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Go Vay, Becky Miller, Go Vay.

BY OLD UNCLE SCHNEIDER.

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!
I don't lofe you now, von schmall leetle bit,
My dream vas played oud, so please got up and git,
Mit your falseheaded vays I can't get along mit,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vas all der young voomans so falsehead like you,
Mit a face nice und bright, und a heart plack und plue,
Und all der vhile schwearin you loved me so true,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vy vonce I dought you vas a star vay up high,
I liked you so petter as gogonut-bie,
But, oh! Becky Miller, you's now a big lie—
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

You took all der bresent vat I did bresent,
Yes, gobbled up every blamed von vat I sent—
All der vhile mit anoder young feller you vent,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vhen firsht I found oud you'se such a big lie,
I don't know vedder to smudder or die,
But now, py der Chingo! I don't often gry,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Don't try to make belief you was sorry about,
I don't beleef a dings vot comes out of your mouth,
Und besides I don't care—for you're blayed out,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

ANECDOTE OF TWO ARABS.

Lamartine, the French poet, relates the following anecdote:—There was a horse the name of which was spread far and near in the tribe of nagdeh; and a Bedouin of another, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. In vain having offered for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, and to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. So equipped, he went to wait for Nader, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way.

"When he saw Nader approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, 'I am a poor stranger: for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you!" The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, 'I cannot rise: I have no strength left.' Nader, touched with his distress, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. No sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, 'It is I, Daher! I have got the horse, and am off with him."

"Nader called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Nader, who was armed with a spear. 'You have taken my horse,' said the latter. 'Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any man how you obtained it.' 'And why not!' said Daher. 'Because,' said the noble Arab, 'another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been.'

"Daher, struck with shame at these words, was silent for a moment, then, springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, and embraced him. Nader made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life."

TRAINING A HEIFER.—Cows usually become addicted to kicking when heifers, from being milked by abusive milkers. I have never seen an old cow become a kicker unless abused. Instead of cows being averse to being milked when giving a large quantity, I have ever found it the reverse. When pasturage is good, and cows come home at night with udders distended with milk, our "down East" cows seem grateful to have it removed. Milking a heifer for the first time requires patience, for they will almost invaribly kick. In such a case put a board strap round her body, just front of the udder and buckle it up moderately tight, and so soon as she gets quiet (for she may dance around a little at first,) take your pail, sit down and go to milking, for she is as helpless as a kitten. Do not attempt to use a rope instead of a strap, for it will not answer. This is a much better method than tying the legs, as it does not hurt the animal in the least. A few applications of the strap, with plenty of patience and kindness, will cure the most obstinate case.—*Rural Home.*

Railroad Kings--Scott, Garrett, Gould.

GRANDEUR OF SCHEMES AND CONFLICTS—SOUTHERN ROUTES AND CONNECTIONS—A COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF RAILROADING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The railroad routes South—being the "Piedmont Route," the "Coast Route" and the "Great Southern Mail Route"—have systematized matters so that they now make the trip to New Orleans in seventy-four hours. It is interesting to look into this subject, now that travel from the South to this city is so great, and see what is doing to complete our connections in that quarter. The men who are battling for the mastery in that direction are Messrs. Thomas A. Scott, John W. Garrett and Jay Gould. It is difficult to separate the works from the men, so first we take

THOMAS A. SCOTT,

of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Starting from New York we have Mr. Scott's connections through to New Orleans. They are made up by the Camden and Amboy, and nearly all them across, or part across, Jersey railroads that point Southerly from here. In going to New Orleans over this line there were, until recently, eleven changes of cars. These were at Washington, Aquia Creek, Richmond, Petersburg, Weldon, Wilmington, N. C., Kingsville, Augusta, Atlanta, Montgomery and Mobile. Now there are only two, and in about three weeks, when the Atlantic Road is to be finished, the trip between New York and New Orleans will be accomplished without a single change of cars. Strenuous efforts have for years been made to get a through connection under one ownership between New York and Washington. The war came between the time when railroads began their great career of success and the time they got under full sail. During that period the prosperous North and West hurried them along, while the depressed South suffered in the railroad line as well as other lines of business. When the war closed there were Northern competitors that looked Southward, and it appears that Mr. Scott stepped forward

MORE BOLDLY THAN THE REST.

