

"ON THE ROAD," BY A TRAMP.

BY TRACY LAYARD.

A northerly wind and a sky of gray.
And a road all covered with snow to-day.
A biting blast from the northern sky, that jeers
and sneers as we make our way.
Along the hedge no leafless and brown,
Shivering beneath cold winter's frown,
In (sisters and rags and soles, striding
along to the distant town.
Shelter and warmth we find in the winter's sun,
And heat don't come from the winter's sun.
The little birds twitter and quickly fly, and
the foxes and weasels away from us run.
Nobody stops to ask after our health,
As we creep along just as if by stealth.
And long for the lights and streets of town,
Where we envy the bright happy homes
of wealth.
Silently have we to bear our load,
Impelled by poverty's merciless goad.
Hopeless and homeless, and loveless, too, wan-
derers ever, we're "on the Road."
Winter and Summer, Autumn and Spring,
The same sad song we have to sing.
Now 'neath a hedge-row, now in a wood, and
often the work-house bell we ring.
Forward, ay, forward, never at rest,
Never stop hands of love distressed.
Onward, ay, onward, together, alone, by pen-
ny char, or by charity's best.
Ragged and dirty, careless, forlorn,
Dismissed from each door with pitiless scorn,
Vagabonds, outcasts, the road is our home, the
long, long road, with our footmarks
long.
So silently we must bear our load,
Impelled by poverty's merciless goad,
Hopeless and homeless, and loveless, too, wan-
derers ever, we're "on the Road."
—Philadelphia Press.

WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF GOLD.

BY ELLA DURAND.

CHAPTER I.

"I hope your father's friend will come soon," said the landlady, glancing toward the bed, and shaking her head ominously, "or he'll be too late, as Dr. Mayfair said."

The girl whom she addressed glanced at the sleeper, whose span of life the doctor's fiat had limited to hours, moved restlessly, and answered: "He cannot live long now."

There was silence again in that sick chamber, only a small, back bedroom in a dingy London lodging house, broken only by the subdued sobbing of the beautiful, regal girl, whom the sick man called daughter, and the labored breathing of the dying man.

Lavater would have at once marked out the tall, slender form, and strangely high bred beauty of Edith Fontenoy, as an index of a wild, wayward spirit, full of faults, impulsive, of a proud, passionate nature, full of noble instincts, impossible to drive, only to be won and controlled by a very strong hand.

Her father had never been able to read her nature aright; and, having been left with his motherless girl at an early age, spoiled her by humoring her, when he should have been firm and obstinate, when he should have reasoned.

The landlady opened the door softly, which aroused the sleeper, when he asked eagerly, in a faint whisper, "Oh, has he come?"

"No, papa!" exclaimed the girl softly, "but it is near train time now, and he must soon be here."

No necessity for that, however, for even as she ceased speaking, a Brougham dashed up the street and stopped before the door. Steps were heard springing up the stairs, and the landlady's voice designating the room. The door opened and a tall commanding figure, in a soldier's cap and military cap, came into the room.

"Oh, Eric, Eric! is it you—you at last? Oh, God, I thank thee." And the sick man threw himself into the extended arms of his friend.

"Oh Marshall, Marshall, why did you not let me know of this? I should have helped you long ago!" said the other, a ring of deep reproach in his tones.

"I felt ashamed to! You see it was lost by a little speculation, calculated to add to my daughter's store, when I should be no more. For you know, Eric, when I and you parted in India, I received a wound which, at the time, was not considered fatal, but which the surgeons said, might prove serious, if care was not taken to prevent its opening again. Well, I fell from my horse last week and you see the result. This is my daughter Eric, of whom I have written you so much, concerning."

Edith acknowledged the introduction with a little frigid bow, and immediately left the room, retiring to a small room adjoining the bedroom, and throwing herself wearily upon a stool at one of the windows, gave herself up to reflection.

Was this, then, the friend whom her father had thought so much of, and of whom she had begun to imagine must be above the ordinary standard of mortals? Her large, violet eyes seemed gazing on space, and her fair, jeweled hands were locked together in her lap.

