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Original Poetry.

THE MORN.

BY HOPE WICKES.

The merry birds are singing sweet their
glad carol to the morn,
And the sunbeams kiss the dewdrops on
the grass at early dawn;
Night veils her calm yet lovely face and
resigns her moonlit reign
To the bright-eyed soft Aurora till her
time comes round again.

The mists of dawn now fade away 'neath
the sun's bright radiant beams.
As at morn our night's thoughts vanish
in the unknown land of dreams;
In the forests brooklets murmur over
moss-encrusted stones,
And Nature looks her loveliest where
man's foot never roams.

And the clouds like heaped up billows of
unspotted snow-drifts white,
From their background of pure azure
have a pure and gleaming light,
And a gentle wind is stirring the tall and
stately trees,
And violets ope their modest eyes unstirred by murmuring breeze.

And the birds more gladly warble as they
flit from tree to tree,
In the glowing stream of sunlight that
seems to flood earth and sea,
And the roses hang in clusters still with
nature's diamonds wet,
That dim night has showered upon them
and day has not stolen yet.

A NOBLE DEED.

Julian Legrand, the Paris merchant, was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life; and he never closed the narration but with swimming eyes:

"During the financial crisis and crash of fifty-seven, when great men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed at the condition of its own affairs. The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything—of bills receivable and bills payable, and his report was, that twenty thousand pounds (speaking in English currency) of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that, we must go by the board; the result was inevitable. I went among my friends, but in vain. The amount of money we needed was not to be had. Men who held gold would not let it go, save upon solid security; and the only security we could give was our word and our honor, for the many thousands due us were as nothing in that hour.

"Two whole days I strove and begged, and then returned to the counting-house in despair. I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear the voice of our junior sounding the terrible words, "Our paper is protested!"—when a gentleman entered my apartment unannounced. He was of middle age, with a frank, genial face; and though I fancied there was something familiar in his earnest, kindly look, yet I could not call him to mind in any way.

"'M. Legrand,' he said, taking a seat near my desk, 'I hear that you are in need of money.'

The very face of the man inspired confidence, and I told him just how I was situated.

"'Give me your own note of hand, at one year, without interest, for twenty thousand pounds, and I will give you a check for that amount.'

"While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued thus:

"You don't remember me, but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the Superintending School Committee of Mezieres. I was a boy at the school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I was but shabbily clad, though clean. When our class was called up to recite, on examination day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by. I blundered and stammered, and quivered with shame. But it was not as I had thought. In the end you passed by all the others, and came to me. You laid your hand upon my head, and told me I had done very well; and then you told me I could do better still if I would try. You told me the way to honor and renown was open to all alike—no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved, and push on. That, sir, was the turning-point in my life. From that hour my soul has aspired; and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered, and I am wealthy; and I now offer you but a poor return for the soul-wealth you gave to me in that by-gone time.!'

"I took the check," said Legrand, "and drew the gold; and our house was saved. And where, at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my promissory note?"

We could not guess.

"In the possession," he told us with streaming eyes, "of my little orphaned grand-daughter! Oh, hearts like that man's heart are what bring earth and heaven nearer together!"

☞That may be right which is not pleasant, and that pleasant which is not right; but CHRIST's religion is both.—There is not only peace in the end of religion, but peace in the way.

MATTIE GRAY.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

The usual differences of opinion regarding caste, politics, education and other social questions prevailed among the various residents of the little town of Legrange, but it was everybody's private and expressed belief that the rich bachelor, Mr. Wilford Neville, who had come to make his home among them, was—in the current matrimonial phrase—a first-class "catch."

It was rumored several weeks before his arrival that a retired lawyer from Gotham had leased Squire Bloom's big house, and public interest was consequently all agog. But in a certain sense this feeling on the part of the populace was doomed to disappointment. They had expected to meet an aged, parchment looking cynic, with an air of having all his life been pinched up in narrow offices, or crushed under weighty tomes. What was their astonishment, then, on the eventful day, to see a handsome portly gentleman, whose face was all good humor and smiles, ride down Main street with the Squire, and hear him spoken of as Judge Neville. Somewhat elderly he no doubt was—evidently about fifty; but he showed a springiness and grace in his movement as he leaped from the carriage, that many a man of thirty might well have envied.

