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Selected Poetry.

Written for the Chestertown Transcript.

The Child's Gift---A Memory.

BY MISZETTE.

'Twas a day in the beautiful Springtime,
Mellow, and warm, and clear,
And the songs of many merry birds,
From the woods-path I could hear.

A day so full of beauty,
That soul and sense and will,
Seemed resting in the gladness,
Like the idle air so still.

Dreaming awhile or thinking,
I sat till the shadows fell,
Then there came a sweet awak'ning,
To break the drowsy spell.

For just then was brought a present,
By a tiny, well-loved friend,
(I can see him now with his noble brow,
As my thoughts I backward send.)

I know a thoughtless one would say,
'Twas a thing of little worth,
No gem or shining metal
From the cavernous depths of earth.

Only a bunch of drooping flowers,
Clasped tight in his warm, moist hand,
He had spied them clustering by the wood,
As the breeze their petals fanned.

He had carried them far o'er the sunny hills,
And through the wooded shade,
Those fair frail bells of pink and white,
By the fiat of Nature made.

He brought them with eager, childish haste,
For he *knew* I loved them well—
Ah, these *little* acts, in the *little* ones,
How many a tale they tell!

Yes, the flowers of *thoughtful* kindness,
Were up-springing in his heart,
And their beauty and their fragrance
From me may not depart.

The beauty of that Spring-time
Vanished long, long ago,
But on the hills and waving fields,
It left a golden glow.

And from the fields of memory,
From Recollection's hill,
Whether the day be dark or sunny,
Gather I many treasures still.

Kent County, July, 1872.

A Ghost Story.

We do not give much credence to ghost stories, but the following, appears so intrinsically reasonable, that we cannot for a moment doubt its truth. That apparations do not always wander without sufficient cause, is proved by the well attested fact we give below:

"Last Tuesday as Mrs. ———, a lady of literary tastes and studious habits sat reading in her drawing-room the clock on her mantel piece struck twelve; as the last stroke reverberated through the apartment, the door flung wide open; in the act of raising her head to repel the intrusion (unrung for) of her servant, her eyes rested on the form of her late husband. She screamed and fell senseless on the carpet. This brought up such members of the family as had not retired to rest; restoratives were administered, and when Mrs. ———, had regained her suspended faculties, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing and her late loss operating upon a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable that her maid servant should repose in her chamber, lest any return of what she considered a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family. Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger and in better spirits than she had been for some months past, Mrs. ——— dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve she was awakened from her sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had seen before, advancing from the table, (on which stood her night lamp) till it stood opposite to and drew the curtains of her bed. She described her very blood retreating with icy chilliness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life wore not its benevolent aspect; the eyes beaming with affection were now fixed with stern regard on the trembling half dissolved being, who, with the courage of desperation, thus adjured him:

"Charles! dear Charles! Why are you come again?"

"Jessie!" slowly and solemnly gasped the shadowy form, waving in his hand a small paper, "Jessie, *pay my newspaper accounts*, let me rest in peace.

☞ Light is one of the most attractive agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. We all know the value of sunlight as a health-giving agent to the physical system, and it is no less so to our moral and spiritual natures. We absorb light and it nourishes us with strange power. We are more active under its influence, can think better and work more vigorously.

Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed—and let us have a bay window, no matter how plain the structure, through which the good twin-angels of nature—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter.

This window shall be the poem of the house. It shall give freedom and scope for eye and mind. We can hang no picture on our walls that can compare with the living and ever-changing pictures which God shall paint for us through our ample window, rosy dawns, golden hearted sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and shine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can have and enjoy while we sit in our sheltered room as the changing years roll on.

Even in a gloomy house where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the windows, hang brackets on either side, set flower-pots on the brackets and vines in the pots, and let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

THE PRUDHOMME HEIRESS.

"You might take a basket of those summer sweetings down to Widow Small's, Bert."

"Yes, mother mine, if you say so."

"It wont take you ten minutes."

"No? Where does she live?"

"Follow the orchard wall, and turn down Lover's Lane, and it's the first cottage on your left—so the servants tell me, I've never been there."

Bert took the basket and followed directions, and just as he reached the first cottage on the left, the door opened and out tumbled ten or a dozen children of all ages.

"Is this the widow Small's?" he asked of a dimpled young person who stood just inside watching the children's gambols.

"Yes said the sweetest voice in the word, while two luminous eyes met his—"yes, this is the widow Small's."

