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From the New York Sun.

THE "WELLS."

(AFTER POE.)

Have you heard about the Wells?
Mighty Wells!
'Tis not of cooling fountains that my pen
at present tells,
Nor of holes dug in the ground,
In the depths whereof is found
The bright gem, immortal Truth,
Which is prized of age and youth,
But of one
Who, although a mighty bore,
Isn't deep like those of yore,
Like Saint Keyne's,
Or like Humboldt's, on the plains,
That, no odds how long the twine,
You can't sound with lead and line,
a most degenerate son of a gun,
hom his pa, with daring claims
r his future, christened James
Madison.
is of this sort of Wells
at this truthful ditty tells—
Of old Wells,
im Wells, Wells; Wells, Wells;
Wells, Wells, Wells;
eaming and the scheming Jim-
Wells.

power of this Wells,
trio of gazelles—
To wit: his puls.
majority their knavery dis-

ale of anarchy their treach-
ells
ple of the nation,
igh or low in station;
ace or so of rogues, on mischief
ent,
as ignorant as shoats,
lect, by stealing votes,
Our President!
lendid game of pins,
n count the 'outs' and 'ins'
With the balls.
em rolling, rolling, rolling,
And they gibber, one and all,
They've a patent way of polling;
"Hayes and Wheeler have the call
At the pools."
But Ulysses 'tis that bowls
Through a knave's quartet of fools;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
By the supple arms of Wells;
And his merry bosom swells
In his gratitude for Wells,
And he capers and he yells
"Hurrah for Wells!"
Keeping pace, pace, pace,
In the Presidential race,
Aided all the while by Wells,
By old Wells.
Keeping pace, pace, pace,
In the Presidential chase,
With old Wells.
To the rolling of old Wells,
To the bowling of old Wells,
To the *polling* of old Wells,
Jimmy Wells.
Keeping time, time, time,
As he yells, yells, yells,
That he 'doesn't care a d—' ime
'For the Supreme Court;' but Wells
Yes, old Wells, Wells, Wells,
Is the very best of 'fels'
In this clime, clime, clime,
Is the ballot-stealing, non-revealing Wells,
Wells, Wells; Wells, Wells;
Wells, Wells, Wells;
Jimmy Wells;
JAMES MADISON WELLS;
WELLS!

D. IVAN DOWNS.

KEEPING THE TONGUE.

Keep it from unkindness. Words are
metimes wounds. Not very deep wounds
ways, and yet they irritate. Speech is
kind sometimes when there is no un-
dness in the heart. So much worse
at needless wounds are inflicted; so
uch the worse that, unintentionally,
in is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to
a false coloring—to make a state-
t that may convey a meaning differ-
from the truth, while yet there is
ar of truth—that we need to be
r guard. There are many who would
ften telling a lie, yet who differ
ve to indulge in such inaccurate
gerated or one-sided statements,
y really come under the condem-
of those whose "lying lips are an
ation to the Lord."

it from slander. The good repu-
others should be dear to us. Sin
to be suffered to go unrebuked;
uld be in accordance with the
method, "Go and tell him of
twixt thee and him alone."
ould be borne in mind that what
not considered as merely harmless
may dangerously near, if it does
the coolness of slander. A
is not allowed to be made a
, even if the intent be not

UNDER THE DAISIES.

BY EMMIE DOUGLAS.

Above Connecticut's hills and valleys shone the beautiful, silvery, June moon looking upon a fairy land of beauty, miniature mountains, dark with a dense growth of hemlock and pine; gurgling brooklets, wending their way through forest and meadow, through tall flag root or tangled underbush, with waters so clear that Herbert Lee's laughing blue eyes were clearly reflected therein. A complexion fresh and growing with health and freedom from racking care, and a clear cut chin deeply dimpled; add to all this a form muscular though slight; a pair of broad shoulders, and ringing laugh, and the reader has a photograph of our hero, which, however, fails to do him justice, for the fascination of voice and manner, the magnetism of his glance keen wit and beguiling speech, with an inexhaustible fund of mischief and gaety, are not to be described. And yet an impartial observer would have pronounced his nose too small and feminine to admit of those nobler, braver qualities which constitute man's greatest charm: and likewise his mouth—scarcely hidden by the blonde mustache—was weak and wavering although the lips were perfectly chiselled and concealed two rows of faultless teeth.

