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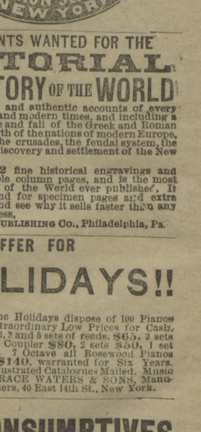

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MY SWEETHEART.

My sweetheart died in springtime's morning,
When fields were fair with balmy weather,
When May her bosom was adorning
With daisies sweet and blooming heather.

On every bough a bird was singing;
The silky sky uncoiled her tresses;
The blithesome lark was gayly winging
A flight so bright no song expresses.

My joy went out to greet the wooing
Of gentle winds and laughing roses,
Their fragrant kiss again renewing,
Till summer's door the winter closes.

No mate had I for love's caressing;
No mate had I for love's embraces;
The gay-robed May wore heaven's blessing,
Reflecting back my lost one's graces.

The mead was green, the hills were rising
In liquid air, which shone around them;
And Nature, in her nice devising,
In gauze of dreamy pleasure bound them.

Then lightly stepped, the green grass turning
A fond one, fled from me forever;
Then on the sward I traced in mourning—
"The grave can never true love sever."

In hallowed light I saw her kneeling,
With pallid cheek and drooping lashes—
Against a ray of old love's feeling
The vision leaned and fell to ashes.

My sweetheart died in springtime's morning,
In all her fair and guileless beauty;
Loving her kind, no creature scorning,
Her sweet, brief life was simple duty.

Forever now a sad bird's singing
Amid the willows of my sorrow;
And on my dreams the chime is ringing,
"A better life will dawn to-morrow."

HUGH F. MCDERMOTT.

Carl's Adventure.

"What shall I bring you from town to-day, mother?"

Mrs. Bradley looked at the bright, cheery face of the speaker, a lad of not more than fourteen, but unusually tall and well-developed for his years.

"I don't know that we need anything, do we, Carl? That is, anything we can do without, you know."

Here Mrs. Bradley paused, as if unwilling to sadden that brave, hopeful spirit by alluding to the burden that weighed so heavily upon her own heart.

"Yes, I know, mother. But I know, too, that this is your birthday, and that the best mother and prettiest little woman in the world deserves a present of some kind. So what shall it be?"

Mrs. Bradley blushed and smiled like a girl in her teens.

She had not only been remarkably pretty in her youth, but was so still, looking altogether too young to be the mother of a boy so old as Carl.

"You won't always think so, I'm afraid. Bring yourself safely back to me, together with all the money you can get for the fruit and vegetables, and that will be all the present I shall want. I hope they will sell well, because—"

"They ought to sell well," said Carl, filling up the wistful pause that followed, and looking with pride and satisfaction upon the contents of the neat market-wagon, and which were mainly the result of his own skill and industry.

The fruit consisted of early pears and apples, whose mellow fragrance filled the air, together with cherries and currants, which gleamed forth redly and temptingly from out the green leaves that shaded them.

"Never fear, mother," laughed Carl, as he gathered up the reins; "I could dispose of twice the amount, if they were all like this."

Leaning over the rustic gate, Mrs. Bradley gazed after the retreating wagon, a glow of maternal pride and tenderness upon the fair, sweet face, which gave it a new and wondrous beauty.

"Carl is a real treasure, a great comfort to me!" she thought. "He is like his father."

Then a feeling of compunction touched her heart, as she thought how little love she had given to the grave, quiet man of nearly twice her years, who had been to her so kind a friend and protector, mingled with an emotion of thankfulness that he had never known it, that the wifely duty, the grateful affection, which were all she had to bestow, had been so much to him that he had blessed her for them with his dying breath.

But for that fatal quarrel, and still more fatal misunderstanding, how different her life had been!

But he had been very good to her, especially in giving her so good and hopeful a son. And if, by their united efforts, they could save their little home, she would be content.

It was always a long and lonely day to his mother when Carl was away. He was so strong and patient, so merry and cheerful, that all the sunshine seemed to vanish from the house when he left it.

Mrs. Bradley had been more like a child to her husband than a wife, by whom she had been considered as something to be carefully guarded from toil and hardship; and Carl had fallen into very much the same way of treating her.