With the small population of Lagrange, less than a month sufficed for the gossips properly to state the case of Wilford Neville to the entire public. He was unmarried, and devoted his life to the care of his invalid mother, now with him. Their domestic circle consisted of themselves, a maiden lady who officiated as house-keeper, and several servants. His wealth was boundless, and had he not chosen to serve filial love rather than ambition, his talents had made him eminent as he was learned. He was the soul of courtesy, and though a favorite with all classes, his name thus far had never been associated with woman's in an affair of the heart. It was not strange, therefore, that when possessed of these particulars the general female sentiment at least would formulate itself in the expression that he was a first-class 'catch.'

Although the Judge spent much of his time with his mother, walking on the lawn in the good weather, and driving with her over the numerous roads about the place he still mingled considerably in society. Here his courtly manners and delightful conversation were themes of general admiration, particularly with the gentler sex. Naturally, then, though a man to whom order was most dear, he was the unintentional reason why more than one susceptible damsel found herself thinking of him with an earnestness that certainly did not contribute to her peace of mind.

Among this class was Mattie Gray, the schoolmistress. She met the fascinating Judge at the church gathering, and almost instantly surrendered to his bright eyes and eloquent tongue. She sat rather long at her window that night, thinking of him, and no doubt King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid lived in her fancy, though they never did in fact.

She was a remarkably pretty girl, and was at no pains to conceal her knowledge of it. But her beauty, without the means of properly setting it off, only made poverty the more bitter. An orphan, she lived with an aunt—her mother's sister—in a cottage near the school. This aunt with many of the Lagrangians was utter myth. Mattie very seldom spoke of her, and she never paid or received visits. The majority were of the belief that she was always in delicate health, and this version seemed to have found some foundation. Other folks, more worldly or less charitable, seeing Mattie's somewhat extravagant notions for one in her position and her indulgence in expensive garments, and recollecting that her salary was limited, would significantly remark that there were other things to prevent people from getting out besides being bed-ridden.

Judge Neville's regard for his mother, being extremely marked, was of course generally noted, and that it should become an object of talk could naturally follow. People would remark that his keen perception of a son's duty would imply a corresponding appreciation of self-sacrifice in another. Among the most earnest in maintaining this view or impression was Mattie Gray.

Though no more sociable than with any of the young ladies of the neighborhood, the Judge never met Mattie in his walks or drives without a cordial salutation and some friendly words. When, therefore, towards evening one day, in riding along by Mattie's home, he saw her in the little front garden, her arm around another lady's waist, walking up and down, apparently unconscious of his presence, it was only in accordance with his usual custom that he halted and spoke to her.

Miss Gray with a delightful flutter of excitement or embarrassment, came down to the fence, and after an interchange of commonplaces, with an appearance of coy hesitation invited him inside. To her evident gratification, he immediately alighted and tying his horse, entered. A bow and courtesy, and the Judge having been presented to her aunt—Miss Tayne—the trio took seats in the rose-embowered arbor overlooking the road.

In the ensuing conversation Judge Neville could not help noticing that Mattie appeared remarkably solicitous to her aunt's health. The slightest break in the discourse was taken advantage of by Mattie to express a fear lest the growing dampness in the air should affect her aunt. And her importunity was all the more noticeable from an apparent disposition to prolong her own stay and his as much as possible. She was not young, and her thin pale face showed lines of care and suffering, but when illumed with animation, as now, the mere flesh and blood beauty of her niece lost much by comparison. From the same sort of health bulletins of Mattie, and chance remarks, the Judge came to the conclusion that she was a martyr to that enemy of comfort, chronic neuralgia. But why or how it could have operated to so closely confine her to the house that her existence was no more than known in the village, he was at a loss to understand.

Several times, as the shadows grew deeper in the arbor, he glanced suspiciously and thoughtfully toward Mattie, although when he left, with an earnest request from both to call soon again, she certainly could not complain of any lack of cordiality.

After this, it was not uncommon to either meet Mattie Gray walking in the cottage garden sedulously engaged in attendance upon her aunt, or hear her flourish the conventional platitudes about love and duty to our kin. Previously it had not been thus, so that of course it was something of a surprise.

