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I SAW—HURRAH!—OLD SANTA CLAUS.

There was a boy—there is a boy,
Who, sent one Christmas Eve to bed
At nine, that he might go to sleep,
Stayed wide awake till twelve instead;
And this is what he said next day—
It may and it may not be true;
As it was told to me, my dears,
So I, my dears, tell it to you:
"Hurrah! Hurrah! I saw—I saw—
He'd suits, and books, and sweets, and toys,
His face was red, his beard was white,—
I saw—hurrah!—old Santa Claus!
'Halloo, old chap,—look here,' says I,—
'Give me a lot of things, because
I am the very best of boys.'
'Bully for you!' said Santa Claus."
Now on that Christmas Eve that boy
Did see, perhaps, the books, and toys,
And suits, and sweets, and Santa Claus;
But that he made the slightest noise,
Much less called out "Halloo! old chap,"
I really can't believe is true.
I think he snuggled down and peeped,
Still as a mouse, my dears. Don't you?

—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

The Young Ensign.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

One Christmas morning, many years ago, a young man came out of a little house at the eastern end of a town by the sea. There was plenty of life and gayety at the other end of the town, which was enlivened by one or two barracks, a fort, and a castle. But the eastern end was very poor, and would have been quite lonely but for the fishermen and their boats. The house from which the young man came was beyond even this homely bustle, and was little more than a wooden hut, tarred to defend it from wind and weather.

But the young man who came out was in the full dress of a military officer, though that was screened from first view by the long gray cloak which the wild December wind made so necessary. He looked back and waved his hand toward the little house, as if he knew that somebody there was watching him, though, certainly, nobody could be seen from the outside. And then he turned and struggled against the strong gale which blew in from the sea, until he reached the grim old fort.

There was preparation for a dinner-party in the fine stiff old hall, with its rows of military portraits, and its dingy, blood-stained banners. The castle, the barracks, and the fort itself had eagerly furnished guests to welcome the visitor of the day, a grand old General recently returned from honorable victories in the south of Europe.

After dinner, when ceremony was fairly thawed, the good old General in the kindliness and pride of his heart displayed a little box, which had been given to him by some Grandee of Spain. I think it must have been too small for a snuff-box, and was probably one of those tiny trifles in which fashionable folk used to carry comfits and lozenges. At any rate, this box was set with diamonds and colored gems of rare value, and it passed from hand to hand, flashing brightly in the lamp-light, while the old warrior told dread stories of his campaigns, and of the daring and honor of his men.

But suddenly, at the end of a story so thrilling that all heads had been craned toward him, while the military servants had thronged the door in rapt attention, the simple question was asked—

"Where is the General's jeweled box."

Nobody knew; everybody said that he had silently passed it on to his fellow.

The General rummaged his own pockets, lest it had found its way back to him and he had half consciously put it away. No, it was not there, and the brave old fighting face looked a little blank, and he murmured an excuse about "how its loss would vex Lady Elizabeth."

"But it cannot be lost, General," cried the officer in command of the fort. "In this room it was a few minutes ago, and in this room it must be still. No gentleman, to his knowledge, has it in his possession. Let the servants at the door come in, though, to the best of my belief not one of them has approached the table since the box was brought out. Let the door be made fast, and let our search be thorough."

The candles were brandished to and fro, under the tables, under the chairs, round the table drapery. But from no point flashed out the brilliant beauty of the little box.

"Still it must be here," insisted the Commandant, "and surely no gentleman will think his honor infringed if each in turn is asked to empty the contents of his pockets upon the table. I myself will be the first to do so. And the servants shall be the last."

Nobody could be expected to demur at so simple and sensible a proposal, backed as it was by the honest old officer instantly rattling out some crown pieces and a tobacco pouch, half-pence, and an old pipe. One after the other, the gentlemen on either side of the table followed his example, while sharp but not unfriendly eyes took eager note of strange pieces of personal property, and of dainty three-cornered notes, which might serve in the future as material for bandinage and quizzing.

