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THE LAW OF LOVE.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."—MATT. 5: 7.

"Be ye, therefore, merciful, as your Father also is merciful."—LUKE 6: 36.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—HEBREWS 4: 16.

Oh thou who, at the mercy-seat,
Dost kneel God's mercy to entreat,
Without which thou would'st languish,
Let every pressing time of need
Wake in thy heart an earnest heed
For others' woe and anguish.

There, at that incense-breathing place,
The covenant-guarded throne of grace,
There only, help is given,
To govern sympathy and love
According to His rule above,
Who blesses earth and heaven.

Not in great charities alone
Are the sweet traits of mercy shown;
But in ways dark and lonely,
Where heart to heart is felt the throb,
The hot tears dried, and hushed the sob,
Witnessed by angels only.

Some say that charity is cold;
It may be so, perchance, when gold
Is given in ostentation;
A noble deed ignobly done,
That praise and honor may be won,
That is a cold oblation.

But mercy is not mixed with pride,
It is a pure perennial tide,
The whole life fertilizing;
It brings forth self-denying deeds,
For misery and want it pleads,
No low estate despising.

It has a native inborn strength,
That can endure as great a length
As are earth's paths of weeping;
No path of pain, despair, or wrong,
For mercy is too rough or long,
Her hold on heaven still keeping.

Thou who art strong in youth and health,
Love mercy; thou, whose wasted wealth
Might warm a hundred hovels,
Scatter thy bounties near and far,
Where lonesome age and sickness are;
And pining penury grovels.

But thou who hast no wealth to spare,
Thy pity, and thy tender care,
Thy helpful hands of labor,
Thy gentle words of sympathy,
Shall surely one day reckoned be
As mercy to thy neighbor.

And look within thy happy home,
For mercy bids thee not to roam;
Perhaps some erring brother
Has come up to the well-known door,
To seek the sheltering roof once more,
Of father and of mother.

Shall he be chilled by withering look,
Or taunted with a proud rebuke,
Because of his ill-doing?
Shall loved ones leave him with disdain,
When, with a deep repentant pain,
He comes for mercy suing?

Oh mother, father, sisters, no!
Let not the sin-soiled wanderer go,
Let not his spirit harden;
But soften it with heart-warm tear,
With words he has so longed to hear,
Of welcome and of pardon.

Let all thy conversation shed
Glad sunshine; let no word be said
Of cutting edge, though witty;
For home-born wit and intellect
Should cheer and strengthen, not dissect
Unmoved by love or pity.

There is no happiness so sure,
So sweet, so unalloyed, so pure,
As that which love diffuses:
And rich the promise it obtains—
He that gives mercy, mercy gains,
Gains all the love he uses.

Oh, blessed in the last great day,
When books are opened to display
All secret things recorded,
Blessed the merciful shall be,
Crowned by God's mercy full and free
And evermore rewarded.

Lord, among all our prayers to Thee,
"Jesus, have mercy," is the plea
Uplifted night and morning;
But wert Thou strict to mark our sins,
What holy wrath at once begins
Our sad entreaties scorning.

Judgment, not mercy, we deserve,
For oft, unwittingly, we swerve
From Thy dear rule of blessing;
Neglecting chances Thou dost send,
To soothe, to succor, and befriend,
The wrongs of life redressing.

So when Thy servant, Death, draws near,
With messages of hope or fear,
To bring us our dismission,
No other prayer, beloved Lord,
But "mercy—mercy," oft implored,
Shall be our last petition.

☞ Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced that when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at.

Earning One's Own Capital.

Deacon David Speers was taking his after-dinner smoke. Perhaps the long clay pipe looked a little incongruous with the handsomely furnished room, and the massive silver plate on the mahogany side board. But for that matter, the deacon himself was incongruity—a little common looking man, not very well dressed, with a Rob Roy bonnet on his head, and knitted, gray, worsted stockings on his slippered feet.