"I am dying, Eric," he resumed, "and, ere I go, I have one great request to make of you." He paused, exhausted in his efforts, and, quickly springing to the table, Eric Lennox seized the reviving drops and held them to his lips. The dying man swallowed them with difficulty, and, after a moment's delay, reassured by the pressure of his friend's hand, he said: "I have sufficient confidence in you, my dear Eric, from our intimacy in former days, to entrust, unhesitatingly, to you a family secret, but with the request that you are not to disclose your knowledge of it to Edith, or she would never forgive me. My daughter is now 19 years of age, and at the early age of 16 met the first love of her youth, one Ernest Balfour. I greatly disapproved, and strove every way in my power to seek to convince her that it was only fancy, the foolish fancy of youth upon both sides, and I thought that I succeeded. But ah, I fear that after I am dead and gone, he may come back again and overpersuade my poor Edith, blinded by love, and she will, doubtless, lead a very unhappy life."

Eric Lennox did not interrupt his old comrade, but kept his face slightly averted.

"Yes, Eric, old friend, I am dying, and what will become of my poor, innocent, inexperienced darling? Will you promise, my dear friend, to take charge of her, and keep her from the wolf, who will be sure to seek her? My precious lamb, my darling child!"

Col. Lennox did not answer immediately, but sat pondering over the case, and turning the probability over in his mind of taking charge of a young girl but ten years younger than himself.

His silence and averted face were interpreted by the anxious parent for re-

fusal, and he said, bitterly and despairingly: "You start, turn aside, do not answer. Oh, Eric, he will come again when I am dead, and persuade her that the fancy of 16 was love, and marry her to break her heart. Oh, Eric, take care of my child; take her away from here."

After a slight pause, continued: "I have asked too much, and—and—oh, God! This is bitterness of death indeed. I thought—I hoped—"

"Hush, Marshall; don't mistake me so cruelly!"

Low and stern came the words, as if one crushing down a wild tempest within, and Col. Lennox walked to the mantel-piece and stood there moments, seemingly hours, to the dying man, who had not dared, after all, to express the greatest desire of his heart.

Eric took his former seat at the bedside of his dying comrade, and said, as he stifled back a pang of pain from his heart: "My dear Marshall, you know not what you ask! Consider one moment, and read the imprudent and improper step, in the eyes of Mrs. Grundy, which you are beseeching me to take in behalf of your child. But are you quite sure that the love affair was a mere fancy? Are you confident that she did not think more of him than you dream—a handsome, young fellow of but one year her senior?"

"Yes, for she has since led me to believe as much. But I fear he might possibly have some influence over her if they were to meet again."

"Has she ever seen him, or met him since she was 16?"

"No, never; Edith's is a nature to openly dare, not deceive me."

Eric bent a little nearer the sinking man, and said:

"Marshall, you ask me to take care of your daughter, but, do it what way you will, the world will talk. She young, handsome, and, you say, quite penniless; I—well, not too old, even for 40."

"Eric, Eric, they dare not—they—"

"They dare do anything. They dare slander the name of purity itself. Now, my friend," he said, while the blood almost stopped circulating around his heart, "there is but one way in which I can, prudently, take care of your child!"

"And that is—"

"Cannot you guess? Make her my wife at once, and then defy the world!"

"Eric!" He actually started up in bed in his frantic joy and relief. "Make my darling your wife! Oh heaven, I thank thee! It is all that I have ever hoped for from her birth; that she might become none other than my wife! I died. Great God be praised. And now—and now—fetch her."

"Marshall, be calm! I must tell her—speak to her myself first."

CHAPTER II.

Such deeds of valor strong
That neither history or song
Can count them all.

"Where is she?" he quickly asked.

"You will find her in the little room next to this, and all we have," replied the sick man in a feeble tone of voice.

Edith was sitting before the fireless grate, lost in thought. Her large blue eyes appeared much darker than they really were, with the intensity of her reverie; her hands were clasped listlessly in her lap; her face was pale almost to ghastliness; her hair hung in careless negligence over her shoulders, and strayed in little willful tendrils of gold over her smooth, chaste brow. She was a picture for an artist to covet, all unconscious as she was of it all.