This weakness, fickleness and instability of character was Herbert Lee's greatest defect; his disposition could be likened to a running brook; gay, dancing, sparkling in the sunlight, but lacking the ocean's depth and power.

The handsome, reckless fellow had caused more heartaches and pangs of jealousy than he dreamed of, and, having lately arrived from the hot, dusty city, to spend his summer vacation in Handen, he was the centre of attraction in the eyes of all the village lasse, who regarded him as a "great catch;" but they—foolish little geese—might have spared themselves their anxiety respecting him; for, although Herbert enjoyed a flirtation immensely, with the infatuation all on the opposite side—and, though he toyed and trifled with their poor fluttering hearts, watching with a keen relish the various stages of passion—when the farce was losing its first freshness, he would cruelly walk away, laugh softly to himself and leave the poor victim with her heart on her hands.

Hitherto he had escaped heartfree, but at last the snarer was snared; he had thought to trifle as usual, but was unconsciously forced to yield respect and honor; and at length he awoke to the fact—no longer to be put aside—that he loved Ernain Sherwood with a feeling he had never yet entertained for a woman. Day and night found him at the little cottage, hovering about Ernie as a been around a honey stored flower; and there it is that the reader finds him on the lovely June night in question.

Ernie was seated at the old-fashioned cottage piano, and her slender fingers drew from the yellow, time-stained keys a sweet, low accompaniment, to which she sang a plaintive song describing the death of her love: and, as she sang, the sentiment of the song seemed to touch her heart, for her voice grew tremulous and died away in a half sob.

Herbert sprang from the sofa and playfully swept her off the piano stool.

"Enough of that melancholy dirge!" he said. "Accusing me of coldness, as though I were not your most devoted lover, and wanting to die in order to have heaps of those nasty little field flowers piled over you! I'm perfectly aware of your sly ways, miss—wanting me to swear eternal fidelity to you, but as a punishment for the task of faith in me, I shall leave you in suspense."

So saying, Herbert sat down at the piano, struck a few chords, and then in his rich baritone voice, dashed off into a gay little song, heightening the effect of parts by the saucy glances of his eyes.

The delicate pink color came gradually back to Ernie's cheeks, and her brown eyes shone with a soft, tender light as they rested on Herbert, for he was her ideal of perfection, and she loved him with all the strength of her girlish heart.

Ernie was only eighteen; the sole child of a fond, widowed mother. Naturally fragile and delicate, she had grown up under her mother's anxious care like some cherished flower, shielded from every rough wind and chilling blast of life.

In disposition Ernie Sherwood was a simple, trusting child, needing a large amount of love to make her happy, but loving, oh, how fondly and truly in return! Until now her mother's love had proved all sufficient; but Herbert Lee came, and Ernie discovered a void in her heart which he only could fill; when, one calm evening in early summer, with the stars looking down as witnesses, Herbert took her hand and told her of his love, and spoke of the future which would be dark and dreary without her, and then, in his sweet, persuasive voice asked her to share it with him, Ernie felt her cup of happiness to be full and running over; then Herbert folded her in his arms and kissed her almost reverently as something too holy and pure for earth, while he vowed to be true to her as long as life should last.

Oh, loving, trusting Ernie! Well it is that you cannot know of the approaching cloud which will blot out your happiness! Well would it be for you had your lover always felt as strong in the consciousness of his love as then! but, it was not to be; and Ernie lived, only in the blissful present, without a thought of anxiety concerning the future.

departure drew near; the thought gave Ernie a rude shock, and she put the painful idea as far from her as possible: but she was soon obliged to meet it face to face, for the last evening they would spend together for nearly a year came around at length.

The last evening! The stern reality, caused Ernie a throb of anguish that started the hot tears to her eyes. No more moonlight rambles beneath a starry canopy, no manly voice to read her choice selections from her favorite poets, in tones that were as sweetest music to her ear as she sat sewing in the ivy-grown arbor listening with an attention and admiration that would have flattered the heart of a stoic; no strong arm to help her over previous impassable places, and lead her to new scenes and objects of surprising beauty in the grand old woods; no playful tease, showering rose petals down upon her; or, bending in mock homage before his "little queen," as he called her, and crowning her with apple blossoms or trailing arbutus.