"My mother Mrs. Greaterex, sends her these sweetings."

"Oh, thank you! Tell Mrs. Greaterex that there is nothing I like so well as summer sweetings."

She sent them with her compliments," said Bert, fibbing awkwardly, but feelling that he owed an apology to this vision of loveliness for having thought of her as an old woman in a mob cap.

"Your mother is very kind. Won't you come in and see my flowers?"

"Yes, I will. Are those your children?" he asked.

"They are my little scholars. You have mistaken me for the old woman who lived in a shoe!"

"Do you take care of all these flowers yourself?' he asked, while she pointed out her favorites. "What a poetical employment!"

"Oh, it is not poetry it is poverty that moves me," she replied. "I make them into boquets to sell. Let me give you these for your button hole."

"Thanks; and I will order a bouquet of you everyday."

"Oh, I shall grow rich as Crœsus.—You are too generous. One of my little scholars shall take it to you."

"No; if you please, I will come for it myself."

"Certainly. It is time for me to ring my bell now; recess has been over these five minutes."

"I suppose that is a hint for me to be gone. I wish I was a little chap in your primmer class? Good-bye, you will see me to-morrow."

"Where have you been, Bert?" said Caroline; "the carriage has been waiting this half-hour."

"I carried some apples to the widow Small's," answered the guilty Bert.—"Mother sent them."

"Oh, did you? Has she any children?"

"There were half a dozen or more playing about the premises," answered Bert, smiling.

"Poor folks always have such a lot.—Does she have to take care of them herself?"

"That seemed to be her occupation."

"It must be disagreeable to be old and poor, too; to lose your color, and see your eyes retreating into your head, your skin growing yellow and wrinkled, and your hair getting gray. Is she an awful old fright, Bert?"

"You had better go and see for yourself," laughed her brother, "your taste is so different from mine. That new panier, for instance, which you wore yesterday, and thought so stylish, is simply hideous to me."

"Oh no. I hate the neighborhood of poverty and trouble; squalor gives me a qualm. No; I will send her some of my old gowns—without paniers—if you think she'd like them, but don't ask me to go and see her." And then they drove round and called on the Upton girls, and Caroline lost sight of the poor widow and her large family in discussing the new polonaise and the latest style of chignons But Bert made amends for his sister's shortcomings. All the time that he chatted with Maria Upton, holding her scarlet yarns and saying gallant nothings, he was comparing her with the widow Small, and finding flaws in her beauty and demeanor. Only yesterday he had thought Maria Upton the prettiest girl in the world, with whom it would not be difficult to get madly in love, but just now she seemed full of affectations.

"What is on your mind?" she asked, suddenly. "Excuse me, but you don't appear like yourself."

"Nor you, either," he might have replied. "So much the better, perhaps," he said, instead.

"Allow me to judge about that. Come, what good have you done since yesterday?'

"Good? Oh, yes; I carried a basket of summer sweetings to the widow Small. Isn't that good?"

"Sweetings are good. She's quite an antiquity, this widow, isn't she?"

"Don't ask me; a lady's age is a sacred subject."

"How considerate! Does she wear a false front piece and glasses?"

"Is that an index of age? I know a heap of folks whom I never supposed aged who wear false fronts, if it means that they smile when they would rather frown, and say 'I am glad to you,' when they wish you in the Red Sea."

"Oh, how provoking you are, Mr. Greaterex! But perhaps you will tell me if this widow Small needs assistance—if she would like to go into the Old Ladies' Home which our society is about to establish."

"How benevolent minded you are, Miss Maria!" Bert laughed. "I almost wish myself an old lady to be provided for by your charity; but I don't believe that Mrs. Small would take kindly to it." And then the talk wandered into other channels. Yesterday their flirtation had been in danger of falling in a more tender strain; to-day the widow Small preserved the equilibrium. But Miss Upton had no mind to give up ground once gained.—She fancied that he wished to withdraw from the half-conclusions of the day before—that he desired to balance the past account, which made up a pretty sum total of sugared speeches and half-uttered declarations, by crediting them all to friendship. There was an air of indifference about him which she greatly mistrusted; but she would not allow him to slip through her fingers so easily. Publicity of private affairs was the bugbear of the Greaterex soul; had she not received enough fragrant notes and letters from Bert to answer her purpose? Not that she would descend to the vulgar necessity of a breach of promise, but where was the harm of making him understand that he was comprised?