He built, leased and bought, and succeeded South of Washington till now he owns, or has leased, a route and branches to New Orleans, except the road from Aquia Creek to Richmond (81 miles,) and from Mobile to New Orleans (140 miles.) The former belongs to the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Company, who own the Chesapeake Bay steamers, and the latter to the Morgans, who own the Gulf steamers. Both of these are making money, and will not sell out or perpetually lease to Scott. By passing a free railroad law at the next session of the Virginia Legislature, he hopes to circumvent the Bay Line people and build a connection between Aquia Creek and Richmond. Mr. John M. Robinson, General William Mahone and Mr. N. L. McCready, representing in Virginia the Bay Line of steamers, and Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, the Atlantic and Mississippi Consolidated Line, and the Old Domidion Steamship Company, are

FIGHTING SCOTT AND FAVORING GARRETT.

As for the Mobile and New Orleans Road, the Morgans will not sell it. The route is in a continuous marsh, and it would not pay Scott to build there as long as he can rent Morgan's road at anything like a reasonable figure. There is no connection through to New Orleans owned by one company. The Pennsylvania Central comes nearer than any other. In addition, the Great Southern Mail Route and the Coast Line both run a considerable distance over the Pennsylvania Company's lines, and could be stopped by refusal of the latter to let them run after the end of short leases, or by votes in the directories, owned by the Pennsylvania Company and its friends. The simple fact is, so far as control goes, that Mr. Thos. A. Scott to-day controls all the through rail communications South of Washington to New Orleans, directly or indirectly. The first step of opposition to that great railroad king, Mr. John W. Garrett, was in 1866 or 1867, when Col. John W. Forney and a number of others in Washington picked up, from the possession of an old canal boatman in Maryland,

AN OLD CHARTER FOR A RAILROAD.

Mr. Clinton Lloyd was the moving and responsible spirit in that affair. They let the owner in, and, putting money into the scheme, secured necessary amendments and extensions from the Maryland Legislature, and the rights of entry into Washington from Congress. Then they commenced work, and before they had gone far, Mr. Scott came along, paid the owners of the franchise (seven or eight in number) $40,000 apiece, and built the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, between Baltimore, Washington, and a point near Occoquan. It has been completed for several months; but the connecting tunnel in Baltimore was finished only a few days ago. It was necessary up to last week to land passengers over two miles from the heart of Baltimore, and for that reason the road was not much patronized as a local road between Baltimore and Washington. Last week

THE TUNNEL IN BALTIMORE

was completed to a connection with the Northern Central Railroad, owned by the Pennsylvania Company. On Sunday night a train started from here by way of Philadelphia, Lancaster, York and Baltimore to Washington, over a through route owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It goes by the Pennsylvania Road (old Camden and Amboy) to West Philadelphia, thence by Pennsylvania and Northern Central to Lancaster, York and Baltimore; thence by Baltimore and Potomac to Washington. It avoids the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad and the Union Railroad of Baltimore—leaving Wilmington out of the route. It is forty-seven miles further, but makes the same time as the old road. The trip to Washington is made in eight hours. This road gains an advantage in time over the other by steaming through the tunnel instead of using horses through the city of Baltimore, and this in good part effects the difference in the length of the route. Next comes

JOHN W. GARRETT,

of the Baltimore and Ohio Company. If Mr. Scott has laid his hand on San Francisco and New Orleans from Philadelphia and New York, Mr. Garrett, a slower and more conservative man, has exhibited his greatness by grasping San Francisco and New Orleans from Baltimore and Philadelphia. Here is a man who for a quarter of a century has studied the law of travel, and been more or less a practical railroader. In Baltimore Mr. Garrett is as much a leader at business and intellectual gatherings as any man in that city, and his opinion is cherished as a proverb. While Scott combines the dash and steady executive ability for new enterprises, and Gould's lean footstep leaves its imprint on Wall Street, Garrett sits quietly in his office. He is a man of powerful nerve, whose large brain is supported by an extraordinary physique and 210 pounds of flesh. He plots and plans and executes, but his conservative judgment is, when set in opposition to such an active man as Scott,

A LITTLE SLOW FOR THE OCCASION.

