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Select Poetry.

BILL AND JOE.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days, when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow trail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shantee's luckless mare.
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL. D.,
In big, brave letters, fair to see.
Your fist, old fellow; off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again.
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old duffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens;
Mad! poor old boys! That's what it means,"
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame,
A giddy whirlwind's fitful gust,
That little pinch of mortal dust.
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!—
Till all at once his pulses thrill:
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear.
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe, *hic jacet* Bill.

MY SOUL.

My soul unto my heart did thus complain:
How long, oh! Jailer, wilt thou here detain
My restless spirit?
How long ere I may seek in yonder skies
The hallowed and the unconceived of prize
That souls inherit?

How long ere Time, the High Priest, comes to lay
His hand upon this dungeon door of clay
And break its bars,
And set me free from mortal fears and feuds
To seek the grand and solemn solitudes
Among the stars?

Oh, heart! the heavenly spirit's earthly twin,
Oh! mortal, locking the immortal in
With human keys,
Have mercy! Hide awhile thy watchful face,
And let thy prison pinions fly to trace
Eternities!

And yet, oh tender, though most cruel heart,
I've much to thank thee for before we part,
To rejoin never,
Ere Time's last billows I for aye have sounded,
Ere I the dim and misty cape have rounded
Of the forever!

I from Life's clambering vines rich blooms have plucked,
And from its sweetest fruits my lips have sucked
Delicious juices;
And I have quaffed that essence from above,
That only heavenly thing, pure, faithful Love,
That Life produces.

The golden chalice of existence lifted
High on the wave into my grasp was drifted—
Its luscious wine
In purple flow upon the beaker darkled,
And o'er the brim to lips athirsting sparkled
In draughts divine!

In thy stern keeping I have grown the wings
Now fledged and pining for far nobler things,
Oh, guarding heart!
Too long I've fettered been to earth's cold floor;
I've loved and been loved, there is no more—
Now let us part.

I hear thee build the scaffold of my years,
Of sorrows, smiles, few hopes, and many tears
As days diminish—
I hear thick throbs fall like hammer blows,
Here muffled by a thorn, and there a rose—
When wilt thou finish?

When comes the hour—at midnight, dawn, or day—
When thou shalt draw the bolts and bars away
With bated breath,
And open for me the portals of this place,
And that grim messenger shall bid me face
Relentless death?

Death, at whose hands we find our noblest birth
Who frees us from the swaddling clothes of earth
And all its harms—
Who rocks the cradle of Eternity,
And lays us loving, grateful, glad and free,
In God's own arms."

A GAME OF COURTESY.

A bashful lover tried to woo
A maiden, fair and slender,
She trifled at the interview,
And scorned his accents tender.

Said he aside—"I will invent
A little necromancy,
And launch at her a compliment,
To try and catch her fancy."

Quoth she, with careless unconcern,
"Your words they may be true, sir,"
I wish that I could make return
And say the same of you, sir."

"O you can do that very well,
And do it now—provided,
That you make up your mind to tell
As big a lie as I did."

—*Boston Advertiser.*

It is asserted that the women in Siberia comprise only fifteen or twenty per cent. of the population, and that a dreadful state of demoralization is the result.

Select Story.

THE HOSTLER'S STORY.

What amused us most at the Lake House last summer was the performance of a bear in the back yard.

He was fastened to a pole by a chain which gave him a range of a dozen or fifteen feet. It was not very safe for visitors to come within that circle, unless they were prepared for rough handling.

He had a way of suddenly catching you to his bosom and picking your pockets of peanuts and candy—if you carried anything about you—in a manner which took your breath away. He stood up to his work on his hind legs in a quiet human fashion, and used paw and tongue with amazing skill and vivacity. He was friendly and didn't mean any harm, but he was a rude play-fellow.

I shall never forget the ludicrous adventure of a dandified New Yorker, who came out into the yard to feed Bruin on seed cakes, and did not feed him fast enough.

He had approached a trifle to near when all at once the bear whipped an arm about him, took him to his embrace and "went through" his pockets in a hurry. The terrified face of the struggling and screaming fop, and the good-natured, business-like expression of the fumbling and munching beast, offered the funniest sort of contrast.

The one-eyed hostler, who was the bear's especial guardian, lounged quite leisurely to the spot.

