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THE LOVED AND LOST.

[The following poem will come like a "song in the night" to many a stricken heart:]

The loved and lost! why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our outward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway cross'd,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary lo.

They are not lo t; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—

Did she mak rong;
"Nay, but th , must share."
Or rather bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death has made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach;
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they lay down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the Heavenly Town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost, loved ones, will be found again.

WHICH OF THE TWO?

OR THE

CHOICE OF RALPH LIVINGSTON.

Ralph Livingston was one of Fortune's most favored children; young, in good health, handsome, and very rich. Ralph was the only child of a widowed mother, and the last representative of an old and proud race. He was a universal favorite.

Mrs. Livingston knew the time was coming when her son would marry, and she thought to anticipate his choice by selecting a wife for him, fearing his heart might settle on one not agreeable to her. She felt jealous of every pretty girl in town, and feared them—save one right at home. But then Aileen was not beautiful, and, of course, she had no idea of the girl who was friendless, a dependent on her bounty, as one to connect, even in thought, with her son.

No, Aileen, poor child! was not to be feared. She waited on Ralph; read to him; learned difficult songs, that he might easily catch the air, and sing them to other girls; listened to his eulogies on the beauty, grace and sweetness of Lilly, Rose or Violet, whichever he chanced to be the best pleased with at the time. Before Aileen knew Ralph's nature so well, she would steal away to her room, and weep as if her little heart would break—why, she would never acknowledge even to herself—when he would talk of the girl he admired so much. But, after a time, Aileen could listen and smile, for she felt his heart knew not the mighty power.

Ada Whiting, the daughter of her dearest friend, was the choice of Mrs. Livingston, and she set herself about to have it as she wished. Fortune favored her just then. Mrs. Whiting's health being very feeble, her physicians advised a winter South. Ada was much averse to going, and so it was an easy task for Mrs. Livingston to persuade Mr. and Mrs. Whiting to leave their daughter to her love and care. And so the beautiful Ada became one of Mrs. Livingstone's family. Ada was beautiful, truly; perfect in form and features, with a shower of golden ringlets; a complexion fair, and delicately tinted as the pearly sea-shell; eyes as blue as the summer sky—and languishing eyes, that ever glowed with the same soft, sweet light.

Never were two girls more dissimilar than Ada Whiting and Aileen Wild. And when Mrs. Livingston saw them standing near together, she thought how much Ada's beauty was enhanced by the contrast; for Aileen was a pale, sallow thing, whom no one had ever thought pretty, and beside the fair beauty that Mrs. Livingston had determined should be her daughter, the portege appeared very plain looking. But Aileen had eyes that would have won for any woman that had a little tact, and with the aid of art, the reputation of a beauty—eyes so large and dark, with a world of love and passion glowing away down in their depths.

Mrs. Livingston was well satisfied with the prospect of affairs. She had but little doubt of the final success of her plan. There was one thing, however, that Mrs. Livingston did not like and felt the necessity of warning Ralph against. It was this: "that whenever he would intend to read for the entertainment of Ada and his mother, he would invariably ask where is Aileen?" and wait until she was sent for and came.

'Why do you do so, Ralph?' Mrs. Livingston asked. 'Ada will think you rather more attentive to Aileen than is necessary under the circumstances. In fact, it looks as if you read more particularly for Aileen's benefit. And last night I noticed, and so must Ada, that you commenced your reading with only one auditor, and that neither your mother nor her guest.'

'Did I? Well, mother, really I was very remiss; but the truth is, Aileen not only appreciates the subject but shows it. Ada takes all sentiments, no matter how varied, with the same sweet expression of the eye and tongue. Why, mother, the most glowing descriptions, passionate and pathetic appeals that ever fell from inspired poet's brain, fail to draw forth from her an exclamation other than, 'It's pretty, is it not?' while Aileen's dark face lights up, her glorious eyes sparkle and glow with inspiration caught from the poem, and she expresses her appreciation in words that would satisfy the ambition of the most exacting author. That is why I love to read to her. She absolutely throws off the little plain face, and grows really beautiful at such times, answered Ralph,' while his mother gazed, really amazed at his words and manner.