Certainly a very wide contrast to the handsome, stylish looking young fellow who interrupted his reverie by a very frank and noisy—

'Good evening uncle. Can I talk awhile with you?'

'That depends, Robin, on what you'er gaun to talk about. I'm in no mood for clishums-clavers.'

'I want to talk about business, uncle.'

'Hump!'

'You know, uncle, that Aleck Lang and I have long been friends'

'I have heard so; I don't know it,' he replied.

'Well we have. And to-day Aleck came to tell me that he was going into the carpet weaving business in Kilmarnock. He intends to buy Tom Blackie out.'

'Hech! He'll need some bawbees for that.'

'His father will help, and he asked me to join him. What do you think about it?'

'How long have you been with Hastie?'

'Five years.'

'And how much have you saved in that time?'

'Well, to tell the truth, uncle; nothing at all. What with Jessie marrying last year and Rosa this, and the presents I had to give, and other expenses, my savings all went away.'

'Humph!'

'I thought perhaps that as the business was such an old, and sure one, and as both the Langs would be interested in it, you would lend me two thousand pounds for such a wonderful and good chance.

The old man removed the pipe, from his mouth and looking Robin in the face, said:

'I have made it a rule never to lend money to young men!'

'A very unkind rule when it touches me uncle. You were never so unkind to me before.'

'I am not unkind to you now either, Robin.'

'Only two thousand, uncle! And such a chance!'

'Guid heavens, hear the lad! Only two thousand! Did you ever earn two thousand pounds? Did ye ever save two thousand pounds? When ye have, Robin come to me an' I'll talk wi' ye aboot lending ye sum.'

'But, uncle, the thing is not a new venture; it is sure to pay.'

'It is gaun to hae new masters; and old men at sixty ar' na sae sure about things 'paying' as lads of five an'-twenty are.'

So the young man went away much disappointed and not a little angry; but other friends looked more favorably on the plan The two thousand pounds were borrowed, and Robert Rae and Aleck Lang bought out the old-established carpet weaving house of Themas Blackie at once.

The first year the concern, in spite of falling price, did very well. Robert's share of the profits not only gave him a good living, but paid his interest, and allowed him to lay by nearly £100 towards clearing off his borrowed capital; and the next year things were still brighter.

In the fourth year of the enterprise Robert Rae called again on his uncle.—He was sitting smoking in just the same dress and attitude.

'Good even, Uncle David'

'Good evening, Robin. How's business?'

'First rate. I don't come to-night about business.'

'Hech! What for then?'

'I'm going to be married. I want to tell you about it.'

'That's a mair kittle risk than Blackie's business, Robin.'

'I think not uncle.'

'Wha's the lassie?'

'Jessie Lorimer.'

'Yes.'

'The minister's daughter?'

'What toucher has she.'

'Just her beauty and her noble nature; she is of good family, too, and has had the best of education. Why, uncle, she can do most anything—paints, draws plays the harp, sings like an angel, and—'

'I'm feared she'll be a kind o' matrimonial luxury, Robin. But she is a bonnie bit lassie: I hae seen her; yet, I doubt if she is fit for a puir man's wife, Robin.'

'You'll come to the wedding, won't you, uncle?'

'Surely, surely.'

It was a very grand wedding, and Uncle Speers made quite a sensation by giving the bride a check of £500. Indeed, Jessie seemed to have captivated the old bachelor, and he soon began to spend a great many of his evenings in her pretty home.

Three years passed happily away. In Robin's home there had been some pleasant changes, and Uncle Speers danced a pretty baby Jessie occasionally on his knee, or he would sit and admire his own wee namesake in his cradle. Down at the mill things were apparently equally prosperous—all the looms were at work and the very welfare of Kilmarnock as a community was sensibly connected with the business of "Lang & Rae's Carpet Mill.

But a great deal of this success was only apparent, for it hung upon chances entirely beyond the control of the young partners in it. They had been compelled to borrow largely, and had big interest accounts to meet, and a great deal of their paper being from houses unknown to local bankers, had to be cashed at very heavy discounts.

