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"THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B."

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

South Mountain towered on our right,
Far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height
We held their lines at bay.

At last the mutt'ring guns were still,
The day died slow and wan,
At last the gunners' pipes did fill,
The Sergeant's yarns began.

When as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood
Our briarwoods raised—within our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed,
(Of such a little one in heaven
One soldier often dreamed).

And, as we stared, one little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?"
At length the Sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again,
She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,
'The Pride of Battery B.'

My home? Why, that was burned away,
And pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day
Along with Sergeant Ned;

And I've a drum that's not a toy,
And a cap with feathers too,
And I march beside the drummer boy
On Sundays at review.

But now our bacca's all give out,
The men can't have their smoke;
And so they're cross—why even Ned
Won't play with me and joke:

And the big Colonel said to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
Like the Yanks had over there.

And so I thought when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come
Out here across the hill,

And beg, good Mister Yankee men,
You'd give me some Lone Jack,
Please do—when we get home again
I'll surely bring it back.

Indeed I will, for Ned—says he—
'If I do what I say
I'll be a General yet, may be,
And ride a prancing bay.'"

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,
You should have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a gen'rous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
A score of grimy men,
Until the Sergeant's husky voice
Said "'Tention, squad!" and then

We gave her escort, till good night
The pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight;
Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form, nor turned about
A man, nor spoke a word
Till after a while a far, hoarse shout
Upon the wind we heard!

We sent it back—then cast sad eye
Upon the scene around,
A baby's hand had touched the tie
That brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke
Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missiles fell.

Our Gen'ral often rubbed his glass,
And marvelled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell
In the camp of Battery "B"!

☞ "Suppose, Belle," said a poor but honest Chicago youth to a Prairie avenue girl one day last week, "suppose that a young man loved you dearly—very dearly—but was afraid to ask you to marry him, because he was very timid or felt too poor, or something—what would you think of such a case?"

"Think," answered the girl immediately, "Why, if he was poor, I should think that he was doing just right in keeping still about it."

The question was dropped right there.

☞ A Western girl visited a music store and asked for "The Heart Boiled Down with Grease and Cars," and also, "Whe'l Swallowed Home-made Pies." The clerk at once recognized what she desired.

☞ It is not believed that there is an artist in the world who can catch the expression of a woman's face as she puts her nose into the milk-jug and finds that the thunder has soured its contents.

☞ When a young lady and gentleman have a controversy about kissing, they generally put their heads together.

The Buffalo Express solemnly announces that the papers read before the Scientific Convention, in that city have an average weight of [illegible] to the square inch.

A Pot of Money.

Ezra Alden was in love with Clara Scudder; and sometimes in moments of great exaltation—for he was a modest youth, as every true lover should be—he had dared to think that she did not frown upon his passion. But Clara was the Squire's daughter and an heiress, while Ezra was but a small farmer, and so far from successful in that pursuit, that it seemed absurd as well as impossible, that he should aspire to the hand of the lovely Miss Scudder, who had been courted in vain even by fine city gentlemen. So he had sighed and cast longing looks from his place in the choir (where he sang in a fine tenor voice on Sundays) into the squire's pew, but more than once he thought pretty Clara blushed brightly and he knew well enough that she always smiled sweetly, and her voice, when she spoke to him, had a carressing sound, and altogether her manner toward him was not discouraging.

But Ezra would not be encouraged.—He felt that it was useless for him to ask the squire for his daughter's hand unless he had a good pot of money in his own hand with which to back his proposal.—So, instead of trying to compass the desired end by increased industry he neglected his little farm more than before, and spent his whole time in wishing that he could find a pot of money somehow, in the manner of old fashioned stories—at the foot of a tree; under the foundation of his house. I believe he would even have sought for it at the end of a rainbow, like the boy in the nursery rhyme if he had been told there was a good chance of finding it there.

Suddenly a rumor spread abroad that a wonderful gipsy had appeared, who was telling peoples fortunes that came true in the most remarkable manner, and all the country side was in a state of excitement on the subject. She was of somewhat exclusive character, this madam gipsy, and could only be consulted in a certain place, in the shadow of a wych-elm, in the open air, and during certain hours—these hours being between the last rays of the declining sun, and the first shadows of the coming night.

