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THE SHOEMAKER'S SONG.

The shoemaker sat at his leathern bench,
And sang as he pegged his shoe;
He worked and sang and sang and worked,
While he drew the wax ends through.

Perchance the song was not so sweet
As the nightingale's sweetest trill;
But he worked as he sang and sang as he worked,
And sang and worked with a will.

It was not of love and Cupid's power
That the shoemaker gaily sang;
But he worked as he sang and sang as he worked,
While the shop with the echoes rang.

He did not sing to Italian strains—
Those words that none can tell!
But he beat the time to his own heart's rhyme
With the hammer that rose and fell.

The words that he sang are known to all,
And are known the whole world through;
But little he dreamed of his coming fame
As he sang and pegged his shoe.

He had left the door of his shop ajar,
For a breath of cooling breeze,
That murmuring sighed in the forest wide,
Of the gently whispering trees.

From the clover red in its crimson bed,
The breeze its fragrance bore,
And it swept along with the stream of song,
That flowed from that open door.

And this was the song that the shoemaker sang,
As he sang and pegged his shoe,
While a fly lit on the end of his nose
As he drew the wax-ends through.

His hands were full and he could not stop,
So what to do was he?
Then he sang in the words that echo yet—
"Shoo, fly! don't bother me."

And he beat the time, in a kind of chime,
And his hummer that rose and fell;
And the words of his song were borne along
Wherever the breezes swell.

When now soon the sun of June,
And summer's sultry sky,
Shall work on man the curse and ban
By bringing back the fly.

Then whereso'er the breezes swell,
On land or o'er the sea,
His song shall rise in countless cries—
"Shoo fly! don't bother me."

WHO IS GUILTY?

'The man waits outside,' said Mr. Spencer Fenton's servant, as he stepped in front of the low office-table, piled with books and law papers.

Mr. Fenton's servant was a man of penetration, and knew where to draw the dividing line between the common-place "man" and the higher order of being known as the "gentleman."

'Let him come in,' said Mr. Fenton, quietly, as he took a pistol from a drawer, laid it on the table and dropped a newspaper over it.

Mr. Fenton was a lawyer in good practice in a large city, and was known widely among the class of customers for whom he practiced as a celebrated lawyer of "Great Expectation" and fame.

The man was admitted, and proved to be a sullen-looking, brutish personage.

Mr. Fenton looked at this square-jawed savage face, and at once guaged his man.

'You may go, John,' he said to his servant.

'Take an hour or two to yourself, if you like.'

John went out, and the lawyer then took a seat at the table opposite his client, looking at him sternly.

'Now, my man,' he said quietly, 'we are together, and I want to know exactly how this matter stands.'

'I'm going to tell you how it stands; honest Injun, I am.'

'Very well. Now as to this bank robbery. You say that you can give information—for a consideration, of course."

'For five hundred dollars.'

'Very well.'

'Then I'll tell you. The man that put up that job is Seth Amity, the cashier of the bank.'

Fenton started to his feet, and for a moment lost self-possession.

'Seth Amity! Man, you are either drunk or crazy!'

'Be I? Then you take me some'r's and git me swore to it. I'll take my affidavy and whereas that he's the one as put up the job. I ain't agoing to swear to a lie.'

'I believe you'd swear to anything for a dollar, Senter; but that don't matter. Of course, if you can prove what you say, the man must be punished. Seth Amity? I would undertake to swear that you are lying.'

'I ain't, Mr. Fenton; so help me I ain't. He's the man as done it; he's the man as put the others up to the fastenings, and give them the impression of the safe key and the word to unlock the safe by."

'You know a great deal about this matter, it seems to me.'

'Reckon I know about it. I ain't sneaked and crawled there hull nights for nothin'. See here, they are going to made another haul on the bank, and they are going to meet to arrange it to-night. Would you dare go with me and listen?'

'Can you lead the way?'

'I kin, and you'll see what yer precious Seth Amity amounts to.'

'Shall I bring a policeman?'

'I don't like the cops; but bring one, if you like. He can't hurt me.'

'Very good; you can leave me now; but be on hand at nine.'