All these things were much against them, yet so great was their industry and energy that they might have turned them all into "happy circumstances," and won in spite of the odds against them, if yarns had not suddenly taken a tremendous and quite unlooked for fall. This of course was followed by a number of failures, in most of which they suffered. Not all their efforts could now gather their numerous lines of enterprise, and they found it equally impossible to curtail them, and so, after a few months of desperate, anxious struggle, the firm of "Lang & Rae, Carpet-weavers," appeared in the list of "Sequestrations."

Old David Speers, with that subtile instinct indigenous to capitalists, had long forseen and resolutely refused to meddle in the matter. A coolness had, therefore, gradually grown up between uncle and nephew, and when the end came David was not among those who offered Robert and Aleck advice and sympathy. The young men behaved well; surrendered everything, even to their home plenishing; but the Scotch creditors are a pitilessly just class; and they did not fail to stigmatize as dishonorable and unbusiness-like the speculative and risky nature of the trade done by the broken down firm.

Aleck at once sailed for Sindey, where he had a brother, and Robert took his wife and children to the manse, while he endeavored to find a situation. But week after week passed, another winter approaching, and nothing had been done. Once again David Speers was smoking his after-dinner pipe and was interrupted —This time it was his pretty niece Jessie. His face softened wonderfully when he met her large, tearful eyes, and laying down his pipe hurriedly, he went to meet her. The courtesy was a very great one, and it gave Jessie hope and courago.

'Oh, uncle,' she said,' we have sore need of you!'

'My puir little woman! Sit down and tell Davie what he can do for you,' he said kindly.

Jessie's tale was soon told—her tears told it best—'Robert's heart had quite failed him; they were almost penniless, and they had worn their welcome out at the manse.'

'Then you'll come here, my dawtie, you and Robert, and Jessie and wee Davie; an' we'll see what your man is fit for. If he canna find his feet wi' a wife like you, I'm no sorry for him.'

So the next day the family moved, with their small belongings, to David's grand house, very much to the annoyance of Mistress Janet, David's house keeper. This lady indeed soon made things so unpleasant that it was evident to all parties there could be no delay in a decision, and Robert almost in desperation, resolved on trying his fortune in the New World.

David pressed by his housekeeper's grumbling, and by his affection for his nephew, knew only of one other way—He could advance Robert money for a new effort; 'but it would be the ruin of the lad,' he said, thoughtfully; 'I'm doubting if he's learnt his lesson yet; he must e'en go to school again.' So he praised Robert's suggestion and offered to pay the passage of the whole family, and give him £100 to start life with.

Rather grumblingly the offer was accepted, and in a few days they were on ocean not one of them aware of the real interest and affection which followed them—'but they'll write to me,' said David to himself, 'they' a' write, for they ken I hae plenty o' siller.'

Once on a new track, all Robert's energy returned. He sought information from all he met, and when they arrived in New York, he had a very clear idea of the direction he ought to take. Provided with a letter which a fellow passenger had given him to the Mills, he found his way there and readily obtained work. A part of his $1000 was used in furnishing a little cottage, and Robert enjoyed a degree of peace and comfort to which he had long been a stranger.

The next spring a lucky event gave him a special prominence. A large mill in the neighborhood imported some machinery for weaving a peculiar kind of rug, and no one could be found in the locality able to make it run smoothly.—Robert heard of the dilemma and offered his help. The loom was familiar to him; his success easy. He had found his place and he knew it; day by day he made his skill and energy felt. He rose to be overseer—business manager—partner.

Still he varied very little the quiet simplicity of his home. Jessie and he had found out how little they really needed for happiness, and so, year by year, whatever they saved was invested in real estate. The land grew in value while they slept and worked at other things, and ten years after Robert's first investment he found himelf, by the simple growth of the village, a very rich man.