But one drew back when the Commandant made his proposal. That young man who had walked in from the eastern end of the town dropped suddenly into his seat, whence he had risen in the first eagerness of the search. He passed his hand once or twice, nervously, through his hair, leaving it wild and straggling. And then he watched blankly, as the fruitless search drew nearer and nearer to himself. Within five minutes later, one or two of the officers were whispering to each other that any simpleton might have seen he did not expect it could be found.

His turn was the very last. "Ensign Ranson," said the Commandant steadily. Ensign Ranson was certainly the first who had required to be called upon by name.

The youth arose. And though the rest of his face was of a deadly whiteness, there was a spot of burning red on each cheek.

"I don't think any gentleman should be asked to do this," he said. "I will give my word of honor that the box is not upon my person. I did not even keep it in my hands for a moment, I merely took it and passed it on."

"Too high-minded even to look at such gew-gaws, sneered a spiteful old Major under his breath.

"What men high in the service and old enough to be his father have already done, Ensign Ranson may safely do also," said the Commandant, with a severity which was not unkindly, for young Ranson looked such a boy among the crowd of men, mostly stout and middle-aged, and the very suspicion suddenly lowering over him made the old officer think of his own lads, growing up, and not quite sure to do well for themselves after all.

"I would never have asked it for the sake of my box," observed the General, leaning back in his chair, and inwardly wondering what Lady Elizabeth would say of his carelessness.

"But we ask it for the sake of our honor, General," said the Commandant testily.

"And we do not seem to have asked it needlessly," whispered the spiteful Major.

"I will not do this thing!" cried the young Ensign passionately, and he looked wildly round the group as if he sought for one face that would comprehend and compassionate his misery. The face which looked the kindest was that of the old General himself, partly because it was not his hospitality which was outraged, partly because his genial nature was terribly shocked at finding anything of his the cause of such a wretched act of dishonor.

"If the General will come with me to the ante-room," said the young man, "I will convince him that I have not touched his box. But this public exposure I will not submit to; our consent was not asked, and—"

"Certainly not!" "Out upon you!" "General, you must not think of indulging his insolent request," were the only sentences audible in the general hubbub that arose on every side.

But the General rose. "Gentlemen," he said quietly, "I have never yet refused to listen to an enemy's petition. If you can satisfy me, Sir, perhaps your comrades will take my word for you."

There was a murmur of very reluctant acquiescence, as the Ensign bowed and waited respectfully to follow the General to the ante-chamber. They had not disappeared behind the heavy curtains before all sorts of surmises were whispered round the table, guesses and hints so wild and so sinister as to do credit neither to the heads nor the hearts which originated them. The General and the Ensign staid a longer time in the ante-room than would have sufficed to search the Ensign's pockets twice and thrice over. Not a sound could be heard. If any conversation was going forward, it must have been in a very low voice. The two gentlemen were away for nearly half an hour. All the military servants had been subjected to the Commandant's rigid scrutiny, and then dismissed. It might be as well that none but the "gentlemen of the regiment" should know exactly what the end was. The delay grew first awkward and then awful. Even the whispers and rumors flagged into an intent and excited watching.

At last the General and the Ensign came out. The Ensign's face was still very pale; what flush remained upon it had now mounted to the eyes. The old General was blowing his nose.

"Ensign Ranson has thoroughly satisfied me," he said, in his most genial voice. "Never mind my box. It has vanished by one of those mysterious accidents which will happen sometimes. It will be found some day. And, now, gentlemen, perhaps, as we have been thus broken up, we shall not settle down again very comfortably to-night. I hope we shall see you all at the Castle before Lady Elizabeth and I leave for London."

"General," said the Commandant, drawing him a little to one side, "may I say that I sincerely trust your great generosity has not led you to—"

"Sir," cried the old General, "can you imagine that any mistaken idea of kindness would cause me to make you a companion of thieves? Gentlemen," he went on, seeing that the company were not unaware of his little by play, "I pledge you my word that I am satisfied of Ensign Ranson's honor, and whoever dares to doubt him makes me to be his accomplice."