A light, soft tap came at the door. Her calm and indifferent "Come in," was followed by the entrance of her father's idolized friend, Eric Lennox. He noiselessly strode to the opposite side of the grate from which she was sitting, and calmly folding his arms waited for her to break the silence.

"How is my father, now?" she asked, in a strangely calm tone, lifting her magic eyes to his face as she spoke.

"Not any better, poor child!" he said in pitying tones, answering the wistful, soulful look.

"And he will die, my father!" she exclaimed, tearlessly. "Ah! what, then, will become of me?"

"Do not despair," he said, while his look, his tone, were as tender as a woman's to a suffering child. "I have left him to speak to you, for you have it in your power to make his death-bed very, very happy."

"I, Col. Lennox!" the great sorrowful eyes were turned upon him, now filled with amazement. "It is only you, your coming, could do that."

"Partly, Edith; he has told me his circumstances, and for your future he is grieving, and surely breaking his heart."

What a shy, half appealing expression stole into the beautiful eyes. How the heart beat, and how restless the hands became, as she said:

"Oh, no, no, not for me—he must not. I can earn my own living."

"In what way, Edith? You are highly educated, and accomplished, I am well aware from the letters I have received from your dear father; but if you think of teaching—"

"Yes, I can teach—"

"Firstly, my child," said the soft eloquent voice, his very soldier's soul touched by her innocent inexperience, "teaching is very laborious work, and very unsatisfactory; also, very hard to get to do, even by experienced teachers, and you would starve—literally starve, before you could earn a penny. Secondly—beg pardon, my dear, but I am considerably older than you, and this is no time for mere ceremony—your very youth and beauty stand dead in your way. No one having daughters would take you to rival them; and no one having sons would want you."

The girl crimsoned to her brow and shrank back, with a sort of fear coming into her eye, for she knew that the words spoken so friendly were but too true.

She covered her face, almost cowering. It was cruel—cruel of him to force all of that on her now.

"Why do you bother me so? I have time enough to think of the impossibilities when I am left alone."

"Poor little one!" Col. Lennox said, bending forward and taking the little quivering hands in his strong clasp. "You know not what you are saying; you forget what I began to say; and remember this, my child, what is

dear to you is equally dear to Eric Lennox; what is his wish is mine. He has had one wish all of your life which you and you alone now can grant, and which will give him peace and happiness."

"I would do anything for my father," she answered, the tears swelling into her eyes. "Oh, why has he not told me of this wish before? What is it, Col. Lennox?"

"The wish is that you are left under my guardianship," said Eric, slowly, "and in my care, in the only way in which it can be done."

Did she have any vague suspicion of what was meant, that she blushed so painfully—that she looked so startled?

"And that one way is—"

"Under the shadow of my name—my wife."

Every drop of blood seemed to leave, drop by drop; the beautiful face; even the hands which he held grew cold and bloodless, as she sank cowering, a figure of supplication at his feet, releasing her hands as she did so. Passionate tears and sobs shook her slight frame, while bitter, reproachful words broke out from proud, wounded womanhood.

"No, no, your generous pity, your noble heroism, strive to veil the truth of my shame—yes, mine, mine," she sprang to her feet exclaiming wildly. "For I know that in his blind love for me my father forgot my womanhood, and offered me—heaven! how can I say it!—forced me upon you."

"Hush, Edith!" he exclaimed, sternly. "He did not, as heaven is my witness. He did not intimate to me anything of the kind until I broached the subject myself. Then only did he betray to me that that had been the one passionate wish of his life, of eighteen years, to see his daughter the wife of his loved and trusted friend, before he died. I ask the honor at your own hands, my dear, and if you wish will now return to your father, and thus give you time to make up your mind whether you will accept or reject. In a short time I will return for my answer."

This was all, and Edith was once more alone. Alone to think while her brain was in a whirl, and her heart seemed almost pulseless. He was knightly to the core, gentlemanly to a fault, and, oh, so regardful of her feelings!

She walked the floor of the narrow room, like a young wild deer, longing for a larger field to scatter her sorrow in.

The door opened softly, and she gave a violent start as she stopped suddenly in her walk, and shrank back a little as Col. Lennox entered the room. He crossed the floor and paused at a small table, bending his head over it, not acting in the whole attitude of dignified deference, and sweet, grave voice and manner; it was only simple nature in this chivalrous gentleman to take the role of suppliant to this girl, whom he was forced to woo in this strange manner.