With the consciousness that all the brightness of her life was fading away with Herbert Lee's departure, Ernie shudderingly thought of the long, dreary months which must ensue; and, sinking down upon the sofa with an audible sob, she covered her face with her hands.

Herbert's arm was around her in an instant, and his kisses imprinted upon her forehead and trembling hands; for Ernie kept her face concealed.

"Now, darling, this will never do," said Herbert, gently removing the slender fingers from the tear-stained face.—"Be a brave little woman, and look forward to next summer, when I will come and claim my little queen for my own."

Was it a presentment of coming evil, or only her anxious fears, that caused the girl to cry passionately,—

"O, Herbie! What if you should change! Will you always love me the same?"

The startling suddenness of this appeal from one as gentle and clinging as Ernie, together with the anguish betrayed in her voice, jarred upon some chord in Herbert's breast, not quite in perfect unison with his other feelings; for a moment he sat surprised and silent, if not a little indignant at the question, which implied some want of faith in him, but this feeling passed quickly away as he glanced at the girl who was bowed down by sorrow, at his departure—the sight of whom helped to soothe his ruffled feelings, and then, tenderly as a mother would have done, he cheered and comforted Ernie.

"My poor, timid little bird!" said Herbert. "How can you ask such a question? Are you afraid to trust me in the wicked world?"

Half ashamed at her lack of confidence in him who had sworn to be true forever, Ernie resolutely put aside the painful doubts and misgivings which were crowding her heart, determined to glean as much comfort as possible from the few remaining hours; and at length she was able to see him depart—if not happily, at least hopefully—with Herbert's last words ringing in her ears: "I will come again darling, when the meadows are white with daisies."

The days dragged slowly by when Herbert had gone; Ernie's usual resorts failed to afford the accustomed pleasure; the life and vivacity of everything seemed gone and nothing, save the arrival of Herbert's letters, as racy, brilliant, and entertaining as the writer, appeared to break the dull monotony of her life.

These epistles, breathing such undying love, were to Ernie as life and nourishment, causing her pale cheeks to flush in an ecstasy of joy, and her eyes to acquire a velvety softness and crystal lustre; for days she would carry the treasure around with her, taking every opportunity to trace again the loved hand-writing, and lingering with happy hopes over the dashing signature, "Yours always, Bert."

At length, even while the first snow lay undisturbed on the hill, and unbroken in the depths of the forest, Herbert's letters began to grow fewer in number, and Ernie tried to banish the vague misgiving from her heart, and to implicity believe the excuses which Herbert sent, namely; "want of time during the busy holiday season:" but, when the holidays were long numbered with the things of the past, Herbert had not, as yet, found the time that seemed necessary for the regular accomplishment of that simple task, if task it was, and yet one on which Ernie's happiness depended; indeed he grew, if anything, more negligent in this matter, for only an occasional missive, at long intervals, came from the absent lover, to break the suspense and solitude of Ernie's existence; her eyes acquired an anxious, searching look, as though watching for the long delayed letter, which would bring news concerning Herbert Lee, from the great metropolis, whose seething caldron of busy, active, restless life seemed to have swallowed him up.

The warm beams of an April sun melted the snow on the hill sides, and the same sun, a few weeks later, replaced the lost covering by a mantle of green, from which the sturdy little violets soon came peeping forth; and yet no tidings from its absent one.

"He will come when the meadows are white with daisies! He has promised!" cried Ernie, vainly endeavoring to satisfy her heart's longings with the gnawing anxiety that was slowly undermining her health and sapping life away.

One morning while wandering sadly through the green fields in the rear of the cottage, Ernie came upon a little nook where, warmed and natured by the genial sun, and sheltered from any chance wind, was growing a clump of snowy daisies. The girl clutched them with a cry like a wounded bird, and kissed them passionately; but suddenly a revulsion of feeling swept over her; the crushed flowers fell from her nerveless fingers, and Ernie herself dropped down beside them upon the cool, green grass, while deep, tempestuous sobs shook her frame.

"The daisies have come," she brokenly murmured, "yet he is not here."