Just about this time Uncle David sent them a very urgent request to come and see him, and as he offered to pay all expenses it was accepted. The old man was now nearly eighty, yet he was wonderfully hale and bright, and met them at the steamer, apparently little older for the ten years that had elapsed since he bid them "goodby" on the very same spot; He liked Robert's way at the first glance. 'he has the look o' a man wi' siller, and he bears himself well. I'se wager he's a full purse in his pouch.'

Another thing made a still more favorable impression on David: Robert was not anxious to speak about business. Indeed, Uncle David had at last to ask bluntly:

'Weel, Robin, what kind o' kintra is yon?'

'It is a great country, uncle.'

'You have done very weel, I suppose?'

'Very well.'

A long pause.

'You'll no be needing ony help now? I have money lying idle.'

'Thank you Uncle David; but I have fifty thousand dollars lying idle myself, I thought some of investing it here, if I can find just the machinery I want."

'You'er gaun to manufacturing again, Robin?'

'Yes; I know all the inns and outs of the trade—there is a very good opening in our town. Yes, I am thinking about it.'

'You'll no be wanting a partner, eh, Robin?'

'If I can get the right kind.'

'Would I do?'

'You uncle?'

'Well, yes, laddie; and you needna scorn at me. I'll put a hundred thousand to your fifty, and we'll ca' the firm Rae & Speere.'

'But, you could not leave Scotland, uncle.'

'Wae I thinkin o' sic a daft thing.—I'll trust my interest i' your hands. I'll hae my full rights, mind; and you shall hae a fair allowance for doing my mark as well as your ain. We'll put every thing on paper, and I'se hold you strictly to the bargain.'

The proposal, made half in banter, finally assumed a very real shape, and it was agreed that when Robert returned to America he should start a new manufacturing firm under very different auspices to his first venture.

But the past was only once alluded to, and then it was David who introduced the subject—

'You'll be thinking, Robin, very likely o' the day when I wouldna lend you the two thousand pounds.'

'You were quite right, uncle; no man ought to borrow money until he knows the difficulty of making it—and of saving it; young men can't know these things; they belong to experience.'

'You had that lesson to learn then, Robin, and I thought you might as well lear it o' ither folks as o' me. One fool while teaches anither fool, and both grow wise thegither. Sandy McClure lent ye that two thousand, and he was nane the waur o' the lesson ye gave him. There would be fewer young fools if there were mair wise elders.'

So Robert's visit was a great success, and the old man shed the last tears he ever shed on earth when he bid the children good-by.

'You'll take care of wee Davie for my sake, Robin,' he said tenderly, holding the lad proudly by the hand, 'for when I'm no longer to the fore, you'll let my name stand in the firm, till the hundred thousand will aye be in David Speers' name.'

And to-day the house grows and prospers, and is known far and wide as the firm of 'Robert Rae & David Speers,' though old David has long since been gathered to his fathers in Kilmarnock kirkyard. Robert's early failure has brought forth a late and splendid success and better than this, his kindheartedness has almost become a local proverb.

'I make it a rule never to lend money to young men, but if you want to go West or South I'll buy you a ticket, and give you fifty dollars. If the right stuff is in you, that is enough—if not, it is plenty to make ducks and drakes of.'

But some how very few young men that Robert Rae helps make 'ducks and drakes' of his fifty dollars. In many and many a case it has been an ample foundation for a good life and a good fortune.

Young men earn your own capital!

SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

Yesterday forenoon two young ladies called at a dry goods store on Woodward avenue to look at one of the late styles of circulars. The one who wanted to purchase was amazed and disappointed to find the circulars made without sleeves or armholes.

'Well, that's the style,' said the salesman, 'and they are very popular. They are meant to cover both shoulders and arms.'

'I guess I won't buy one,' whispered the girl to her friend. 'If I had a beau how could I take hold of his arm with that circular on?'

'Why, you goose!' replied the other, 'you let him put his arm right around you, of course! That's what it's made that way for!'

'Mister, I'll take that circular,' promptly observed the anxious party, and she had it sent home.