He selected a solid base for the great fortune he has gathered about him, and his stockholders rub their hands in glee as the big dividends come rolling in. But when Mr. Scott loomed up, he had a foeman that necessarily aroused his energies to their utmost, and the great connections and improvements he should long ago have made, have all been made since they became an absolute necessity to the preservation of the riches that centered in his company. It will take him a year or two to do what he finally determines upon; and in the meantime Scott has leaped like a greyhound upon the scene to carry off a share of the honors and profits that Garrett might have borne alone. The Washington Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad carried soldiers and supplies enough during the war to make a great corporation wealthy, and the regular business was so much more profitable. Garrett fought off all railroad schemes between those cities by holding them in the Maryland Legislature till Forney's party fished up the Baltimore and Potomac charter, as above described. Then

SCOTT WENT ON TO VICTORY

till he ran his first train of the New York and Washington line on Sunday last, and the competition is now in dead earnest.

There is a company in Baltimore known as the Union Line of Railway. It owns a tunnel, nearly completed, around the city, and expected either Garrett or Scott, and in fact both, to use it, to get them over to the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Depot. Garrett has built his freight line to a depot at the warehouses on Locust Point, and will ferry them across to Canton. Scott intended to build an immense elevator on the Canton Company's property, and give a Baltimore outlet to his road there. But he seems to think the Canton Company wants too much money for the place, and the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Company having turned a decidedly pleasant face toward Garrett, Scott has about determined to use the road he owns, from the Washington connection to New York, and avoid both the Canton and Wilmington Companies. For a long time Mr. Garrett was in doubt whether he would secure the Wilmington Road in his interests. It seems as if the company wanted to treat with Scott, but they agreed at last to treat with both alike and carry the cars of either at an equal rate. Scott at last demurred to this, and having a road of his own around that city, grew independent and used it. The Wilmington Road must now stick to Garrett and to Scott's local station freight. And just here arises

ANOTHER INTERESTING FEATURE.

Mr. Garrett has a good opportunity and the disposition to use the New Jersey Southern Road, between Baltimore and New York, owned by the Jay Gould party. Then he has a franchise that will let his company all the way from Baltimore into Jersey City. It is probable that he will build this road in a short time, and thus give us three competing lines of railroad between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. South of Washington the Robinson, Mahone and McCready parties are all working hand-in-glove with Garrett, or for his interest as against Scott, and the probabilities are that it will not be long before the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will own or control a through Southern connection, and thus give

TWO BITTERLY COMPETING LINES

south of Washington to New Orleans. Mr. Garrett is working around Washington from Bladensburg, will connect the Orange and Alexandria Road along the Valley of Rirginia, and by the East Tennessee and Virginia Road, others that he will buy, lease or construct, he will get into New Orleans. This brings us to

JAY GOULD AND NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

Whatever may be said of Jay Gould, either as President of the Erie Railway, or as a stock speculator, it must be admitted that he is a man of extraordinary ability. He is a wiry, ending, toughly constructed man, whose physical organization is not, however, as strong as his brain requires. It is a wonder that he has existed under the mental strain borne in th- vast amount of work he has undertaken and accomplished. But he is a man who would rather die in the breach his sword had cut than endure the humiliation of a defeat. And this, with shrewd and deliberate methods of his planning, has carried him to where he is,