It was amusing to see the protecting air he assumed by virtue of his sex, and superior size and strength.

He liked to have his mother in the garden with him, but more for the sake of her society than work.

If she attempted anything harder than serting or arranging the fruit and vegetables, he would say:

"That's too hard work for you, mother; I'll do it."

Speaking so like his father as sometimes to almost startle her.

In spite of the substantial lunch put up for him, Carl always returned—to use his own expression—as hungry as a bear!"

So the sun had hardly touched the western hills when Mrs. Bradley commenced preparations for supper.

The snowy cloth was laid upon the round table, and the plates, knives and forks, and shining tea service arranged on it with as much care and precision as if she had been expecting some guest of distinction.

In front of Carl's plate was a platter of cold meat and vegetables, which, she knew by experience, would receive his attention.

Marshalled around this were loaves of white and brown bread, a plate of honey, and dishes of currants and raspberries.

Everything was in readiness except the tea, which Mrs. Bradley left for the last moment, so as to have it nice and fresh.

The sun had gone down behind the hills. Blossom, a beautiful Alderney, whose big black eyes looked almost human in their color and expression, was lowing at the bars, as though remonstrating at this unwonted forgetfulness of her claims.

"I've half a mind to milk her myself," said Mrs. Bradley, as she glanced at the shining pail on its wooden pegin the porch. "I don't see what keeps Carl."

Then the remembrance of Carl's parting injunction induced her to go down again to the gate, to see if there were any signs of him.

As she did so she caught a glimpse of the wagon coming slowly up the hill, Carl sitting in front, holding something very carefully on his knees.

With an inward wonder as to what this could be, she darted back into the Summer kitchen, and had just removed the ashes from a bed of glowing coals, when Carl entered, coming in through the front way.

"Why, Carl, what kept you so late?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Carl, excitedly, "I've had such a strange adventure! Come into the front room and see what I've brought you!"

Wondering not a little, Mrs. Bradley followed Carl into the front room.

And there, upon a pretty, chintz-covered lounge, lay a beautiful little girl, about four years old, fast asleep.

"Goodness me!" she ejaculated, with uplifted eyes and hands. "Where did you get that?"

"I didn't get her," responded Carl, "she came to me."

"I believe the Lord sent her!" added the boy, dropping his voice, a solemn look coming into his eyes as they rested upon the sweetest picture before him.

And, certainly, there never was a sweeter picture than the round, rosy, dimpled face, with the bright halo of golden curls that encircled it.

As Mrs. Bradley gazed upon the little stranger, its beauty and helplessness appealed strongly to the purest and sweetest instincts of her nature.

"It is a very lovely child, Carl. But I don't understand."

"Of course you don't," laughed Carl, rubbing his hands with boyish glee as he took another survey of his new-found treasure. "How should you, when I haven't told you?"

"To go back to the beginning, the first time I saw the little thing she was sitting on Mrs. Moreland's steps, crying. Mrs. Moreland is the lady who engaged so many of our purple plums. I had sold everything but them, and when I went up the steps with the basket I filled the child's chubby hands as full as they could hold."

"I was all of fifteen minutes in Mrs. Moreland's. I thought I should never get away; she had so much to say, and it took her such a time to get change and have the plums measured. I didn't see the little girl when I came out, and supposed she belonged to somebody in one of the houses near by, and that she had gone in."

"I turned Charley's head homeward; and you know how he pricks up his ears and trots along when I do that. I had got quite a piece out of town when I heard a little cry. At first I thought it was along the roadside, and stopping the wagon, looked around. Not seeing anything, I drove on. Pretty soon I heard another cry louder and more impatient, and which sounded as if it was just at the back of me. I turned my head, and there the little thing was, sitting among the empty baskets and boxes!"

"I was astonished enough at first, and then I saw just how it happened. You see, the wagon was close to the steps, and she had clambered into the back part, after more plums, and being all tired out wandering around, gone to sleep."

"But, Carl, you ought to have carried her right back."

"So I did, mother; that's what made me so late. I drove straight back to Mrs. Moreland's, and she didn't know anything about her. I asked the people in some of the other houses and they didn't either. One man told me to take her to the station. But I wouldn't do that—such a little bit of a baby—so I just brought her home to you."