☞ A Western editor, who thinks the wages demanded by compositors an imposition, has discharged his hands, and intends doing his own type setting in the future. He says:—'owinG To the eXoRbitant W tgs? dEmaNded by printeRs wE have CoNCluded To do ouR own tYpe seTting IN the fuTuRE; anD although we nger lEarned Tqe BusIness we dO Not seE any gReat mAsTerY in tHe aRt.'

For the Transcript.

Another Talk with the Young Folks.

ABOUT PLANTS—MORE ABOUT CLASSIFICATION.

Dear Young Friends:—There are two systems of classifying plants used by botanists; one suggested by the great Swedish naturalist Linnæus, and hence called the Linnaen system, and another called the Natural system.

The Linnaen system was founded upon a very simple idea. In nearly every flower there is one or more little columns or pillars growing from the bottom of the flower. These are called pistils. Each pistil consists of three parts—the *ovary* where the seeds are made, the *style* or the tapering column itself, and the *stigma*, a little cap on the top of the style. Besides, these flowers have one or more little organs springing from the bottom like little threads. These are stamens. A stamen is made up of the *filament* or thread-like part and on its top a little knot called the *anther*. This anther is a curious little snuff box, having two cells filled with a fine powder, usually yellow. When the cells open this powder, called *pollen*, falls upon the stigma or top of the pistil and thus the seed is made. How curious! how wonderful!

You may, perhaps, sometimes have walked in a field covered thickly with weeds as high as a man's knee. Your clothes will be turned yellow from your feet up as high as the weeds reach. This was done by the pollen of the plant called Artemisia, or in common language ragweed.

In one great division of plants the pistils and stamens grow together in the same flower. These are said to be a Diœcious, a word signifying "living in the same house." In another division the pistils are in one flower and the stamens in another; these are monœcious, or living alone. So you see some keep bachelor's hall, while others live like married folks. When your cucumber and squash vines bloom if you will watch closely you will see how these get along in their state of single blessedness. It is absolutely necessary that the pollen of the staminate plant should reach the stigma of the pistillate. They are, perhaps, a long way apart, and neither can move an inch to go to the other. Now how is it to be done? If the stigma gets no pollen you will get no cucumbers, no melons, no squashes. Now, see that bee. He is down at the bottom of that golden flower-cup and he is rolling over and scratching like a boy in an empty sugar hogshead. Look at his legs! they are as yellow as gold. What kind of flower is it? It is staminate as sure as he is a bee. See now, away he goes! watch him. There! he dips into another flower cup. Let us follow up and examine. Ah! yes, it is pistillate. There is no stamen there. The bee wriggles about a while and rubs off enough pollen from his thighs to make you a great big watermelon or a delicious sweet canteloupe. The bee was the minister that married old bachelor Monœcia to his golden-dressed bride. Then there is the cherry you little fellows love so well, of which you would not get a taste if the winds did not take the pollen from one flower to the other. So when the cherry trees bloom look out for a storm of wind and perhaps rain. No storm no cherries.

Linnaes watched all these things and constructed his system of classification according to the number of pistils and stamens a plant had. A plant with one stamen he called Monandria, two Greek words meaning *one-man*, as he considered the staminate plants to be males. Two stamens he gave the name Diandria; three, Triandria; four, Tetrandia; five, Pentandria; six, Hexandria. Then Heptandria, Octandria, Enneandria, Decandria: the eleventh class has from eleven to nineteen stamens, and he called it Dodecandria. A flower with twenty or more stamens was his twelfth, called Icosandria, if they grew in the little cup, at the bottom of the flower, called the *calynx;* but if they were inserted on the ovary it made another class, which he called Polyandria, signifying many stamens. He found many flowers with four stamens but they were different; two were long and two were short, and this gave rise to another, the fourteenth class, Didynamia, meaning "two strong ones." Then came a distinct class with six stamens—four long ones and two shorter ones—this he named Tetradynami, or four strong ones. In many flowers the stamens were joined together by their filaments, into one tube; this made the sixteenth class, and was called Monadelphia, meaning one brotherhood. If they were united into two sets it constituted the seventeenth class or Diadelphia, two brotherhoods. Sometimes they are united into three sets, and this forms the eighteenth class, Polyadelphia. If the stamens were joined by their anthers into a ring he called the class Syngenesia; but if they were united with the pistil, it gave another class, the twentieth, called Gyandria, a word which means woman-man. Then if the stamens grew all on one flower and the pistils on another, it was class twenty-one. Monœcia, of which the water melon is a sample. If stamens and pistils grew together on the same flower, the class was Diœcia. Then in some plants some flowers were perfect, having both stamens and pistils, others on the same plant had flowers some with stamens and no pistil, and some with pistil and without stamens; this class he denominated Polygamia, and last of all were plants without stamens or pistils and therefore without flowers, which he called Cryptogamia, meaning a hidden or secret marriage.