He arose and unlocked the door, and Senter shuffled out in his sullen manner. As he passed down the wide staircase, a young man brushed past him rapidly, and gave him a look of silent scorn. Senter stopped on the stairway and looked after him.

'That's you, Seth, my boy. You are down on me for a traitor and informer, but I'll fix you yet.'

The young man tapped at the door of Fenton's room and entered. The lawyer looked up at him quickly, and an expression of doubtful meaning passed over his face.

'Good morning, Seth,' he said. 'How do matters go on at the bank?'

'They are in trouble, of course, for there is absolutely no clue to the scoundrels who robbed the safe. They were cunning enough not to take anything except gold actually leaving a large quantity of bank notes, which they might have had as well as not.'

'Do you suspect any one connected with the bank?'

'I own I have my suspicions, Mr. Fenton, but I have no proofs, and as the man and I are not good friends, it might look like personal enmity on my part if I spoke of it.'

'The safe was opened with the key and word.'

'Yes; that is the puzzle, for only two of us had the word. The key is another matter, and it might have been taken in a dozen ways. Why, if the directors did not have the utmost confidence in me I might have been suspected myself. Are you going to the house?'

'No; but you must give me the name of the man you suspect; of course it will go no further than myself.'

'Henry Dana, the assistant cashier,' replied Seth, slowly. 'You know that he has not been friendly with me since he knew that Mary and I were engaged, for he hoped to succeed himself.'

'Umph! You are going to the house to see Mary?'

'Yes; I thought perhaps you were going down. I can't stop a moment; so, good-bye, and if you find out anything let us know at once.'

He hurried out, and Fenton remained with his head upon his hands, in deep thought. He had trusted Seth Amity so far that he had accepted him as the affianced husband of his only daughter, whom he loved as few parents love their children.

He knew that his informer was a brute, but a good spy, and he had given him trustworthy information before, and it looked bad for Seth. If it proved true, he would be the one to break the daughter's heart and consign Seth Amity to a prison cell for years. But he had been retained by the bank officials to work up this most audacious robbery, and he would do his duty. Seth hurried down to the cars and stepped up to the Fenton residence. As he went up the steps the door opened, and a young man stepped out, who cast a savage glance at him and passed by without saying a word.

'What is Henry Dana doing here?' he muttered; 'and what a malicious glance he gave me. I must understand the matter at once.'

He touched the bell and sent up his name by the servant who answered the call.

Directly after the girl came back with a card, upon which was written in a delicate female hand:

"Not at home, to Mr. Amity. I will never see you again.

MARY FENTON."

Seth looked wildly at the servant, and then, tearing the card in pieces, he stamped upon them furiously and hurried out into the street, his heart full of doubts and fears. Mary had refused to see him again. Who had poisoned her mind against him, and how should he unravel the web which fate seemed to be weaving around him?

Senter was on hand at the appointed time, and met Fenton at his office, where they were joined by a policemen. Fenton had armed himself, and after a stern command to be careful what he did, the informer took the lead, walking several paces in advance of the others, and not appearing to belong to them. He took a cab at a corner stand, and they followed his example; and after ordering their driver to keep the other cab in sight, they drove through the city, and half an hour after alighted in a side street, where the houses were of the class known as suspicious. The cabmen had their orders and drove away, and Senter joined the party.

'Where is the place?' said the policeman.

'Gentleman Tom's,' replied Senter.

'Tom keeps a little game of fare, and a good many rough customers hang around him,' said the policeman.' 'Will you go in?'

'Of course,' said Fenton, quietly.

'You are game,' muttered the policeman. 'This way, then.'

He opened a gate and by the talismanic power of certain words and knocks they were soon inside of the house, in which the gambling was in full blast.

Senter led the way up stairs to a small room which was carpeted so thickly that their footsteps gave no sound. Senter moved a small panel, scarcely an inch across, and motioned Fenton to look in. He applied his eye to the opening, and saw three men seated at a table, almost within reach of his hand, conversing in low tones. All of them were masked closely, and two of them called the third by name, at different times, and the name was—Seth Amity.