Here the child awoke and began to cry, partly from hunger and partly from seeing the strange faces bent over her.

Those violet eyes, with their grieved, wondering look, awoke a strange thrill in Mrs. Bradley's heart, and clasping their owner in her arms, she carried her out to where Carl's supper was waiting for him.

Carl would have fed the hungry child with the substantial food so grateful and necessary to him, though he yielded readily to his mother's suggestion that warm new milk would be much better.

While he was out milking, Mrs. Bradley questioned the child, but could gain no information, save that her name was Dora and her papa's name "papa."

There was no name upon the clothing, whose elegance and fineness of texture indicated that she was the child of wealth, carefully and tenderly nurtured.

Dora partook eagerly of the nice bread and milk that was prepared for her, falling asleep immediately after, so that it was with some difficulty that she was inducted into the little night-dress, which Carl could hardly believe that he had ever worn, even when his mother told him so, and how quickly he outgrew it.

He watched the process with interest.

"You'll keep her, won't you, mother?" he said, as he kissed one of the white, dimpled feet. "You've often said that you wished you had a little girl."

"If no one claims her. We must do all we can to find out to whom she belongs. There are hearts that are very sorrowful to-night, mourning the loss of their darling."

The next day Mrs. Bradley wrote out a full description of Dora for the daily newspaper, and which she gave to Carl to take to the village postoffice.

As he walked along, thinking of the mortgage, which threatened to deprive them of their little home, and wishing that he was a man, that he might get a man's wages, he saw an elegant barouche approaching, drawn by a span of coal-black horses, whose silver-mounted harness glittered in the sunlight.

It contained only two persons, its liveried driver, and a stately-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who ordered the carriage to stop as soon as he saw Carl.

"Boy, can you tell me where the widow Bradley lives?"

"That is my mother's name. She lives in the third house, on the right hand, straight ahead."

The man smiled.

"I am Colonel Haviland. You must be Carl Bradley, who found and took such kind care of my little Dora. I am impatient to see her—jump in and tell my man where to stop."

There was something more than curiosity in the keen eyes that surveyed Carl as he obeyed.

"Was not your mother's maiden name Wynne—Helen Wynne.

"Yes, sir."

"I used to know her when she was a girl, and a very beautiful girl she was, too."

"My mother is very beautiful now."

"I don't doubt it, smiled the colonel. "And you are her son? Dear! dear! how time does fly, to be sure."

Mrs. Bradley was sitting upon the vine-covered porch, with Dora in her arms, who had fallen fast asleep, and did not see the two until they were close upon her.

Strange and tender emotions stirred Colonel Haviland's heart as he saw that fair, sweet woman, the never-forgotten love of his youth, holding his motherless child to her bosom.

"It is Colonel Haviland, mother," said Carl, in response to that startled, inquiring look.

"Helen—Mrs. Bradley, how shall I thank you for your kindness to my little daughter! I hope you have not found her troublesome?" he added as the suddenly-awakened child sprang eagerly to his arms.

"On the contrary, I—that is to say, we, Carl and I, shall be sorry to part with her."

"You need not unless you choose. My lad," turning to Carl, "will you go down to the road and look after my horses?"

Carl could see no necessity for "looking after" the horses, whose driver appeared to be a faithful and competent man; but a sort of instinct kept him down by the gate until Colonel Haviland made his appearance.

Carl found his mother in a state of agitation, whose nature he could not define; there were traces of tears upon her face, and yet he thought that he had never seen her eyes so bright, or her cheeks so blooming.

To his great delight Colonel Haviland decided to leave Dora, for the present, with her new friends, to use his own words, "for the the sake of country air and country living." But he came to see her very often—almost every day, in fact; so that Carl was, in a measure, prepared for the announcement that was made to him one evening as they were all out on the porch together, and which the Colonel gave in a way peculiar to him.

"I have news for you, my boy, and which I hope will make you as happy as it has made me. Your mother is going to be my wife, and Dora your own little sister!"

The boy was silent, and his face being hidden by the curly head of the child that was clinging to his neck, his mother could not see how he took this.

"Are you sorry, my son? I shall love you all the same."

