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## FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head—
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And he is gone, and he is gone?"
She cried, and wept outright,
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the tender ship, you see."
The "tender ship," cried Sally Brown—
"What a hard ship that must be!"

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O, Sally Brown, O, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well!"
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned—and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

☞ A good story is told of a well-known real estate dealer with whom the use of business terms in his conversation became a second nature. He was a widower with two children, and one evening among a party of intimate friends he laughingly told a lady that she had better marry him.

"Well, I have made up my mind to marry no one but a widower with six children," replied she, "and you have but two."

"Oh! if that's all," retorted he, all alive for a bargain, "I'll pay on the usual terms—one-third down, and the balance in one, two, three and four years."

☞ By an odd chance two lovers of one woman met as convicts in the Alabama State prison. One was to serve three years and the other five, and the latter desired a compact by which the former was not to take advantage of his earlier freedom, but to refrain from courting the woman until both were at liberty. The three years man refused to make any such agreement, and was in consequence nearly murdered by the five-years man. The woman had already married somebody else.

☞ Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once—it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again—precious ones never.

☞ The best way to present to life the manifold uses of friendship, is to cast about and see how many things there are which a man cannot do for himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say: "That a friend is another himself;" for a friend is often times himself.

## A GRAVE MISTAKE.

Roger Berton crushed the newspaper in his hand, and then uttered an exclamation.

'Well old fellow, what is it?' cried his friend, Ned Dawkins, 'any one left you half a million?'

For a reply Roger handed the paper to him, pointing to the paragraph which had attracted his attention. It read as follows:

MARRIED at B——, Aug. 21, by the Rev. Edward Duncan, D. D., Samuel Weston to Miss Amy Conway, second daughter of Alvin Conway, Esq.

'What? Is it possible!' exclaimed Ned. 'Where is Tennyson?'

O, my cousin, shallow-hearted! O, my Amy, mine no more!
O, the dreary, drear moor-land! O, the barren, barren shore!'

'Ah, it is not a fit subject for jesting!' said Roger, angrily.

'A poor fellow, toiling for position and wealth, upheld through the dreary struggle by the promise of a woman he worships, and then when he had attained the summit of his ambition, his whole life is wrecked in an instant. Friends are good sympathizers, truly.'

'Pardon me, old fellow,' replied Ned, 'I am cynical, I know. I have been through the slough of despond. led on by a woman's bright, black, sparkling eyes, and at the end I mocked Shakespeare, and exclaimed: 'There is no truth or honesty in women—all perjured, all forsworn.'

'You never knew Amy Conway,' replied Roger, gloomily. 'She was a woman who seemed the incarnation of truth. When she raised her Madonna-like face to mine and pledged her fealty, I felt as if an angel had spoken, and believed.'

'Well, we must be philosophical. Remember Mother Eve.'

'I can remember my own mother,' said Roger 'No, no. Because one fair form has lied I do not condemn all woman-kind. I must bear my trial bravely.'

When Ned Dawkins departed, he was convinced that his friend would soon recover from his betrothed's deceit. Had he seen him at midnight as he paced his chamber he would not have been so easily deceived.

Roger Berton had a noble, magnanimous soul; deceit and treachery were words unknown to his nature. O, the bitterness of that long and dreary night when the strong man struggled with the maddening despair. Dark thoughts arose in his brain. He understood now what desperate resolves can be formed by man in his agony; and a new born sympathy arose for those oppressed creatures, who at times shake off the trammels of tyranny, and declare that might is right. Toward morning he grew calmer, and as the gray dawn shed over the city its dismal pall, it revealed his noble features composed and pale.

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Two young ladies were seated in a handsome boudoir, located on one of the most fashionable streets of the city of B. A lovely blonde and a sparkling brunette the two pure types which nature gives us of womankind.

'I am sure, Amy,' the brunette was saying, 'I would not trouble my head about it. I cannot tell you how happy I am, simply because I render myself placidly content. You know love was not one of the items in my marriage with Mr. Sargent. But he is a nice, agreeable person, and we get along admirably together. Love makes people miserable, and is all a mistake!'

'O, Ellie, dear, you cannot understand me,' replied the blonde; when I gave my heart to Roger, I lost it forever. O, I am so wretched, life is so dreary to me!'