At length, after a moment's pause, she said:

'One who did not understand you Ralph, would doubt which of the two you were in love with. Let me advise you, my son, to be careful. Aileen might be foolish enough to misinterpret your feelings and actions, and Ada might withdraw her favor.'

Ralph was about to answer, when a sigh and the rustle of a dress caught his ear, and starting up, he said:

'Do not worry mother. I'll do what is right.'

He walked out of the conservatory and looked around, but no one was visible. His mother had started a train of thoughts that had never been touched before, and he wandered off from the house and threw himself down on a shady mound to commune with his own heart. Yes, he must know himself. Did he love Ada? And Aileen—what of her? Never for a moment had he thought of her, except as she was—his friend, his confidant; she would not misunderstand his kindness. Ada loved him, he felt sure; and although he had never told her so, he had certainly given her reason to believe he loved her. Yes, he must do what was right—what Ada, his mother, and the world expected.

With this determination he sought Ada, told his love, and won her promise to be his. He believed himself very happy, but one thing marring his pleasure. Could she love as another might? What if poverty, or danger of any kind, threatened, would she brave all for him?

Ah! the trial came soon enough. A dreadful sickness came upon him. Servants fled; friends came not; and when he called for Ada to come and cool his fevered brow, the good doctor tried to soothe him, and hide the shameful truth. She, too, had fled—among the first.

Oh, how he suffered! No gentle hand to soothe, no loving voice to whisper words of comfort. Dying alone! and then his heart knew but one wish on earth—to see Aileen. Yet he breathed it not. She must not come near him to breathe the fatal air. Lying thinking of her he felt a soft little hand pressing gently on his burning brow. She was with him kneeling by his side.

'Aileen! Aileen! Darling, away! away!' he cried. 'Do you not know 'tis death here?'

'No, Ralph. 'Tis life to be with you,' she answered, pressing her lips to his, and inhaled his death-bearing breath.

She stayed by him, clung to him. Death was robbed of his terrors then. The last sound that fell on his ear was an agonizing cry from Aileen, as they strove to draw her from him.

'I will! I will!' she cried.

And Ralph Livingston sprang up—not from death—but his dream—and stood gazing bewildered at the scene before him. Ada and Aileen both stood by, the first pale and trembling, the other pale, too, but with a look of firm determination and courage. On the ground, a few paces from her feet, lay a frightful, venomous snake, stunned by the force with which she had thrown it down.

In a moment, Ralph, as if by instinct, knew all. And Ada, in the same sweet emotionless manner, said they had come to hunt for him by his mother's desire. And she had stooped down to waken him, when she discovered the dreadful snake stealing round his neck. She ran away so frightened. And Aileen went up—although she told her it would surely bite her—and caught it close up by the head, drew it off, and dashed it to the ground.

Ralph's dream flashed back to his mind so vividly then; and he felt toward Aileen as he had never before; and much relieved to be sure that he was not bound to the cold, beautiful girl beside him. And he believed if she should ever be his, it would be as in the dream. If danger ever threatened, she would fly. While Aileen—dear, noble, loving Aileen!—he knew she would never desert the man who called her his. She would cling by to save or die with him.

Turning to Aileen, he said:

'Thank you; you are a brave little woman, Aileen! you may have saved my life.'

There was a tone of deep emotion in his voice which caused Aileen to raise her eyes to his. She saw in them something that made her heart leap with a wild bound of joy, and she was happier than ever in her life before. She had been in a distant part of the conservatory that morning, and had heard much of the conversation between Ralph and his mother. It was her sigh that Ralph had heard, Oh, how miserable had life appeared to the poor child then! She little dreamed how soon the cloud would pass away.

Ralph was very quiet after their return to the house. He could not banish from his mind the occurrence which had so plainly shown him the diffegence in the girls. He was disappointed in Ada, and something almost amounting to dislike was stealing into his heart against her, while Aileen was growing hourly dearer to him. How pretty she looked that evening, he thought; and, indeed, Mrs. Livingston gazed at her, and wondered what had come over the girl to make her look so bright and happy. Ralph longed to be with her alone. He found an opportunity during the evening. After again thanking her, he said:

'Did you not know how deadly was the bite?'

'Certainly. That was the reason I hastened to get it off,' she said.

'Did you not think of the danger to yourself, Aileen?'

'Oh, yes, I thought of everything.'

'And you feared not?'