Neither was it uncommon thereafter to see the Judge's horse stop at the cottage. From this, perhaps, originated the report that among the many belles of Lagrange he had been smitten by Mattie Gray. If she was his choice, he certainly was excessive in his devotion. What else could have induced him to visit with his mother the cottage while Mattie was at the school and with every manifestation of pleasure introduced to her Miss Tayne? That this faculty of loving all connected with the loved object is a peculiarity of strong affection, everybody knows. It is proverbially a test of true love, where a young man in the all-embracing ardor of his passion not only includes his prospective relations-at-law, but extends it to the family animal kingdom, and brings in even the tomcat.

But be this as it may, it surprised Mattie; her pretended sympathy had gone for naught and her selfishness had its just reward; it surprised the gossips, who never would have dreamed of such a thing; it surprised everybody, in fact, except Mr. Wilford Neville and Miss Kate Tayne, who of course knew about it all along—when the fact of their engagement was rumored and the pastor told in confidence the afternoon for which his services were engaged.

NAPOLEON AND MADAME RECAMIER.

From the Home Journal.

How very small and very contemptible this great fighting man could be is exemplified in his conduct to Madame Recamier, which even exceeded in baseness his persecutions of Madame de Stael.—The first time his eyes fell upon her she incurred his jealous anger. It was in the Court of the Luxembourg on the occasion of the great reception given him by the Directory to celebrate his Italian victories. While Parris was delivering a long oration she rose from her seat to obtain a better view of the hero of the day. Clad in simple white, her invariable costume, her wonderful beauty immediately attracted all eyes and a murmer of admiration ran through the assembly. Bonaparte glanced sharply around to ascertain the cause, and his eyes fell upon that lovely form. Indignation that even a woman should for a instant distract the admiring gaze from him, he cast upon her a glance so stern that she sank back upon her seat overwhelmed with confusion. From that hour he became her enemy. Being present at the trial of General Moreau, he demanded so angrily, "What was Madame Recamier doing there?" that she was counseled by her friends, if she had any regard for her safety, not to attend a second day. Yet the jealous despot was no more insensible to her charms than were other men. It was at a ball given by Lucien that she met him for the second and last time. She observed his eagle glace following her every movement, and presently Fouche came up to her and whispered in his bold and insolent way, "*Madame de premier Consul vous trouve charmante!*" After the supper Napoleon himself addressed her brusquely with "Why did you not come and sit by me at supper? You should have done so, it was your place." The great Mogul or the Sultan of Turkey could scarcely have been more dictorial to a female subject. Through his vile agent, Fouche, he made overtures to her to take the post of Dame du Palais to his mother, but, as Sir Pandurus, "met with a woman worthy of him, and no one knows what would be the love of Napoleon for a pure-minded woman; she would assuredly obtain an influence over him which would be most beneficent." But Juliette Recamier's virtue was proof even against the allurements of this modern Zenghis-Khan, and she shrank from all his advances, thereby (of course) incurring his deadly hatred, which became more or less extended, even to those who frequented her salons. Hearing that three of his ministers had been seen there, he demanded angrily since when the council had been held at Madame Recamier's, and forbade them thenceforth to appear there. He said openly that he regarded as a personal enemy every person, whether French or foreign, who visited her.

☞The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse, from which he will manufacture a plume for general intelligence.

THE GUILLOTINE'S DUE.

When certain of the communists and socialists first escaped the punishment in Paris which their crimes had provoved and found refuge in New York, they had the discretion not to organize against the institutions of the country that gave them shelter. Now, however, they publicly glory in their shame, and declare their purpose to treat the laws of this country as they did those of France. On Good Friday they had a banquet in New York, at which they expressed their contempt for religion, the clergy, &c. One of them, Mattelot, denounced the priests (meaning all ministers of the gospel) as "the assassins of the people; the enemies of humanity; rascals who always side with the oppressors against the oppressed, with the persecutor, against his victims."—[Applause.] "The priest," he said, "has ever been the enemy of liberty—not only the Catholic priest, but the Jewish and Protestant priests as well." He continued:

"Ah, these priests! I remember when I had a daughter, instead of having her baptized by a priest, I gave her a name and baptized her with wine. A priest afterwards came to me and said he would come and baptize her. I said: If you come as a man I will welcome you, but if you come as a priest I will throw you out of the window.' [Loud applause.] Citizens, we do not want these priests. If we get married, let us be married by the mayor. If we must baptize our children, let us do it ourselves, and in wine, and not let a priest throw his dirty water over its head. [Loud applause.] Those who do not feel and act in this way are over-influenced by their wives or their mothers-in-law. Let them then, free themselves from this influence.