THE CHIEF OPERATOR OF WALL STREET,

and a railroad man that ranked with Vanderbilt, Scott and Garrett. By securing the New Jersey Southern Railroad he has worked a connection with Philadelphia, via. Sandy Hook, Long Branch Manchester, thence by the Camden and Burlington Railroad to Camden. From New York they have the "Metropolis," an immense steamer that carries twenty cars of freight to Sandy Hook, and others of the same capacity are building. They have strong boats at Philadelphia that land from Camden to Chestnut Street.—From Manchester the Toms River Railroad connects for Toms River and Barnegat and the Tuckerton Road also connects at Whitting's for Barnegat. From Atsion, where the New Jersey Southern makes its deviation for Philadelphia, the road goes southerly and westerly to Vineland and Bridgeton, and thence to Bay Side on the Delaware Bay. From this point they will have to build powerful

STEAMERS TO CROSS THE BAY,

and thence across Delaware and Maryland by the Maryland and Delaware Road, its connection, and a small strip the company will build, the New Jersey Southern Road will reach the Chesapeake Bay and Baltimore. This road is one of inestimable value to the city, taking into consideration the necessity for competition that it will cause between Gould, Scott and Garrett. At Baltimore Mr. Gould will take the Baltimore and Ohio connection south and west, and compete with the Erie, New York Central and Pennsylvania Central Roads for the Western trade, and with Scott and the Southern trade, and with Scott and Garrett for the Baltimore and Philadelphia trade. This makes three competing rail lines, to Philadelphia, with the early probability of a fourth (Garrett's,) and two to Baltimore, with early prospects for two more (Garrett's and Gould's.)

ARE RAILROADS TO SUPERCEDE COAST STEAMERS?

It is demonstrated by experience that a railroad running out of New York to any other large city is sure to pay handsomely if well managed. Hence there is no probability of our getting more railroads to Southern Cities than we can support. The question whether the railroads will divert the trade of the coast steamers is a difficult one. As to passenger travel, the man who has time to make it, and wants to take the sea trip, will go that way always. As to freight, valuable goods will generally go by rail, because they do not insure by rail, and the insurance by steamer averages as much as the freight by rail. The insurance on a package valued at $500 and weighing 100 pounds is about $5 from New York to New Orleans. The freight by rail for the same package to and from the same points is $4. Less valuable freight costs less insurance, but costs less, for railroad freight, and the railroad people think they will make enough on dry goods and light packages to compete with the steamers in heavy freights. But the steamship folks seem to be doing well yet, and say their business is increasing steadily and rapidly.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

NOT RIGHT BY ANY MEANS.—There is a story afloat about a German gentleman in Berks county who buried his wife and married again in about ten days. The young men of the neighborhood determined to signify their disapproval of such a breach of propriety as this speedy marriage; so, while the wedding-feast was in progress at the house, they called and gave the parties a calathumpian serenade. After a while, the groom appeared at the front door, and, when silence had been obtained, he said, in a deprecatory tone:

"I say, poys, you ought to pe ashamt of yourselfs to pe making all dis nois ven dare vos a funeral here so soon. It ain't right."

The band then adjourned.

☞ When is a man obliged to keep his word? When no one will take it.

AIN'T THIS STEWARTS CROSSING?

BY A RAY STREET DRUMMER.

Formerly we could never tell why so many good things were related of steamboat captains and clerks. We understand it in our elder days, and can readily see how contact with all sorts of people naturally brings awkward positions to those frequently brought in contact with all manner of characters. Gradually the good things are now falling to conductors; railway travel having almost brought steamers to the banks. And of the conductors on the Georgia railroads, it seems that those on the S. W. R. R., while they have possibly the most pleasant general run, suffer more from outlandish folk, than any other class which I have noticed. Some days since, just before the train ran out from the car-shed in Macon, I was disturbed while reading the morning paper by the entrance of an old lady, who was slightly deaf, wondrously fussy, and fearfully made; in fact, very fearfully made for an old lady. Chignon, pannier flounces, and all those indescribable things which the younger of Fashion's devotees so patiently bear, were hung around her in profusion rare. After the train moved out the conductor appeared at the door, and "Tickets" came reverberating adown the aisle. I took advantage of the occasion to find out for what point Mrs. Joiner was bound and saw that the ticket she handed the conductor was "from Macon to Americus," but she requested the conductor to let her know when the train arrived at Stewart's Crossing, which is about four miles above Americus. This he of course readily agreed to do.