And the old General seized the young Ensign's arm and marched him from the banqueting-room, while every one sat dumbfounded, till the spiteful Major remarked that wonders would never cease.

There was nothing more to be said. It was discovered that Ensign Ranson was not only invited to the Castle with the other officers, but was believed to have taken tea with the General and Lady Elizabeth in their deepest retirement. For the General's sake rather than his own, his brother officers continued on courteous terms with him; and he had always been so shy, and held himself so aloof, that perhaps he did not discover there was but little cordiality in their courtesy. And presently he exchanged into another regiment, which went on foreign service.

He was away for several years, and in the fortunes of war he got rapidly promoted, so that when he returned home, though he was still young, he was no longer a poor nobody. When he landed in his own country he found a letter awaiting him, written by one who had sat near him at that memorable dinner party, and who was now residing in the Old Castle where the General and Lady Elizabeth had been guests. This letter pressed him in the warmest terms to spend some of his earliest days in England at this very Castle, and so give many old friends who were in the neighborhood an opportunity of meeting and congratulating him. Ensign Ranson, now Colonel Ransan, smiled a little strangely when he read this invitation, but he wrote a very polite reply and accepted it.

Once more he sat in the stately old banqueting-room of the fort. This time he had not walked in from the bleak east end of the town, but had been driven from the Castle in the chariot of the Castle's owner. But, as he took his seat in the chair of honor, he noticed that every face at the table was, in all its changes, familiar to him. All of the guests at the former dinner were not there. Many of those, indeed, he well knew, were sleeping on battle-fields far away. But nobody was at this dinner who had not been at the other one.

Once more the dishes were removed and the servants withdrawn. The guest of this evening was no wonderful story-teller, like the good old General, who had now passed to his rest. Colonel Ranson was as taciturn as Ensign Ranson had been shy, and he even let the conversation flag, and never seemed to notice it.

"Colonel," said the eldest gentleman of the party, speaking with visible effort, and giving a slight cough to veil his embarrassment, "Colonel, I think we all remember another time when we dined together here."

"Certainly, I remember it," answered the Colonel, lifting his gray eyes, with a cool light in them.

"Colonel, we fancy you think some of us did you ill-justice then. At least, a lady says you felt so—Lady Elizabeth, the good old General's widow. If what we are going to do is in any way painful to you I hope you will pardon us, for we are only following her counsel. Colonel, there was a box lost that evening. Here it is."

Yes, there it was, gleaming once more in the light which danced gayly upon it. The Colonel looked at it calmly, and asked:

"Where was it found?"

His composure was exceedingly disconcerting. Another gentleman feeling that the first had done his part now took up the parable.

"It was found in the very chair on which you are now seated, Colonel," he said. "You will remember that the General sat there on that night. It must have found its way back to the General's own hand, and in the interest and excitement of his own story-telling, he must have intended to slip it back into his pocket, which, if you recollect, was the first place where he sought it. Instead of that it evidently escaped the proper orifice, and dropped into the covering of the chair; that covering was very thick and heavy, and hung in lappets about his legs. Part of it was unsewn, and this box dropped between the damask and the lining, and remained there safely and unseen till the chair was re-covered last year."

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, with his accustomed calmness, though his lips trembled a little, "I cannot wonder if some of you thought my conduct suspicious. I thank you heartily for showing me your brotherly delight that those suspicions were unfounded."

At the bottom of the table sat the spiteful old Major (he was on half pay now, and more spiteful than ever), and he thought within himself that there was no knowing whether Ensign Ranson had not taken some subsequent opportunity of getting rid of his dangerous booty into the hole in the damask, and that the mystery could not be called cleared up unless the Colonel had explained why he had demurred to the search. And this spiteful old Major would have said as much to his next neighbor, if he himself had not been so terribly deaf that he could not regulate his own voice between a confidential whisper and a mighty shout.

The Colonel sat in silence for some minutes, and toyed with his wine-glass, as if he quite forgot where he was. Then he recalled himself with a start, and, drawing something from his own pocket, said, quietly:

"Gentlemen, I, too, have something to show you."

All pressed forward as he carefully unfolded the soft paper packet and laid something on the table. What was it? What could it be?