Fenton listened and heard the whole plan of the proposed robbery, and he knew that the man whom he had trusted, and to whom he had been about to give his daughter in marriage, was a villian and a partner with robbers.

All compunctions were at an end, and the last words he heard as the men arose were these: 'I have invested the proceeds of our last haul, in Chicago, in such way that it will give me influence enough with that old shark, Fenton, to induce him to hurry up the marriage with his daughter. There are over forty thousand dollars in gold in the bank, and the specie will flow in heavily to-morrow. This will make us rich enough to retire and live like honest men.

Twice during the next day Seth passed Mr. Fenton in the street, with a wild, excited look in his handsome face, and the lawyer found it hard to believe the evidence of his own ears. Seth did not look like a criminal, but rather one whom some unexpected sorrow had driven to despair.

At night, three men, with hats drawn closely over their brows, crawled through the alley at the back of Moreton Bank and reached a door, which was opened by a key, and they entered. A man lay sleeping on the floor, who was quickly overpowered, bound and gagged. The one who appeared to be the leader showed the way to where the other watchman was seated, nodding over a table. He was disposed of as easily as the other, and left upon the floor helpless, and then the leader produced the key to the vault and opened it easily enough. The floor was quickly strewn with small canvas bags, each of which represented a large sum in gold.

As they were gloating over the prize, which far exceeded their expectations, there came a sudden rush of men, and the three robbers were secured before they had time to think of danger.

'Taken in the act, Seth Amity,' said Fenton, showing himself. 'Seth Amity, you cannot hope for mercy at my hands.'

One of the officers removed his cap and held up a lantern, and they saw not Seth Amity, but Henry Dana, his dark face distorted by rage.

'I am beaten; take me to prison; let me hide myself from the whole world!' said Dana.

So the three robbers went to prison, and Seth Amity was cleared in the eyes of all men, and what he cared for most, in those of Mary Fenton. Dana had told her that he had robbed the bank, and that the officials had proofs of his villiany, and she was strong enough to cast off the man she believed to be a villian. She made ample atonement for those moments of doubt, for she is now his wife, and will love him the better because she sinned against him for an hour.

The stolen property was nearly all recovered and returned to the bank. Dana was sent to Sing Sing, where he was found dead in his cell six months after the prison door closed behind him. Whether he died by his own hand or the conflicting passions of his own heart no man knows.

☞ A touching epitaph:

"Stranger, pause—
My tale attend,
And learn the cause
Of Hannah's end.
Across the world
The wind did blow,
She ketched a cold
What laid her low.
We shed a quart
Of tears, 'tis true,
But life is short—
Aged 82."

☞ "We have many beautiful meteors these autumn nights," one evening a tender swain said to his "sweetness." "Some of these falling stars seem to leave behind them a bright path, as if they were celestial messengers flying earthward, the dust of heaven falling from their feet, and making a track of light behind." To which the maid replied: "They allers makes me think about the circus-man that swallowed fire."

☞ Magistrate,—"You may have been intoxicated, but the officer testifies that you were not so tipsy as not to know what you were about.

Prisoner.—"O, if I had known that was an objection, I could easily have taken another drink or two."

A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis *Herald* tells the following anecdote of Prof. Foster, who filled with much ability one of the chairs of the Faculty of the College in Knoxville, Tenn:

Prof. Foster was educated in the sciences usually taught in college, but his ignorance of the common affairs of life rendered him a remarkable man, furnishing a rare subject for the study of human nature in one of its multiform phases. Being advised by some of his friends to get married, he, with child-like faith and simplicity, accepted their advice, and promised to do so if he could find a young lady willing to have him. They referred to a number of the best young ladies in the city, any one of whom, they had no doubt, would be willing to accept his hand and make him happy. He was one of the most kind-hearted men, as void of guile as offence, and an entire stranger to the forms and ceremonies of modern courtship. He couldn't see the necessity of consuming a year or two in popping the question—'Sally, will you have me?' So he went that very day to the residence of the nearest young lady who had been commended, and being welcomed and seated in the family circle, as he always was wherever known, he at once made known the object of his visit by saying in a clear and distinct voice:

'Well, Miss Sarah, my friends have advised me to get married, recommended you and a number of other young ladies to me as suitable persons, and I have now called to see if you are willing to marry me.'