"I have been reading Madame Sevirgue's correspondence," said she; "and it strikes me that you resemble each other in possessing the secret of fine letter writing, when most people run into twaddle."

"I don't know how to bear myself under such a burden of praise. I feel that it is underserved"

"In order to convince you of its truth, perhaps I had better allow you to reperuse a few specimens that I have from one Mr. Berthold Greaterex. See! here they are;" unlocking a cabinet and showing a goodly parcel tied with ribbon.

"Did I write you all those?" said Bert, aghast. "Let me see them."

"What are they?" asked Caroline, withdrawing her attention from the styles for an instant. "Oh! love-letters?"

"Love-letters?" repeated Maria. "I don't know. Were they, Mr. Greaterex?" aside.

"I don't remember," said Bert. "Let me read them, and I'll decide."

"I don't dare trust you. People have a way of burning up their old letters if they can lay hands upon them. Now perhaps I'm silly and sentimental, but mine are worth something to me. By the way, Mr. Greaterex, did you ever go into court when there was a breach of promise case on? Jerome took us in once, when they were reading the love-letters, and it was so funny? Every body was convulsed. They were very nice letters, too."

Bert turned a little pale. He vaguely remembered that of different periods he had believed himself seriously "smitten" with Maria's charms, and had, no doubt, written in a strain becoming a lover, but how ardently or how explicitly he could not recall. He knew that there had been a breach of promise case away back in the experience of one of his ancestors; and the case had gone against him, yet he had never fully recovered the tone of his sensibilities, which had received such a shock.

"Give them to me," said Bert, reaching his hand for them.

"Will you give me anything in return of equal value? Will you give me the notegay in your button-hole?"

"It is beginning to fade. No, Miss Upton."

"Come into the garden, and I will give you a fresh one."

"Thanks."

He followed her into the garden, where she made a selection, and throwing Mrs. Small's gift aside, put her own in its place. When she had finished, he picked up the faded flower and pressed it into his pocket-book

"Oh," said Maria, a "souvenir, some—" The words broke off in her throat. "Who gave it to you?" abruptly.

"The widow Small," said Bert, smiling.

"Come, you are teasing me. You sha'nt see a single letter; and they are ever so interesting!"

"How could they be otherwise when you were the subject?"

And then Caroline called to them that she was going home, and the conference ended.

So it was that Bert temporized, with that dreadful hint of letters being read in court for the diversion of the towns-folk hanging over his head. Had he been quite certain of their contents he might have dilled them; but he was aware that a young man in the first enthrallment of fancy allows his enthusiasm to run away with his prudence. But all his did not prevent him from going daily to Mrs. Small's for his bouquet, which, by the way, he sometimes carried to Maria Upton, a sacrifice to Nemesis; and these daily calls at the cottage in Lovers' Lane became like daily bread to the hungry. He lived for them, counted the hours till it was time to set forth, prolonged them till the hostess was fain to spread her little tea-table and invite her guest to drink nectar from china and to taste ambrosia home-made. Sometimes when the nights were warm they took tea in the little arbor, with roses nodding in at the archway, and honeysuckles climbing the lattice, and mignonette spicing the dewy air; and there the moon would find them, listening to the sleepy notes of trushes in the hedges, or talking of the dim, delicious future as if it were some enchanted land toward which they were journeying together.

One evening as she bade him good-night on her door step, he felt her hand tremble in his.

"What it is?" he asked. "Did you see a ghost among the plum trees?"

"Something startled me. I say—I thought I saw a face among the shrubbery."

"Whose face?"

"Oh, perhaps I was mistaken. It was a shadow projected from my fancy maybap."

"You are getting nervous, little one. You must not live here alone.

And the next evening, when Mr. Greaterex loitered to the cottage, he found she had followed his advice; the doors of the house were closed, and pla-cards 'To Let' were in the windows. The widow Small had vanished like the genius in a fairy story. Mr. Berthold Greaterex was beside himself, and ready to brave anything in Maria Upton's power. What did a promise signify in comparison with losing his love? Let those laugh who win.

Somebody had seen a person answering to the description of Mrs. Small take the noon train for New York that day. Bert followed without delay, wasted a week in hanging about the city before he betook himself to the house of his friend, Mrs. Abernath, in the suburbs. One afternoon, as he was turning over some engravings in the parlor with Kate Abernath, little Charlie burst into the room in tears, sobbing out that.