When she arose from the spot the sun was heigh in the heavens, but Ernie heeded it not; a feeling of apathy had taken posession of her which dried her tears; and from that hour life gradually faded away; hers was a nature which fed itself almost wholly upon love and hope; and now that the veil of truth and honor, with which she, in her innocent, trusting heart had enfolded her lover, was torn cruelly aside, so that she beheld his fickleness and falseness, the shock of the revelation proving too much for the delicate constitution, she sank under the blow, utterly hopeless, with no incentive to life.

Her mother wept in an agony of tears and prayers as she beheld her only child dying; and so the summer rolled slowly on to the sad inmates of the little cottage; although the air was laden with the scent of flowers, and the books sparkled and danced in the sunlight, and the woods were never more beautiful, no one of these things could bring pleasure, for, in the midst of nature's lovelines, a broken-hearted mother kept watch by her dying child.

It was October; only one years had passed since Ernie Sherwood had thought her cup of happiness to be full; only one year since Herbert Lee had quitted Handen; a thief, in one sense of the word, for he stole what was of infinitely more value than money or goods—the peace and happiness of a trusting girl's heart.

The death-angel hovered over the cottage, and the dark shadow of his wings fell upon the inmates; and now the unwilling mother could no longer blind herself to the fact of that dread presence.

One sweet, balmy evening, when the trees were most gorgeous with crimson and gold, a few lingering rays of the setting sun stole into Mrs. Sherwood's parlor.

Ernie lay upon the white bed, drawn close to the window; but oh, so changed! The brown curls rested on the pillow in tumbled masses, and clung in damp rings on her forehead: her eyes, once so tender and loving, were now sunken and dim, while the dark lashes lay motionless upon the pale cheeks. The unearthly transparency of her skin, and the startling distinctions of the blue veils in the waxen hands, etherealized her.

Mrs. Sherwood knelt by the bedside with her face hidden, suffering unutterable anguish; her heartstrings seemed rending with the effort which she made to give her child up to God; it was hard to say, "Thy will be done," when her only earthly prop and happiness was about to be taken away; and the Christian woman was nobly striving to become reconciled, and entertain no bitter feelings toward the one who was the cause of his suffering, when a weak whisper came from Ernie:—

"Raise me in your arms, mother, and kiss me good-bye, for your Ernie is dying."

Her mother folded her in her bosom, and pressed repeated kisses upon the white face, while she vainly strove to banish the gnawing pain at her heart.—Soon a mysterious gray parlor crept over the dying girl's countenance, and she gasped:—

"Mother—good-by!" and then, with a supplicating look in her eyes, she articulated with a mighty effort, "Tell him—I forgive."

A soft, quivering sigh escaped her, and—she was dead.

* * * * * * *

In a solitary corner of the church-yard at Handen, under the shadow of a huge weeping-willow, is a grave, a little apart from the others, which in the spring-time is a blossoming bed of snowy daisies. As we approach it now we see the figure of a man seated beside it, with his eyes fixed sadly upon the inscription of the small head stone, which reads, "Ernie Sherwood, aged nineteen." Coming closer we recognize Herbert Lee.

Yes, 'tis he, come at last, but, alas! too late, for he cannot recall the dead or undo the error which he caused by his thoughtlessness and fickle heart; for want of thought had been the chief cause. With him, out of sight was out of mind: and although, sometimes, in the whirl and excitement of fashionable' life, there would come back to him a vision of a little village among the Connecticut hills, where brown eyed maiden was awaiting his coming with the daisies, he would quickly banish it from his mind; but not so could he rid himself of the haunting question which clung to him day and night; "Will you never change? Will you always love me the same?" and he did love the gentle girl as he loved none other; but his weak wavering nature could not withstand the temptation which came to him, in forms of more dazzling beauty and sparkling wit, under lighted chandeliers; with snares well spread to entrap the handsome young man who could jingle gold in his pockets.

He had not the strength of will to free himself from their wiles and be true to Ernenia alone, and so he continued in folly and carelessness until tribulation overtook him—the news of Ernie's death.

To do him justice, he was shocked and stunned by the fatal consequence thoughtlessness, and thoroughly despised himself for the unmanly part which he had acted, and then, bowed down with grief, he hastened to Handen to make amends, if possible, and comfort the broken-hearted mother.