"Keep still and he won't hurt ye," he said, turning his quid. "That's one of his tricks. Throw out what you've got, and he'll leave ye."

The dandy made haste to help Bruin to the last of the seed cakes, and escaped without injury, but in a ridiculous plight—his hat smashed, his necktie and linen rumpled, and his watch dangling; but his fright was the most laughable part of all.

The one-eyed hostler made a motion to the beast, who immediately climbed the pole, and looked at us from the crosspiece at the top.

"A bear," said the one-eyed hostler, turning his quid again, "is the best-hearted, knowin'est critter that goes on all-fours. I'm speaking of our native black bear, you understand. The brown bear ain't half so respectable, and the grizzly bear is one of the ugliest brutes in creation. Come down here, Pomp."

Pomp slipped down the pole and advanced toward the one-eyed hostler, walking on his hind legs and rattling his chain.

"Playful as a kitten!" said the one-eyed hostler, fondly. "I'll show you."

He took a wooden bar from a clothes-horse near by, and made a lunge with it at Pomp's breast.

No pugilist or fencing master could have parried a blow more neatly. Then the one-eyed hostler began to thrust and strike with the bar as if in downright earnest.

"Rather savage play," I remarked. And a friend by my side, who never misses a chance to make a pun, added:

"Yes, it is a decided act of bar-bear-ity."

"Oh, he likes it!" said the one-eyed hostler. "You can't hit him."

[redacted]

gun set in such a way that a bear or any game that's curious about it must come to it the way it p'int's; a bait is hung before the muzzle, and a string runs from that to the triger.

"He was a cunning fellow, and he put out an investigatin' paw at the piece of pork before trying his jaws on it; so instead of gettin' a bullet in the head, he merely had a bit of his paw shot off. There were but two claws left on that foot, as his bloodly tracks showed.

"He got off; but this experience seemed to have soured his disposition. He owed a spite to the settlement.

"One night a great row was heard in my uncle's pig pen. He and the boys rushed out with pitchforks, a gun and a lantern. They knew what the trouble was, or soom found out.

"A huge black bear had broken down the side of the pen; he had seized a fat porker and was actually lugging him off in his arms! The pig was kicking and squealing, but the bear had him fast. He did not seem at all inclined to give up his prey, even when attacked. He looked sullen and ugly, but a few jabs from a pitchfork and a shot in the shoulder convinced him that he was making a mistake.

"He dropped the pig and got away before my uncle could load up for another shot. The next morning they examined his tracks. It was Old Two Claws.

"But what sp'ilt him for being a quiet neighbor was something that happened about a year after that.

"There was a roving family of Indians encamped near the settlement; hunting, fishing and making moccasins and baskets, which they traded with the whites.

"One afternoon the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning, wife of the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail, came over to the settlement with some of their truck for sale. She had a papoose on her back strapped on a board; another squaw traveled with her, carrying an empty jug.

"Almost in sight of Gorman's grocery, Red Sky took off her papoose and hung it on a tree. The fellows around the store had made fun of it when she was there once before, so she preferred to leave it in the woods rather than expose it to the coarse jokes of the boys. The little thing was used to such treatment. Whether carried or hung up, papoosey never cried.

The squaws traded off the truck, and bought, with other luxuries of civilization, a gallon of whiskey.—They drank out of the jug, and then looked at more goods. Then they drank again, and from being shy and silent, as at first, they giggled and chatted like a couple of silly white girls. They spent a good deal of time and money at Gorman's than they would if it hadn't been for the whiskey, but finally they started to go back through the woods.

"They went chattering and giggling to the tree, where the papo ose had been left. There was no papoose there!

"This discovery sobbered them.—They thought at first that the fellows around the store had played them a trick by taking it away; but by-and-by the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning set up a shriek.

"She had found the board not far off, but no papoose strapped to it, only something that told the story of what had happened.

"There were bear tracks around the spot. One of the prints showed only two claws.

The Red-Sky-of-the-Morning went back to the camp with the news; the other squaw followed with the jug.

"When the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail heard that his papoose had been eaten by a bear, he felt, I suppose, very much as any white father would have felt under the circumstances. He vowed vengeance against Old Two Claws, but consoled himse!f with a drink of the fire-water before starting on the hunt.

"The braves with him followed his example. It wasn't in Indian nature to start until they had emptied the jug, so it happened that Old Two Claws got off again. Tipsy braves can't follow a trail worth a cent.