Had an earthquake violently shaken the premises, the household could not have been more astonished. Like a frightened roe, Sarah started to run, when her mother caught her, and said: 'Why, child, don't be frightened, the Professor wont hurt you.'

Being again seated, a deep blush succeeded the paleness which had been caused by the startling announcement, and she rallied enough to be able to say to the professor that as his proposition was entirely unexpected she must have some time to consider the matter. This he granted, but said:

'As I am anxious, in case of your refusal, to see the other young ladies today, I can wait only one hour for your answer.'

Knowing the worthiness, sincerity and simplicity of the Professor, the matron took her blushing daughter up stairs for consulation, while the father was left to entertain his proposed son-in-law as best he could under the novel circumstances. Of course the discussion of the sudden proporsition between Sarah and her mother was private and cannot be given in full. The most essential points of it, however, were told afterward. It was readily admitted that he was entirely worthy of Sarah's hand and heart.

'But mamma' said Sarah, 'how would it look to other people for me to have to give an answer in one short hour—only sixty minutes—jump at a hasty chance—and to think how my young friends would jeer and laugh at me. Wouldn't they tease me to death? No, ma, I can never face that music.'

'But stop, my child, and listen to me. There is not a young lady in the city that would not jump at the offer made you. Let them laugh. Girls must have something to laugh at, but it won't hurt you. Tell him yes, emphatically. If he was a stranger whose antecedents were unknown to us, however prepossessing in person and manners, or profuse in his professions of love, I would withhold my consent. But we have long known him, his moral character is without reproach, he is amiable, kind-hearted and sincere, a fine scholar, with an honorable position in the college, and he makes no false pretences. You know just what he is. What more do you want?'

'But, mamma, I don't know that he loves me; he hasn't even said so.'

'Oh, well, daughter, never mind that. Generally, those that are loudest in their professions of love have least of the pure article. You can teach him by example to love you. It is far better than precept.'

Leaning her head upon her mother's bosom, Sarah said, in a submissive tone:

'Well, ma, just as you say—I'll tell him yes but, although the hour isn't half out we'll not go down until the last minute of the hour.'

At the expiration of the fifty-ninth minuet they returned to the Professor and papa, Sarah still blushing, but more calm than before. Then with a firmness that astonished herself as well as her parents, she extended her hand to the Professor and said:

'Yes, sir, if papa consents.'

He gave his consent without hesitancy, and it was readily agreed by all that the wedding should take place a week from that time. Then Professor Foster, with his usual calmness, conscious of having done his duty, withdrew to report progress to his friends.

Well, in due time the Professor went to the clerk for his license. The clerk informed him that the law required a bond and security in the sum of $1250, to be void on condition that there was no legal objections to the proposed union of the two persons named. The Professor very promply replied. 'Oh never mind the bond, Mr. Clerk; I will pay $1100 down, and will hand you the balance in a day or two.' After further explanation by the clerk, the Professor soon complied with the law and obtained his license.

At the appointed time the wedding came off in the best style of the city, and the company enjoyed the occasion with the greatest zest. The hours flew like humming birds. As the clock struck twelve the Professor picked up his hat and started to his boarding house. His principal attendent, surmising his intention, followed him to the front door and informed him that matrimonial etiquette required him to stay and board at the house of his father-in-law until he and his wife wished to live by themselves.

Finally the happy couple went to housekeeping, and never were man and wife more heartily congratulated or more highly esteemed than they were. They were the favorites in the city. Never was wife more lovely or husband more kind or devoted, but he didn't know anything about providing for the larder only as Sarah taught him. One little incident may suffice to illustrate. She told him one day to get some rice. He went immediately to the store and told the clerk he wanted to get some rice. "How much?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, not much," said the Professor, "I reckon three or four bushels will do for the present." The clerk was very sorry to say that they had not so much on hand, but that they would soon have more. The clerk persuaded him to try to make out for a few days with some fifteen or twenty pounds. Sarah and the clerk were not only ones who laughed over the incident. He never called for the three or four bushels afterward.