'Only for you, Ralph.'

'Aileen, the man who wins your heart will have a priceless jewel. I believe you you would die for one that you loved.'

Her face grew paler than usual then. She was striving to still the wild throbbing of her heart, and hide her secret too.

'Would you not, Aileen?' he asked.

'Would not any woman?' she returned, lowering her eyes.

'Aileen, if you had known that snake could have bitten you, would you have touched it—have braved death for me?' he asked, striving to catch her eye.

She spoke not, nor looked at him.

'Aileen, you must answer me,' he said, putting forth his hand, and clasping hers.

'You have no right to insist—to speak thus to me,' she answered, still evading his gaze.

'I have, Aileen, the right to know the heart of the woman I love! Now look at me, and see if I am not speaking the truth!'

She timidly raised her eyes.

'Will you answer me now, Aileen?' he asked, opening his arms.

'You know! you know!' she sobbed.

He caught her to his bosom, and said:

'My own darling, I do know! My brave little Aileen!'

Mrs. Livingston was greatly disappointed. But her boy's will was her law, and she accepted as gracefully as possible what she could not avert.

Many of his friends, no doubt, marvelled at his choice of a wife; and he knew it, but cared not, for to him Aileen is more than beautiful. The thought of testing her love never enters his mind. He knows its worth—its depth.

If Ada had an affection for Ralph, it did not linger with her long. In a few weeks it was transferred to another—one who was proud of his beautiful wife, and was content with such love as she gave him.

SLANG PHRASES.

Reverend Doctor Hall was sitting in his study one pleasant August afternoon, his thoughts intent upon his Sunday sermon, and his mind withdrawn from earthly cares, when his attention was distracted from his theme, by the following conversation:

"Oh, Nellie Hall, where are you—you'd ought to have been there—just the stunningest fellow."

Then a sound of running feet, and pretty soon he heard his daughter exclaim:

"Is that you, Maggie?"

"Yes, come down quick, I've got something to tell you."

"I'll be there in half a jiffy."

Then a door opened and shut, and in a few minutes,

"What do you think as I was coming over here, there was just the stunningest fellow, right in front of me. Just as I got opposite the new church, my music roll slipped, and every paper in it fell out on the sidewalk."

"Gracious! I should have been dumb confounded."

"And so I was, but it was so ridiculous, that I almost died a laughing.—Well, that fellow, do you think, stopped, turned round and helped me pick them up. I was all bunky dory then. He walked as far as here with me, and I thanked him of course, etc., etc., "You know how 'tis yourself."

The good doctor scratched his head.—Could that be a companion of his Nellie, whom he thought so lady-like? He opened the door, softly, a little crack, thinking, no doubt, that he had a right to play the part of a listener to so strangely mixed a conversation, and in his own house. Very soon it was continued, this time his daughter commencing the conversation.

"There, how's that for high?"

"Oh, is'nt that sweet; how much was it?"

"Only five dollars; cheap enough."

"Yes, indeed; but you said you were going to have pink; this is blue."

"Never mind, it's all the same in Dutch."

The doctor peeped to see what they were talking about—and Miss Nellie was exhibiting her new bonnet to the admiring gaze of her friend.

"It's raging hot here."

"Well I don't know as I can make it any cooler," said Nellie looking around. "I 'spose fathere'd kill me if I opened a door." Her father had requested her, the day before, to keep the doors closed.

"I guess it's time for me to absquatulate," said Maggie rising.

"Don't tear yourself away. Are you going to the lecture to-night?"

"Yes, I had a staving old time last Tuesday night."

"George Saunders said he should go home with you to-night."

"Did he? He'd better spell able first."

"That's so. If there's anything I hate, 'tis these boy's bothering around; they ought to be put into a barrel and fed through the bung-hole until they are old enough to behave."

"I must bid you a fond adieu now; I've got thousands of errands to do."

"Well, good-bye."

"O, the dickens, I've left my parasol."

"Here it is."

"Now good-bye; be sure and come to-night."

"Yes, good-bye."

Then the door closed, and Nellie went up stairs.

