The Chatham Record.

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"I Note None but the Cloudless Hours."

There stands in the garden of old St. Marc
A sun-dial, quaint and gray,
And it takes no heed of the hours that dark
Pass over it day by day.
It has stood for ages among the flowers,
In the land of sky and song:
"I note none but the cloudless hours,"
Its motto the whole day long.

So let my heart in the garden of life
Its calendar cheerfully keep,
Taking no note of the sorrow and strife,
Which in shadow across it creep.
Content to dwell in this land of ours,
In the hope that is twin with love,
And remember none but the cloudless hours
Till the day-star dawn from above.

—*William Cresswell Doane.*

HELPING HANDS.

"It's going to be a snappin' cold night, mother, and so I tell you," said Miss Elsa Robbins, warming her claw-like fingers over the blaze of an armful of pine logs which she had just flung on the fire. "And I'm very glad, mother, that we've got the russet apples safe into the cellar, for its on them I place my main dependence for the interest money this year."

Mrs. Robbins sat knitting in the cushioned rocker—a wrinkled, bright-eyed little old woman, whose caps were always spotlessly clean, and whose dresses never seemed to wear out.

"Frost, eh," said she.

"I rather guess so," responded Elsa, with a shave. "Stars shain' like so many little diamond specks, and a new moon behind the pine."

"Well, it's a good thing we ain't stinted for wood," cheerfully observed Mrs. Robbins.

"You're always finding out some good thing or other, mother," said Elsa, a little petulantly.

"La, child, the world is full of 'em," said Mrs. Robbins, who had a sweet, plaintive voice like a whip-poor-will. "The Lord, He's a deal better to us than we deserve."

"Well, then," quaintly remarked Elsa, "I may as well tell you, now as ever, that the roof's leakin' dreadful bad."

"Leakin', is it?" said Mrs. Robbins. "Where?"

"Up garret," said Elsa. "Over the west store-room."

"Well, it's lucky it ain't leakin' over the rooms we live in," said the inveterate old optimist. "If it was to leak at all, it couldn't have selected a better spot."

"And the fence is down in the north lot," remarked Elsa, "and Neighbor Carter's cattle are all in!"

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Robbins. "Well, there ain't much but rock and mullein-stalks in that lot, anyhow, and Neighbor Carter don't half feed his cattle. I'm glad the poor creatures can have a good bite for once in their lives!"

"And I've had a letter from Walter's widow," added Elsa; "and she wants to come here with her children."

"Tell her to come," said Mrs. Robbins. "It ain't a fine city place, and maybe she and the little ones will find it hard to make out on mush and molasses and baked potatoes, as we do. But she's my nephew's widow, and she'll be welcome here."

"But, mother," said Elsa, "think what you are doing. Another family in this cramped-up little house—a lot of noisy children, racing and screaming about—a fine lady to be waited on, who is certainly as able to take care of herself as we are to take care of her. And you know that we owe a large bill at the grocer's, and we haven't paid for the cow yet, and the tailoress business is getting duller every year, now that folks have taken the notion to go to the city for their little boys' suits. And—"

"Well, child—well," serenely interposed the old lady, "God will provide. He always does. And it's a dreadful thing to be a widow and homeless. Write to her, Elsa, and tell her to come."

"But she has no money to travel with," bluntly added Elsa. "She wants us to send her twenty dollars. She has written to Cousin Marrett, up at the Grange, and they won't even answer her letter."

"Dear, dear! that's bad!" cooed Mrs. Robbins. "No money at all. Poor soul! poor soul!"

"Well—but, mother," pleaded Elsa, "we haven't got any money, either—to spare!"

"There's the chicken money," said Mrs. Robbins, looking wistfully up.

"But that was to buy you a warm, new cloak, mother."

"Well, I'll make the old gray shawl do for another year," said Mrs. Robbins. "And Walter's widow must have money to pay her traveling expenses—poor thing! It was very wrong of Olivia Marrett not to answer her letter—very. But Olivia and her husband was always close. It's their nature, I do s'pose."

And Elsa broke out laughing, with a tear in the corner of her hard, gray eyes.

"You dear old mother!" said she. "I believe I should have lost faith in human nature and everything else long ago, if it hadn't been for you. Let Walter's widow and her children come. We're poor, and in debt, and can't find bread for our own two selves; but I believe, for once, I'll follow your example, mother, and trust in Providence."

And she sat down and wrote to Walter Robbins' widow, inclosing that last twenty-dollar bill, which was to have bought the warm winter cloak for the old lady, who was so contentedly knitting in the coral glow of the firelight.

Mrs. Walter Robbins was sitting by the fire also, but not such a fire as illumines the farm-house kitchen with a softer shine than any electric light. It was a mere handful of coals, in a rusted grate, over which she bent with a shudder, as the wind howled by, shaking the window-panes and rattling the paper blades. She was mending the children's stockings, and as she worked a little girl crept out of the bed and stole across the floor to her side.

"Mamma, I can't get warm," said she. "Isn't there any fire?"

"There's a fire, dear," said Mrs. Robbins; "but we can't have much, for there's only a peck of coal left in the box."

"Mamma," went on the child, "why don't our fires shine red and bright like the fires I see through other people's windows, sometimes?"

"We can't afford it, dear," sighed the widow. "If you let the coal blaze and crackle it soon turns into ashes, and we must economize."

"Mamma," spoke up a tiny voice from the bed, "I didn't eat quite enough supper. Can't I have another half slice of bread?"

"There is no more, Bessie," said Mrs. Robbins, with a pang, sharper than any serpent's tooth, at her heart. "Go to sleep, dear; you'll soon forget that you are hungry, and in the morning we are to start for the country, you know."

Bessie's eyes sparkled.