If the Professer and his wife are still living they must be well stricken in years, and if they see this brief sketch of their early lives, and find any errors in it, they will pardon the writer.

TALK AT TABLE.

Nothing gives such a delightful flavor to dinners as pleasant lively chat at table. The courses may be counted by the first numeral and the variety of dishes may be small, yet bright, cheery talk is spice that suits all dishes, pleases all tastes, and goes a long way towards making the plainest meal a delightful repast. I do not mean heavy, heated argument on abstruse subjects which would render indigestible a well-ordered meal, nor a lecture from one of the two heads of the table which would blunt the appetite and depress the spirits; but light airy talk—more chat than talk.—the kind that plays upon the surface of things without going very deep, interspresred with jokes and smiles and amusing anecdotes.

Dr. Frankling says his father always managed to have some instructive conversation going on between him and his boys at table, engaging their attention so entirely that after the meal was over it was the talk and not the dinner that was remembered.

Solemn silence at the table, broken by the clatter of dishes, the swallow of your elbow friend's coffee mingled with the discordant sound of your own, is enough to make one discard eating entirely, or drive him, by its vulgarity, to a solitary dinner. The rattle of knives and forks is pleasant music as accompaniment, but metallic humdrum, and monotonous as an orchestral symphony; let the noise be mingled with the splash and ripple of conversation. Even the cat and dog will growl their satisfactiou when cracking a particularly sweet and tender bone.

Some people take to themselves credit for improving all the minutes in reading during meals, but, on the contrary, it is a waste of time. Mixing the two things spoils both. You throw away the enjoyment of the occasion, you may miss the absorbed interest in the book which otherwise would be inspired; so the real good of both is lost. With a full sense of the importance of time, I say books should not be served at tabe. The morning papers should be read aloud, if read at all, at such time. It is as selfish to monopolize the dish of news as to take the whole steak or mackerel on your plate, while your opposite neighbor only sees her hungry face reflected in her china. Conversation should be general, handed round like bread and butter. Give me the dinner of herbs served with a side dish of pleasant talk, rather than the famed stalled ox, eaten in sullen silence. Sudden news, protracted thought, great weariness, anxiety, the indulgence of grief, expectancy, anger, all take away appetite and spoil the enjoyment of a meal. The conversation should be light, animated, instructive, and always on pleasant subjects.

☞ So witty a compliment is rarely made as that of Sydney Smith's to his friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe:—"Ah, there you are!—the cuff that every one would be glad to wear, and the tie that no one would loose."

GENERAL W. J. HARDEE.

Gen. Wm. J Hardee, who died at Wytheville, Va., on Thursday, held the rank of liuetenant general in the Confederate army. He was born in the State of Georgia about the year 1819, and was admitted into West Point as a military cadet during the year 1834. After four years application he graduated on June 30, 1838, and was appointed a second lieutenant of the second regiment of United States dragoons, and on December 3 1839, after only seventeen month's service was promoted to first lieutenant, and made Captain September 13, 1844. For gallant service during the Mexican war he breveted lieutenant colonly, and in July, 1856, was made commandant of the cadets at the United States Millitary Academy at West Point. At the breaking out of the late war he was made a brigadier general, and during the latter portion of the struggle rose to the rank of lieutenant general. His compilation of "Infantay Taclics" was adopted by the War Department for the United States regular army, and continued to be used until superseded by that of Casey. Since the war General Hardee has lived in retirement.

A CHEAP HARD SOAP.—Many housekeepers in the country know how difficult it is to obtain a good article of bar soap. The yellow soap sold at the store cuts soft as cheese, and rubs away as easily, and unless the housewife buys a box of soap at the time, and piles it up in stacks in the attic or some dry place, the yearly record will show a goodly sum paid out for soap purchased by the bar. The following receipt will prove a desirable item of economy: Four large bars of yellow soap; two pounds of sal soda; three ounces of borax; one ounce of liquid ammonia. Have the soap in thin cakes; put it into eight quarts of soft water (rain water is best.) When the soap is nearly dissolved, add the borax and sal soda, stir till all is melted. Pour it into a large tub or shallow pan; when nearly cool add the ammonia slowly, mixing it well. Let it stand a day or two, then cut it into cakes or bars, and dry in a warm place. No better soap can be made to wash white cloth, calicoes, and flannels; and it is excellent for all household purposes. It costs but three cents per pound, and is made in less than half an hour. This receipt has been sold for five dollars, and will be of service to every family.