And now Herbert Lee—transformed by years from a young, handsome, fickle, reckless man—is a man strong and self reliant, with the noble qualities of heart and mind well developed; the support and comfort of a widowed, childless woman to whom he has bound himself for a life long service; and yet, as he sat by Ernie's grave he felt that he had learned the lesson at a fearful cost—the sacrifice of the young girl's life who was sleeping "Under the Daisies."

BROWN'S MATRIMONIAL METHOD.

'Brown, I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry?'

'Oh! that is simple enough. I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle.'

'But what is that principle? I never heard of it before.

'Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw. After this had been repeated a few times the cattle determined to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works first rate. The young folks begin to pity each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it.'
—*Dubuque Telegraph.*

ANECDOTE OF PRINCESS VICTORIA.

There is a pretty little story told by the governess of the Princess Victoria, and which was published not very long ago, of how this little girl of twelve summers felt when she found out quite suddenly that she was to be the Queen. It is in a letter addressed to Queen Victoria herself:

"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davy's [the Queen's instructor, afterward Bishop of Peterborough,] was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now,' and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating 'I will be good!'

Is not this a pretty story? Cannot you fancy the little girl, overawed by the great thought of being a queen, and understanding how wonderful it was, yet finding nothing more solemn to say in her simplicity (and, indeed, if she had searched the world for elegant expression, what could she have found better?) than these dear child's-words, 'I will be good!' I think there could not be a more charming little historical scene. 'I cried much on learning it,' is the note when the Queen's hand writes on the margin. No doubt the little maiden was frightened into seriousness and drew her breath quick when she first knew what was before her—Queen! of an empire upon which, as we are fond of saying, 'the sun never sets,' yet only twelve years old, a little girl in a white frock, with big blue eyes opening wide with wonder. Think how you would feel who are the same age, if anything a tenth part as wonderful were told to you!
—*Mrs. Oliphant in St. Nicholas*

Energy and power result from a continuous looking forward in the hour of making re-attempts before them to-day.

MAKING CALLS IN WASHINGTON.

Washington is unlike any other place on earth, so far as official society goes. Your washer-woman, if she is respectable, may call on Mrs. Fish, leave a card, and feel personally affronted if her visit is not returned and an invitation sent for herself and daughter for the next reception at the house of the Premier. I sat in the carriage yesterday, watching the outcoming of a friend who had gone to make a call on Mrs. Fish, and watched the throngs passing up the steps and in the door, and down the steps into the street. Some superb-looking girls and women, *distingue* men, attaches of foreign legations, richly clad and elegantly dressed; showy equipages and shabby hacks received their burden and whirled off to the next "Cabinet house." Then I gave my attention to the pedestrians. Of course many of our best people were of this class, but there was a suitability in their costumes which stamped them to the "manner born." The trailing silks, blue velvet and damasse over-skirts, green velvet over-dresses with cardinal silk underskirts, topped off by Virot hats, were worn by those who could least afford it, while cheap finery, in the shape of stringy silks, poor alpacas, imitation furs, flashy bonnets, with sundry gilt ornaments, on the heads of ordinary blowsy-looking women, and frowsy girls with wrists protected by bangles, made up the lot of people who sigh and grow lean with vexation after the vanities of the world.

Two years ago I was in the drawing-room of a lady in public life (whether Cabinet Minister or not I shan't say). The rooms were crowded. As I entered my friend extended her hand, and exclaimed:

'I am so glad to see a familiar face. I am at my wit's end what to say to these ladies, who are all strangers to me. What can I talk about that will entertain them.'

At this juncture the servant-man announced Mrs. Blank and her daughter, two as gaudy-looking women as I ever saw. The courtesies of the day were exchanged, and my friend was no longer at a loss for a subject, for Mrs. Blank launched forth:

'I have seen you in church so often. You never saw me, I reckon! No! Well, I declare, that is surprising. Sarah, that's my daughter here, said this morning, 'Now, Mar, put by that sewing (I was making some shirts for Mr. Blank), and dress up and let's go callin'.' So as I hed seen you so often up to our church, I came here first.'

Other visitors were announced, and in ten minutes this couple started up.

'I reckon we must go, for Sarah she wants to go the rounds, and Miss Fish don't receive after 5. Do come and see us.'

'Where are you living, Madame?' said my patient friend.