Of course the rumor of the gipsy's marvelous fortune-telling reached Ezra Alden, and equally of course he was much exercised in mind concerning it. He found out the place where the fortune teller devined these fair fortunes: and one evening, after watching the sun slowly disappear behind the western hills, he repaired thither, stealthily and a little afraid of meeting Clara Scudder somewhere in the vacinity, for the wych-elm was just on the further side of the squires farm. However, he met no one, except a hurried squirrel, fast speeding to its home, and it was even more scared at being met than Ezra was, so he hastened to the wych-elm, and there, sure enough, was madam gipsy, sitting curled up against the trunk, and looking precisely as if she was waiting for him. She was a very old woman, bent almost double: her lined and wrinkled face was the color of butternut, and the tangles of her hair hung in elf-like grizzled locks about her brow and over her cheeks; but her black eyes had a wonderful brilliancy and such a keen look that they seemed to see right through him. She was wrapped in a tattered old scarlet cloak, and a hood of the same was drawn well over her head. She gave a quick nod to Ezra, and motioned him to take a seat at her feet, which he did with his heart thumping as if he were before the Delphic oracle. And when she spoke he had to bend his head and listen very attentively, for not only did she mutter her words in a very toothless fashion, but she spoke in so low a tone that he had some difficulty in hearing her. But he made out what she said:

"I was expecting you my son, and I know what you have come for;" and then she held out a hand even more butternut than her face—a shaking and tremulous hand; and Ezra made haste to cross the palm with silver, that being, as he knew, the time honored custom. This happened before we had begun the return to specie basis; and silver was scarce, but Ezra had in his pocket a half dollar piece, with a hole in it, and a cross drawn on its face, which he had kept many years for luck. So, as there could be no more auspicious occasion than the present for using it, he timidly placed it in the gipsy's hand, and again bent his ear attentively to listen to her unintelligible mumbling.

"I know the desire of your heart, my pretty young gentleman continued the gipsy. "It is a certain maiden not a hundred miles away, only you have the faint heart that seldom wins a fair lady. But if you could find a pot of money, your spirit would be bolder. Listen to me, and obey me, and you shall have your wish."

Ezra did listen, with all his ears, and as you may suppose, they were just then pretty long and wide, and capable of taking in a large amount.

"You must dig up every foot of land you possess," proceeded the gipsy, "you must dig and dig, continuously, and dig again, if necessary, and, mark my word, before a very long time, you will find the pot of money, and the maiden will be yours.

Ezra listened with faith, and departed with joy in his heart. He fulfilled the fortune teller's injunctions so well, that all the country side took to talking of him after the gipsy disappeared. He not only dug, but he ploughed and sowed and harrowed, he seemed taken with a sudden mania for farming and work. which before had seemed distasteful and monotonous, now, that he had an object in view, was full of excitement and interest. At first he dug and dug, looking for his pot of money, but as it did not turn up, and continued to dig, full of faith, and growing every day more interested in his own efforts.

"What on earth has got into Ezra Alden?" asked the neighbors, one of another. "Why has he taken to working like all possessed. He has also hired a man too, and the pair of them are at it from the first dawn of daylight to nightfall."

"Whatever has got into him he is going to have the best crops of the year," answered one. "Lucky fellow. Just when there's going to be a raise in flour too, and he has no end of wheat growing and in splendid condition."

"Why, Clara, isn't that Ezra Alden's farm?" asked the squire as his daughter one day drove him past it, in her pretty pony carriage.

"Yes, sir," returned Clara, with a faint pink stealing into her clear, pale cheek.

"Has some one else farmed it then?" asked the Squire. "There isn't another such farm around here fit to compare with it."

The pink in Clara's cheek deepened to a lovely crimson.

"O, no, papa," she answered blushing deeply, it seems Ezra—Mr. Alden, has just developed a sudden talent for farming."

"And a very first rate talent, I should say," said the old gentleman. "A man who can show such a farm as that can hold his head as high as any one."

Clara's blue eyes glowed and sparkled. She touched her ponies lightly; and her happy thoughts rushed off into the future at a pace to rival their fast trotting.

As the neighbors had foretold, Ezra Alden had particularly fine crops that season, and his success at farming having also developed his commercial ability, he sold all that he had to sell to excellent advantage.