'As a remedy, Amy, plenty of fresh air and exercise, and as little novel reading as possible. Take example by me! The bloom has faded on your cheeks through love; you are thoroughly miserable through love—and what is love worth that it should do all this? This idle dream of man's nobility is well enough for a dream; but, as a reality, Amy, I find the human race so dreadfully prosaic and disagreeable that I turn to nature for relief. And, now, good-bye, my dear; and if the next time I see you there is not a marked improvement, I shall then recommend the cloister in lieu of the health!'

With these words, and a merry laugh, Lilian Elliot departed.

For a long time Amy Conway sat at the window, wrapped in the deepest thought. Her mind reverted to that glorious autumnal evening when under the shade of the lordly oak she had vowed constancy to Roger Berton. O, the delicious joy of that avowal! The feeling of peace and rest as she was the only woman he had ever loved. And now? that fatal tear-stained paper, incongruous in its language, but fatal to her peace forever. She takes it forth and reads it again, seeking for the hundredth time to discover some hidden meaning in the maze of ambiguity:

"MISS CONWAY:—The past is dead. I make no reproaches. I know the gnawing pangs of conscience, and heart-broken as I am, I would not change place with you. I am going forth to-day away from friends and kindred into what must be a living grave, for when the heart is hopelessly withered, life becomes a bitter burden. If it will be any consolation hereafter, know that I forgive you; it is far easier to forgive than to forget. I return your portrait and your letters. They have given me many happy hours, but the ashes of the past are bitter. Farewell.

ROGER BERTON."

'O, Roger, Roger,' sobbed the unhappy woman; 'if you could only hear me praying for you! If you knew the frightful desolation of my heart! If I could tell you that never have I been faithless in thought, word or deed! O, heaven help me, I can not bear it!'

'We must have Dr. Lewis,' said Mrs. Conway, as an hour afterward they discovered the senseless body of the beautiful girl extended on the floor. 'Amy is but a shadow of her former self, and all on account of that villain, Roger Berton.'

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The snow was falling in minute flakes over the grand city of Montreal. The streets, trees and houses were covered with a white mantle, and foot passengers were hurrying homeward, beset with difficulties. In the snug surgery of the famous Dr. Berton, a cheery fire fought with the cold, and the cat stretched on the hearth rug, emblematic of comfort, attested the virtue of the comfortable blaze.

'A very stormy night,' said Dr. Berton, as muffling himself in his wraps he prepared to set forth on his evening calls.

The lines of Dr. Berton's noble face were a little deeper, and a few gray hairs were mixed with the rich brown, but otherwise he was unchanged.

'A note for you, sir.' said a servant entering.

'Ah, a new patient! Hum! heart disease. William, I will be later to-night than usual.

'Very well, sir. A good one, and no mistake,' he added, as he watched the receding figure of the doctor battling with the storm.

In a sumptuous apartment of the leading hotel of Montreal on that wintry night Amy Conway lay dying. Her mother and sister sat by the bedside, and ever and anon wetted the poor sufferer's lips. The family physian in B—— had recommended change of air and scenery, and Mrs. Conway, with her daughters, had accordingly set forth. But the journey was but half over and they were compelled to halt, for the life that they journeyed to save was fast ebbing.

'Dear mother, don't grieve for me,' said Amy, faintly; 'death is robbed of all its terror. I dread it no longer.'

'You shall not die, Amy! I have sent for a physician whose skill in cases of your kind is remarkable, and he will save you. I cannot afford to lose you, dear Amy!' The mother's voice was choked in sobs.

Amy was about to reply when a knock at the door interrupted her.

'The doctor,' exclaimed Mrs. Conway, gladly. 'At last.'

A grave, sombre face, dark gray eyes, and rich brown hair; surely Mrs. Conway had seen these before. But this was no time for surmise. Advancing hastily she said:

'Doctor, behold your patient! Save her life, and earn a mother's everlasting gratitude. Darling this is Dr. Berton.'

The violet eyes expanded with surprise and a fresh flush tinted the soft, pale cheeks as she exclaimed—

'Roger! have you come at last?'

'Is it possible!' exclaimed Rose Conway, 'Our old friend, Mr. Berton, transformed into the famous physician. How odd! I never thought of associating the name with you.'

