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## CASTLES IN SPAIN.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemain,
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these,
In the dim twilight half revealed:
Phœnician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of bees,
The Goth uplifting from his knees
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colors of romance
To every trivial circumstance,
And changed the form and countenance
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme,—
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,
The distant town that seems so near,
The peasants in the fields that stay
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,
When from the belfry at midday
The Angelus they hear;

The crosses in the mountain pass
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
White cities slumbering by the sea,
White sunshine flooding square and street,
Dark mountain ranges at whose feet
The river-beds are dry with heat,
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;
A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies
Dispelled the sadness and the gloom:
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,
Making the land a paradise
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among
The palm, the olive, and the vine;
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung
As lamps the bells that once had rung
At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,
The star of stars, the cynosure,
The young man's vision, the old man's dream,—
Granada by its winding stream,
The city of the Moor!

And there Alhambra still recalls
Aladdin's palace of delight;
Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls;
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,
And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomgranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chain the will.
The traveler lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown
With flowers that hide the rents of time,
Stands now the Past that I have known;
Castles in Spain, not built of stone,
But of white summer cloud, and blown
Into this little mist of rhyme!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ A Western journal says that one of their local judges recently had a lesson in spelling. The incident affords a "Spelling Bee" suggestion. The witness before the court was Mr. Wood.

"What is your name?" asked the clerk.

"Ottiwell Wood," answered the witness.

"How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled judge.

Mr. Wood replied—

"O double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O D."

The astonished judge thought it the most extraordinary name he had ever met with, and after two or three attempts to record it, gave it up, amid roars of laughter.

☞ No man or woman was ever cured of love by discovering the falsity of his or her lover. The living together for three long, rainy days in the country has done more to dispel love than all the perfidies in love that can be committed.

## A LOVE PASSAGE.

'Is it Lettice?' he cried, coming and taking me from the pony, in his great, strong arms. He kissed my cheek very tenderly as I slipped from his arms to the ground.

'I must not have you riding alone at this hour, Lettice,' he said.

'Oh, I have cousins behind,' she said, smiling.

'Cousins? he asked, with an earnestness that was quite comical.

'Yes. There they come,' she said, pointing down the lane.

And Sarah and Annie rode into the yard, scolding at me for leaving them.

Hush!' I whispered. 'I have a good excuse. Here is Howard.'

I introduced him and he helped them down. How I longed to know their opinion of him. Sarah was so quick, so sarcastic even, and Annie so fastidious. Yet why need I care? They were not going to marry him. But, after, an evening of something like constraint on all sides, we went to our rooms, which were connected I listened eagerly to their words of praise, and felt relieved and happy that Howard had suited them so well.

'Take care of him, Lettice,' said Sarah as she turned away. 'Annie is a sad flirt, and would no more mind taking him from you than she would mind taking a mouse from her pet kitten.'

I looked at Annie. Her face was calm and sweet.

'Believe me, Lettice!' she said softly. 'I am no flirt. Howard is safe from my arts.'

Yes, I knew that but was I as sure of her sister? I cannot now relate all the little circumstances that led me to a believe that Sarah Hale was determined to supplant me. I knew it by the quiver that ran tremulously through my nerves when she addressed him—her habitual sarcasm softened and subdued to him only; her voice taking a sweeter tone, almost caressing in its tenderness. She sang to him sweet, thrilling songs, and looked the rest. He was charmed, surprised, fascinated. Day by day, the spells she wrought so cunningly surrounded him and made him yield to her power. They rode together, walked together, sang from the same books, sitting on the same seat, holding each other's hands, looking into each other's eyes.

And I bore it, covering my deep pain with the semblance of gaiety, and adverting to my marriage as an event that must happen. Alas! Howard never spoke of it at all, but looked on my preparations with an indifference almost amounting to disgust. Annie spoke frequently of the event, and of the part she and Sarah were going to take; but her remarks won no response from them.

'Lettice,' said my mother one morning, at the breakfast table, 'I want something from town to-day. Can you go?'