Thoughts rapid and humiliating were chasing each other through the brain of Edith as she stood there with folded hands, and the color coming and going in her beautiful face. Some thought, some memory of Cyril Balfour, pride, womanhood desperately wounded by the very pity, the generosity which she knew, despite all he could say, had dictated the offer. She thought he must despise her for being mercenary, and all too soon as a burden forced on him for life. And yet, through it all, stood out in letters of fire that it was her father's dying wish, one hope, that—that he was lying now in the next room in agony of suspense for her answer; and how could she, how could she—cost her what it might—embitter his last moments? What could be worse than the remorse that must then haunt her evermore?

"Is my answer what I may dare hope? Is it—my wife?"

The blood mounted to the fair face and back again, leaving it deathly white, and she tried to speak, but only a voiceless whisper quivered over the trembling lips.

"Forgive—bear with me—I will try to—"

One step forward and she was enfolded in his arms, and the warm lips pressed a kiss—a grave kiss on her brow—not a lover's clasp, not a lover's kiss, but it scarcely needed the added language of those lips, steadfast low-spoken words, as her tears fell fast and heavy on his breast.

"Heaven helping me, I will try to do my duty by this young life thus given to me, and make good every vow my lips must so soon speak for her."

"Hush, my child!" Once more he touched her brow, and gently loosed her. "Go to your father, for I must go at once to Dr. Morton's, and to the Clergy-House of St. Alphage."

She knew what for, and moved toward the door, which he held open for her to pass through.

CHAPTER III.

AN ORPHAN.

"My darling, is that you?" the dying man exclaimed. "Bless you for this hour." Edith, wound her arms around her father's neck, her tears falling thick and fast, her heart like lead in her bosom.

The Colonel passed the landlady on the stairs, as he was descending, and spoke something in a low tone to her, which set her heart to fluttering, and caused her to hasten to her wardrobe to don her Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The sick-room door opened softly, and Edith was all unconscious, until a light hand upon her shoulder aroused her from her intense grief.

"Are you ready? A clergyman awaits in the next room. Shall I call to him now?" asked the anxious voice of Eric Lennox, as he perceived the great change about to take place with the dying man.

"Yes, I am quite ready," Edith said with assumed calmness.

A few words only, but, ah, Edith Fontenoy was no more, while Edith Lennox had just begun to exist. Scarcely was the ceremony performed when, extending his arms toward his best loved ones on earth, the dying man exclaimed:

"Edith, Eric, I am going! God—bless—you—"

Eric Lennox had caught the form of his dying friend and comrade to his heart, and he died in his arms.

"Come, Edith, my wife; arise, or you will be sick. Your dear father is happy, and at rest. Come, my child!" the Colonel said in a choking voice. "His form of clay alone is here, his spirit has departed to the God who gave it."

CHAPTER IV.

One year later from the date on which our story opens, Mr. and Mrs. Col. Lennox were the invited guests of the wealthy and respected Lady Morton of Westchester. Once only had Edith met Cyril Balfour, and that was as she was awaiting her husband's return from a distant city, where he had been on business.

She had driven herself in her carriage to the station, and was standing on the little platform awaiting the incoming train. The first passenger to alight was Cyril Balfour, who, catching a glimpse of her face, gave a slight start, and retraced his steps to her side.

"Ah, Edith, is that indeed you, after so many years of cruel separation?" he said, doffing his hat. "How glad I am to see you, and alone, too; how fortunate."

"How could I have ever thought of him in a stronger light than a mere friend?" she asked herself. "My tastes have changed vastly," she mentally concluded.

"Mr. Balfour, you are now addressing Mrs. Lennox," she said, drawing herself up with dignity.

"Indeed! I had almost forgotten the fact of your being married," he had said, with a sneer. "However, you did not show much regard for my feelings after your betrothal to me, and your vows of eternal constancy."

"It is false! I never engaged myself to you," exclaimed Edith, with heightened color, "and if you please, Mr. Balfour, I desire to pass, as I am expecting my husband every minute."