It was the bleached skeleton of a chicken's wing.

"Gentlemen," he said, in that same quiet voice, which no longer sounded cold and stern, but rather full of strength and sweetness, "when I was here before, I was a poor, fatherless lad, owning nothing in the world but my poor little pittance of pay. I fear I was an eye-sore to some of you. I think you felt that my appearance did not do justice to the dignity of our regiment. I believe I often looked rather shabby, but really I could not help it.

"I had only one relative in the world, and that was my mother's sister. After my mother died she had been as a mother to me, but when our home was finally broken up, there was nothing for it but she must be a governess in a stranger's house. And she did her work courageously and cheerfully enough till her health failed, and nobody wanted the service of a sick woman.

"She had always been good to me. And we two had only each other in the world. I could not help her as she ought to have been helped, but my pay would at least provide her such a home and such maintenance as a poor working man can give to a poor working woman.

I took my aunt to lodge with the wife of the miller's man, in the little black cottage beside the mill. She was a kind, cleanly woman, though rough and plain in her ways, and my poor aunt used to call herself very happy there. But she could not eat the simple food my scanty means could procure. And the good landlady used to break my heart by suggesting that her appetite might be tempted by chickens or game, or such other luxuries beyond my utmost reach.

"All the day of that memorable dinner-party my aunt had been very feeble and failing. When I left her I really wondered whether she would be alive when I saw her again. My soul revolted at the sight of dainties which were no good to me, and which I could not convey to her who seemed dying for want of them. Suddenly, a bright idea seized me. I took a letter from my pocket and spread it on my napkin, and then, by an adroit movement, transferred the wing of a chicken from my plate to the paper, and thence smuggled it to my pocket."

The listening guests began to look at each other with enlightened eyes. The spiteful old Major felt that a very full explanation was being given—and he was glad he was deaf, that he need not hear it!

"Gentlemen, you can all imagine my feelings when such unlooked-for circumstances threatened to expose my poor little plan. Gentlemen, there are some of you who were, like myself, young then—whom it would have been as hard to meet after such a discovery as it would have been had I really stolen the jewels."

"Heaven forgive us, Ranson, but I can't say you are wrong," said one brave gentleman, who had been a fashionable dandy in those days, but who had a wife and six children now.

"Gentlemen, I did not fear the old man, honored and enriched by a grateful country. The men who have fought the best battles of life have ever a pitiful respect for the poor and the friendless. To him I could lay bare my poor little secret. But my place then was among the young—the young, who, having never conquered, always despise the defeated—the vain, giddy youths, extravagant with their fathers' money, and—"

"Oh, come, Ranson," cried one officer, "it is your turn now with a vengeance. Please to remember that to-night we are the abject and the defeated—and be merciful."

"The Colonel laughed. And they could not tell whether it was with good faith or subtle irony, that he rejoined, 'You are right,' and then went on.

"In that little room, yonder, I told my sad story to that good, great man who is gone. And I folded up my queer treasure again, for I could not leave it behind to bear witness; and besides, having paid such a terrible price for it, I did not see why my aunt should not have it. And she ate it for her supper that very night, and next morning, almost as soon as it was light, there was the General hammering at the cottage door, with a basket of fowls and fruit, carried in his own hand. And, then and there, I took this little chicken bone, and vowed that I would keep it till the snuff-box was found, and I myself was such a man among such men that none would smile at my poverty, or even despise my weakness."

ENGLISH MATCH MAKING.—The greatest of matchmaking mammas on record in England was the last Dutchess of Gordon. In an eligible-eldest-son hunt her Grace stuck at nothing. She, herself, related how, when the eldest son of the Marquis Cornwallis fell in love with her daughter, she found that Lord Cornwallis objected on the score of there being lunacy in the Gordon family. Whereupon she went to him and said: "I know why you disapprove of your son's marriage with my daughter. But just let me tell you something. There is not a drop of Gordon blood in Louisa's body." This was not true; but Lord Cornwallis believed it. Lord Bolingbroke said he never knew a man of real ambition—one who would sacrifice everything for it—but here was a woman ready to sacrifice fair fame for it. The marriage took place.