"Well," said Ezra, as he counted his gains, and tied them securely in his money bag, "I haven't found my pot of money, but this little pile is not to be despised, and I shall keep on. By George! I wonder if this is what the old gipsy meant."

Ezra had some time on his hands now for dreaming, and he took to sighing for Clara once more, but in a much more hopeful spirit.

"I will speak to her father," he thought and if he gives me encouragement I will then go ask Clara plum, if she will marry me.

Now some young men would have thought it safer to win the daughter's consent first; but Ezra was too honorable for that.

"If the squire won't have me," he said to himself, "it's no use to ask Clara. She would never disobey her father. I shouldn't care half so much for her if she would."

And so he took his money bag in his hand and sought the presence of Squire Scudder.

The Squire sat reading a volume of Pickwick papers in his handsome old-fashioned parlor: and being in a very genial mood, he received Ezra with the most encouraging kindness, and listened to all that he had to say with a benignant smile.

"It is not a great deal," concluded Ezra, holding up his money bag, "but there is plenty more where I found this, sir," he replied.

"And pray, where did you find it, Mr. Alden?" asked the squire, rather taken aback.

"At the roots of my wheat and barley" answered Ezra; adding with a laugh, "To tell the truth, sir, I consulted a fortune-teller, and she told me to dig and dig, and I would certainly find a pot of money. I haven't found it yet, but I intend to keep on digging, and I don't doubt but I shall find it by and by."

Squire Scudder burst into a hearty laugh; and kindly patted Ezra on the shoulder.

"I don't doubt but you will my lad," he said, cheerily "Honest industry is the best pot of money any young man ever found. As for Clara, you can talk over that matter with herself—she's sitting there by the window, hidden behind the curtains."

Now, that was dreadful mean of the squire, not to have given Ezra a hint of Clara's presence before; but he didn't mean it. It seems quite impossible for these old gentlemen to realize how serious such matters are to boys and girls.

Squire Scudder rose with a nod and a smile, and went away, leaving Ezra in dire confusion, staring at the window curtains, and wishing the floor would open and swallow him. But it didn't. Instead the window curtain opened and a lovely young lady stepped out from behind them.

"So, Mr. Alden, she said, coming forward, "you consulted the gipsy fortune-teller, too?"

"O, Miss Scudder—Clara—you have heard everything," stammered Ezra, sinking into the chair, from which he had risen in his first consternation. "What a terrible fool you must think me!"

"But I don't—I have great confidence in that gipsy's predictions."

"Then you consulted her, too," asked Ezra.

"Dozens of times—she beguiled me of all my small silver."

"Well, she got but a single piece from me, that's some comfort," said Ezra, recovering somewhat, and venturing to laugh slightly.

"Was it anything like this?" asked Miss Scudder, producing one from her pocket and holding it toward him on the palm of her hand like cream.

Ezra looked and started and gave a little cry. It was his own lucky silver piece. He glanced into the laughing, blushing face, and then for the first time he looked straight into Clara Scudder's eyes. They were very, very blue, and wonderfully brilliant, but this time they did not seem to look through him they sank before his glance and veiled themselves under lovely, long black lashes.

"O, Clara?" murmured Ezra, "you were the gipsy?"

"Of course I was."

"And you knew I loved you all the time?"

"Of course I did, you foolish boy—that's why I had to invent a way of telling you so."

SOME ECCENTRICITIES OF COURTSHIP.

Sir Arthur Helps says: "Probably there is no instance in which any two lovers have made love exactly in the same way as any two other lovers, since the world began."

Barkis insinuated.

Vivien charmed Merlin.

Alexander made a bonfire for Thais.

Hildegarde took the bull by the horns.

The merchant of Venice soft-soldered Portia with a lead casket.

The garrulous female in the Arabian Nights told her husband stories.

Victoria sent for Prince Albert and told him she wanted him. She was victorious.

In the Polynesian Islands they win their hearts by beating their heads with a shillelah.

Harry the Eighth and Bluebeard were off with the head of the old love before they were on with the new.

Dr. Johnson poked the tobacco down in his pipe with his sweetheart's finger—a warm token of affection

Tristram did it mostly with a harp, and was also a good liar. His two Isoldes were too many for him.

Bothwell was inclined to Marie, and locked her up in his castle. It worked as well as Peter's pumpkin shell.

Dobbett's wife caught him by the grace with which she used her washtub. She was never known to use it after the wedding.