For a moment Dr. Berton stood mournfully contemplating the wreck of the woman he had so fondly loved.

'I must forbid your talking, Mrs Weston,' he said, 'it is extremely prejudicial. Permit me to examine you.'

The examination concluded, Miss Conway said:

'How is this, doctor? I am Mrs. Weston; my sister has never been married.'

He turned pale and clutched at the bedpost for support.

It was all a mistake, and this was his work.

'O Roger,' moaned a weak voice from the bed; 'you thought me false.'

'Dazed and bewildered the doctor wrote the prescription, and turned to leave.

'Well, Roger,' said Mrs. Conway in a whisper; 'can you give me hope?'

'O, yes! Thank God, I can save her,' he replied.

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Another wintry evening in the city of Montreal. Again is the cheery blaze burning in Dr. Berton's surgery, and the comfortable cat paws on the rug. Dr. Berton has laid down an erudite work on affections of the nerves, and is musing deeply, when a visitor interrupts him—a little golden-haired girl of two years, beautiful as an angel. She is followed by a woman whose singular beauty is increased by the maternal love which beams on her countenance.

'Do we disturb you, Roger? I wished to show you baby's new dress. Is she not charming?'

'The image of yourself, dear Amy. I can pay her no higher compliment!'

A few days after his marriage Roger Berton happened to meet his friend Ned Dawkins. He quoted to him with sarcastic delight from Tennyson,

"Love took up the glass of time,
And turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment lightly shaken,
Ran itself in golden sands."

'There, Ned,' he said, 'is the true interpretation of 'Locksley Hall,' as applied to my life.'

Ned was not abashed.

'It was a lady that was the cause of all your troubles,' he said—"misprint."

## BUTLER COUNTY COURTSHIP.

He sat on one side of the room in a big white oak rocking chair; she on the other side in a little white oak rocking chair. A long-eared deer-hound, snapping at flies, was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers Both rocked incessantly—that is, the young people, not the dog and the basket. He sighs heavily and looks out the west window at a sugar maple tree; she sighs heavily and gazes out the east window, at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:

'This is mighty good weather to pick geese.'

'Tis that—if we only had any of them to pick.'

The rocking continues.

'What's your dog's name?'

'Coony.'

Another sigh broke the stillness.

'What is he good fur?'

'What is who good fur?' said he, abstractedly.

'Your dog, Coony.'

'Fur ketch'n possums.'

Silence for half an hour.

'He looks like a deer dog.'

'Who looks like a deer dog?'

'Coony.'

'He is—but he's kinder bellowsed an' gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no account on a cold trail.'

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was, made by the pattern called 'Rose of Sharon.' She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilts, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern with a 'real putty name.'

'Your ma raising many chinkens?' he asked.

'Forty odd'

Then more rocking, and, somehow, after a little while the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair were jammed side by side.

'How many has your ma got?'

'How many what?'

'Chickens.'

'Nigh onto a hundred.'

By this time the chairs were jammed so close together that rocking was impossible.

'The minks has eat all ours.'

Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes;

'Makin' quilts?'

'Yes,' she replies, brightening up, 'I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazeel,' a 'Sittin' Sun,' and a 'Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Parary?'

'No.'

More silence; then he says:

'Do you love cabbage?'

'I do that.'

Presently his hand is accidently placed on hers. She does does not know it—at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then, after a half hour spent in sighs coughing, and clearing of throats, he suddenly says;

'I've got a great mind to bite you.'

'What have you a great mind to bite me fur?'

'Kase you won't have me.'

'Kase you ain't axed me.'

'Well, now I ax you.'

'Then, now, I has you.'

Then Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing.

The next day the young man went to Butler after a marriage certificate.—Married the Wednesday following. No cards.

## WHY SHE HATED SALESWOMEN.

The subject was the employment of women as saleswomen, or "saleswomen," as the latest euphemism has it.

Mrs. S. said she always hated to buy anything of a woman.

'That is because one woman does not know how to use another,' said Spicer; 'men have no difficulty in dealing with shopwomen, lemme show you,' and as they entered the toy store he blandly approached an apple-faced girl, with flaxen hair, done up in small pats over her forehead, and slightly raising his hat, asked to be shown some toys suitable for a child of three. Apple-face turned a cheap locket hanging at her neck right ride out, smiled, and said, 'Yes, sir.'