A look of meaning which I afterward rememberrd, passed between Sarah and Howard. The latter excused himself on account of business letters that must be written, and Sarah had a violent headache and was going to lie down. So Annie and myself took the light carriage and my own pony, and went away immediately after breakfast

It was then that I first gave utterance from my overburdened heart to Annie. Dear girl! she had seen it all, and longed to tell me, but dared not. She blamed Sarah greatly, and wished that she could persuade her go home and leave her evil work unaccomplished. We rode slowly along, talking all the time of this painful theme, and we did not return until near noon.

I went to my room and beckoned Annie in, for I supposed from the stillness that Sarah was still asleep. Mother had gone out to make calls, the servant said, and Annie and I proceeded to the parlor, where we talked softly of the same subject that had occupied us all the morning, until the bell rang for dinner. Mother had come in and was waiting for us at the table. Neither Sarah nor Howrad appeared.

'Did they not return with you, Lettice?'

'What do you mean, mother? You heard what they said; we have not seen them since.'

'But they went in Howard's carriage an hour afterwards, and I supposed that they had followed and joined you. They have not yet returned.'

I kept calm, outwardly, and I tried to eat my dinner, but had to plead that I was tired with my ride. Mother bade me go to bed, and Annie went up stairs with me.

'What does it mean, Lettice?' she said, when we were alone.

'Nothing, surely,' I answered. 'Why, Annie, do you suspect anything more than that they have been delayed?'

'No,' she said slowly; 'but how wrong for them to go out at all.'

'Perhaps they did mean to join us,' I replied

She shook her head and passed into her own room; then quickly came back with a note in her hand, directed to herself.

'I can't read it, Lettice. I am afraid to.'

'Silly girl! give it to me. It is probably an excuse for going away.'

The note ran thus:

"Annie, I am going away with Howard I cannot see Lettice again, nor does he wish to see her. I should feel for her to much. I am very sorry to bring disappointment upon her; but some of us have got to be miserable, at all events, and perhaps she will not suffer as much as I should, in giving him up. I will write you when we are settled. Till then, you must remain where you are.

SARAH.

'Cruel, heartless!' exclaimed Annie, coming to my chair and leaning over me. 'Oh, Lettice, my poor girl!'

'Don't pity me, Annie. A am only too unfortunate to be rid of such a false lover. I am glad she has him,' I answered.

This, of course, was bravado, and I could not keep it up long. I did not break down, however until I saw my father, who had been absent at noon.—He came up to my room, after seeing my mother. He was bitterly enraged, and threatened Howard Ashley with all sorts of punishment; but I entreated him to be quiet for my sake.

'Then you did not care for him, Lettice?'

'Oh, father, how could you think me so false? Yes, I did care for him: but now, every bond is broken. I shall be a brave girl, and live only for you and dear mother.'

He pressed me to his heart, and in that refuge I felt that even Howard Ashley had lost the power of making me miserable always.

Annie was recalled home. The family were deeply mortified, she said, by Sarah's conduct, and had refused to see her. She and Howard had gone up to New York, and were boarding at a hotel. He had found some business there and had given up his old connections. That was the last I heard from them for years.

I had even deeper griefs in store for me than the falshood of Howard Ashley. My father and mother died within a week of each other, leaving me desolate, save for Annie Hale's sisterly affection. She came to me and offered to live with me always if I wished it. I accepted the offer gladly. She, only, of all the world, knew how I had been treated; for, to none out of the family had it been mentioned. We had few acquaintances, and had never been communicative on our affairs.—Even the prospect of my marriage had never been talked of, though perhaps suspected by some of our neighbors. So I had been spared the annoyance of being talked to about Howard Ashley, and I was truly grateful for that.

So Annie and I settled down comfortably into old-maidenism, contented if not happy. Our life was varied but little.—We had one or two intellectual neighbors and our old minister, Mr. Stanton, was a treasure to us, in advice and counsel.—We still keep our pony carriage, and took almost daily rides; for health was a possession that we could not well afford to lose, by confining ourselves to the house.

Annie came home from Mr. Stanton's one morning with some books and a wonderful look of news on her face, which news she declared I could not guess.

'But, I can, Annie. Mr. Stanton is going to be married.'

'Nonsense! he married! Who would marry that old man?'

'Somebody would. Perhaps you, Annie.'

'Don't be ridiculous, Lettice. No not married, but you have partly guessed it, after all. He is going to form a connection, not with a lady but a gentleman, and I have seen him.'