The next speaker was citizen Golard, an old man, with little hair and much cravat, who, amidst loud applause and wild yells, declared: "It is time that we, the advance guard of the people, should come out boldly and express our feelings towards these priests, these assassins of our rights, these robbers of our means. A priest, be he Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, is an enemy of the people."

After this address, Citizen Megy, he who led the murderers of Archbishop Darboy, was called upon for a toast, and said; "Citizens, I propose to you the annihilation of the priests and all other rascals, (which should include himself) and the destruction of the church Drink!" This was drunk with due honors and great enthusiasm.

It is gratifying to know that the bravado of the French communists in New York has elicited only condemnation of them and their notions from all parties and classes in every section of the land. The clubs formed in New York gain no recruits from either Americans or naturalized foreigners. Leading journals and public speakers are inquiring, as the Philadelphia *North American* says, if the liberality which shields such wretches as Kearney, the incendiary demagogue in San Francisco, and Megy, the Parisian communists, in New York, is not too liberal? Neither socialism nor communism can accomplish anything in the United States. The nature and intelligence of this people are all alien from such stuff. The best service the Parisian communists in the United States can render mankind is to return to Paris and give the Guillotine its due.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

The following beautiful tribute to woman was written several years ago. It occurs in a tale of touching interest entitled "The Broken Heart." Its author, Dr. F. J. Stratton.

"Oh the priceless value of the love of a pure woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious. Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around, and even the gaunt form of poverty menaces with his skeleton fingers, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress; it follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of the loved one so soft to the weary limbs of the sick-sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hands loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her hand, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heavenlike influence should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden where perennial flowers forever bloom and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains."

THE CENTRAL STATION COURT.

She was there to give him fits. Her husband occupied cell No. 8, and she just ached to see him brought before the desk.

"Don't love him the least spark, eh?" queried Bijah, as she grew madder.

"Oh! I'll show him!" she exclaimed, shaking her fist in the air and breathing hard. "No man can pull my nose and pinch my ear and keep out of jail a week!"

"Pulled your nose, eh?"

"Yes, three or four times! Isn't it red yet?"

The old man adjusted his spectacles, bent over, gently put his finger on her nose and solemnly replied:

"The man who pulls a woman's nose, save in the way of malfeasance in office, is a double-jointed dodo and a gas company!"

The husband heard her voice and called out:

"Darling—darling Viola—come here to me!"

Standing before his cell door, she said:

Apollo Thompson, you may beg and beseech and pray and weep and take on, but I'm going to have you sent to the appalling bastile this very day!'

"No! Oh! do not say that!" he protested.

"I will! I will! If seventeen angels offered me a thousand new bonnets not to I'd put you right in the cold, gloomy jug!'

"Viola, I didn't mean to! Think of how we have loved! Think of them three silk dresses I found on the side-walk the other night!"

"What silk dresses?" she eagerly enquired.

"Three beautiful silks, made up in elegant style! I left them at a hardware store, calculating to get them to-day and give you a surprise!"

"Apollo, are you very sorry?" she gently asked.

"Very—awful—monstrous—deeply sorry," he replied.

"Then I'll forgive you, Apollo, and I'll go out and wait on the corner till you come."

She departed, and, there being no evidence to convict the prisoner, he was discharged before the court. As he passed through the crowd he was heard chuckling:

"Three silk dresses—hardware store—expectant wife on the corner—and I've got to make for Canada!"

GOSSIP EXTRAORDINARY.—There is an extraordinary rumor which comes from the lips of so grave a gossip as an Episcopal clergyman, who is indeed not a gossip at all, and believes the story to be very true. It is, that Mrs. Alexander T. Stewart proposes to marry again, and that the prospective bridegroom is a clergyman, who has been in charge of the yet unfinished cathedral at Garden City. This is a superb church, built somewhat in the form of a tomb, which is to serve at once as the cathedral of the diocese of Long Island and a monument for Mr. Stewart. The plan is one to which there would have been no objection, if the cathedral had been fixed at some point in New York or Brooklyn, where it might have been a noble ornament to a great city, but it has been planted in a barren plain, ten miles back of Brooklyn, where Mr. stewart was trying to build up a suburban city of cheap homes. The story excites no little astonishment, because Mrs. Stewart must be between seventy and seventy-five years of age. Mr. Stewart would have been nearly seventy-five if he had lived, and Mrs. Stewart was said to be of almost his age. The alleged bridegroom, so to speak, is about forty-five.