THE N v Lebanon Shakers recently sent a ship load of apples to London.

LITTLE CHARLEY ROSS.

WHAT THE HALF-BREED VANDERPOOL CLAIMED—A WELL-LAID SCHEME—STATEMENTS CONCERNING THE GUARDIANS OF THE BOY "CHARLIE."

A gentleman has received a letter from Towanda, Pa., giving some details of the new story regarding the finding of Charlie Ross. It seems that there is a tribe or "community" living within nine miles of Towanda composed of a mixture of half-breeds, negroes and whites, who have lived there nearly a century, and they are known as the Pool family, and the locality where they reside is known as Pool Hill. Many years ago a half-breed settled there and married a squaw. His name was Vanderpool, and from that couple sprung the tribe referred to. About five hundred persons compose the tribe, and they live by themselves. One of them goes by the name of Nelson Vanderpool, who is a sort of "go between" for negotiations between the tribe and the outside world. He is the one who has been corresponding with Mr. Ross. This man Vanderpool and Mr. Ross had an interview Tuesday night, when Vanderpool made the offer that if Mr. Ross would put in the hands of responsible parties named the reward of $20,000, or whatever the reward was, he would produce the child Charlie Ross, and if the child was not fully identified he would pay all the loss and expense that Mr. Ross had incurred in visiting Towanda.

Vanderpool is slim, tall and has a face indicative of cunning and shrewdness. He acts as a lawyer for his tribe. He says he can produce the the boy, but when asked if he had ever seen the child replied in the negative, but he says he knows his so-called parents and has talked with them. He says that the woman and the man who have the child are not aware that any negotiations are pending for the recovery of the child, and he dare not let it be known, as secrecy is the only way to save the child's life, because those who have him threaten to kill him should they hear of any attempt to rescue. He says that this couple have wandered for years in this way, and whenever they heard of any attempt to rescue they would leave for another part of the country, and this is the way they have lived since the child was stolen. But he claims they are now in a circuit where he can soon put his hand upon them if the reward is secured to him. This is the story: that he is only acting for others, but any one can detect that he is the principal mover in the whole plan; that he knows far more about the mysterious couple than he pretends. It is so far a well laid plan. One thing is certain, Mr. Ross cannot be trifled with, and he is evidently on a search that will be sifted to the bottom.

At School.

The other day I met a bit of a girl going to school with tears in her eyes and Sander's new speller in her hand. She could spell, but Sanders had told her, and her teacher had cautioned her, to commit to memory the fact that "Words are either primitive, derivative, simple or compound." The child didn't know whether the word "primitive" meant twin hitching-posts or a fire-alarm, and when I asked her the meaning of the word "compound" she looked from an apple-peddler's wagon to a lamp-post and back, as if the significance of the word hovered between the two. I didn't explain or assist her, of course. Because Sanders put that sentence in his speller it follows that pupils must learn it, even though their teachers could not write it down and spell half the words correctly. That same little girl, hardly ten years of age, must learn from the same book that "indorser is one that indorses," and that "an appellor is one that makes appeal," and while she may learn the words by heart, she will know their meaning just about as much as her teacher knows why Lake Michigan is longer than it is broad.

Circumstantial Evidence.

In the year 1660 two men named Perry and their mother were hanged for the murder of a man who was never murdered at all. Mr. Harrison, Lady Campden's steward, having been collecting his rents, suddenly disappeared. John Perry accused his mother, himself and his brother of having robbed Mr. Harrison in the previous year, and of having again robbed him and murdered him on the night when he was missed. The mother and Richard Perry denied all knowledge of the matter; but at length pleaded guilty to the first indictment under some pressure of policy. The other indictment was not then proceeded with, on the ground that the body was not found. But John persisted in his story, and at the next assize they were all tried for murder. John then retracted his confession and said he must have been mad. Nevertheless, they were all condemned. Some years after, Mr. Harrison appeared alive, and thus accounted for his mysterious absence: After receiving his rents he was set upon by a gang of ruffians, carried to the sea-side, put on ship-board and sold as a slave to the Turks. After his master's death he escaped, and with great difficulty working his way, first to Lisbon, and thence to Dover, he arrived in England, as the law-book coolly says, "to the surprise of all the country."