'Really, is Mr. Stanton going to have a colleague? I am very glad. I will give him more time for us'

'Selfish Lettice! But have you no curiosity about the minister?'

'None.'

'Well, then, I shall not spend breath to describe him,' she answered; but I saw that all day long she was thinking of nothing else. A bright smile would light her face as she sat at work, and there was a gay airiness in her movements, such as she had shown years before, when there had been no shadow on her life or mine.

The very next morning Mr. Stanton came in, and brought with him the new comer, whom he introduced as Mr. May. He was not young—certainly not less than thirty-six, perhaps still older He was far from handsome, but there was a look, better than beauty, in his countenance. He was not of that type of ministers who make their way by a pale, studious face, telling of midnight studies and hot stoves. The predominant look was of health and cheerfulness. A tall, well proportioned figure, a wide forehead rather low, kindly beaming brown eyes, white teeth, and healthful sun-browned cheeks telling of long walks in open air, accompanied by scrupulous neatness of attire, without a single dash of foppishness This was Mr. Stanton's colleague. I liked him at the first glance; I liked him better when his clear, musical voice met my ear, and the serene, honest eyes were scanning my face, as if they were seeking to know from it my character.—It was pleasant to see that they returned from the gaze, with a satisfied expression which seemed to say, 'I can trust you, Miss Morton.'

For the next three months, to Annie's extreme discomfort, we saw little of either of the old or new minister. Mr. Stanton almost forsook us in his task of making Mr. May acquainted with the other parishioners and establishing a friendly *rapport* between them.

'It will not be thus always, Annie!' I said, to console her, for I felt that she was deeply interested in this. On the Sabbath she listened almost breathlessly to the words of wisdom he had uttered. I was selfish in those days. I felt that Annie might be taken from me to bless the home of one who, I could not but see, had won her sincerest approbation. And I should once more be desolate.

It was in the second year of Mr. May's pastorage, that I first seemed to see the prophecy which my heart had uttered, approach near completion. There were many interviews between the two, many hurriedly snatched words in the hall, when Annie waited on him at the door, many glances of intelligence which they thought unseen by me

Trembling for the loss of my sole companion, and feeling that I could never replace that loss, I had watched all these signs, and was satisfied that they meant something. Mr. Stanton, too, fed my fear with continually repeated praises to the two, and their harmonious characters.

At last it seemed as if the climax was approaching. Mr. May called one day when Annie was purposely absent, as I believed. He spoke feelingly of his own homeless way of living—trying to make a home in another man's dwelling—of his capacity of domestic enjoyments, and his need of them as an offset to the severe study he practiced.

'And, pray, why have you never married, Mr. May?' I said, provoked at the man for not choosing to secure for himself the home he had so coveted.

He smiled, and then said gravely:

'Because, Miss Morton, I never found my counterpart until I came to Guilford. I think I have found her here, but perhaps she will not think so; and therefore have I came to get the problem solved by one who I think can solve it for me.'

I felt that my voice had a sharp, metallic ring, as I exclaimed hastily:

'She can better solve it herself, Mr May. You will do well to consult the lady herself.'

A look of surprise stopped me from saying more I could not tell the meaning of that puzzled glance.

'Miss Morton, Annie has told me that I might hope for a return for my affections.'

'Then why, in the name of wonder, do you not accept her admission of the fact?'

I fairly laughed in his face; it seemed so stupid for him to come to me with his doubts, when it appeared that Annie had given him all the encouragement he asked for.

A light struggled into his face.

'Laugh at me, Miss Morton, if you will. I think I understand it all now. You think I love Annie Hale?'

'Certainly. Did you not say so, and that she had bidden you to hope? Are you a reasonable man, Mr. May, to ask me for a solution to a question, which the lady you love has answered?'

'The lady I love is yourself, Lettice. May I love you?'

'Oh, Mr May,' I said in a frightened voice, 'what will Annie do?'

'Annie? She will rejoice in my happiness, if only you will make me happy, Lettice. She is a true friend to me and to you, and has encouraged me to hope ,or your kindness toward a poor homeless student. Not poor in a worldly sense, Lettice. I have sufficient for us both, if you will but share it with me. I want nothing but your heart.'