ARE ADVERTISEMENTS READ?

Hon. John Forsyth, the veteran editor of the Mobile *Register*, [illegible] to tell a good story to illustrate the value of newspaper advertising, as a means of getting before the public whenever you wished them to know of your wants or wares.

Mr. Forsyth was accidently drawn into a discussion of this subject with a mercantile friend, who expressed emphatic doubts that an advertisement benefited a man's business at all, and closed his side of the debate with the common remark: "It's all money given to the aid of newspapers. Nobody reads my advertisement or thinks of it, except your foreman and collector."

Forsyth replied: "Let us test the truth of your assertion. Sit down and write out an advertisement such as I dictate, and we will put it in the smallest type the cases contain, and insert it in the remotest corner of the *Register* that you can select."

The next morning there appeared in agate, without a bit of display and in the most out-of-the-way place in the paper, the following:

WANTED—To buy a dog. Apply at No. — Blank street.

The contract was that in case the "ad" was a "success" the merchant was to pay Forsyth $5 and treat to wine and oysters. If it failed to meet the eyes of parties with merchantable canines, the editor was to pay the merchant $5 and get up a supper for the two.

During the day of the first appearance of his experiment, the merchant called at the *Register* office several times. He looked as though he was in trouble, appearing nervous, looked over his shoulder like one who is pursued by a terrible bore or persistent dun. Finally, late in the evening he met his editorial friend, and before the latter had time to open his mouth, the merchant said, hurriedly and excitedly, "For Heaven's sake have that advertisement out of your evening edition. There's $5 for it, and $5 more to pay you for saying No. — Blank street has got a dog. Let's go and get the oysters; I'm nearly worried to death."

LOVELY WOMAN.

I did not love him. Long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

I did not love him; but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray

Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret

Over that whispered No, and why,
Reading the notice did I sigh.

No analyst can guess the cause;
A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed, that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace; and yet
A woman never can forget

The man who once has loved her; and
To-day I seem to see him stand,

With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes.

His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead;

And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then,

He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

A THOUGHTFUL WIFE.

Dr. S——, while Professor in one of our theological colleges, had a strong impression that his wife was not the most tender hearted woman living, and it had even entered into his imagination that she was not capable of deep and self-sacrificing love. In fact, he had more than once let her see how his mind was bent in that respect, and be sure that it did not at all mend the matter.

One day the doctor had gone to a neighboring town to visit a friend, on foot. On his way home, and when far from any human habitation, a sudden shower befell him—aye, it quickly came to be a storm, with lightning and thunder, vivid and crashing. The poor man was in a terrible plight. He was subject to rheumatism, acute and painful, and a thorough wetting by rain would be sure to bring it on. As a strange and ghostly luck would have it, at that moment the old sexton came along upon the hearse. He had to drive directly by the doctor's door. The good man halted him and begged for a ride.

"I shall die if I get wet," he said.

"There ain't room up here, Doctor, for only one, and a plaguey small seat at that; but if you're a mind to get inside, do so. Sakes alive! I'd rather ride in there strong and well than dead."

The doctor did not stop long to consider. Any port in such a storm as that, he thought, as he crept into the body of the hearse, and pulled the narrow door to after him.

In due time—just before noon—the sexton pulled up at the doctor's door, and the good wife, who chanced to be standing at the front window, when she saw the ghostly equipage stop at her door steps went to see why it was.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Trout, what have you stopped here with that dreadful thing for?"

"I have the doctor—your husband—inside, madam!"

"Goodness me! Who'd a thought it! No more midnight trampin' over them everlastin' old Hebrews!—Sally!—Sally!" suddenly turning and directing her voice down into the cellar kitchen, "take that mutton out of the oven! Take it right out! It'll make dinners for to-morrow, and—"

She stopped suddenly, for just then she saw her husband crawling out from the hearse. She saw this much and then retired within the citadel. What transpired there we cannot say. It were better not to tell, perhaps, even if we knew.