Carl smiled as he met that anxious, appealing look.

"I am glad, mother; for your sake and mine, very glad."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—One of the most wonderful walking feats ever performed was that of Mrs. Anderson, at Brooklyn, N. Y., that of walking 2,700 quarter miles in 2,700 quarter hours. To accomplish the task seems an impossibility; nevertheless, this woman accomplished it, and appeared not to suffer seriously during the walk. During the four weeks that she was engaged in walking, she slept but a few moments at a time, of course, as in each quarter of an hour during the time she must walk a quarter of a mile. Sometimes she would appear to be asleep on the track, and often she was fast asleep when lifted by her attendants and placed on the track. On being summoned for the 2,700th quarter—the last—at 10:45 she bounded from her room and fairly flew around the track with a square heel and toe movement. Two men ran ahead of her to keep a pathway open through the black mass of men who filled the rink. Two followed her to see that the open line was not closed. They all had to run to keep out of the woman's way. The roaring voices in the hall actually drowned the discordant blowing of the brass band. When the last quarter mile was finished and the time announced as 2:37¼, the fastest made during her walk, the uproar was simply terrific. The woman was then taken to her home and given a Turkish bath and allowed to sleep, being awakened every hour. If allowed to sleep she would, her physicians say, never awaken. At the end of each hour's sleep she must be awakened, until such time as she can be safely allowed to indulge in a long rest.

—The proprietor of every newspaper in his district is remembered by the member of Congress, and the newspaper man does not forget the member, and appreciates his kindness. Here is one token of thankfulness from a Wisconsin paper: We are under obligations to the Hon. C. G. Williams for half a dozen volumes of *Congressional Records*. We already have several hundred of these interesting volumes in our little library, but they have been read and re-read so many times that we know every page of them by heart. These new volumes came opportunely on New Year's morning, and that night we gathered our little family around the bright fireside and read one of them through to them. The affecting tale entitled, "A bill to change the name of the Braidwood National Bank" seemed to touch every heart, and when we came to the climax of that little story about "The bill to define certain legal terms," there was not a dry eye between the front door and Addin Kaye's stable. We can never sufficiently thank Mr. Williams for the innocent amusement thus furnished us. The memory of that happy evening will linger in our minds long after the present Congress shall have been adjourned.

—The acreage of corn in the United States as found by the June returns of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, shows, in round numbers, 51,000,000 acres in 1878, against 50,300,000 acres for 1877. The oats crop is somewhat in excess of the very large crop of 1877, constituting it the largest crop ever raised in this country. The total product of barley for the year 1878, was, in round numbers, 42,000,000 bushels, while in 1877 the crop was 34,500,000 bushels. The returns of the potato crop show a large decline in the product for 1878, as compared with 1877. The average yield of potatoes of the whole country will be 69 bushels per acre, against 94 bushels in 1877, thus making a total product, in round numbers, of 124,000,000 bushels for 1878, against 170,000,000 in 1877. The hay crop is 20 per cent. greater than last year. The apple crop shows an increased yield in all the New England States, New York, Texas and the Pacific States. In all the other States it shows a falling off, Missouri reporting less than half of last year's crop.

—The executions that have taken place lately have been attended with more than ordinary peculiarities. That of the two Molly Maguires at Mauch Chunk, McDonnell and Sharpe, was no exception. These two men were convicted for complicity in the murder of George K. Smith, and sentenced to be hanged. From this sentence there was one appeal—to the State Supreme Court. But the law provides that such an appeal must be taken within twenty days after sentence has been passed. In this case the legal limit of time was allowed to expire, and then the counsel for the condemned men began to urge that the law fixing the limit of time of appeal was unconstitutional. They went to Harrisburg on Monday, the day before the execution day, to ask the Governor to reprieve the men until the Supreme Court should examine the law and decide whether it was constitutional. The Governor was in Washington, and the men were to be hanged on Tuesday, at 10.30 a. m., or thereabouts. Finally, the counsel saw the Governor on his return at one o'clock Tuesday morning, and they had audience with him a few hours later. The Governor consented to grant the reprieve, and a dispatch to the Sheriff was sent from Philadelphia at 10.35 a. m., Philadelphia time. The operators of the telegraph line did their best, but the order for the Sheriff to stay proceedings reached Mauch Chunk a half minute after the men had been hanged.