Miles Standish deputed an agent whom he considered fitter to plead his suit with his lady-love; the agent did it too well; but for himself.

Sam Romily, the famous lawyer, killed himself because his wife died, while a good many others kill themselves because they won't die.

Nicholas, of Russia, wanted to pop the question at a dinner table, but didn't like to be caught at it; so he imbedded a ring in a lump of bread and handed it to her.

Charlemagne's secretary was caught in a snow storm "sparking" the great Emperor's daughter at midnight, and she carried him home on her back, so that his footsteps could not be traced. The Emperor heard of it, and saddled him on to her for the rest of her life.

IT IS BETTER.

It is better to wear a calico dress without trimmings, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own, than in a brown-stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than run in debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs and faded two-ply carpet than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free, "don't-owe-you-a-cent" smile than to dodge around the corner from a dun.

Better pay the organ grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than owe for a piano.

Better gaze upon bare walls than upon pictures unpaid for.

Better eat thin soup from earthern dishes, if you owe your butcher nothing than to dine off lamb and beef and know it does not belong to you.

Better have a fit of hysterics than run in debt for furniture, cloth, or anything else that you may wish for.

LOVE-KNOTS.

A young lady, being charged by a young gentleman with having trifled with his feelings, exclaimed: "Well, I plead silty!"

We are reliably informed that nothing will make a young man's emotions despise the restraints of a tight shirt collar so much as the pressure of a soft hand in the dark.

A gentleman seeing a pretty maid with his wife's bonnet on, kissed her, supposing her to be the real owner. He soon discovered his error through the assistance of his affectionate wife.

When an Indiana girl gets tired of a lover and determines to dismiss him, she doesn't throw much fresco work into her speech: "I guess you can pull off now, Sam," is her coy remark; "this egg won't hatch."

At the commencement exercises recently, Professor Smith told the young ladies that while he was not 'prepared to send them forth as captains in the social ship, there would never be any difficulty in their finding situations as first mates.

☞ If you dont bridle your tongue, saddle be your fate.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF HER TIME.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the Island of Corsica was a bone of contention between the Maritime Republics of Italy, the Duchy of Savoy, and the Kingdom of France.

The latter, at that time, was ruled by the chivalrous Francis the First, one of the most remarkable and daring characters in history.

His ambition was only equalled by his reckless audacity, and he alone, of all princes of his time, ventured to break a lance with the powerful emperor, Charles the Fifth, who so disastrously defeated him at Pavia, in 1521.

In the preceeding year, king Francis had a quarrel with his wife, who had reproached him for his infidelities. One day, maddened by her taunts, he said to his valet, Gavini, a Corsican:

"Ah, I must get rid of Her Majesty, her temper is too bad. I am sure that the Holy Father will grant me a divorce from her. But where shall I find a new wife?"

"Your Majesty has only to chose among the most beautiful princesses of Europe," said Gavini.

"But there is not a single beautiful princess in Europe," replied the King, almost angrily. "Amelie of Savoy is the only one that is not absolutely homely, and I hate her father so bitterly that I should be reluctant to enter into a union with a member of his family."

"If your Majesty will permit me," said the wily Corsican, "I could tell you of a lady with royal blood in her veins, who is young and handsome enough to grace the throne of France by your side."

"And who is she?" asked the king, eagerly.

"She is the Marchioness Isolena Ballo.

"I never heard of her."

"She is the richest woman in Corsica, where her ancestors, since time immemorial, have owned most of the real estate, and where they have been more powerful than the real rulers of the island ever were. Her grandmother was a niece of the Emperor Maximilian, and she is the last of her race."

"The last of her race, Gavini, and still unmarried?"

"Your Majesty, there is a strange tale to this," replied Gavini. "About seven years ago the marchioness with her aged father, was having a boat ride off Ajaccio. A thunder storm sprung up, and the frail bark was in great danger of capsizing. The old marquis was frightened to death.

"Pray, my child," he cried in his terror, "pray to her who alone can save us. Pray to her and promise to remain a virgin, unless a king should come to solicit your hand!"

"Isolena took that pledge, and now she is the sole mistress of immense estates, and one of the most beautiful women in the world."

The amorous king, who acted as if he had already got rid of his legitimate wife, had by this time become deeply interested in the subject.