The doctor gently shut the door, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. He sat buried in thought some little time. Now and then a good-humored smile broke over his face, and once he shook with silent laughter. Then again his face lengthened and his brow grew dark, till at last, with a profound shake of the head, he sat down to resume his sermon; but in vain, he could not concentrate his thoughts, not an idea would enter his brain; so he sat idly scratching his pen upon the paper, till at last, with a gesture of impatience, he pushed back his chair, got up, shook himself, took his hat and went out for a walk. He got as far as the gate, when an idea seemed to strike him. He came back, hung up his hat, and went in search of his wife. For a long time they were closeted together, until time for tea.—When tea was ready, Miss Nellie came down, equipped for the lecture. After they were fairly seated at the table, Mrs. Hall said, "My dear sir, will you have some tea?"

"In half a jiffy, madam."

Nellie looked up, but her father took no notice.

"Really, this cake is quite stunning," went on the doctor as solemn as a judge. Just then his napkin fell to the floor.—"Gracious! I'm con-dumb-founded," ejaculated the doctor, getting a little wrong.

Nellie gazed at her father in perfect amazement.

"My dear, this sauce is staving.—Where did you buy it?"

"Oh, well it's all the same in German.

Nellie dropped her knife and fork.

"You must give me some money for the butcher to-morrow," said Mrs. Hall.

"You'll have to spell "ability" first," growled the doctor savagely.

Then suddenly taking out his handkerchief, he gave his nose a tremendous blow, "There," said he, "how's that for high?"

"I know how 'tis myself," meekly replied his wife.

This capped the climax. The knowledge that her father must have heard the afternoon conversation was too much for Nellie. She burst into tears and left the room. The sage doctor nodded wisely to his wife, and when she had got out of hearing, exclaimed, "There, wife, I guess we shall hear no more slang phrases from her,"

The next day the good doctor called his daughter into his study and said to her: "My dear girl, don't you see how very foolish all these phrases are? They mean nothing, but are exceedingly injurious to those who use them. By ever so sparing a use, one's speech get's so corrupted, that person a often makes use of one of those expressions, at times, which afterwards he would be sorry to remember.—They sound very silly to a listener, and often the usage of them leads to something worse. It is bad enough to hear boys use them sometimes, but a girl is expected to be too refined and lady-like to sully her lips by such expressions. The use of them is simply a bad habit, but bad habits, like cuts in the bark of a tree grow and widen with age, and if they once get a firm hold are hard to get rid of. Then there is a great deal in companionship. If we keep company and are intimate with those who make use of bad language, we are apt to make use of it ourselves. "Persons are known by the company they keep." When you see a person using these slang phrases you may be sure that such person knows not what is called "good society." Such expressions as "By Gorry," or "By Darn," are not foolish, but wicked. For does not the Scriptures say, "Swear not at all, neither by heaven, nor by the earth, but let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." There my daughter," said the doctor, "we have made quite a sermon of it, so let us have no more of slang phrases."

TEMPER.

Temper in a man answers to temper in edge tools. A man destitute of that heaven-born principle would be as insufficient in the hand-to-hand difficulties that must be encountered as a rockdrill without the correct temper. An ax may be made of the choicest quality of steel, ground to an edge, and polished so beautifully that a chopper can see the color of his eyes in the polished surface. Let him sink such a tool into a stick of green basswood up to the eye, and the bright edge will seem adequate to any requirement; but strike a hemlock knot, and the beautiful edge writhes and turns this way and that way, into a doubled and twisted corrugation. Ah! the correct temper is lacking. But, thrust the burnished steel into the fire and give the edge a proper temper, and it will walk straight through the gnarly oak, and the knotty hemlock, as a warm knife will pass through a roll of frozen butter. But the instrument is the same in both instances. Nothing of an appreciable nature has been added to, or taken from the steel. So it is with a man or woman. Correct temper gives efficiency to every word and action. Were it not for the uniform temper of an engineer, the Hoosac Mountains could never be tunneled, nor could the Niagara ever have been bridged. A boy without 'grit,' without 'spunk,' destitute of temper, might grow up into a feminine imbecile, of feeding the chickens, and always requiring a guardian or superintendent. No man or woman, boy or girl, ever inherited too much temper or grit. The great trouble has always been the controlling of it. A noble horse that has not sufficient temper to tear his harness and rend every rein, making kindling wood of the vehicle that he is drawing, when things about him become unstrung and out of gear, would be an animal of little value. A horse never possessed too much fire and temper. Whenever there is difficulty it may be attributed to a lack of control of that temper by means of a correct education. So with children, and so with adults. In every noble nature, whether animal or human, the all-wise Creator has implanted this wonderful power of resistance, thus rendering each possessor of it efficient—enabling him to battle successfully with the asperities and obstacles of life. A young man, or boy, in these perverse days of seduction, intrigue and corruption, needs the grit of emery, and the unflinching firmness of the diamond to enable him to meet with unruffled temper the persuasive incentives to dishonesty, and crime, and popular corruption. The temper must be *controlled*, and educated in childhood, in boyhood, through the critical period of youth, up through the years of riper manhood, and down to hoary age. Temper, firmness, decision, pluck, grit, or spunk, by whatever euphonic appellation we may be pleased to name the quality, is one of the most praiseworthy qualities of a noble manhood. Without such a granite foundation, the entire superstructure of character will resemble the soft and yeilding edge of the *tool* destitute of temper. Without this persistent quality, everything would be unreliable and as unstable as water on an inclined surface. But this faculty must be controlled.