—In a pleasant note to a Boston paper Capt. R. B. Forbes recalls an incident connected with the sailing of one of his vessels many years ago. He says: "The men went to the ship as usual in those days pretty full of grog and fight; two of them in particular were very noisy and disposed to be troublesome. I had my horse and chaise on the wharf, and invited them to take a drive. They willingly accepted, and off I went sitting on their knees, drove rapidly round town until I got them into good humor and then took them alongside, where they thanked me and tumbled on board, ready to fight for the chap who gave them a ride, in lieu of fighting with him for ordering them on board." It may be observed, in this connection, that different ship owners had different methods of dealing with refractory sailors. Very few would have followed the plan of Capt. Forbes.

—It was believed that almost everything capable of being canned had served its turn, but now an enterprising firm has turned its attention to fish balls. The fish are killed by being stuck in the neck, and are hung up until every drop of blood is removed, and the napes are carefully scraped and cleaned. They are then salted and dried. Butter is used instead of pork fat and after the fish and potatoes are chopped fine the hash is packed in cans and shipped off by the car load. Last May the first fish balls were turned out, and now they are sent even as far off as Turkey, and the business is growing into a very large one. The canning of beef is also getting to be an immense traffic. For this Texas steers are used. The hind-quarters are sold in Chicago market, and all the rest of the animal goes into the pot, is steamed and then salted and sent all over the world as corned beef in cans. The parties engaged in the business have great difficulty in keeping up with the orders they receive for their goods.

—While there is but little sympathy expressed for Benjamin Hunter in Philadelphia, where he lived, there are spontaneous expressions of pity for the family of the man. Miss Hunter, the eldest daughter of the deceased, is a teacher in one of the city schools. The Board of Directors passed a resolution allowing the lady two weeks vacation, or as long a time as she should desire. They also adopted another resolution to the effect that if any scholar should make a slighting allusion to Miss Hunter, in connection with her present affliction, or do any act to wound her feelings in this connection, the pupil should be unconditionally expelled from the school, and not taken back into any institution of learning in the district.

—Of the 7,629 marriages which took place in New York city last year, about one-quarter were of women or girls under twenty years of age. Of all the grooms, however, less than two hundred were short of twenty years. This is about the usual proportion, in northern climates at least, and it indicates that most men before they assume the responsibilities of matrimony, wait until they have at least reached the age of legal manhood, have got over boyish thoughts, have gained some maturity of character, and are so fixed in life as to be able to support a wife. It also shows that girls, when they really fall seriously in love, are likely to fasten their affections on men, not striplings. In some of the New England States last year the average age of men marrying for the first time was nearly twenty-eight. These were high averages, and they indicate a good deal of deliberation on the part of the men. That men generally chose wives younger than themselves we know very well from personal observation, but it is interesting to find from the statistics of marriages that the difference between the ages of brides and grooms is on the average about the same from year to year, the women being from three to five years younger than the men. Thus in Massachusetts it was just four years in 1877, and that difference, with little variation has been maintained for a long time past.

Shot Himself.

Johnny Chamberlin committed suicide in Magalia, Cal., because the civilization of the place had left him discouragingly far behind. Chamberlin went there in the early mining days, when Magalia was called Dogtown. He was a scholarly man, and had qualities of recklessness and good fellowship that made him very popular. Coot's saloon was the popular resort. Chamberlin bet with Coot $5,000 on Lincoln against the saloon on Douglas. Thus winning the establishment, as truthfully related in one of Bret Harte's stories, he stuck to it until his death, two weeks ago. In the meantime Dogtown became Magalia, churches and schools were established, and public sentiment changed so completely that gambling and drunkenness—Chamberlin's strong points—came to be regarded as disreputable. So he shot himself.

—Snodkins has been making calls The mother of one of his lady friends took interest enough in him to inquire what were his intentions in regard to her daughter. "My intentions are to leave, madam," said the hero; and he did.

—"Fly time has come again," said the tramp when the dog came to interview him.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS AND HELPS.