'On the island, Eleventh street, near the river. Come very soon. Good-bye.'

'Good morning, Madame; I'll certainly give myself the pleasure of calling.'

Now, this conversation is precisely as I heard it. Would it not have been better for the Blank to have remained at home, finished Father Blank's shirts, darned his socks, and sewed on little Blank's button's, than to have been rushing round from the house of one minister to that of another, leaving printed cards and placing themselves in a position to invite ridicule? And scores of just such people I saw yesterday going along heart-weary and foot-sore, now in this door and out that of people with whom they can have nothing in common, and from whom they receive courtesy because, ofttimes, the lady in whose house they may be knows how to show them nothing else.—*Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE SYMPATHETIC MAN.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A mother and babe were among the passengers at the Central depot yesterday. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this fact, perhaps, attracted the attention of a big fellow with a three-story overcoat and a rusty satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her he remarked:

'Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?'

She faintly nodded.

'Does he seem to feel it much?' continued the man.

She shook her head.

'Is he a healthy child?' he asked, seeming greatly interested.

'He was up to a few moments ago,' she snapped out, 'but I'm afraid he's smelled so much whiskey that he'll have the delirium tremens before night!'

The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterward seen buying cloves and cinnamon.

☞ California weather is thus put through the mill:

Either the rain comes spouting down,
Soaking you through from sole to crown,
Or clouds of dust 'git up and git,'
And fill your eyes with soil and grit.

ANSWER TO PUZZLER.—When your boy comes in a state of excitement, tell him to quit his fun.

VARIETIES.

True repentance is to cease from sin.

Remorse is the echo of lost virtue.

Success consecrates the foulest crimes.

Indolence is the paralysis of the soul.

Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

Men love to be adored, but hate to be reproved.

The world is his who can see through its pretentions.

Time's chariot wheels make their road in the fairest face.

One must do more when one is old than when one is young.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

We are only really alive when we enjoy the good of others.

Too much kindness to the aged and afflicted is seldom heard of.

A great heart is as quick to find another out as the world is slow.

Work for other people's vanity, not your own; that is the art of arts.

The best days of a man's life are those in which he effects the most good.

Childhood itself is scarcely more than cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age.

The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.

It is no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

Affection hides three times as many virtues as charity does sins.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.

Error will slip through a crack while truth will get stuck in a doorway.

It pays to make people happy, and it can be done on small capital.

The gold yield of California last year is estimated at $20,000,000.

A thoroughly self-respectful man will command respect anywhere.

The greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Except a man rise above and go beyond himself, he is exceeding small.

That is a treacherous friend against whom you must be always on your guard.

A pleasant reflection—A pretty girl's face in a glass.

Politeness is too often but a perfidious generosity, which leaves the heart's cold prejudices untouched.

Envy is fixed only on merit; like a sore eye, it is offended with everything that is bright.

In warm weather slippers become a woman. In icy weather woman becomes a slipper.

In every relation and position in life may be found men and women the first canon of whose creed is self-interest.

To know a man, observe how he wins his object, rather than how he looses it; for when we fall our pride supports us; when we succeed it betrays us.

There is no strength so invigorating as that which arises out of victory over selfish inclination, obtained by the force of right principle.

Many natures which seem to us coarse and rough, hold, after all, the "sweet music" in some solitary room in their souls.

☞ "Henry," said a young girl to her lover the other night, as they were seated before the fire, "you don't know what a soothing influence you have got over me."

"My darling," he whispered softly, while a glad light came into his eyes, "can it be so?"

"Yes," she said, "when you are around, I always feel like going to sleep."
—*Norwich Bulletin.*

☞ He was reading to his wife about an accident, and casually remarked, "I dare say there was a woman at the bottom of it," when something transpired that made him grasp his head in both hands and rub it deliriously as if there had been a woman at the top of it.

☞ 'The times are hard, my dear,' a man said to his better-half, 'and I find it difficult to keep my head above water.'

'You could easily keep your head above water,' returned the lady, 'if you would keep it so often above bra[illegible]

☞ 'No man can [illegible] his will,' said a [illegible]

'Faith,' said Pa[illegible] went to prison against [illegible] did!'

☞ "That was very [illegible] Tommy, to ask your [illegible] of cake."

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