"Not very long after that a woman in a neighboring settlement heard her children scream one day in the woods near the house. She rushed out and actually saw a bear lugging off her youngest.

"She was a sickly, feeble sort of a woman, but such a sight was enough to give her the strength and courage of a man. She ran and caught up an axe. Luckily she had a big dog. The two went at the bear.

"The old fellow had no motion of losing his dinner just for a woman and a mongrel cur. But she struck him a tremendous blow on the back; at the same time the pup got him by the leg. He dropped the young one to defend himself. She caught it up and ran, leaving the two beasts to have it out together.

"The bear made short work with the cur, but instead of following the woman and child he skulked off into the woods.

"The settles got together for a grand hunt; but Old Two Claws—for the tracks showed that he was the scoundrel—escaped into the mountains and lived to make more trouble another day.

"The child? Oh, the child was scarcely hurt. It had got squeezed and scratched a little in the final tussel; that was all.

"As to the bear, he was next heard of in our settlement."

The hostler hesitated, winked his one eye with an odd expression, put a fresh quid into his cheek, and finally resumed:

"A brother-in-law of my uncle, a man of the name of Rush, was one day chopping in the woods about half a mile from his house, when his wife went out to carry him his luncheon.

"She left two children at home, a boy about five years old, and a baby big enough to toddle around.

"The boy had often been told that if he strayed into the woods with his brother a bear might carry them off, and she charged them again that forenoon not to go away from the house; but he was an enterprising little fellow, and when the sun shone so pleasantly and the woods looked so inviting, he wasn't to be afraid of bears.

The woman stopped to see her husband fell a big beech he was cutting, and then went back to the house. Just before she got there she saw the oldest boy coming out of the woods on the other side. He was white as a sheet, and so frightened that he couldn't speak.

"Jonny," said she, catching hold of him, "what is the matter?"

"A bear," he gasped out at last.

"Where is your little brother?" was her next question.

"I don't know," said he, too much frightened to know anything just then.

"Where did you leave your brother?" says she.

Then he seemed to have gotten his wits together a little. "A bear took him!" said he.

"You can guess what sort of agony the mother was in.

"Oh, Jonny tell me true! Think! Where was it?"

"In the woods," he said. "Bear come along—I run."

"She caught him up, and hurried with him in the woods. She begged him to show her where he was with his little brother when the bear came along. He pointed out two or three places. In one of them the earth was soft. There were fresh tracks. There was no doubt about it.

"It was a terrible situation for a poor woman. Whether to follow the bear and try to recover the child, or go at once for her husband, or alarm the neighbors; what to do with Johnny meanwhile—all that would have been hard enough for her to decide, even if she had her wits about her.

"She hardly knew what she did, but just followed her instinct, and ran with Johnny in her arms, or dragging him after her, to where her husband was chopping.

"Well," continued the one-eyed hostler, "I needn't try to describe what followed. They went back to the house and, Rush took his rifle and started on the track of the bear, vowing that he would not come back without either the child or the bear's hide.

"The news went like wildfire through the settlement. In an hour half a dozen men, with their dogs, were on the track with Rush. It was so much trouble for him to follow the trail that they soon overtook him, with the help of their dogs.

"But in spite of them the bear got into the mountains. Two of the dogs came up with him, and one, the only one that could follow a scent, had his back broken by a stroke of his paw. After that it was almost impossible to track him, and one after another the hunters gave up and returned home.

"At last Rush was left alone; but nothing could induce him to turn back. He shot some small game in the mountains, which he cooked for his supper, slept on the ground, and started on the trail in the morning.

"Along in the forenoon he came in sight of the bear as he was crossing a stream. He had a good shot at him as he was climbing the bank on the other side.

"The bear kept on, but it was easier tracking him after that by his blood.

"That evening a hunter, haggard, his clothes all in tatters, found his way to a backwoodman's hut over in White's Valley. It was Rush.—He told his story in a few words as he rested on a stool. He had found no trace of his child, but he had killed the bear. It was Old Two Claws. He had left him on the hills, and came to the settlement for help.

"The hunt had taken him a round-about course, and he was then not more than seven miles from home. The next day, gun in hand, with the bear skin strapped to his back—the carcass had been given to his friend the backwoodsman—he started to return by an easier way through the woods.