WHOOPING COUGH.—An excellent cure for whooping cough, and one that I have seen tried in several instances with entire success is simply this: Steep a handful of chestnut leaves in a pint of boiling water; sweeten, cool, and give as a common drink five or six times a a day. I send this simply from a sense of duty, as I think everybody ought to know it.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Mince the white meat of a cold boiled or roast chicken (or turkey) finely, removing the fat, gristle and skin; cut three-quarters the same bulk of celery into small bits and mix with the meat. Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs to a powder, add one teaspoonful salt, one of pepper and two of white sugar or not, according to taste. Mix drop at a time, three teaspoonfuls salad oil, then one teaspoonful made mustard. Whip one raw egg to a froth, beat it into the dressing and pour in one-half cup of vinegar, a spoonful at a time. Pour the dressing thus made over the meat and celery; mix well; taste to be certain that the seasoning, so far as salt and pepper are concerned, is agreeable; turn in a salad bowl, and dress the top with the whites of the boiled eggs, cut in pieces, and sprigs of celery tops. A small portion of dark meat may be used, and white cabbage is sometimes substituted for celery when the last cannot be obtained. In this case use celery vinegar in the dressing.

SUET PUDDING.—Four eggs, one-half pound or one cup of suet, chopped fine; one pint of bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of flour or corn-starch. Mix the suet, crumbs, cinnamon, nutmeg, and flour (or corn-starch) together; boil the milk, and while it is hot pour suet, &c., into it, beating thoroughly; add the eggs, beaten. Sweeten to the taste; add a little salt, brown the pudding in an oven, and serve warm.

LEMON PIE.—Peel two good sized lemons; cut in halves; press out the juice; chop fine; add the lemon and juice to one pint of New Orleans molasses; half cup of water; stir well together; line a tin with a rich crust; shake flour over it; pour in half of this mixture; then cover with a rich crust; bake in a moderate oven one half hour; if the oven is too hot the juice will run out; this will make two pies.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, three eggs, one-third cup milk, one and one-half cups corn-starch, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda; flavor with rose or vanilla.

CORN CAKE.—Three cups of yellow Indian-meal, one of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of baker's yeast; mix a little thicker than pan-cake batter; let this rise over night; when you wish to bake add one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half cup of sweet milk, half cup of molasses, half cup of melted butter, two well beaten eggs; bake in moderate oven one hour.

The Great Famine in Brazil.

Mr. Herbert H. Smith, who is now in Brazil, collecting material for a series of papers on that interesting empire, to appear in *Scribner's Monthly*, writes as follows: "People in the United States know little about this great famine that is raging in the northeastern part of Brazil; I myself had no idea of its importance until very lately. It is enough to state that it affects at least one-fourth of the whole population of the empire; that hundreds are dying of starvation, and thousands of disease incident to exposure and insufficient food. In the city of Ceara, which will be my principal point of study, the normal population of 30,000 had been swelled to 80,000 by fugitives from the drouth-smitten interior country; and among this 80,000, the death rate has reached the enormous figure of 300 per day. These drouths are periodical, occurring once in twenty or thirty years; it seems to me, therefore, that a study on the spot will be of very great importance; it is entirely another side of Brazil from that which I have before seen and written of."

An Extraordinary Case.

Some three years ago Mr. T. Muckenhoupt, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., went fishing, and, as he supposed, caught cold, which settled in his ear. At all events the hearing was seriously impaired, and for a few days there was an itching sensation. This subsided, but the deafness has continued up to this time. While in conversation with Dr. Hull, Mr. M. spoke of the trouble, and the Doctor told him if he would come to his office he would see what was the trouble. Dr. Hull made an examination, and soon discovered that there was in the ear a foreign substance of some kind. By the aid of a small pair of forceps he soon drew out what seemed to be the leg of an insect, and continuing the operation, succeeded in removing the body of a bug known as the "beetle." After its removal, Mr. M. was able to hear considerable better. It is a remarkable case, and may seem somewhat incredible, but the facts are beyond question.

Do not allow thyself to be carried away by anger. Angry words and scornful looks are sins. Reply to thine enemy with gentleness. Opposition to peace is a sin.

OPPORTUNITY.

JOEL BENTON.