TWENTY IMPOLITE THINGS.

1. Loud and boisterous talking.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Talking when others are reading.
4. Cutting finger nails in company.
5. Gazing rudely at strangers.
6. Joking others in company.
7. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
8. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing.
11. Leaving church before worship is closed.
12. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
13. A want of respect and reverence for seniors
14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
15. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
16. Not listening to what one is saying in company.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
20. Laughing at the mistakes of others.

SNIPKINS refused to get his wife a new hat for Easter, and soon after their little girl came in and said, "Mamma, won't you buy me a monkey to play with when you go down town?" "No, darling—wait till you are older, and then marry one like I did," replied the grief-stricken wife, her tears bursting forth afresh.

NEVER is the verily Divine nature of Christianity so profoundly felt as in the season of affliction. It then is found a friend indeed: a powerful, yea, an indispensable support. Then, too, is the Christian volume valued as at no other period. "Darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day." We recognize the pertinency, and realize the preciousness, of many a passage which previously had been either overlooked or disregarded. It becomes like the lamp in a railway carriage, which burns on unprized and unheeded, so long as day light lasts; but as soon as we plunge into a tunnel, or are overtaken by the shades of night, acquires an immediate and special appreciation. Yes, if it be one of the many woeful effects of sin, that it has entailed upon man a heritage of suffering, it is one of the many benefits of Christianity, that it both lightens our calamities and makes them subsidiary to everlasting consolations. The love of God, which always springs from a hearty belief of the gospel, deprives the viper of its sting, and converts its venom into medicine. There are verities of revelation, proved only in the heat of the furnace; verities that, while they impress the mind, improve the heart. Scripture discloses to us a most precious secret—how to make the heaviest trials comparatively light, even by looking above and beyond them, to the never-ending blessedness in store for the people of God, in a far happier state of existence—that for which we were created.

SHE MEANT BUSINESS.—They have some queer girls in Colorado. One of them who resided in the Cache la Proude Valley had been receiving the attentions of a young man for about a year, but becoming impatient of his failure to bring matters to a crisis she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by the ear and led him to a seat and said: "Nobby, you've been foolin' round this claim for mighty near a year en' hev never yit shot off your mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cottoned to yer on the square clean through, an' have stood off every other galoot that has tried to chin in, an' now I want yer to come down to business or leave the ranch. Ef yer on the marry and want a pard that'll stick rite to ye till ye pass in yer checks, but ef that ain't yer game, draw out an' give some other fellow a show for his pile. Now sing your song or skip out." He sang.

☞The late Mrs. Jane W. was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled her into momentary doubt of the needfulness of charity in this instance. "Why," exclaimed the good old lady, "you look well able to work."

"Yes," replied the applicant, but "I have been deaf and dumb these seven years."

"Poor man, what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. W. at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On returning home she mentioned the fact, remarking, "What a dreadful thing it is to be deprived of such precious faculties.'

"But how," asked her sister, "did you know the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?"

"Why," was the quiet, unconscious answer, "he told me so."

HE WAS THAT WAY.—A lone boy of nine, sat on the City Hall steps counting over his papers, when another boy came up and asked:

"Jim, can't you lend me five cents?"

"Couldn't think of it," was the reply.

"How much ye got?"

"Three cents."

"Well lend me one then?"

"Couldn't do it."

"Why not, Jim? Hain't I allus been like a father to ye?"

"Yes; but the more a man has the more he wants, they say, and I'm just that way."

"But, Jim, don't ye know the old saying that bread cast upon the waters will return to the caster?"

"Yes, I've heard of it, but when I walk along and smell roast chestnuts or see a feller chewin' dates, I haint going to let my mouth water 'cause I've lent my chink. Go 'long, Tom, get used to poverty afore winter sets in for good."

☞"Girls," said a worthy old lady to her granddaughters, "Whenever a fellow pops the question don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face, and commence talking about the furniture. Young fellows are mighty nervous sometimes. I lost several good chances before I caught your dear, fond grandfather, by putting on airs, but I learned how to do it after a while."

A Mis-calculation—how shall my hat be trimmed.

☞The young lovers in California catch their lasses with lassoes.

☞Men who travel barefooted around a newly-carpeted bed room, often find themselves on the wrong tack.

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