"It was a sad revenge he had had, but there was a grim sort of satisfaction in lugging home the hide of Old Two Claws.

"As he came in sight of his log house out ran his wife to meet him, with—what do you suppose?—little Johnny, dragging at her skirts, and the lost child in her arms.

"Then, for the first time, the man dropped, but he didn't get down any further than his knees. He clung to his wife and baby, and thanked God for the miracle.

"But it wasn't much of a miracle, after all.

"Little Johnny had been playing around the door, and lost sight of the baby—and maybe forgotten all about him—when he strayed into woods and saw the bear. Then he remembered all that he had heard of the danger of being carried off and eaten, and of course had a terrible fright. When asked about his little brother, he didn't know anything about him, and I suppose really imagined that the bear had got him.

But the baby had crawled into a snug place under the side of the rain through, and there he was, fast asleep all the while. Then he woke up two or three hours after and the mother heard him cry; when her husband was then far away on the hunt.

"True—this story I've told you!" added the one-eyed hostler, as some one questioned him. "Every word of it!"

"But your name is Rush, isn't it?" I said.

The one eye twinkled humorously.

"My name is Rush. My uncle's brother-in-law was my own father."

"And you!" exclaimed a bystander.

"I," said the one-eyed hostler, "am the very man who warn't eaten by the bear when I was a baby!"

WHAT CREATURES NOT TO KILL.—The French minister of finance has done a good deal in causing a placard to be posted, which it would be wise for citizens of all countries to have before their eyes. It tells farmers, sportsmen, boys and others what creatures *not* to kill, as follows: Hedgehog—Lives mostly on mice, small rodents, slugs, and grubs—animals hurtful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedgehog.—Toad—Farm assistant; he destroys twenty to thirty insects per hour. Don't kill the toad. Mole—Is continually destroying grubs, larvæ, palmer worms, and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Don't kill the mole. The birds—Each department loses several millions annually through insects.—Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them vigorously. They are the great carterpiller killers and are agricultural assistants. Children don't disturb their nests."

A COUNTRYMAN IN WALL STREET.

Not many months ago a man pretty well known on the Comstock went East to sell a mine lying in the Pyramid District. He had a map of the claim and its underground workings all done up nicely in pink and blue ink, and it was as fine a piece of draughting as one could wish to see. He took his maps, traps and samples of ore to New York, and began to "lay" for a customer. Presently he fell in with a manipulator, who wanted to get him a customer on commission. "Now, look here, old man," says the Wall-streeter, "you are from Nevada, and probably a little green in the ways of the street. You will meet some awful sharp men here, and you must manage to be a trifle sharper, or you can't do any thing. Let me manage this thing, and give me all I can get over $5,000 for the mine."

The Nevadian agreed, and the New Yorker took him into a room and began to give him some confidential advice.

"Now, here's the way to manage this thing. Of course, if you have a really good mine, it won't be at all out of the way to make it look big. Now, take this map; it's a good map, but it ain't big enough. We must show up some more ore. I'll get an artist to put in some extra ore bodies—just scatter them through the mine like plums in a pudding—and that'll half sell it. The buyers will be sure to discover these ore bodies afterward all the same."

"This don't look to me to be hardly square,' said the Nevadian, with a deep religious expression. "I want to sell my mine on its merits. I never sold a thing in my life on false representation, and I'm too old to begin now."

"Now don't get riled, old fellow. You are not supposed to know what I do. Give me the maps and the ore, and let me attend to the business. You can't be too tricky when you sell a mine."

After considerable persuasion, the mine owner turned over his maps and ore samples to the Wall streeter, and that astute operator went on his way. His first step was to get an assay of the samples, and they showed up $1,600 to the ton. This set the New York chap to thinking, and he went back to his Nevada friend and asked him how high the samples would run to the ton.

"Well, I hardly want to say," replied the Nevada innocent. "I guess them samples you have got now are good for $35 or $40 a ton. Of course, I just took an average from different parts of the mine. I don't believe in picked samples. Such frauds are bound to come out sooner or later, and as I've got more mines to sell, I concluded to act pretty square and get a good reputation for business on the street."

The New Yorker drew his conclusions and thought it would be a sharp thing to take that mine in himself. "I've found a customer, old fellow," he said, and eagerly drew a check for $10,000, professing to have found a customer and made a neat turn on commission. "Bring along some more mines and let me sell 'em for you," he added. "You see I have facilities which you have not. We'll go around and fix up the deeds."