"Miss Van Orme's gone and dead herself—in the school-room? Charlie didn't do it! Charlie only said, 'Mr. Greaterex is courting sister Kate in the parlor, Miss Orme,' and Mary said, 'Hush, you silly boy; and Charlie was mad, and told that ma said so herself, and threw the primmer at Mary; and then Miss Van Orme looked all white like and shut her eyes, and won't talk; and Mary said, 'Now you've done it, Charlie!' Did Charlie?"

"Oh, you horrid boy!" cried Kate Abernath. "You are always in mischief.—I suppose Miss Nan Orme has fainted.—Go and tell mamma."

"Who is Miss Van Orme?" asked Bert.

"Only the nursery governess. We do have such a brother with them. One has a temper, another has headaches, and now when we thought we had got a jewell, here she is fainting!"

"I think we ought to try and revive her," said Bert, taking Charlie's hand, while Kate led the way. But when they reached the school-room Miss Van Orme had recovered her senses, and was sitting in an arm chair, while Mary vigorously fanned her pallid face.

"For mercy's sake, what made you faint, Miss Van Orme?" cried Kate.—"You almost threw Charlie into convulsions."

Miss Van Orme stood up and looked beyond Miss Abernth to Mr. Greaterex, standing in the doorway, who came forward to her relief instantly.

"You must not stand," he said, leading her back to her seat. "I think I have found a friend of mine"—turning to Kate. "Why did you run away from your friends?" he questioned, relieving Mary of the fan.

"I ran away from my enemies, if you please."

"Do you call me one?"

"Perhaps we had better withdraw," said poor Kate, tossing her head to conceal her chagrin. "Come, children!"

"Thank you," Bert answered her; "I should like a few minutes alone with Miss Van Orme, if you please."

"Oh, you had better go back to Miss Kate in the drawing-room," said Miss Van Orme, when the door had closed upon them; "it will be a shame to disappoint Mrs. Abernth; and, indeed, I can get on very well without you, sir."

"But I can't get along without you."

"And yet you know nothing at all about me?"

"I am satisfied with my knowledge. I know that you are charming, and that I love you."

"You love a woman sailing under an alias? I am neither Mrs. Small nor Miss Van Orme."

"I don't care a fig who you are. I will marry you to-morrow, if you consent, under whatever name you choose."

"Generosity is catching. I will tell you my story."

"I will not listen to it except from the lips of Mrs. Berthold Greaterex."

"Please yourself."

"Thank you. Then I will come for you to-morrow, and we will be married in church." But when he returned to the drawing-room and told his story to Mrs. Abernth, she insisted that the wedding should take place at her house.

Everybody was taken aback at Greaterex when Berthold wrote that he should bring his bride home the following week. "You may have seen her," he wrote, "when she was Mrs. Small, and lived in the cottage in Lover's Lane. You remember, perhaps, that you once sent her some summer sweetings. I owe my happiness to those precious apples. Caroline will remember the occasion, because she offered to part with some of her wardrobe to the poor widow."

"Oh! oh!" cried Caroline, "he has married the widow Small and all her children! How could he? She's old enough to be his grandmother. Oh, dear! dear! dear! I shall never want to see another summer sweeting as long as I live. I wish you would order Spades to cut down the tree, mamma. No wonder an apple brought trouble into the world, and shut folks out of Paradise! It keeps its reputation up finely! To think that the heir of Greaterex should marry a hideous old widow!"

Guess her surprise when Berthold opened the carriage door, and there descended a little person, who threw aside her veil, and disclosed a dazzling skin of rose and lily hues, eyes like summer brooks, so brown and liquid, hair a ripple of sunbeams—the semblance of an angel in flesh and blood!

"Where—are—the—the children?" gasped Caroline.

"Yes," laughed Berthold, "and where are the wrinkles, and the gray hairs, and the sunken eyes? *Is* she an awful fright, Carrie?"

"Summer sweetings are not so sour after all, mamma," said Caroline, later. "I guess Spades may spare the tree."

The next week Berthold overtook Maria Upton in his walk.

"I saw Mrs. Greaterex in church," said she.

"Did you see an antiquity with a false front piece?"

"Now don't be disagreeable; how could I know? By-the-way I have some news to tell you: I am engaged."

"Allow me to congratulate your lover. I suppose you mean to entertain him with those precious old letters of mine?"