Anger is the open manifestation of temper. There is an ignoble, and a noble anger. One is sinful, the other not. When a person is vexed, annoyed, worried, fretted, and nearly driven to desperation by his contact with the difficulties and asperities of life, his anger is sinful. People say he has *too much temper;* but the grand difficulty is, he has not been educated to control it. When temper gains the ascendency over the man, woman, boy, or girl, and is manifested in an eruption of frenzy, he or she can never tunnel a mountain, or bridge the foaming cataract. A man's persistence, his firmness, his perseverance, his indomitable determination, his well-controlled temper may nerve his nature, to a terrific pitch, and yet he may be as steady as the steam engine that is about to give motion to a ponderous load. Such anger, in overcoming the difficulties of life, and in resisting wrong, is noble, not sinful. Men too often allow their temper to get the best of them. They are, then, like a terrified horse that is running away, and in the impulse of a hasty moment, they are led to do, or say some wicked thing that may embitter their whole existence. In moments of sober reflection, every one should fortify himself against every storm of anger, by imagining what to do or to say if in this or that difficulty. He should prepare himself to surmount all the obstacles and annoyances of mortal life, with a coolness that will impart a magnanimous luster to a noble manhood. As men have difficulties to meet, and obstacles to overcome, their nerves must be tempered by education *to stand* for the maintenance and ultimate triumph of truth and equity, and for the proper defence of their legitimate rights, whenever they may be invaded. The worker in steel corrects the temper of his sword, his dagger, or his pruning knife, before the practical test. So a man must be so familiar with his own temper that he can encounter any of life's difficulties with a manly fortitude, without loosing that equanimity which gives character and dignity to every word and action.

BILL ARP ON A BUSTLE.