The Navadian took the check, folded it up, and remarked: "Now, I hope you've sold that mine on the square, and not got too much for it. It's worth $10,000 as a fair speculation."

The two men parted for good two days afterward, and the New Yorker came out last week with some experts to visit the rich property he had so shrewdly acquired. Arriving at Pyramid, he asked for the Gold Run Consolidated. "No such mine," was the reply that he got every where. "Great Cæsar! I've bought the claim and paid $10,000 for it." "Got bit, sure." "A man showed me a map. Here it is," and the Yorker pulled out the map which he had received from the seller. A crowd of Pyramiders gathered around and laughed uproariously. "That's old Sawyer's work. Oh, he's a smart one."

Just then old Sawyer, the foremost citizen of the district, and as innocent an old mine owner as the coast ever produced, came up and looked over the map. "It ain't correct, old hoss," he said, addressing the New Yorker, "too many ore bodies put in." "But there's no shaft, no machinery, no mine!" roared the man from Wall street. "Well," replied old Sawyer, reflectively, "I don't see how you can scour. The fellows who bought it are the ones to kick. You got a handsome commission, you know." "But the samples ran up to $1,500!" "Salted!" "I'm swindled!" "Don't you know you said that a man couldn't be too tricky in sellin' a mine on Wall street?" inquired old Sawyer; and only a true Chr,stian, such as are reared in Pyramid District, can understand the feeling of pious elation which brother Sawyer experienced as the gentleman from Wall street, accompanied by his experts, drove furiously off for Reno, blasting the blossoming sagebush along the route with their fiery language.—*Nevada Chronicle.*

THE chap who sat down on the sidewalk last winter and anathametized the ice, now affectionately shakes it up in his cocktail, and wonders how mankind could get along without a good ice crop.

PLEASURE has many definitions, but in reality it consists in going somewhere, being perfectly uncomfortable all the time while there and calling it "the best time you ever had."

DUTCH GIRLS make the best wives. King William has been married fifty years, and he is not as bald-headed as some Americans who have been wedded only that many months.

THE great mistake made by a certain class of alleged statesmen is the supposition that the war for the Union was fought for the exclusive benefit of Republican politicians.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

"And then remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in the ten million went to his funeral or even heard of his death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it is.—Don't be sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. 'Make a few,' tersely replied the old man.—And we never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three, anyhow. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, they are more stylish, your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes, than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copperplated signature in six months. Young men are useful, son, and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them.—But they are no novelties, son. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out, but don't be so fresh you will have to be put away in the cool to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you and if you are worth finding they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

ORIGIN OF FISH CULTURE IN AMERICA.—How Seth Green, the eminent pisciculturist, came to interest himself in fish culture was recently told to an interviewer as follows: One day when up a stream I saw a fine she salmon, weighing about six pounds, come up, attended by her mate and three or four other men fish, hanging around like boys around a handsome married woman. I had time to shoot behind a tree and take an observation, and there I saw the she salmon begin to scoop out a place in the bottom of the brook with her tail. After scooping awhile she would go off coquetishly and then come back, and the other fish seemed to help her.—It occurred to me that she was putting her spawn down there beyond the reach of other kinds of fish. I became so interested in that incident that I got up in the tree next day and made myself a kind of seat there among the boughs, where I could look down in the clear water at the operations of those fish to protect their increase. I made up my mind then that if I ever got a little more money than would keep me I would go at fish culture. It had been begun in England and I commenced to read on it. As soon as I had $1200 a year more income than my necessities I went at this fish business and took a brook near Rochester, where I had five miles to myself, invented my hatching-boxes and started in.

QUANTITY OF MATERIAL IN BUILDINGS.—According to the *Northwestern Lumberman* 1,000 laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of nails put them on. Eight bushels of good lime, fifteen bushels sand and one bushel hair make enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards. A cord of stone, three bushels lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall. One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of nails fasten them on. One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface, because of the lap in the siding and the matching of the floor. Five courses of chimney; six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve long, and eight bricks in a course make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen long.