"Your letters? Oh, I haven't the ghost of one left; I curled my hair on them long ago; it was only the empty envelopes with which I teased you. But tell me about Mrs. Greaterex. I hear it is like a story."

"Yes; perhaps you have heard of the Prudhomme heiress? I remember when the affair was much talked of, and thinking it sad enough You see, Pauline was the last of her family—she, and a cousin who inherited in case of her death. The common report was that her loneliness and sorrow worked upon her mind till she was pronounced insane, and carried to an asylum; and the cousin, being guardian and next heir, was left in irresponsible charge of the fortune, which was very large."

"Yes, I know it," she answerd, glibly; "the Prudhommes lived in great magnificence while they did live."

"Well, Mrs. Greaterex was Pauline Prudhomme. It appears she was no more crazy than you are, but having refused to marry her cousin, and he, fearing that she might marry elsewhere and will the fortune away from him forever, represented her as insane, bribed two physicians to serve his turn, and dispatched her to the asylum. One day she made her escape, and came here under the name of Mrs. Small, widow, to support herself by her own exertions, thinking the title of Mrs. would prove more protection than that of Miss, and insure respectability. But she was discovered in her seclusion. She took flight immediately. She met the keepers getting out of the train in which she took refuge, but they passed her unsuspectingly. I followed on the next day, and the rest you know. I don't suppose that you ever heard of the cousin; but in case you should ever chance to meet him, his name is Lucien Thornton."

"Lucien Thornton!" cried Miss Upton, turning deadly pale, and supporting herself on the arm of Mr. Greaterex. "I thank you. There can be but one Lucien Thornton. You have done me a great service, Mr. Greaterex, in marrying Miss Prudhomme. I am engaged to her wicked cousin, but you have saved me the ignominy of becoming his wife. Will you please call a carriage and send me home?"

And it was the summer sweetings that brought it all about.

A Lesson in Politeness.

A friend of Dean Swift, one day sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant lad who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the study door, and putting the fish on the floor, cried out rudely, "Master has sent you a turbot."

"Young man," said the Dean, rising from his easy-chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair; we will change places, and I will show you how to behave in the future."

The boy sat down, and the Dean going out, came up to the door, and making a low bow, said, "Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present."

"Does he?" replied the boy, "return him my best thanks, and there's half a crown for yourself."

The Dean thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit.

The teacher as well as the scholar received a lesson at that time. That boy certainly knew enough to make his way through the world. The Dean was very fond of fun, and we have no doubt enjoyed the boy's coolness.

The Sagacity of a Drake.

The following has been related by one of our most eminent naturalists, who heard it from a person worthy of credit: "A young lady was sitting in a room, adjoining a poultry-yard, where chickens, ducks and geese were disporting themselves. a drake came in and approached the lady seized the bottom of her dress with his beak, and pulled it vigorously. Feeling startled, she repulsed him with her hand. The bird persisted.—Somewhat astonished, she paid some attention to this unaccountable pantomine, and discovered that the drake wished to drag her out of doors She got up, he waddled out quickly before her. More and more surprised she followed nim and he conducted her to the side of a pond where she perceived a duck with its head caught in the opening of a sluice. She hastened to release the poor creature and restored it to the drake, who by loud quackings and beating of his wings, testified his joy at the deliverance of his companion.

A Sad Fate.

In crossing the plains in 1852, Tommy Dod was gobbled up by the Goshoot Indians, and for some months remained a captive among them. He says among other plunder obtained by the Indians when they took his train was a hand-organ, which an adventurous Italian was bringing out to California. The organ was a big thing among the Indians after they had reached their village. The chief had a man to sit in front of his hut and grind it every night.—It was set to play "Yankee Doodle" and "Yankee Doodle" it played every night, week in and week out, without "variation." One night in fooling with the "machine," the Indian grinder shifted the stop, and when he resumed the crank out came "Pop Goes the weasel." The old chief listened a moment and supposing the machine was spoiled, seized his tomahawk, leaped from the door of his hut, and with a fierce yell brained the discoverer of the new tune upon the spot.

Journalism in the United States.