"Gavini," he said, "how does this marchioness look?"

"Your Majesty, I have truly never seen a lady worthier to adorn a throne than she. She is the fairest daughter whom Italy, the land of pretty women, ever gave birth to. Tall, slender, majestic, with a complexion of marble and features which Phidias would have gladly chisseled in stone; she has on her ripe lips the tempting smile of Cupid, and in her black eyes all the fire of the goddess of love."

In this manner the artful valet stimulated the desire of his royal master, until the latter said to him:

"I should like to make her acquaintance; but that has to be done in a very discreet manner."

After heming and hawing for a long while, Gavini suggested that he himself might go to Corsica and make overtures to the beautiful marchioness.

The king eagerly embraced this offer.

"You shall go, Gavini," he cried. "Go to Montpas, my treasurer, and draw as many livres in gold as you need."

"But, your Majesty," said the valet, "money alone is not sufficient for such a mission. I ought to have to that end also——"

"What?"

"A position."

"I ought to be clothed with the rank of a Minister, your highness."

The king looked at his valet a minute without saying anything. Then he burst into laughter.

"Gavini," he exclaimed, "you are the most impudent rascal I ever saw. But your idea is a good one. Yes, you low-born villain, you shall for once go as my envoy to Corsica. Prevail upon the marchioness, whose charms you extol so enthusiastically, to come to Paris, and I shall reward you right royally."

On the following day, Givini, to whom royal credentials had been given to the dismay of the king's Minister of State, set out for Corsica. He had a large retinue of servants, and acted in perfect keeping with the exalted position to which his master had so suddenly raised him.

In due course of time he arrived at Ajaccio and called, with all his attendants, upon the Marchioness Dalla Ballo.

He had not exaggerated her charms. She was, indeed, a most charming and attractive woman.

Upon presenting his credentials to her, he said:

"My royal master, your excellency, has entrusted me to bring about more cordial relations between France and the island of which you are mistress, if not by Divine right, at least by the right of your truly surpassing beauty as by virtue of the time-honored claims of your ancestors.

The compliment was not lost upon the handsome creature. She dismissed the valet-envoy in the most gracious manner.

"I will capture her easily," thought Gavini, as he took his departure. "I believed she was too intelligent to be gulled by such very transparent flattery. Very well—so much the better for me."

But a young admirer of the marchioness, Signor Conde Vrso, who in years gone by had been at the gay court of France, had recognized him.

The Conde solicited a private interview with the marchioness after Gavini had withdrawn.

At first she hesitated to grant the request, because Conde had so often urged her to give him her hand. But he was so persistent this time that she went with him to her boudoir.

"Isolena," he said to her, "do you know who that man is?"

"The Envoy of the King of France, Conde," she replied. "His credentials show it."

"That may be, Isolena," he rejoined, "but I am sure that the king, in sending the fellow——"

"The fellow?"

"Yes, the fellow, Isolena. I am sure that the king in sending the fellow to you has played a very contemptible trick upon you."

"How so?"

"Because this pretedded Envey is no other than King Francis' body servant."

"A menial!" she cried, with flashing eyes.

Yes, the lowest of the low; he who dresses and undresses His Majesty of France."

"And the king intended to put an affront on me by sending such a rascal to me?"

"It is not yet all, Isolena. This Gavini is a Corsican, a serf of your father's who fled the country twenty years ago because he had committed several disgraceful thefts."

The beautiful marchioness was by this time so enraged that she uttered the following terrible oath:

"Had I to-day King Francis in my power I should cause him to perish as miserably as the dog whom he has sent to me. I swear it, and should I lose my own life and ruin this whole island which I love so well!"

At midnight, on the same day, Gavini was dragged from his bed and thrust into a dungeon.

Six hours later he was confronted by the executioner and the indignant marchioness.

"You are about to die," she said, pitilessly, to the ill-fated man.

"How dare you treat the sacred person of an envoy in this manner!" he cried.

"The sacred person of an escaped serf and thief!" she exclaimed. "Gavini, I know who you are."

"The envoy of the King of France."

"You mean his valet. Now listen to me. I shall have your flesh torn from your limbs with red-hot pincers if you do not confess what induced King Francis to commit so infamous an outrage as to send you to me in the capacity of an envoy?"

Gavini referred once more to the inviolability of his office.