You will observe that the stamens fix the class, and so the pistils were made the basis of the orders. Flowers with one pistil, style or stigma, was order 1. Monogynia—the word gynia meaning woman or wife. When there were more than twelve styles, stigmas or pistils, it was called Polygynia or "many wives." The system of Lynnæus has gone out of use altogether, and the natural system is now generally followed. Of this you will learn by-and-by.

He had 24 classes and each class had 13 orders.

Now tell your teacher how bees make pumpkins. Who was Linnæus? Where was he born? What did he study and write about? How did he class plants? How did he arrange the orders in his classes? What are the parts of a pistil? Of what use is pollen? Is the pollen made in the pistil, or where? Does it diminish or increase the crop of cherries to have the flowers blown about by hard winds? If there were no flowers at all would there be any fruit? In a growing stalk of corn which are the stamens and which the pistils?

Can a new variety of fruit be produced by human skill?

Look in your dictionary for the meaning of hybridize.

UNCLE SAMSON.

HIS HONOR AND BIJAH.

AN HOUR AT CENTRAL STATION COURT.

John Scofield could remember of drinking nineteen glasses of lager, a glass of whisky and another of punch, but yet he thought his case didn't come under the head of drunkenness. He had stretched out in the middle of Woodward avenue for a short nap, and was trying to fit his back to a hole in the pavement when an officer came along and suggested that such a position didn't become him.

"Do you own this town?" inquired John through the darkness.

The officer acknowledged that he didn't own half of it, but insisted that the prisoner should get up. Prisoner insisted that he would fight. True merit always wins. Prisoner taken down a peg or two. Also taken to the station.

"Are you prepared to meet your doom, inquired the court as he looked down upon the man from Indiana.

"Judge, don't lay up no grudge on me," replied the man. "I'm a feller who has had a heap of trouble. I've been married four different times and I've just run away from my fourth wife. I've had three good horses die of the bots, lost two cows by pizen, and every thing and everybody seems to be down on me."

"Well, I don't see how it helped your case any to get drunk," remarked his Honor.

"It didn't help it any, of course it didn't, but I felt mean and low spirited, and I kinder drifted into it. I'm about gone up, Judge. I've got palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, fever and ager, and a lame back, and I want to get out in the country, and peacefully and quietly expire."

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, I do. I'll leave town and die under some budding tree by the wayside, and I don't ask for any grave-stone or obituary notice in the papers. I'm a used up man, and I want rest."

"I'll let you go," said the court, after considering the case. "Take one of the highways leading to the interior and make tracks. If you should be picked up in town within the next two weeks you'd be put where the price of strawberries would not cause you a single anxious thought."

"Judge, I believe you. You don't look like a man who says one thing and means another. There is a resemblance between you and an uncle of mine, and—"

"Don't wait here one second longer!" interrupted the court, and John hurried out.

A WIFE'S OPINION.—A man was sawing wood the other day in his back yard. He severed two sticks as thick as your arm, and then went into the house.