Spicer turned his eyes around in triumph, but his ears unfortunately heard the shop-belle say, sotto voce;

'Jenny, show this bald-headed old noodle some cheap stuff, will you? There is Jim Spooner jess come in, and I want to see him.'

Mrs. S. chuckled, and Spicer thought they had better walk out, and see what was at the further end of the store.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

☞ A Chicago man encountered a draped figure in his basement hall the other morning, and mistaking it for his wife's dressing main, hugged it ardently for several seconds before he discovered that it was a deputy sheriff in an ulster overcoat. *Brooklyn Argus.*

☞ It is evident that the habit of idle young men going to "their uncle" to raise funds had begun to excite remark even in ancient times. Solomon's oft-quoted advice, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," would at least seem to strengthen this supposition.—*New York Commercial.*

☞ You can always tell whether a buzz saw is going or not by simple feeling of it, but it generally takes about as long to find the ends of your fingers as it would to have gone and asked the foreman of the shop if the thing was in motion.—*Fulton Times.*

## A CLOCK IN THE SKY AT NIGHT.

There are some old churches in England which have clocks showing the time with only one hand—the hour hand. I dare say that it will seem very strange to active and busy minds in America that such clocks as these should still continue in existence. A slumberous place it must be, truly, where men are content to know time by the hour, and to take no note of minutes. Or, if that is not really the way of it, still it must be a strangely backward world where such clocks, once sufficient for their purpose, have not yet been replaced by time-measurers better suited to active, business-like folks.—When such clocks were more common, and house-clocks and watches less used (and probably very seldom in order,) it would have been useful to know what I am now going to tell you about a clock in the sky, though at present the knowledge will help rather to teach young folks the stars, than to show them how to learn the time from the stars; for the clock I have to describe has only one hand, and not only so, but that hand goes the wrong way round, and only once round in a day.

The first step toward a knowledge of the stars should be the recognition of the pole-star, because the pole of the heavens being the point round which all the stars are seemingly carried, so soon as we know the stars around the pole, we have a centre, so to speak, from which we can pass to other groups until we know them all. Once known, the pole-star can always be found by the learner, supposing he observes the heavens always from the same station; for it lies always in the same position (or so nearly so that the change can scarcely be noticed). If, for example, you once have been shown, or have found out for yourself, that from a certain spot in your garden, or from a certain window in your house, the pole-star can be seen just above a certain chimney or tree, then at any time, or any night when the sky is clear, if you betake yourself to that spot, or look through that window, you will see the pole-star over its accustomed chimney or tree. It is there, indeed, all the time, whether the sky be clear or cloudy, whether it be day or night. Not only does a knowledge of the pole-star give you a known central-point whence to proceed to others, but it gives you the means of knowing where lie the cardinal points around the horizon; for, of course, when you face the pole-star, the north lies before you, the south behind you, the east on your right, the west on your left.

But to find the pole-star, it is well to begin with the dipper. This well-marked group includes two stars which are called the "pointers," because they point to the pole-star. The dipper is so conspicuous and well-marked a group that it is easily learned and cannot easily be forgotten. Although not very near the pole, it is yet not so far from it as to range very widely over the heavens; and if you look toward the north at any hour of any clear night, you will seldom require many seconds to find the familiar set of seven bright stars, though at one time it is high above the pole, at another close to the horizon, now to the right of the pole, and anon to the left. In England the dipper never sets; in America it partly sets, but still can be recognized (except at stations in the most Southern States) even when partly below the horizon.—*Prof. R. A. Proctor, St. Nicholas for December.*

## VALUE OF SALT.

Not more than twenty-five years ago a learned doctor published an elaborate treatise to prove that salt was the "forbidden fruit," through eating which our first parents fell, and has ever since been the cause of all our disease and ills, though only a lunatic would deny that salt serves some important and essential uses in the animal economy. The desire for salt seems an instinct implanted in the animal creation, and there is a natural craving for it when it does not exist in sufficient quantity in food. Animals will travel long distances and brave great dangers to get at saline earths, called salt licks; horses and cows are healthiest when provided with lumps of rock salt in their mangers or pastures, and even bees will sip a solution of salt with avidity. Men will barter gold for it in countries where it is scarce, and for it husbands will sell their wives, and parents their children. In some districts of Africa salt is far more expensive than the purest white sugar in Europe, and children will such a lump of it in preference to sweetmeats. But the existence of a greater or less appetite for salt in all individuals shows that this substance serves more important functions than that of merely gratifying the palate.