See here, Mark Antony—if I was you I wouldn't take on so about the fashions.—They don't bother me. It's none of your bisness what the women put on or off so they behave themselves and look just as pretty as they can. They are a heap better than you or me anyhow, whether they behave or not. I wouldn't give one woman for several men no time, would you? Now see him smile and pat that off foot. If women want to wear bussels, let 'em wear 'em. I thought that pannears was the best because they stuck out sideways and wasn't in the way of leaning back when they sat down, but they know which is the best side to stick out on, and it's nobody's bisness but theirs. They may wear anything they want to, bussels and hoops and hangovers and convexes and collapses and whimaddidles and stickouts and top-knots come down and anything else so there is a women hid away somewhere inside of it all. It's all a sham—that rubber bussell—there ain't no substance nor backbone in it. I've seen 'em flat and blowed up. There ain't a bit of sham in 'em but I never see one on a woman that I don't want to hit it just hard enuf to make it pop. I golly, wouldn't she jump high and holler? But I'm not going to do it; no sir; I've got too much respect for women. Their bussels don't hurt anybody, and I despise to see a man always pickin at a women's close. If they didn't wear something to disguise 'em the men would quit bisness when they cum about. Purty women always did wear something to skeer the men away. It's been so forever. During the war I seed one who jest dressed as nateral as life, without any paddin or stuffin, and when she cum along the boys jest laid down and rolled over and hollered. They waren't fit for bizness for a week. But I couldn't bear to see 'em go with their faces all tied up like they do in Turkry. That would mighty nigh kill me. If I can look into their blessed countenances I can put up with their fore riggin and their hind riggin and all. A good sweet purty face speaks for all the balance of the craft. I wouldn't marry nary girl on the earth till I see her face, and not then if she dident suit me. If the eyes nose and mouth are all right, natur is an endorser for all the balance. Paint ain't nothin—shape is everything. They can't paint a shape, nor the glance of the eye. You may paint a house ever so white, but that don't signify what's in it. But when you see bright rosies and posies and blossoms in the front yard, and a vine over the door, and clean, clear winder glass a shining you may bet your hat on the balance. You needn't worry about the bussel nor the back. Women have been doing that way ever since old Solomon wrote about em. If they do lean a little as they go, it's all right.—They can straighten up when it is necessary. No spinal disease about that.—Thems the very sort what can lift two bushels of meal without crackin' a bone. It's only a passing fashun—and will last till something else comes along. Nature made em that way, and you cant change it. The more you try, the more you can't. The more you abuse their bussels, the more they'll stick em at you—so let em alone I say. They are all the same about fashuns, and the last one would put them on if they had plenty of money. I wish I was jest rich enuff to give every lady in the land a string of diamonds and a hat full of pearls. Good gracious how quick that Methodist dissiplin would be busted on the jewelry business. Well, I do like to see em look purty, and so far as I am concerned, if ribbons and flowers and flounces and furs will help do it, it's all right. Some of the birds are dressed up mighty fine, and I reckon their pride ain't much of a sin after all. But understand me Mark; I don't hanker after bussels, tho' they do say it makes the nicest shelf for the arm to rest on in the world, when a feller is dancin around with his gal. That's all right, provided the feller ain't a dancin with my gal. If he is why he may take her and keep her, that's all.

BILL ARP.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—We do not know how we can ever express our gratitude to the Danbury News for furnishing us with a panacae for all the coughs and lung complaints that we may be subject to this spring. In the language of the melodrama, we can only say, Heaven bless you, my che-ild! Listen to his solid chunks of wisdom: One of our citizens who has been troubled with a severe cold on the lungs effected his recovery in the following simple manner. He boiled a little boneset and hoarhound together, and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arms, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all these off with an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard paste instead. His mother put some onion drafts on his feet and gave him a lump of tar to swallow. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet and went to bed. Next morning another old lady came in with a bottle of goose oil, and gave him a dose of it on a quill, and an aunt arrived about the same time from Bethel, with a bundle of sweet fern which she made into a tea, and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife, who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring, on Franklin street, gave him two pills of her make, about the size of an English walnut and of a similar shape, and two tablespoonfuls of home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half pint of hot rum at the suggestion of an old sea captain at the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of the neighbors arrived who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of spearmint tea, and a big dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pill, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burnt on a shovel in his room. He is now thoroughly cured, and full of gratitude We advise our readers to cut this out and keep it where it can be readily found when danger threatens.

Ballad by a clerk who parts his hair in the middle:

She stood beside the counter
The day I n ne'er forget
She thought the Muslin Dearer
Than any she'd seen yet
I watched her playful fingers
the Silk & Satin toss
the clerk looked quite uneasy
and nodded at the boss

Show me some velvet ribbon
Berage and satin dark
She said I want to purchase
Then gave the goods a jerk
The clerk was all obedience
He traveled on his shape
at Length with Hesitation
She bought a yard of Tape.

When Dr. Johnson asked the widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, aud that he had an uncle hanged. The widow replied she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had not had a relative hanged, but she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

Ninety-six of the doctors of Montreal have signed a paper designed to "undeceive the public mind of the mischievous error that alcoholic liquors are beneficial." They declare that "abstinence from intoxicating liquors would greatly promote the health, morality and happiness of the people."

☞In every grand piano there are sixteen kinds of wood, namely, pine, maple, spruce, cherry, walnut, white-wood, apple, bass-wood, and birch, all of which are indigenous: and mahogany, ebony, cedar, beech, and rosewood, from Honduras, Ceylon, England, South America and Germany. In this combination, elasticity, strength, pliability, toughness, resonance, lightness, durability and beauty are individual qualities, and the general result is voice.

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