman and the horse-radish?

No; how was it?

Well, seeing a dish of grated horse-radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the *sauce*, supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first, putting a knifeful into his mouth, jerked his handkerchief from his trowsers and commenced wiping his eyes!

What *troubles* yer, Jemmy? inquired his comrade.

Sure, and it was a thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was hung! he replied, shrewdly.

Presently the other, partaking as greedily of the pungent vegetable, had as sudden use for the handkerchief; whereat Jemmy as coolly enquired, and what *troubles yer*, Pat?

Troth, he replied, that you wasn't hung with yer father!

SUNSHINE.—The country houses of Great Britain are by no means shaded as our own; and the most considerable piles of buildings, such as Eaton Hall, Blenheim, Dalkeith and Burghley House, have hardly a noticeable tree within stone's threw of their walls. The flower-patches and coppices of shrubbery approach more nearly, and to the garden-fronts of those magnificent homes you walk through walls of blooming shrubs. But the full flow of sunshine upon the window is a thing courted. Allowing for all difference in climate, I think there may be a question if we do not err in this country by over-much shading. A cottage in a wood is a pretty subject for poetry, but it is apt to be uncomfortably damp. And there are village streets with us so embowered that scarce a ray of sunshine can play fairly upon the roofs or fronts of the village houses from June to October. A summer's life under such screen cannot contribute to the growth of roses in the cheeks any more than to the growth of roses at the door. There is no provision against agues, whether moral or physical, like a good flow of sunshine.—*Rural Studies, by Donald G. Mitchell.*

What did Paul Say?

Many years since there lived in Virginia a Baptist preacher, named B. Though uneducated, he was a sound thinker and eloquent speaker, and no minister had a more devoted flock. It was the custom during the inclement season to hold meeting at the residences of members, and once or twice during the winter at the house of the preacher. For many years it was observed that B. neither preached nor conducted the meeting when held at his house, but secured the services of some neighboring minister. He was often pressed for on explanation without success; but finally, in response to the importunities of his flock, gave the following:

"When I was much younger than now—in fact, not long after the commencement of my ministration—I held a meeting at my own house. It being customary for many of the congregation to remain for for dinner, Mrs. B. sent our negro boy, Tim, to neighbor Paul's for some butter. Tim returned and located himself, standing on one foot at a time, in the outskirts of the congregation. Being well warmed up in my sermon, thinking neither of Tim nor his errand, but only of the most successful mode of pressing upon my hearers one of my strongest arguments, I demanded, with all the energy in my power, *And what did Paul say?*" Tim at the top of his little squeaking voice exclaimed as Tim only could have done, "*He thed you couldn't git any more butter till you paid up for what you'd got!*" This brought down the house, and cut short one of the finest efforts of my early ministry. Since then I have kept my preaching disconnected from my domestic affairs."

Sayings by Great Men.

Talkative persons seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation?—*Landor.*

There is a comfort in the strength of love. 'Twill make a thing endurable which else would overset the brain or break the heart.—*Wordsworth.*

Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon the principles of your government, however specious the pretext.—*Washington.*

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to tell twenty more to maintain it.—*Pope.*

I would rather my daughter should have a man with money than money without a man.—*Themistocles.*

What you leave after your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.—*Osburn.*

The greatest friend to truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility.—*Colton.*

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good one you gave before.—*Swift.*

Give your son a trade, and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune.—*Franlin.*

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no power to make scholars.—*Webster.*

The troubles of the country come from uneasy politicians; its safety from the tranquil masses.—*Benton.*

How to Cure Cancer.

The Milwaukee Democrat states that some eight months ago, Mr. T. B. Mason, of that city, ascertained that he had a cancer on his face the size of a pin. It was cut out by Dr. Wolcott, and the wound partially healed. Subsequently it grew again, and while he was at Cincinnati on business, it attained the size of a hickory nut. He remained there under treatment, and is now perfectly cured. The process is this: A piece of sticking plaster is put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the center a little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to it were exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, blood root and wheat flour, was spread on a piece of muslin the size of this circular opening and applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours. On removing it, the cancer will be found burnt into and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe sole, and the circular rim outside of it will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon separates and the cancer comes out in a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer, so that it sloughs out like dead flesh, and never grows again. The remedy was discovered by Dr. Fell, of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years, with unfailing success, and not a case has been known of the reappearance of the cancer when this remedy has been applied.

The Dying Never Weep.

It is a striking fact—the dying never weep! The circle of sobbing, agonized hearts around produces not a tear. Is it that he is insensible and stiff already in the chill of dissolution! That cannot be; for he asks for his father's hand as if to gain strength in the mental struggle, and leans on the breast of mother, brother and sister with still conscious affection; and just before expiring, at eve, after a long day's converse with the angels of summer, he says to his oldest brother—last audible "good night" of earth—"Kiss me, kiss?" It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for our earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier things, with the Father in Heaven and his angel throng, led by the Son himself, and what are griefs of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth in that vision bright of immortal life and everlasting reunion.

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