"Mary," said he to his wife, "my country needs me; there's no use talking, we have just got to slaughter all these Injuns. No true patriot can be expected to hang around a wood-pile these days."

"John," said his wife, "if you fight Indians as well as you saw wood and support your family, it would take one hundred and eighteen like you to capture one squaw, and then you'd have to catch her when she had the ague and throw pepper in her eyes."

John went back to the wood-pile, wondering who on earth told his wife all about him.

☞ The new Church Property Tax law of Maine exempts from taxation church property worth not more than $5,000.

WAITING FOR A SAIL.

'I was looking around to see if navigation was open,' observed James Welch as he stood before the desk.

'The route to the House of Correction is always open,' softly replied his Honor.

'I don't want to sail in that craft, Judge, I didn't mean to get tight, and I'll tell you how it was. I found a bottle of something in a lumber yard up the river. I did'n know what it was and so I tasted it. It tasted so good that I drank all of it.'

'It might have been poison—how did you know?' asked the Court.

'I didn't know, your Honor, and that's the reason I tasted. I thought it would not be right to leave any such thing around where some innocent-hearted boy or some poor old man might accdentally get hold of it.'

'Well, it turned out to be second class whisky, didn't it?'

'No, sir, it turned out to be the nicest catsup you ever saw! If I'd only had a slice of cold meat I'd have been nicely fixed, but as long as I didn't have any meat I'd made the best of it.'

'Do you pretend to say,' began the court, after a long pause, 'that catsup intoxicated you?'

'It must have been that, Judge. It was in that bottle, I drank it, and this office says he found me drunk.'

'Well, we'll have a catsup law and a catsup decision. I send you up for thirty days.'

'I think I'll appeal to the Supreme Court,' said the prisoner.

'Very well. I'll make the warrant 'A' for appeal, and you'll please enter the sitting room and chalk your back with a figure '1' to secure a front seat in the Black Maria.'

The man wasn't at all satisfied, but then, this is a bad, bad world, you know, and it wasn't his lucky day.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Exports of raw material—Bivalves.

Blushes and tears make a hue and cry.

It takes a pick-pocket to disperse a crowd.

The blacksmith, no matter how well he is paid, is always on a strike.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

Pride often builds the nest in which poverty hatches out its sorrows.

There are estimated to be over 75,000 journeymen cigar makers in this country.

When you see two men arm in arm you may be sure that one of them is sober.

Even a banana skin will turn when trodden upon.

London dispensed last year about $35,000,000 in charity.

The first cafe in Paris is said to have been opened in 1672.

"Singing Bees" are quite popular in Germany and England.

In Switzerland 250,000 persons obtain a living by watchmaking.

A recent census of the Black Hills shows the population to be 6,550.

Owing to the hard times the English army is being rapidly recruited.

There are twelve miles of shelving for the books in the British Museum.

A poor man's toast: Here's health to poverty; it sticks by when all other friends forsake me.

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

The Chicagoans encourageraces between milk wagons, and call them aquatic sports.

The world's opinion—A mean man is a person with a small income who lives within it.

If we had windows in our hearts, many of us would take good care to keep the blinds closed.

At Sacramento, Cal., the young ladies have organized "morning mushroom parties."

In London ladies' dresses are kept close to the figure by means of elastics sewed to the creases.

A Californian now proposes to sail to Liverpool by way of Cape Horn, in a boat only twenty feet long.

In Paris there are fifty-eight butchers of horses, who last year sold 9,271 horses, asses and mules, in joints and steaks.

The Italian lottery system brings in not less than $12,000,000 in each succeeding year to the national exchequer.

Every one who works at some useful occupation makes the times better for others as well as for himself.

A tart temper never mellows with age; and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.

Seven persons, whose ages aggregate 581 years, died at Jamaic, Vermont, within the past month of pneumonia.

About one hundred and thirty thousand leather gloves are annually made in the city of Vienna.

Factions of the Lutheran church, in Chillicothe, had a hand-to-hand fight in a prayer meeting.

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