SKILLED IN WAX WORK.—It is not every husband who, even when caught in a trap, will frankly confess an error. But there is a certain matron in Rome, New York, who, if report is true, possesses such a lord. She has a talent for wax work. Her husband boasted that he could invariably tell at a glance that her work was artificial. She remembered his partiality for a 'boiled dinner,' and determined to make one in wax. The vegetables and meat were made and set before him at dinner, and with keen relish he struck out for the platter before him. Lo! 'twas a false dinner. He frankly acknowledged that he was duped, and with admirable docility handed his pocket-book over to his wife.

☞ A modern philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose that women have stronger attachments than men. A man is often attached to an old hat; but, he asks, 'Who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

☞ "Oh, mamma," exclaimdd a little four-year-old, "we had such a splendid time down on the beach! We built sand houses, and the man that keeps the boats let out the tide while we were there, and we saw it go creeping, cre-e-ping off."

All Sorts of Clippings

A shocking scene—a harvest field.

The jest that gives pain is no jest.

Pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly.

He who wants little has always enough.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

Many a man without principle marries a woman to get principal.

Nine square pig feet make one square meal.

Charity—giving to others what you can't use yourself.

The poorest time in a man's life is the day he meets the assessor.

An ounce of prevention is worth all the castor oil in the market.

Crate efforts are being made to make the peach welcome.

The Egyptian for "take a tumble" is khedive.

It's a wives' son that knows his own father-in-law.

The stick in the lemonade may make you feel like a log.

Miss Cellaneous is distantly related to Hettie Rogeneous.

The eloping young lady of the period is the lily of the valet.

A pen may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

"A good workman is known by his chips," and so is a good poker-player.

When a man's brains, business and razor are simultaneously dull, he has a close shave.

Go to the dishonest grocer, consider his weighs, and be wise enough to avoid him.

The person who tries to handle an electric eel generally imagines he has found a warm meal.

It is one of the curious ways of the world that a male hair-dresser often dyes an old maid.

Surely half the world must be blind; they can see nothing unless it glitters.

Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandal tree perfumes the ax that strikes it.

If a dunce is short of some faults, he only did not know how to acquire them.

Heaven's gates are wide enough to admit every sinner in the universe who is penitent.

Our life; a little gleam of time between eternities; no second chance to us forevermore.

Calumny and detraction are but sparks, which if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

Farmers are like fowls—neither will get full crops without industry.

The surest way to lose your own health is to keep drinking other peoples'.

What order of merit would the Queen remind you of if she were in a bad humor? Victoria cross.

When a man has no design but to speak the truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

A paper has this advertisement: "Two sisters want washing." Millions of brothers are in the same predicament.

Our feet are betrayed into paths whose thorns impede our progress, and whose stones bruise our soles.

What makes most women wild is to wait for the postman half an hour, and then see him walk by indifferently.

The wealthy miser lives as a poor man here, but he must give account as a rich man in the day of judgment.

"What is the interior of Africa principally used for?" asked a teacher of a pupil. "For purposes of exploration," was the reply.

Grindstones are considered safe property to invest in; because, if you cannot sell them for cash, you can always turn them to account.

Advice to some would-be wits:—"A little wisdom now and then, is relished by most foolish men."

It doesn't do to look squint-eyed at a man with a pistol in Texas, unless you prefer to look like a porous plaster.

We always have our suspicions of a man who invariably takes his soda from the other side of the fountain.

Ajax defied the lightning, but it is worthy of remark that the Jersey variety was not then invented.

Those who expectorate in public places—(don't squirm, it's not the old joke)—may be said to be working out their salvation.

L. L. D's (lazy law doctors) are being manufactured by college commencements throughout these great United States.

It cannot be said that Eli Perkins ever played in H. M. S. Pinafore, notwithstanding he has a hard lie ever on his tongue.

George Alfred Townsend told a New York editor that truth was mighty. It has been so mighty that he never got much hold of it.

"Who's veneer since I've been gone?" said Smythekins, when he found a dent made in his piano, and saw that the wood was not what he bought it for.

One of the disagreeable features about being near-sighted is that a man is in danger of mistaking his wife for another woman, and being polite to her.

It is more reputable to adapt yourself to circumstances than it is to fit yourself with another man's new silk hat, while he is taking dinner at a crowded hotel.

The dear girl who read a thrilling essay, "How to get along in Life," is getting along nobly. She is now the mother of triplets.

The man who gets his boots on with the toes where the heels should be will not appear to very good advantage, but he is safe from being tracked by the sheriff.