How fast he talked! It took away my breath to hear him. I do not know what I said, except that I murmured something about always consulting Mr. Stanton about my affairs.

'Ah, I am glad! So do I. Indeed, he advised me to this step, but not until after my mind had been fully made up. See, Lettice, all our friends seem to approve. Will you not decide favorably?'

'There, go away. I must see Annie first. I was so sure she was attached to you, that I cannot believe otherwise.

'Annie's clear, ringing laugh as she met him at the door, relieved me, and her joyful congratulations on entering set me free from all fear of acting treacherously by her. I had suffered too much from treachery to attempt practicing it myself.

I did like Mr. May. I married him, and I have never repented it. To-day I sit in the same grove where Howard Ashley gave me the vows so soon broken.—That scene comes up to me now, and my heart is filled with thankfulness that I can rest on a heart so much truer than which I trusted on that day.

Annie left us last year to brighten the home of another; to fill the place of a mother to two sweet motherless children. Her husband is also a minister, a friend of my Alfred. She, too, has a sweet home, like myself. I have never seen Sarah Ashley since that day which she wrung my soul by her treachery; but I thank heaven that what she meant for evil, was overruled for my best and truest happiness. Truly, after all my trials I have found

"The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life."

'Did you like him, Annie?' I asked her playfully yesterday.

'Like him? Yes, certainly I like him now, but our talk was not of me, but of yourself.'

'Why did you not tell me and prepare my mind for what was to come? I behaved very stupidily on one occasion, when I thought he had a fancy for yourself.'

'Ah, you were not the only stupid one at that time! I will tell you a secret, Lettice. I did think it was myself at first; and really—well, dear, you may judge whether I should have declined his offer or not.'

☞ A country girl wrote to her lover "Now, George, don't you fale to be at the singing school to-night.' George wrote back that "In the bright lexicon of youth —Webster's Unabridged—there's no such word as fale."

☞ It is with gloomy views of the future that the young man, after laying out 75 cents in caramels for his sweetheart, learns from her own lips that kissing is aliande.

## SELLING HIS SOUL.

A preacher was once down in a part of England where the greatest ignorance prevailed along with a belief in witchcraft. One morning he got up early and met a laborer going to his work, and, after a variety of questions, he asked him if he ever prayed to God. The man said not as he knowed of; he never troubled his head about such things as them. "You're just the man I want," said the preacher, and ultimately got him to promise that he never would pray if he gave him half a crown. The man promised and took the money, and the stranger vanished. When the man got to work he turned the thing over and over again, and growing more and more troubled with dark suspicions about the stranger, he finally left his work, went home, and told his wife. The good dame, who was more troubled than Hodge himself, and amongst other significant questions, asked if he noticed the stranger's feet and head? "No," said Hodge; "he had a hat and boots on." "Ah!" said the woman, "I see it all now; you don't know what they might cover. I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't—I am sure it was. You've sold yourself body and soul to the devil. John—I know you have." That settled the matter, and John was knocked over altogether, and he felt ill both in body and mind. His wife persuaded him to go and hear a man preach in Mr. Piper's barn, and who might possibly do him some good. The man preached from the words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And when he told his hearers that he knew a man who sold his soul for a half a crown, adding "souls are evidently cheaper now than they were in those days," Hodge saw it all then, and when the sermon was over, he went to the man, with tears in his eyes, besought him to take back the half crown, and after some ado the man consented, and then knelt down and prayed with the penitent peasant. One can scarcely commend the preacher for using this stratagem, but perhaps he saw further down into that poor man's heart than we can imagine who only read the story.