We have before us two very interesting tables in manuscript, made up in the Census bureau in Washington out of reports of the ninth census not yet published, and showing at a glance the number of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, the number devoted to particular interests and the distribution according to frequency of publication. We gather the most suggestive facts presented by these tables and give them to our readers. The entire number of such publications in the country, is nearly six thousand—5,845. These are divided as follows:

Daily	574	Semi-monthly	96
Tri-weekly	107	Monthly	621
Semi-weekly	115	Bi-monthly	13
Weekly	4,270	Quarterly	49
Total			5,845

Of this immense aggregate, 79 papers, ranging from weekly to quarterly, are published only for advertising purposes. Subtracting these as not fairly to be counted among the publications which illustrate the journalistic enterprise of the nation, we have 5,766 newspapers and periodicals in the country—an average of one to about 6,500 of the population. The whole number is distributed among various interests as follows:

Political	4,328
Agricultural and Horticultural	93
Benevolent and Secret Societies	81
Commercial and Financial	122
Illustrated, Literary and Micellaneous	502
Specially devoted to Nationality	20
Technical and Professional	207
Religious	407
Sporting	6

It will be observed that a little more than three-quarters of all the publications are devoted to politics, while of the 1,434 remaining nearly one-third (407) are issued in the interest of religion; the two great subjects of discussion, politics and religion, thus monopolize 4,735 of the 5,766 newspapers and periodicals in the United States; leaving but 1,031, less than one-fifth, for all other interests, including 'literary, illustrated and miscellaneous.' The latter class numbers nearly half of the remainder, and but 529, therefore, are really devoted to special interests. Of these special publications, it is pleasing to see that the lion's share, 207, belongs to science and the learned professions; papers devoted to agriculture and horticulture, 93, treat largely in a popular way of science practically applied, and may be added to the aggregate of instructive journalism, In the number of papers given as 'specially devoted to nationality,' those printed in various foreign languages, but merely as political papers, and not devoted to the interests of the race to which their readers belong, are not included.

It will please many of our readers to notice the evident advantage which the religious press has over the 'sporting' press. If the equation was mathematically correct—as 6 is to 407, so is the number of men interested in 'sporting' matters to the number interested in religious matters—the statistics would be much more satisfactory. We fear, however, that various daily and weekly newspapers carry on a more sharp competition with the 'sporting' than with the religious press, so that the numbers given are not a fair criterion of the popular interest felt in the respective subjects.

The political papers are divided into 3,560 weekly, 552 daily, 101 tri-weekly, 100 semi-weekly, 8 semi-monthly and 6 monthly. The religious papers are divided as follows: Weekly, 208; semi-monthly, 40; monthly, 141; bi-monthly, 1; quarterly, 17. There are three daily scientific or professional newspapers; the remainder, 204, range from weekly to quarterly, there being 130 monthly. The literary and illustrated papers run the entire gamut, from 8 daily to 7 quarterly, with 303 weekly and 157 monthly. There are 8 daily commercial or financial papers, 56 weekly and 40 monthly. Agricultural papers: weekly, 35; semi-monthly, 2; monthly, 66. Of the 'sporting' papers, 5 are weekly and 1 monthly.

Turning to the vital question of circulation, we find the facts of special interest, and can best exhibit them, perhaps, by the following table, in which we give the number of each class with the aggregate and average circulation:

	No.	Circulation.	Average
Political	4,328	8,778,320	2,028
Agricultural	93	770,752	8,072
Societies	81	257,080	3,173
Financial	122	690,200	5,357
Literary	502	4,421,935	8,808
National	20	45,150	2,257
Scientific or Professional	207	744,530.	3,596
Religious	407	4,764,858	11,706
Sporting	6	73,500	12,250

In aggregate circulation, as in number of publications, religion and politics take the lead, it will be seen, though the average circulation of the political papers is lower than that of any other class. The latter fact is easily accounted for. The 3,560 weekly political papers consist mostly of small rural sheets which have little, if any, circulation outside of the counties in which they are published. The "sporting" interest gains a little on the religious, but the original proportion of six to four hundred and seven is changed but little in the aggregate circulation. The immense circulation of the religious press shows a wonderful progress since the year 1816, when the first distinctively religious newspaper, the *Boston Recorder*, was strugling for a doubtful existence. The son of Sidney Edwards Morse may well be jealous of his father's laurels as its first editor.

The aggregate circulation of daily papers in the United States is 2,606,547; average circulation, 4,541. The weekly papers circulate 10,591,743 copies, with an average of 2,480.—*Evening Post.*

Song of the Office-Holder.