☞ Profound study has led a M. D'Arpentigny to the conclusion that the hands represent three types. Those who have fingers with pointed tips are possessed of a rapid insight into things; are sensitive and pious; impulsive. To this class belong the poets and artists. To the "square tops" belong scientific people; sensible, self-contained characters; professional men. The spade-shaped tops—thick tips, with little pads of flesh on each side the nails—are materialists, commercial, practical, with a high appreciation of all that tends to bodily ease and comfort. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand, has only one joint—that which is nearest the palm—representing the body; another—the middle—the mind; and the top, the soul. Each of these divisions corresponds with one of the types above given.

ABSENT MINDED PEOPLE.—Sir Isaac Newton wanted his servant to carry out a stove that was getting too hot.

A fellow stole Sir Isaac's dinner before his eyes, and he afterwards thought he had eaten it because he saw the dishes empty.

A Scotch professor walked into the middle of a horse pond while pondering on Final Causes.

A gentleman in Troy received a letter in the dark, and used it to light a lamp, and looked about for it to read.

Pere Gratry, one day in Paris, thinking he had left his watch at home, took it out of his pocket to see it he had time to go back after it.

Leander the church historian, used to go to his lectures in his night cap and night gown.

But all these cases do not equal that of a man who takes a paper year after year and always forgets to pay for it.

The man to regulate the time—The watch-maker.

Quick step—That of the mouse.

Short stop—A quarter rest.

See sickness—Scenes at a hospital.

A first class ship—Championship.

A funny disease—The quaint humor of a comedian.

Laughing gas—The funny sayings of a comedian.

A hard knot—An oaken one.

A beau knot—The matrimonial knot.

A pen holder—The writing master.

The Skye terrior originally came from the dog star.

A steamer—Hot water.

☞ A Louisiana man puts a two-ounce can of nitro-glycerine inside of a chicken, tosses the chicken to an alligator, and the bayou which once knew that alligator knows him no more."

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight—
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so head-strong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to blink,
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong,
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong
'Cause you didn't think.

☞ A MAN is so much more polite in church He is on dress parade, as is were. Nobody was surprised to see that young man last Sunday dive suddenly into the bottom of the pew to pick up her parasol. While he was at the bottom he saw the embroidered edge of her pocket-handkerchief sticking from under the edge of her dress. He would pick up that, too. He commenced tugging at it when there was a fierce scuffle and a little hand darted down. He came up without it.—There were two red faces in the Sanctuary to which the calm of the Blessed Sabbath seemed to bring no relief. But he was a young man that meant well.

SIX DEGREES OF CRIME.—He who steals a million is a shrewd financier.

He who steals a half million is a defaulter.

He who steals a quarter of a million is an "irregular" financier.

He who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue.

He who steals fifty thousand is a knave.

But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest doe, and deserves incarceration in a prison.

"Gentlemen," said an auctioneer, who was selling a piece of land, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate, it is so light, so very light. Mr. Parker here will corroborate my statement; he owns, the next patch, and he will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work, but it is a plaguey sight easier to gather the crops."

☞ CAN'T think of anything good to say of a person you don't like?" Nonsense. Take the case of a house or a horse which you have to sell because you don't like it, and how much may be truthfully said in its favor in an advertisement?

☞ A Scranton paper, in giving an account of a shooting affray, says the wounded man is expected to recover, as the pistol ball lodged in his dinner-pail.

'Twas night. A warm couple stood in the pale, cold moonbeams. Their lips touched, and there was a sound like a cow hauling her hoof out of the mud.

☞ On a very pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt I am very sad, you see, he replied, Oh, no; you belong to the other Jewish sect; you are very fair, I see!

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