He went on, muttering about death-bed marriages and the colonel of dragons. Nothing exceedingly complimentary, however.

As Edith recognized the stalwart, manly form of the Colonel approaching now, she felt safe from further annoyance.

A couple of weeks later, as Edith was sitting nursing a severe headache, and gazing from her chamber window. Eric came bounding in with, "Come, Edith, love; we are going to have a ramble, and I want you for my partner."

Edith pleaded a headache, and told him to not mope at home with her, as she wished him to enjoy himself with the rest.

He went with them, against his will, Edith gazing after them as they disappeared among the foliage of the trees. "What a capital idea it would be," she said to herself, "to meet her husband when he would be returning, and claim his partnership the rest of the way home."

She tied on her hat, ran lightly down the steps, and was soon hurrying along the lane toward the babbling brook, where she determined to await him.

She had not been sitting there long, when she heard his familiar step, accompanied by another lighter one. Being screened by a huge oak from the path, she could not see any one passing by without arising to her feet, and being exposed to the others' observation.

He was talking earnestly, answered at intervals by a sweet, silvery voice. As they drew nearer, and she was about to make her presence known, she was rooted to the spot by hearing her own name spoken, and this is what she heard:

"Eric Lennox! Ah, heaven! I saw you yesterday. I knew you at once. And you—oh, you have not, cannot have forgotten your love, Alice Rutland!" came in joyous, dulcet tones from the lips of the beautiful Lady Alice Vandeleur.

"I remember Lady Alice Vandeleur." The mellow voice of Eric Lennox quivered with the strong emotion so suddenly called into life, which he was sternly controlling—pain, anguish, pity, for her, for himself, the phantom, and the phantom only, of the past.

But what wonder that the miserable listener utterly mistook it all! Then Lady Alice's voice came again:

"Why do you torture me so? You knew a month ago that I was free, for I sent you that paper. Yes, Eric, I dared to bridge the gulf which I knew you would be too proud to cross, and I knew that we both loved still, and—"

"Alice! Alice! In pity, for honor's sake, spare us both!" he said, hoarsely. "It comes ten years too late. I am married!"

There was a sharp, bitter cry from Alice, then Edith heard her husband say, sadly:

"For honor's sake, farewell, Alice!" but she did not hear him add: "I love my wife too well to wrong her in any way."

Edith fell with her tall, slender figure at full length upon the grass. She did not faint, but lay moaning and writhing in humiliating agony. "To think that he had married her out of pity, and loved another all that time!"

And now comes the sequel.

Edith was sitting that evening upon the hearth-rug, gloomy and despondent, when her husband entered the room. She shrank involuntarily from his caresses, which he attributed to the only cause that he could think of, the meeting with Cyril Balfour.

"Edith," he said, in a tone of anguish, "was in hopes, until to-day, that you would learn to love me. But if you still regret having married me I will go away, and you will then be free."

"Oh, no, no! that would break my heart. It is at the thought of your not loving me which tortures me so!" Then she related to him what she had overheard.

"My darling! my wife!" he exclaimed, huskily, "it is you, and you alone, whom I love!"

The Hungarians have a national dance—the "csardas"—intended to represent the unquiet course of true love. We have never seen the dance, but presume the greater part consists of an elderly gentleman kicking a man off the front steps.

How Socrates Was Poisoned.

It is now pretty evident that in those olden times the poison employed to kill criminals was that of the most virulent kind of snakes. All will remember how its effects were described by Socrates—when he was dying by its means. It commenced by taking away the power of the lower limbs, and gradually working its way upwards. The bite of the cobra produces just the same effect, and causes death in the same way. A case is thus described by an eye witness:

Among many instances of snake-bite poisoning I have seen, was a strong young Brahmin of twenty, well known to me, who had been bitten during the night while watching his maize crop. Ere I knew of it they had brought him into my compound in front of the bungalow. As yet he walked quite steadily, only leaning slightly on the arm of another man. There was that peculiar drowsy look in his eyes, however, as from a strong narcotic, which indicated his having been bitten for some time, and left but little room for hope. He could still clearly tell me the particulars. He had been bitten, he said, on putting his foot to the ground while moving off his charpoy in the dark, but, thinking the bite was that of a non-poisonous snake, had given no more heed to the matter, and gone to sleep again, till he was awake by his friends coming in search of him. With some difficulty I was able to find the bite—very faint, no larger than the prick from a pin, but still the unmistakable double mark of the poison fangs. He felt the poison, he said, gradually ascending the limb, and pointed to a part just below the knee, where he felt that it had already reached, the limb below that being, he said, benumbed and painless to the touch, like the foot when "asleep."