She ordered the executioner to torture him.

A horrible scene ensued.

The prisoner was placed on a wooden bench, and then the executioner, after binding him, began to tear off his flesh with red-hot pincers.

For ten minutes the victim, though uttering the most unearthly yells, refused to confess.

At last, when the agony became too great, he told the marchioness what he had come to Corsica for.

This still added to her fury.

"What!" she cried, "King Francis has believed me to be so low as to become his mistress! Me, who have much more ancient blood in my veins than Valois ever had! Oh, he shall rue it! He shall rue it!"

She then ordered Gavini to be beheaded, and sent his head in a glass jar filled with white Corsican wine to the King of France. Francis the First was beside himself with rage upon receiving this ghastly present.

He organized a secret naval expedition to Corsica, and caused Isolena to be kidnapped.

She landed at Marseilles in February. The King was there at the time. He refused to see her.

"Have her hair cropped," he ordered, "have her clad in beggars garments, and then whipped through the streets of the city!"

This was done on the following day.

The beautiful marchioness suffered the torture with astounding fortitude.

Not a cry of pain escaped from her tightly compressed lips, as the executioner's lash descended upon her naked back.

At last she opened her mouth; a stream of blood issued from it.

"Who will avenge me?" she gasped.

She was avenged a few months later when Francis the First was overpowered at Pavia, and so badly beaten that he exclaimed: "All is lost save honor!"

STUDYING THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

The other day a Detroit father purchased a microscope for his son, a boy of ten, patted the lad on the shoulder and said to him:

"My son, take this microscope and go out and study the beauties of nature."

The boy left all other amusements for this, and he took such great interest and improved so rapidly, that at the tea table, to which several visitors sat down with the family, he felt that he must make some remarks. Turning to one of the ladies, he inquired:

Did you ever look at cheese through a microscope?

I don't think I ever did, she pleasantly replied.

Well, you just ought to see the things crawl——

John! John! exclaimed the father, shaking his head at him across the table.

John subsided for a minute or two, and when his mother passed the cheese around everybody said, Thank you, no. Pretty soon the young student, desiring to mollify his father, asked:

Father, did you ever look at a toad through a microscope?

I will talk with you after supper, replied the parent, scowling at the boy. John was rather disappointed at his failure to arouse enthusiasm, and just as the strawberries were being passed around, he remarked:

Well, you ought just to look at a strawberry once through a microscope! They look just like warts, they do, and you think you see bugs running——

Jawn! said his mother.

Boy! warned the father.

Well they look wors'n flies heads, protested the boy, who imagined that they doubted his veracity, for flies——

Boy! said the father, making a motion for John to leave the table.

John left, and as soon as it was convenient for him to do so, the father escorted the lad to the wash-room in the basement, bounced him around and said!

My son, gimme the microscope, and you take the ax and go out and study the beauties of that wood-pile.

If that boy continues to feel the way he does at present, he will become a bank-robber instead of a naturalist.

☞ I've got another, my dear, said Mr. Dorkins as he hurried into the house. If you were on the top of Trinity church spire on the back of a goose how would you get down?

Mrs. Dorkins thought she would jump down, slide down the lightning rod, fly down on the goose, fall down, and then gave it up.

Why, if you wanted to get down, you could pick it off the goose, said Mr. Dorkins, exultantly.

☞ That was rather a touching allusion to a deceased spouse, made recently by a farmer, who came to the village store to purchase things.

"Can't I show you anything else to-day?" politely asked the clerk.

"No, I reckon not," replied the sad-looking customer. "I lost two horses and my wife last fall, and I feel putty poor. Good span of horses, too."

☞ Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with a sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass.

"What is this glass for?" said one of the men.

The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed:

"What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

☞ Briggs set a hen on thirteen eggs, and she came off with one chicken, and as he took a stick and knocked it on the head, he was heard to exclaim:

"It's of no use for me to try to be a farmer. That chick"—here he gave another rap—"cost me three dollars, not counting the hen's time anything."

☞ A winter's store of provisions for a Chinese family consists of a quarter of a horse, a bushel of bird's nests, and two or three kegs of pickled rats, cats and bull-dogs.

☞ A schoolmaster said of himself: "I am like a hone—I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it."

When ought mariners to have fun at sea? When they steam the currents.

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