Salt being a large constituent of the human body and forming about half the total weight of the saline matters of the blood, the constant loss of it by the secretions, the bile, and even tears, requires to be made up by its use as a condiment. The free acid found in the stomach, and which forms an essential part of the gastric juice, is derived from the salt taken with our food; the soda of the blood and some of the secretions is obtained from the decomposition in the system of salt. The [illegible] and the only [illegible] as health.

## COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS.

As we said in a previous article some weeks ago, our business is not so much with the manufacturers of agricultural machinery or commercial fertilizers as it is to observe, to the best of our ability, the best interests of the farmer. And whilst it may be true that standard fertilizers, made by responsible parties, generally contain the value of the money charged for them, yet it is equally true that farmers are often most shamefully imposed upon by the different brands of superphosphates and fertilizing mixtures found in the market. In order to show how farmers are thus subjected to loss in the purchase of commercial manures, we here give extracts from a lecture delivered before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture—a body composed of the most skillful and intelligent farmers of that State—by Dr. James R. Nicholls, State chemist, in the course of which the lecturer presented the average cost of the material used in the manufacture of seventeen of the most popular superphosphates then in the market, the cost of the same having been ascertained by an accurate analysis of samples of each found in the hands of dealers. The doctor goes on to say:

"The average money value of these seventeen superphosphates was $16 35 per ton, and the average price at which they are sold $51 25 per ton. Some of these superphosphates, so called, cost the manufacturer less than $10 per ton, but were sold at $50 per ton. The highest cost of any specimen was $36 per ton, but which was sold at $60 per ton. One party from whom I received a letter was manufacturing an article, the materials of which cost him $7 50, which he sold for $50 per ton. A considerable number of these fertilizers are sold largely in the Northern, Southern and Baltimore markets. One important point to be borne in mind in regard to commercial fertilizers is, that different parcels out of the same lot are of very unequal value. The chemist is able to give the exact value of a specimen taken from a parcel, but he cannot assure farmers that the article they purchase, although of the same brand, is of equal value."

The purchase of commercial fertilizers is full of risk at best, and it seems to us that the safest way for the farmer is to manufacture his own fertilizers. By doing so he has an immense pecuniary advantage over a large manufacturer. He can prepare them in seasons of leisure, when the time consumed in manipulation does not enter into it as an element of cost. He saves the commission paid to large and small dealers, he saves the cost of transportation, and he can purchase pure raw materials at nearly as good advantages as the manufacturer. Why, then, should not the farmer prepare his own fertilizers? It requires but a small amount of skill, and if the farmer thinks he is not sufficiently well educated or experienced he should try to remove those disabilities at one by reading, experiment and study.

Dr. Nicholls also presented a formula for a compound fertilizer which he said has proved of the highest value, and which is easily prepared, as follows:

"Take 900 pounds of bone charcoal or burnt bones, 486 pounds oil vitriol, and 171 pounds water; mix the water and vitriol together, and gradually add the bones, stirring the mass well, that all may be incorporated. As soon as cool it should be ground in a plaster mill or pounded fine. To this add 400 pounds nitrate of soda, 100 pounds muriate of potash, and we have a ton of fertilizing material which I have found to contain 14.39 parts in the 100 of soluble phosphoric acid, 27.47 parts of soluble phosphorate of lime, 2.8 of potash and 3.14 of nitrogen. This gives twice as much soluble phosphoric acid and more nitrogen than the most popular fertilizer in Massachusetts, which sells for $60 per ton. The cost of the materials used in its manufacturer is about $44. This is a saving worth the attention of every soil cultivator, and affords a fertilizing compound of the highest efficacy."—*Balto. Weekly Sun.*

☞ You wouldn't think it, but I'm told it is actually so, that very high mountains increase in size every year. This is owing to the great quantities of snow which fall upon their tops. Some of this snow slowly melts and runs down the mountain-sides; but much remains, and so the mountains grow higher, year by year, as each season's snow falls upon that left there the year before.