I gave him the usual remedies, and kept him walking to-and-fro, but gradually his limbs seemed to be losing their power or voluntary motion, and his head was beginning to droop from the overpowering drowsiness that was surely gathering over him. At intervals he pointed out the poison line steadily rising higher, and was still able to answer questions clearly on being roused. At length it seemed to be of no use torturing him further by keeping him moving about, and he was allowed to remain at rest. Shortly after this, while being supported in a sitting posture, all at once, without any premonitory sign, he gave one or two long sighs and life ceased, about an hour after he had himself walked into the compound. There was something terribly real in this faculty of pointing out each stage of the ascending poison (as the snake-bitten patient always can) that was gradually bringing him nearer and nearer to death, with the prospect of only another hour or half hour of life remaining to him; and yet the patient does not seem to realize this with the keenness that a looker-on does, probably from the poison numbing at the same time the powers of the mind as well as of the body.—Anon.

Extravagance in Living.

Such crimes as those of Ferdinand Ward, while they spring often from depravity, are often the result of mere weakness of character. Thackeray in many of his minor sketches constantly draws the portrait of the man and woman whose means are not equal to the style of living which they desire; and they desire it not for itself, but only because others have it. They are not strong and steady enough to be content with that which they can command and afford, and the means to secure the other must somehow be obtained. Thackeray puts the fact in the simplest and most amusing form. The young couple must give a dinner, and instead of the joint of lamb and the glass of beer, which is the only repast to which they have the moral right to invite a friend—if, indeed, the beer may be morally permitted—they must needs prepare a feast which they can not honorably afford, and for the sole reason that other people who can afford it give such feasts.

It is this doing a little more, or a great deal more, than the deer can honestly afford, which leads to the swindles of Wall street. Living in a house too expensive for his means, maintaining it accordingly, dressing as his richer neighbors dress, doing in all things as they do—it is this weak compliance which is hidden in the fine houses, and drives to the park in the fine equipages, which presently ends in Ludlow Street Jail and hopeless disgrace. Yet it is the poorest kind of competition, because the little imitator might see even with his dull eyes that there must always be a few persons who can "do the thing" better than all the rest, and without feeling it. The bullfrog may swell until he bursts, but he cannot rival the ox.

This is the tendency which all sensible people—and a great many otherwise sensible people are swept away by it—ought quietly to resist. The power of individual example is immense, but it is often underestimated by the individual. "My vote is of no consequence, but, since you wish it, I will vote," said a man to his neighbor, and the right candidate was elected by a majority of one. The family which in the midst of a saturnalia of luxury and extravagance refuses to take part in it, and holds to a simple, moderate, temperate way, is diminishing the supply of Ferdinand Wards and Wall street panics.—Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to no purpose; in constant motion without getting a jot; talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them hot, and with those that are he only burns his fingers.—Colton.

In the whole universe there are no agents to work out the misery of the soul like its own fell passions. Not the fire, the darkness, the flood, or the tempest.—Dr. Dewey.

Those who live on vanity must not unreasonably expect to die of mortification.

HUMOR.

A DESERTED waste—the old maid's.—Boston Post.

THE observed of all observers—the base-ball umpire.—Hatchet.

Signs of spring—"Keep off the grass."—Philadelphia Call.

In search of the spring lamb—the stock brokers.—Boston Courier.

A WELL-PAID barber—the man who shaves notes.—New York Graphic.

THE highly appropriate name of a Brooklyn beer-saloon keeper is Mugge.

A CINCINNATI physician being interviewed says that nearly all physicians are poor men. Perhaps so. Some of them are awfully poor doctors.—Hawkeye.

WHY isn't a reception at the White House like a game of euchre? Because, although there is a good deal of assisting, there's no going it alone.—Hatchet.