The following scrap of doggerel, says Leslie's Illustrated, is a significent string of rhymes, telling its story in the blunt American fashion, so peculiar to our humorous, old, strong Western people. It is called "The Song of the Office-Holder." In explanation of his muse, the author writes, by way of preface, as follows: "Mr. Editor, this is intended more for truth than poetry. But yet I'm no mean scholar, to prove which I tell you that I got the style of my verses from Shakspeare's *Fool Touchstone*, in 'As You Like It.' More; being only a Collar Dog, I must perforce write doggerel. Likewise, being a very little Grant organ, I am perforce ground out. Also, sir, as a small Grant machine, my music must be machine music. So let her rip! Please, Mr. Editor, do let her rip! My place depends on letting her rip!" The author's motto is, "*Who grinds our axes? Grant and the Taxes!*"

"Till breath is scant,
I'll pant for Grant!
For Grant I'll pant!
Don't say I shan't!
I do not rant—
'Tis Grant I want,
And stop I cant't!
Oh, Grant! Grant! Grant!
Grant! Grant! Grant!
For Grant I went,
And now for Dent!
Also for Leet
To keep his seat.
Likewise the Ring
I also sing!
Ding, ding!

"O lud! I 'oughter'
Mention Potter!
And Murphy, too,
The sound and true!
And Mr. Jones!
Rise not thy bones,
O Raymond dead!
When 'Jones' is said.
Ring the chimes
For Jones' *Times*.
Whistle! 'Holler'
To the dogs o' the collar!
Sing the song,
Ding! dong! dong!

"And Daddy Grant,
And Cousin Grant,
And Brother Grant,
And Aunty Grant,
Bub-in-Law Grant,
Sweet Niece Grant,
Sister-in-law Grant,
Grand-daddy Grant,
I'm out of rhymes,
But ring the chimes—
Now, fellows 'Holler!'
In chorus follow.
Eternally ours,
Be all the Grant powers!
And thus I sing,
And so my song
Goes ding, ding, ding!
And dong, dong, dong!"

A Pig Story.

This is not the first story that has been of a pig; but it has what has been called "the element of unexpectedness" about it.—Piggy got into a large yard where he did not belong, and trying to get out again, he stuck fast under a high board fence, and there began to kick and squeal in the good old way. His master, a big, fat Irishman, hearing the hubbub, ran out of his house near by, and caught his pig by the ears, endeavouring to pull him through the hole, before his tresspass was detected. But this treatment had no effect but to make the pig yell the more. An old ram in the yard, hearing the noise, and seeing piggy's hind legs and tail flourishing away in a menacing manner, accepted what he thought was a challenge, and lowering his head, charged with all his might. He struck his mark squarely and fairly, and the pig shot through the hole like a pork cannon-ball, and, striking his master full in the breast, knocked him flat on his back. The only person who witnessed the closing scene was just entering the yard, and not being aware how many actors were engaged in it, was very much surprised to hear what he supposed to be the pig swearing in Irish on the other side of the fence.

Lined.

A fellow rushed into a drug store in Elmira a few days ago and called for a pound of camphor and downed the whole of it. It was a surprise party to those present, and some one asked "what the deuce did he do that for?"

"Why," said the druggist, "he is lined."

"Lined," said the questioner, "what is that?"

Then he was told.

Some years since a gentleman who was about to give a dinner party, spent a whole week showing his servants how to make mock turtle soup. When the day came, she made the mock, and the turtle, and the soup all right, and just as she was about to pour in a bottle of claret, a little boy entered singing, "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," which distracted her attention, and she made a mistake and poured in a whole bottle of hair tonic.

"Did it make hair soup?" said he meekly.

"Alas!" said the druggist, "the results were sad."

"What were the results?" said he.

"Darn it," said the druggist, "didn't I just say they were sad?"

"But," said he, "how did the mock turtle wind up?"

"Ah," said the druggist, "two went to the Morgue, four to the hospital and all who didn't die were called the survivors, and that fellow you just saw was one of 'em."

"What the d—l does he swallow so much camphor for?"

"Well, that tonic started the hair growing down his throat, and he took the camphor to keep the moths out."

LIME.—We find the following in an exchange: A standing antidote for poison by oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quick lime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases. Poison from bees, hornets, spider bites, etc., are instantly arrested by the application of equal parts of common salt and bicarbonate of soda, well rubbed in on the place bitten or stung.

Sisters of Charity.—Faith and Hope.

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