Learning a Trade.

Generally, when a young man leaves a school his first inquiry is, What shall I do for a living? How can I make money the fastest and easiest? Just here is where so many fail; they want to get along too easily, and so shirk all the hard work they can—of course fail. If he is going to learn a trade, he looks around to see how his friends are succeeding in their several vocations. He wants to compare notes and then select the one in which he thinks he will be the most apt to succeed. Or, if he is really ambitious he may have been taking his own observations while at school, and now, upon leaving school, he is ready to go to work.

But some boys do not have to look around, they have a natural taste and aptness for some particular business, and sometimes require very little instruction to enable them to proceed successfully. One, having found something which he thinks he would like, sets about to learn it; perhaps he finds it harder than he anticipated, or else gets tired of it and changes for something else. And as he keeps changing all through life; sometimes at one thing, sometimes at another, and not succeeding at any. There is still another class which is composed of determined go-ahead fellows. They select their trade and then go to work to learn it. If they get tired before they get through, no matter; they are not going to give it up. Give a boy a trade or profession which he really loves, and he will succeed, and you cannot prevent him. If he is faithful and industrious he will win for himself the respect and esteem of all with whom he may come in contact.

Be temperate, boys. Look around and see how many bright, intelligent young men, men who but for this cause would be an ornament to their profession and society, are going swiftly down the road to ruin, urged on by the demon drink. Do you know a physician who drinks? and if you do, would you employ that physician if you were ill? So it is with every craft and every profession.

New Year Dresses.

A New York paper makes the following notes of some new dresses in that city prepared for New Year receptions: A pretty wine-colored dress of satin is shirred all over, excepting the back of the trained skirt, which is very slightly and gracefully draped. The puffing, which is straight, is divided lengthwise by bands of velvet matching in shade, and the costume is finished by collar and cuffs of antique lace.

A very stylish dress of black satin has a draped front, and elbow sleeves of white satin striped with velvet, the latter trimmed with beautiful white lace. A little black satin cap, edged with pearls, and ornamented with a bunch of violets, was made for this dress, and is almost in the form of a small royal crown. It is a pretty fashion, and very much admired, a revival, indeed, of one that flourished thirty or forty years ago—with this difference, that then the little Polish forms were the rage.

A novelty which is very effective is of soft, rich, mastic colored silk, made in the princess style, and opened in front over a petticoat bordered with a plaiting and tied across with ribbons. The sides of the front are thrown back faced with satin, and upon this satin are painted convolvuli in different colors, and in the most natural style. The ends are tied at the back over the train, which is ornamented with a cascade of narrow daisy plaitings down its entire length—the colors of the ribbons, which are satin, matching the colors of the painted flowers.

A stylish and most effective black dress is of very rich black faille, with a princess polonaise draped very low, with long loops and ends of crimson satin ribbon over a demi-trained skirt flounced. At the neck and wrist is a wide ruffle of fine real Valenciennes lace, thrown over as a falling collar and cuffs.

Very Cruel Sport.

The London *Echo* speaking of the trip of the Marquis of Lorne, says:—"On Thursday there was a strong breeze and cloudy weather. Several new faces appeared on deck. There was a fishing for seagulls, and the Marquis caught the first.' I do not know whether there are any societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Canada, but if there are I trust that the outburst of toadyism which at present overspreads the country will not prevent the members noting that the passage which I have quoted refers to the amusements of their Viceroy. I leave out of all account the intensely puerile nature of the sport, and only remark that to bait a hook and line with a bit of pork, and then throw it overboard until a hungry seagull swallows it, is not a pretty pastime. But to drag on board the wretched bird, with the hook transfixed into its stomach, throat or bill, simply to see the 'fun' of its fluttering, and then let it go with the hook still in it, is abominable cruelty. The chronicler of viceregal small beer adds 'the gull was set at liberty by order of Her Royal Highness.' I am glad to see that the Marquis of Lorne is under petticoat government, for the wife seems to have more sense than the husband."