I engaged the old lady in conversation and found that she had been married to Mr. Joiner about two months; that she was his second wife and he her second husband. Furthermore, I found that she had some relations in one of the lower counties, and that a visit to them was the object of her journey. She seemed anxious to make as good an impression on them as possible, as she told me in the innocence of her heart, because they were not as well pleased as they should have been at his third marriage, especially as he married rather an old lady. We chatted pleasantly until we reached Jackson—about the third station from Macon, I think, when I left the old lady to her meditations. The next station was Powersville and when the train reached that point she called the conductor to her and asked him if that was Stewart's Crossing. He replied that it was not, and told her to give herself no trouble as he would tell her when they reached Stewart's Crossing. In fact, that as it was not a regular station he would come to her before they got there and let her get ready in time. I could see, however, that she was nervous, restless and excited. The train stopped at Fort Valley when she grabbed her reticule and calling the conductor wanted to know if that was Stewart's Crossing. His reply was very brief, but to the point:

"It is not madame."

Off went the train again, and as the whistle sounded for Marshallville the old lady again grabbed the precious reticule and called the conductor.

"Mr. Conductor, is this Stewart's Crossing?"

"No, ma'am, I will tell you when we get there?" was the amused conductor's reply.

Away we sped, and Marshallville vanished only to bring us, somewhat behind time however, to Montezuma. The reticule was grabbed again, and again the conductor called. In he came.

"Is this Stewart's Crossing, Mr. Conductor?"

"It is not, if you please, madame, I will certainly let you know when we get there; so you need not ask me," said the irritated conductor.

Oglethorpe was passed without the annoyance, but when Andersonville was sounded the old lady was in the highest pitch of excitement, and as the conductor was assisting a lady with three babies through the car, she grasped his sleeve with one nervous hand and her reticule with the other, and asked with all the earnestness of her excitable nature:

"Mr. Conductor, ain't this Stewart's Crossing?"

The usually good natured public functionary was vexed; you could see it all over his smoothly-shaven face.

"No ma'am this is not Stewart's Crossing. I have told you I would let you know when we got there, so be quiet and give yourself no uneasiness."

The old lady was twitching all over with excitement as we steamed away and left Andersonville vanishing behind.—The conductor came and took a seat by me and while discoursing on the comparative merits of broad guage and narrow guage railroads, forgot everything else.—At length he looked out of the window and immediately grabbing the bell-line, exclaimed:

"Bless my life, we've passed Stewart's at least a mile."

Stopping the train, however, he had the motion reversed, and we ran over a mile back to Stewart's, when he went to the old lady.

"Stewart's Crossing, ma'am?"

"Are we there?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am; hurry up and get off as soon as possible we are behind time, and had to run back nearly two miles for you."

The old lady seemed wondrously calmed and said with the greatest simplicity:

"I don't want to get off here. I want to go to Americus."

"Don't wan't to get off here?" thundered the conductor; "What in the thunder did you want us to stop here for?"

"I didn't want you to stop here," meekly she replied.

"What did you wan't to know when we got here for then?"

"Because," simply said the old girl, "my old man told me when I got to Stewart's Crossing that *it would be time to put in my teeth.*"

If you never heard a roar you ought to have been on that train. Amid the fuss the bell-cord had the most violent pulls that it had experienced in some time.—The old lady reached Americus and was met by some kin, who took her off the conductor's hands. He however, pondered over it well, and I overheard him tell the conductor of the up train when they met that he never could treat a toothless woman with that veneration which they deserved again, especially if she had a reticule and wanted to know when he passed a way station.

OUR TOM.

"What a great cat!" cried the doctor, when he came to see Fanny's papa, and beheld in front of him a large and very grave-looking tabby, sitting on the door mat.

Fanny felt rather offended at the words; there was no doubt whatever that Tom was a great cat, but then he was such a pet, and you all know we all like the idea of petting what is little.