## CHRIST AND MAHOMET.

Go to your Natural Religion. Lay before her Mahomet and his disciples, arrayed in armor, and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands, who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he ravaged and destroyed; and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements. Show her the Propnet's chamber; his concubines and wives; let her hear him allege revelation and his divine commission, to justify his lust and his oppression. When she is tired with this prospect, then show her the Blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and the perverse. Let her see Him in his most retired privacies; let her follow Him to the Mount and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her see him injured, but not provoked. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross, and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors,—"Father forgive them for they know not what they do." When Natural Religion has viewed both, ask, Which is the Prophet of God? But her answer we have already had. When she saw part of this, through the eyes of the centurion who attended at the cross, she spoke by him and said, "Truly this Man was the Son of God."—*Sherlock.*

## THE CHILD'S TEXT.

Rev. Dr. Milnor was brought up a Quaker, became a distinguished lawyer in Philadelphia, and was a member of Congress for three successive terms. Returning to his home on a visit during his last Congressional session, his little daughter rushed upon him exclaiming, "Papa! papa! do yon know I can read?" "No," he said, "let me hear you!" She opened her little Bible and read, "Thou shalt love the Lord God with all thy heart." It was an arrow in her father's heart. It came to him as a solemn admonition. "Out of the mouth of babes," God's spirit moved within him. He was driven to his closet, and a friend calling upon him found he had been weeping over the *Dairyman's Daughter*. Although forty years of age, he abandoned politics and law for the ministry of the Gosper. For thirty years he was the beloved rector of St. George's church, in Philadelphia, the predecessor of the venerated Dr. Tyng.—*Presbyterian.*

VALUE OF TIME.—As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the value of time.

☞ Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself.

## RURAL TOPICS.

### ABOUT UNDERDRAINING.

The Rural New Yorker says: "Where land is favorable for underdraining, the cost need not be more than from $2 to $4 per acre, according to the prices paid for labor and materials. The drains can be made of pine boards; a strip 6½ inches wide nailed on to the edge of a stip 5½ inches wide, and in lieu of a bottom, nail short strips across four feet apart, to keep the sides in their places. This kind of drain will last many years, and do good service. Therefore, I would recommend underdraining as being of the greatest benefit to the soil. But persons who cannot conveniently underdrain their land, should at least dig a few open ditches, of good size and proper depth, for mains, and then when plowing make deep dead furrows, leading into the ditches, which will be found highly beneficial." The Rural writer estimates the cost of this kind of draining much too low, as the pine boards, at $25 per 1,000 feet, will cost $8 for every 20 rods of drain laid. But the plan is a good one where stones are not to be obtained, better than drain tile, being a large water course and lasting almost a life time.

### EARLY GARDEN VEGETABLES.

The prices that early vegetables command in country villages and particularly in large towns are often double those obtained at wholesale in large cities, as such markets often become glutted with vegetables and small fruits which have to be sold very low. Now, farmers can grow a moderate supply of early vegetables almost anywhere, and get good prices for them." The Scientific Farmer says: "It is to be wondered at that so few farmers with ample facilities, in the vicinity of large towns, engage in the growing of early garden crops. They say that it is no use competing with the large gardeners whose products find their way to the inland towns, and so lay on their oars and let the trade go by them. Now we know by experience that this is false. We have repeatedly carried early beets, peas, squash, etc., into a little town not twenty-five miles from Boston on the line of a railroad, and sold them at a higher price than the regular gardeners received. Why? Because our produce was fresh and palatable and not the leavings of the city stalls, as much of that sent to inland towns is. A few crops, like those named, and sweet corn, late cabbage, rhubarb, cauliflowers (a few) and perhaps some others, we know can be grown with profit. The rest the farmer had best leave to the gardener."

### BEST BREEDS OF SWINE.

That breed which produces the most pork on a given quantity of food all must admit to be the best; but the difficulty lies in ascertaining what breed answers to this requirement. The Berkshire, Poland China, Yorkshire and Essex breeds are four of the best in this country; and of these I consider the Poland China the most profitable. This breed originated about forty years ago in Ohio, by a cross on several breeds, the Berkshire predominating, and the claim now to their being a pure breed is generally admitted to be correct. There is not much difference in form between Berkshire and Poland Chinas; and as to color, while the Berkshires are black, except the feet, the Poland Chinas have white feet (not all) and they also have white spots on different parts of their bodies. At eighteen months old they often weigh 500 pounds; and at twelve months 350 pounds. The carcass is beautifully formed, round and compact, legs short, and altogether a model that cannot be improved. Of course some farmers prefer other breeds, but the great popularity of the Poland Chinas seems to show that they stand at the head of the list of breeds of swine in the United States.