How bright on the morn it lies!—
Purple monarch in disguise—
Hail him, crown him; if you wait,
'Twill forever be too late.

Youth, by May's enchantment led,
Dreams of rosier days ahead;
But only he who fronts the hour
Carves the spiral path to power.

Maiden with the pretty face!
All the world admires your grace,
Form, and sweetness. Bright Blue-Eyes
Put no trust in "by and bys."

When the silver summons calls,
Stoutly speak—'tis Fate befalls;
One moment turns each golden door,
And then it shuts forevermore!

Scribner for February.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Isn't it funny that when fish are weighed the weight of the scales has to be counted in?

—Tell us, somebody, why our lawmakers are never arrested for passing worthless bills.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," and sometimes he doesn't get as much for the plans as he had to pay for the paper he draws them on.

—Comprehensive classification for unmarried men: One lady to another—"Where is Mr. Debroun's wife?" "Oh, he hasn't got any wife—he's a fool."

—On dit that one of the sweetest things in life is to sleigh ride in Boston with a pretty girl. Even the snow is just like brown sugar.—*Boston Post.*

—The Chenango *Telegraph* says: "A merchant can get along without advertising; so can a wagon without grease, but it goes hard and soon wears out." —*Utica Observer.*

—The circus man should be happy. With him it is always spring. [If any pestilential punster prints this with "summerset" addendum, he dies at sunrise.]—*Boston Transcript.*

—An exchange says: "Alcohol will clean out the inside of an inkstand." It will also clean out the inside of a pocket-book a little more thoroughly and quickly than anything else on record.

—"John," said a rich Quaker to his extravagant son, "I'm afraid thou art getting a rake." "Nay, father," returned the youth, drily, "it is thee that hath raked, and I am spreading it for thee."

—The Lord of Life should not be worshipped with faded flowers. Those that grow in thine own garden are far better than any other. With the flowers that are gathered there must be reverence—itself a flower.

—A Philadelphia dry goods merchant, it is stated, has added a children's room to his store, where mothers may leave their children to be amused with rocking horses, pictures and toys while they do their shopping.

—"What tunnel is that?" asked a stranger in our city who was driving 'round in a sleigh taking in the sights, yesterday. "Tunnel? Why, that's no tunnel; that's a livery man smiling," was answered.—*Wheeling Leader.*

—"What makes dogs mad!" asks an exchange. Boys. It makes a dog mad as a wet hen the minute he sees a boy with a tin can in one hand and a string in the other looking for something to tie them to.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Come unto Him, and in his greatness we shall find the enlargement of our littleness, in his tenderness we shall find the softening of our harshness, in his compassion we shall find the lightening of our burden.—*Dean Stanley.*

—A miser's character described in two lines: "You who are acquainted with Mr. B., can you tell me why, being so rich, he always takes a third-class passage to go to his villa?" "Oh, it is very simple. It is because there is no fourth class."

—Last summer, when the hot wave from the west struck us so violently, we felt as if we should like to go out and shovel ten feet of snow off a neighbor's sidewalk, and not charge him a cent. We don't feel that way now.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Spelling matches are very demoralizing. Jones had been to one the night before. His wife is awakened during the early morning by some noise below stairs. "John! burglars!" she called, shaking him. "Burglars—b-u-r-g-l-a-r-s—burglars," said he, and rolled over to sleep again.

—"Get up, Harry dear! There's ice in the water bucket, and what shall I do?" said a cheerful wife on a recent frosty morning. "Ice—is there?" returned Harry, who had been at the club the night previous. "Well, Marie, you had better crack it up some, and make me a pitcher of ice water."—*Boston Courier.*

—"Please draw upon the blackboard an interrogation point," said a teacher to one of her pupils. "Can't make a good one," replied the boy. "Draw a boot buttoner," said the teacher; "that will answer." The boy took the crayon and drew a hairpin. Sharp rebuke by the teacher. Other scholars smile.

—Smith has a good opinion of himself. He has never done a stroke of work, but lives on a hard-working father. Nevertheless he fancies that some credit is due him for the fortune which he enjoys. The other day, leaning against the mantelpiece, his back to the fire, he said: "I was born the son of a poor laborer. Before I was thirty years old I was the son of one of the richest men in the country."

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