Tom happened to be in the hall at that moment, but his usual place, in summer time, was in the garden under the south wall, with a large bough of the white rose-tree drooping over him. Not that he cared whether roses were red or white, but they liked the same sunshine which he did, and there he would sit purring, with his toes tucked in, till his coat got so scorching hot it would have well warmed your hand to stroke him. But the moment Fanny came into the garden he would jump up, stretch himself, put his back up as cats do, and then would follow her all round just like a dog. When she stopped he would stop, and when she sat down on the garden seat he would sit down too, as grave and demure a puss as anybody could see anywhere.

When dinner-time came you may be sure Tom was in the dining room, and not in his sunny place in the garden. Fanny was in the habit of sitting in an arm-chair, and Tom had his habit of jumping up behind her, and putting his fore-paws on one of the arms, watching each mouthful she took with wistful eyes. Every now and then he would reach out one paw and touch her arm in the gentlest, softest way possible. Of course, he did not mean to ask for anything, but only just to remind her that he was there.

You will see by this what a well-trained, well-behaved cat he was, and his early education had been carefully attended to before he came into Fanny's possession, and so, much the same as it is or ought to be with you, he had got into such good ways he never thought of getting out of them. Cook used to say she could trust him to any extent, and that she might put down a cold chicken on the floor and he would not think of touching it unless he was told he might.

Tom's usual place of an evening was before the drawing-room fire, but at bedtime he was always turned out and sent down to the kitchen—a proceeding which he thought a very uncomfortable one; and when the family assembled for prayers Tom learned to know quite well his dismissal was at hand. So just before they rose from their knees he always crept under the sofa, hoping by this means that he might be forgotten, which he sometimes was. Then, when all was quiet, he would slip out and renew his snooze upon the hearth-rug, till he was found there in the morning.

Tom lived with his young mistress fifteen years, during which time she grew from a little girl to a woman. I do not suppose he ever saw any difference in her. At any rate he loved her just the same. She had moved away from the pleasant country garden to a town, but though cats in general do not like change, he soon got used to it, and did not seem to care. He got up behind Fanny's chair in his old age just the same as he had done in his youth. Fifteen years is old, you know, for a cat, but I am sorry to say old age was not his end, for he vanished in a strange way. Poor Tom was last seen in the hall just as the front door was opening to let out a visitor, and it was supposed that he slipped out too, then the door was closed, and he could not get back again. Then he must have been stolen, or must have wandered away. At any rate, he never appeared more. Every corner of the house was searched, and every inquiry made, but in vain. Fanny never saw her pet again.

It was rather sad to lose an old friend so, but it was no fault of anybody's. Take care you never lose your pets by carelessness or by forgetting them, for that would be worse. And take care you never think that because they have been given to you, and are your property as you supposed, therefore you may do what you like with them. A few days ago I saw a little girl teasing a kitten, and when I told her it was wrong, she said, "Oh! but it is my own," just as if that was good reason for putting it to pain. She forgot that it was God's kitten, and not hers, and that God always watches to see whether we treat with kindness the creatures he has put into our power. We can love even these, and be tender to them for his sake.

WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the beds, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bedmaking; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them.

But what the true man most wants of a true wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize.

He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storms and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of those get nothing more: the other half, surprised above measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprised them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

THE BOY WHOSE MOTHER CUTS HIS HAIR.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed by an absent-minded horse, but you tell it by the way he stops on the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has cut her boy's hair she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to her to set him over a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes and leaves it there while she cuts that at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirt band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose touches his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistable desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges, and catches the points of his shears in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wish he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits him on the other ear, to inspire him with confidence, and goes on with the work.—When she is through, she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to the fact, but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.—*Danbury News.*

VARIETIES.—Seaside napkins are just large enough to wipe your eye on.

Divorces will be next obtained on the grounds of "emotional insanity," such as marrying on empty purses.

How many who daily enjoy the blessings of health and plenteous living, forget to give thanks to Him who giveth these blessings.

Cold in the head isn't half so common as cold in the heart, but it is a great deal oftener complained of.

No medicine is like plenty of fresh country air and beautiful scenery.

An Omaha farmer went out to dig horse radish, and struck a kettle containing $1000 in gold.

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