### PROPAGATING PLANTS.

Our lady friends, says the Scientific Farmer, will be now preparing for their gardens, and a few directions comiug from our own exprerience may not come amiss. Any lady, with no more trouble than is required to procure slips, can readily raise all the young plants she may desire. The preparation is as simple as this: A saucer or soup plate, partly filled with clean sand and the water kept above the surface. Set this in a sunny window and insert your cutting. An ordinary plant will root nearly as readily as in a propagating bed and may then be transferred to small pots of earth. But remember to let the stem of your geraniums dry thoroughly on the cut surface before insertin ʃ. The verbenas may be put in as cut. The pink slips may be pulled, or cut, from the extremities of growing shoots. The begonias, heliotropes, etc., may be inserted at once. When potting, use small pots and rich earth well lightened up with sand, so as to give complete drainage, and do not remove to large pots until the roots thoroughly fill the pots in which they are growing. Give plenty of air, keep well pinched back, and when the time comes for removal to the borders you will have plants which it will cheer you to tend.

☞ Who is rich? He that is contented.

## TO JUDGE A PERSON BY THEIR WALK.

Careless persons are forever stumbling their toes.

Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns.

Fun loving persons have a kind of jig movement.

One idea persons are always very selfish ones, 'toe in.'

Cross persons are very apt to hit their knees together.

Good natured persons snap their fingers and thumbs every few steps.

Modest persons step very swiftly for fear of being observed.

Calculating persons walk with their hands in their pockets and their heads slightly inclined.

Lazy persons scrape loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk, and then on the other.

Very strong minded persons place their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement.

Wide awake persons, "toe out," and have a long swing of the arms, while the hands move about miscellaneously.

Timid persons often step off of the side walk on meeting another, and always go around a stone instead of stepping over it.

Observing persons move slowly; their hands move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn around.

Careful persons lift their feet high and place them down slowly, and pick up some little obstruction and place it quietly out of the way.

## VARIOUS ITEMS.

A Boston boy—Hub-bub.

Occupation is the necessary basis of enjoyment.

No thoroughly occupied man was yet ever miserable.

The Illinois penitentiary contains over 1,500 convicts.

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

In Switzerland 150,000 persons obtain a living by watch making.

The product of the Wisconsin dairies is estimated at $4,000,000 per year.

London omnibus conductors work fifteen hours a day for four shillings.

The Swiss are importing American boots.

Missionaries are reported scarce and tough in the Fiji Islands.

Tweed is like a house without a tenant—he wants to be re-leased.

Deceased had a nature as sensitive as a sore thumb.—Omaha Obituary.

A sweetheart is called a turtle-dove, so a coquette must be a mock turtle-dove.

An old man, aged 70, has just cut a new set of teeth—he is a dentist.

The New York Herald warns the people not to drink the froth on their beer.

The less a man knows, the higher he tries to climb on other people's ladders.

A new style of postage stamps, of the three cent denomination, is to be issued this month.

During the year 1876 the United States yielde l 420,000,000 pounds of rosin.

Over $200,000,000 are annually spent in this country for cigars and cigarettes.

A wife can always make home attractive to her husband by hiring a pretty chambermaid.

Kansas anticipates a very large emigration this spring from Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan.

Earl Township (Pa.) boasts of a very young grandfather, viz., Nathan Roe, who is not yet 35 years of age.

During 1876 the various ferry boats plying between Camden and Philadelphia carried 12,500,000 persons.

In the year 1876 the seeds received in Chicago, principally clover and timothy, were valued at more than $4,000,000.

With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, exhaling sweet odors.

Man proposes—but there are still 81,000 more men than women in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Gimblet, of Deal, England, lately hanged herself because she found life a bore.

Why is a lady's belt like garbage cart? Because it goes around and gathers in the waist.

Why is a candle like a tomb-stone? Because it is often set for the "late husband."

A Brooklyn policeman, for clubbing a man nearly to death, has to sacrifice five days' pay.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Africa produces the most undressed black kids."

"Dan Webster struck me very much as if he were a steam engine in trousers."—Sidney Smith.

"Wanted, by a lady, a useful maid, about thirty, to wait on herself." But who will wait on the lady.

When a woman smiles at an affront, one of two things is certain. She has either lost all modesty, or she is MIND her revenge.

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