—Man is in friendship what woman is in love, and the reverse, namely, more covetous of the object than of the feeling for it.—Richter.

THE QUEEN'S SACRIFICE.

But when it comes to dresses cut low at back
and front,
It's time that we old Dowagers should speak i
language blunt;
I can't and won't believe, I say, that our good
Queen demands
So great a sacrifice of what is proper at our
hands.

I plead my years, my feelings, health, my
sense of what is fit;
I ask, why make so harsh a rule? What is the
use of it?
And what can be the end that's served by
making me resort
In a dress that's so immodest to so decorous a
court?

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The best illustrated paper out.—A bank note.

—Gas-slighted is what will become of it when Edison electrifies us.

—England is happy again, trouncing a boy right at Russia's back door.

—As the body is purified by water so is the soul purified by truth.—Mann.

—Age respects love, but unlike youth it respects little the signs of love.—Richter.

—The way to eternal beatitude is open to him who without omission speaketh truth.—Veda.

—Hide not the truth when you know it, and clothe not the truth with falsehood.—Mehammed.

—Virtue maketh men on the earth famous, in their graves glorious and in heaven immortal.—Chilo.

—Nothing exasperates more than a considerate, quiet hatred; a passionate hatred does so far less.—Richter.

—The Morristown *Herald* thinks the song of the Pullman Palace Car Company is "Hark, I hear an Angell Sing-Sing—Angell now is on the wing."

—When a man takes a letter from his wife to "drop in the post-office on his way down town," he imagines himself a travelling postal car and keeps it in his pocket a week.

—"Didn't I tell you to call me at six o'clock this morning? Why did you disobey me, Joseph?" "If you please, sir, I was afraid you wouldn't like it. You were asleep."

—A company of settlers, in naming their new town, called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity and happiness are always found."

—The saddest time, we think, in a young man's life is when a girl writes to him that she wants her old letters, and that he can have his 50 cent diamond earrings upon application.

—"Better call her a woman," said Judge Nelson to a lawyer in Brooklyn, who was talking about a lady the other day; "God made woman, but a lady is only a modern fixture in a fine dress."

—There could scarcely be more passes in Afghanistan if the country abounded with railroads, circuses, negro minstrels and other expressions of the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It is now announced on the authority of an eminent physician that it is not healthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men Wives can rise at seven and light the fire as heretofore.

—He was a countryman, and he walked along our busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment, "Cast Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.

—The Burlington *Hawkeye* says there would be one mighty good thing for General Grant, if he would accept the throne of Bulgaria. His Majesty couldn't understand a word his subjects said when they came around the palace and waited for collectorships and postoffices.

—The end of the honeymoon. Young bride (much hurt)—"Edwin, you have been whistling and singing all day, and it is our last day, too! Anyone would think you were glad to get back to town again." Young husband—"So I am. (Happy thought occurs to him here.) With you, pet—with you, of course."

—The lightning rod man applied to the president of a railroad to put lightning rods on all his cars. "Lightning rods on our cars?" asked the latter. "Why, certainly." "What in the world do we want them for?" "Because they make good conductors," replied the man, as he closed the door hastily behind him.

—One of the highest compliments a man can receive is to have a friend say to him, "The very sight of your pleasant face is enough to drive away the blues." But the satisfaction with which one hears such speeches is marred by the anticipation of the remark that is almost certain to ensue—"By the way, you haven't got two dollars that you," &c., &c.

—"Are you the saleswoman of whom I bought this handkerchief yesterday?" asked a purchaser at one of our dry goods stores. "I am the sales-lady who served you, madam," responded the reduced Empress in banged hair, long watch chain and ringed fingers, who presided at the counter. "Well," said the customer, "I will take a dozen more, and as I wish to get them to my washer lady at once I will get you to send them to my carriage around the corner. My coach-gentleman cannot get to the door just now for the cart of the ash-gentleman."

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