☞ Kind words are like the flowers we scatter around us, whose fragrance rises up like incense; or, better still, they remind us of the girl in the fairy tale, from whose lips, when she spoke, beautiful pearls fell. But they are of more value than pearls. From them we reap a rich reward here, and they are treasures laid up in heaven—and they cost nothing.

☞ Solitude, kindling under the torch of Christian revelation, may become transfigured forever, passing from a blank negation into a secret hieroglyphic from God, and shadowing in the very dimness of its truths.

## VARIOUS ITEMS.

Vermont taxes 18,862 dogs.

The great census-taker is rum.

London consumes 300,000 grouse in a season.

Western girls are organizing cooking societies.

The California silk factories are doing a fair business.

Pittsburg clothing thieves now operate on wash lines.

Canada has 350 oil wells, of which 200 are being operated.

Little girls are employed as pages in the Kansas Legislature.

The toy trade in Paris during the holidays amounted to nearly $500,000.

The average daily consumption of water in Brooklyn is 29,080,000 gallons.

More than 100,000 persons are yearly found intoxicated and incapable in the towns of Scotland.

A total abstinence club at Lowell, Mass., has 4,000 members, including the Mayor and other leading citizens.

Milan, Italy, has 275,000 inhabitants, and maintains 22 theatres, which more than pay expenses.

Gin, weakened with 43 per cent. of water, has been lately decided, under the British Act, to be a punishable adulteration.

Be true! be true! be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred.—*Hawthorne.*

Thermometers are made in Nevada by filling a stovepipe with whiskey. When the whiskey freezes solid a change in the weather is predicted.

Green bulldog with ultramarine eyes in a cardinal red landscape on yellow velvet, is a good design for No. 5 slippers designed for friends with No. 11 feet.

A Yankee grave-digger, who buried a Mr. Button, put the following item in the bill which he sent to Mrs. Button: "To making one Button-hole, five dollars."

The joys of this world are indeed fleeting, but when a lot of boiled molasses gets into a girl's hair at a taffy-pulling, it may stick for weeks.

Down in Southern Indiana they mix capsicum with poor whiskey, add a little lime-water and the decoction lifts the happy drinker right over fences.

Art is pushing right ahead. They can now weave a cat into a parlor rug so naturally that one feels like tossing her a hunk of boarding-house beef.

A crusty old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a deal of lying.

A New Hampshire woman received the other day, $4,708 as damages for injuries received from an icicle falling upon her head from the defendant's building.

She who does not make her family comfortable will herself never be happy at home; and she who is happy at home will never be happy anywhere.—*Addison.*

There are people in this world who would make just as much stir, and do just as much good, and benefit society just as much—and we don't know but more—were they killed and stuffed.

The Bible itself is like an old Cremona; it has been played upon by the devotion of thousands of years, until every word and particle is public and tunable.—*Emerson.*

☞ Everybody knows which is the windward side of a cold-ash sieve, but on one ever succeeded in getting there.

☞ The slumber of the pure is sweet' says the Talmud. That accounts for sleeping in church, surrounded by the pewrest influences.—*Graphic.*

☞ Since the skull of Agamemnon, discovered by Dr. Schliemann, had thirty-two perfect teeth, it is thought that the old Trojan knew nothing about hazel nuts.—*Toledo Blade.*

GOOD SAYINGS.—Beauty is a fair but fading flower. Virtue is its own reward. Envy is its own punishment.—Religion is the greatest wisdom. Honesty is the best policy. Temperance is the best physic.

☞ The cold spell has kill hundreds of thousands of cabbage plants in Virginia, and it is feared there will be a considerable advance in the price of pure Havanas in consequence.—*Norristown Herald.*

## WE ARE BUT SEVEN.

I met a little Democrat,
A gray-haired little lad,
Who piped his eye and heaved a sigh,
Superlatively sad.

'Wherefore,' I asked, 'those sighs
That aspirate to heaven?'
He brushed the tear-drops from his eyes
And said: 'We are but seven!'

Burt Upton Hinckley

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