THREE MILLION bushels is the estimate on the present peanut crop in the South. This is a sure guarantee of a good and profitable circus season. You can't have a first-class circus without peanuts.—Peck's Sun.

"CAN you paint me a sign at once?" "Yes, what kind of a sign do you want?" "A sign of rain." A cloud lowered on the painter's brow, and, fearing an immediate storm, the humorist left.—Philadelphia Call.

A BOY found a woman's switch in the opera house and returned it to her. "Thank you my little man," said the lady; "you are an honest boy." "Oh! no, I'm not so very honest; but I know what I am." "What are you, then?" "A hair restorer."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Parvann, talking about music at Mrs. Suddenriches' reception, "I just dote on them sympathy concerts, and my husband insists on our presiding for the whole series. Ain't them Beethoven rhapsodies real elegant?"—Baltimore Day.

Nor long ago an advocate of female suffrage was asked: "How would you like to have your wife running for office against you?" and the reply was: "Nothing would suit me better. The family couldn't ask a softer thing than that."—Salt Lake Tribune.

A BROWBEATING gounsell asked a witness how far he had been from a certain place. "Just four yards, two feet, and six inches," was the reply. "How came you to be so exact, my friend?" "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me; and so I measured it."

No, my son, prize fighters never go to war. They know that a cannon ball, bent on knocking a man out in one round, doesn't stop and go back to its own corner merely because a man lies down. You never heard of a prize fighter fighting anywhere unless there is lots of gate money behind the fight.—Burlington Hawkeye.

If man could only realize what was true happiness. It is so simple, yet so few obtain it. The philosopher says: "Happy is the man who eats only for hunger, drinks only for thirst; who stands on his legs, and lives according to reason and not according to fashion; who provides for whatever is necessary and useful, and expends nothing for ostentation or pomp."—Peck's Sun.

THE standard sign of gentility in a married woman is, that her husband does not evince unmistakable evidences of pronounced baldness before they have been married twelve months. A man may gradually grow bald-headed in the second year of marriage, and society will not certainly say that his wife pulled all his hair out by the roots.—Chicago Sun.

REPTILES.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest?
They sleep not in their regimentals,
Such things being here not deemed essentials."

"HERE lies one Box within another:
The one of wood,
Was very good;
We can not say so much for t'other."

"JOHN MACPHERSON
Was a remarkable person;
He stood six feet tall,
Without his shoe,
And he was slew
At Waterloo."

"Here lies the body of Mary Sexton,
Who pleased many a man, but never vexed one;
Not like the woman that lies under the next stone."

"HERE lies John Hill, a man of skill,
His age was five times ten.
He ne'er did good, nor ever would,
Had he lived as long again."

"HERE lies Dr. Trollope,
Who made the stones roll up;
He took a dose of jalap,
And God took his soul up."

"POOR Martha Snell, she's gone away,
She would if she could, but she could not stay;
She'd two bad legs and a badish cough,
But her legs it was that carried her off."

"HERE lies I,
Killed by a sky-
Rocket in my eye."

The Orange Tree.

The orange tree is the longest-lived fruit tree known. It is reputed to have obtained the age of 300 years, and it has been known to have flourished and borne fruit for more than 100 years. No fruit tree will grow and produce fruit so well under rough treatment. It commences to bear the third or fourth year after budding, and by the fifth year it will produce an abundant crop, but its yield will increase gradually under favorable circumstances, and as the years pass on it will become a very productive tree. The early growth of the orange is quite rapid, and by the tenth year it will have increased more than in the next fifty years, so far as its breadth and height are concerned; but as its age multiplies its fruit stems greatly, and an old tree will sometimes bear several thousand oranges.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Husband and Wife.

"That is a beautiful young woman across the way," said Jones to his wife, "She is, indeed," the lady assented, "a remarkably pretty woman."

"I wonder if the gentleman whom she just now met is her husband?"

"I think he must be," replied Mrs. Jones. "I notice he didn't lift his hat to her."—The Bohemian.

It must be sad to the Massachusetts Senators, after their fight against the Louisiana lotteries, to learn that Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," was built with funds raised by a lottery.