A man can never succeed in holding two or three dozen pins in his mouth as a woman does, no matter how much he practices on shad.

Farm and Household.

Celery.—Peter Henderson says in 'Gardening for Profit:' "I know no vegetable on the cultivation of which there is so much useless labor expended with such unsatisfactory results as celery." But he gives a method which is at once so simple and practical that no one need fail. I had never seen celery growing when I read 'Gardening for Profit,' but carefully observing Mr. Henderson's rules I succeeded in obtaining celery that took the premium at our late State fair. I planted the seed in the open ground as soon as the ground was dry enough to work well, and began to cultivate as soon as the plants could be seen, keeping the ground loose and free from weeds. Twice, before transplanting, I sheared the tops of the plants off to induce a stalky growth, and about the twentieth of June they were ready for transplanting, which was done, not in trenches, as most writers direct, but on the level surface, in rows about three and a-half feet apart. Cultivate often and keep the ground loose and free from weeds, and about the middle of August the process of 'earthing up' should begin; the soil should be drawn up to the plants with enough to keep the leaves upright, and when cool weather comes the blanching may be finished by digging the soil from between the rows and banking up to the tops of the plants on each side of the row. The soil should be moist and well manured.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—A spoonful of sugar added to dried corn when seasoning improves it.

Hartshorn rubbed on silk or woolen garments will restore the color without injuring them.

Sand-paper is the best polisher for smoothing irons. It removes all roughness and starch.

Fly spots can be removed with a camel'shair brush dipped into spirits of wine, and then applied to the spot.

A teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia added to the rinse water will make rusty black goods look as good as new.

To Brighten Silver.—Old newspapers will put the finishing touch to newly cleaned silver, knives and forks, and tinware better than anything.

Caution.—If you find that kerosene just purchased can be made to burn in a saucer by igniting with a match, throw it away at once—Don't attempt to use it for house lamps.

Cleaning Tinware.—The best thing for cleaning tinware is common soda. Dampen a cloth and dip in soda, and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry. Any blackened or dirty ware can be made to look as well as new.

Vermin.—Mosquitoes will not remain in a room where oil of pennyroyal is exposed. If rats enter your cellar, powdered potash sprinkled in their run-way and about their hole will banish them. Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and store room free from ants and cockroaches.

Ventilation.—Unwholesome air is a very common cause of disease.—Few persons are aware of the danger arising from it. People generally pay some attention to what they eat and drink, but seldom regard what goes through their lungs, though the latter proves often the more fatal of the two. The one great safeground is vestilation at all times.

Our Food.—It is a very common practice to eat light breakfasts, and to partake of a hearty supper. This practice should be reversed. When people sup late, it should be solid and nutritious. If one eats a light supper, retires to bed early, and rises betimes, he will rarely want for an appetite for breakfast.

Refreshing Beverages.—Cold tea is one of the most refreshing and satisfactory summer drinks, provided it be not spoiled by the addition of milk and sugar. It ought to be made early in the day, and left to stand in a stone jar until thoroughly cool, and should then be flavored with slices of fresh lemons. Milk and water, toast and water, curds and whey, or lemonade made in the good old fashion are also to be recommended.

Mending Tinware.—(1) A large pail used for taking up ashes had become too full of holes for use, but was so light and handy we did not like to give it up. So we pasted stout cloth over the bottom, outside and in and then covered the cloth with a thin cement of salt and ashes. It is a first-rate ash-pail still, and hot ashes do not burn out the cloth. Mending tin with cloth may be a new fashion to some but it works very well. I know a coal-scuttle that had done good service for five years since it was pronounced 'worn out,' simply by having a piece of cloth patched on with thick flour paste. It needs renewing about twice a year. A lady told me that she mended a big dish-pan by covering the bottom with white paint and then putting on a piece of white cloth, which she also covered over with paint. She had used it five years then and it is not more than eleven years ago, so I presume she is using it still, as she was not a woman much given to change. (2) Lead alone will not properly adhere to tinware. Equal parts of lead and block tin melted together form solder. With a soldering tool of copper and flux of powdered rosin and a little experience, any one can become his own tinker. Muriat of zinc is a better flux than rosin to use on old pans where the tinning is worn off. A few shavings of zinc put in a glass vial and a sufficient quantity of muriatic acid to dissolve the zinc makes a reliable flux.

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