"We can have all the milk we want there, mamma, can't we?" said she.

"And pick up nuts where they grow among the leaves, and eat apples without paying two cents apiece for them," chimed in Lillie. "Oh, mamma, why don't everyone live in the country? Mamma, don't you love Cousin Elsa and her mother? Is Cousin Elsa a little girl? Will she play with us?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Robbins, with a quiver in her voice. "No, she is not a child; she is a women, like me. But I think she must be an angel in her heart."

For Elsa Robbins had been the first helping hand which had been stretched out to lift the poor little widow out of the abyss of troubles which had almost overwhelmed her since her husband died, in the far-away Mexican lands whither he had gone to make the fortune which, alas! was never made.

She had become sadly used to sharp words and cold glances, but kindness, sympathy, tender recognitions of her claims to kinship, were new and precious to her.

Just then there came a heavy, creaking footstep on the floor—a tap at the door.

Little Lillie jumped up and scampered back to bed. Bessie drew her curly yellow head under the sheets.

"It's a mistake, said Mrs. Robbins, spiritlessly. "Nobody ever comes here."

But she rose and opened the door. There stood a stout, middle-aged man, with cheerful blue eyes, a ruddy complexion, and leg-of-mutton whiskers, slightly sprinkled with gray.

"Does Mrs. Walter Robbins live here?" he asked.

* * * * * * *

Miss Elsa had made waffles for supper, and had fried some fresh crullers, brown and light as butterfly-wings. She had brought in the parlor-lamp, and hunted up two little china mugs, handleless, and with the gilt inscription faded off, which had been hers and her sister's, as children, long ago.

"They'll please the little ones," she thought.

And Mrs. Robbins, in her clean cap, sat smiling by the hearthstone, when Walter's widow came in, her black dress powdered over with the snow which had begun to fall at the gathering of dusk, and with the two little girls clinging to her hand.

"My dear," said Mrs. Robbins, "you are welcome—kindly welcome—you and the dear little girls!"

And Elsa came in, her face softened for the moment, and led them hospitably to the fire.

"It's a poor place," said she; "but mother is right—you are welcome!"

The children looked timidly around at the black beams which traversed the roof overhead—the deep-set windows, with their broad ledges filled with musk-plants and fish geraniums—the strings of red peppers above the mantle—and the brass candlesticks, which glittered as if they were made of gold. And then the fire—the great, open chimney-place—the blazing logs—the funnily-shaped andirons, with round heads, and the great Maltese cat, asleep upon the gaudy rag rug. Was it all true? or were they dreaming?

But when it came to hot waffles and maple molasses cookies, with fennel-seeds in them, and milk—just as much milk as they could drink out of those dear little antique mugs—the children decided the matter in their own minds, that they were not dreaming at all. And after they had gone to sleep in a bed-room just off the kitchen, where the sheets smelled of sweet clover, and the wall-paper was covered with bunches of cabbage-roses, with impossibly green leaves, and blue ribbon fillets around the stems, Mrs. Walter Roberts found courage to thank the friends who had been so good to her in her necessity.

"But there's something I haven't told you yet," she said, timidly. "I couldn't write it, because I did not know it my self at the time that I appealed to you. I am not so poor as everyone thought. Poor, dear Walter's mining ventures have turned out better than any one expected. A lawyer from the South came to see me last night, and told me that I am to have at least a thousand dollars a year."

"Eh?" said Elsa, almost incredulously.

"It ain't possible?" chipped Mrs. Robbins.

"And," went on Mrs. Walter, "if you will allow me to live here and share it with you—"

"No," said Miss Elsa. "We have no right to it."

"But," pleaded the widow, "you were willing to share all that you had with me?"

"That's quite another thing," said Elsa.

"No, it isn't," said Mrs. Walter. "It's the same exactly. And I have always longed for a home in the country, and it is so lovely here; and—and I feel that I love you already, and I should be miserable anywhere else. Please—please let me stay!"

And what could Mrs. Robbins and Miss Elsa say but "Yes."

And when the gentle widow retired to her room, Miss Elsa looked at the old lady, with tears in her eyes.

"Mother," said she, "you were right. Providence has provided. The moment I made up my mind to leave off caring and planning, and trust in God, He has laid a blessing at my feet. I think I will never doubt or despair again."

Helen Forrest Graves.

Japanese Folk Lore.

To spill the medicine is a sign of recovery.

To bite the tongue indicates that the food is begrudged.

Twins of opposite sex were often wedded to preclude the necessity of a cruel separation.

A woman stepping over an edge tool, sword, razor or knife, spoils the edge and temper.

A bean dropped into the well for each day a journey is supposed to last will preserve the traveler's feet from foot-sores.

The dead are placed with the head ing to the north; no one who desires to survive until morning should rest in this posture.

The gridiron used for broiling fish is held above the head and thrice turned as a charm to prevent the fish from adhering to the metal.

If a traveler before commencing a journey writes the character *shin* (god) on the palm of his left hand and licks it off he will be preserved from harm.

The poorest will not wear cast-off sandals, "fearing to step into another's shoes." Signs for luck are seen everywhere, and when a girl begins to play on the three-stringed guitar she touches her wrist with her lips for luck.

A piece of paper bearing the impression of a black hand is employed to ward off an attack of small-pox. A piece of red paper with three of the characters for "horse" serves a similar purpose. A rice spoon is also used. Garlic is hung up to protect sufferers from chills and colds.

Some women are liable, when sound asleep and dreaming, to have their head leave the body, still slumbering, and roam about, the head only attached to the body by an almost imperceptible film. It is dangerous to arouse them till the head returns to its original position.

The thirty-eight savings banks in Rhode Island have 112,472 depositors and $48,520,671 deposits.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.

Cock'-feather fans painted by hand are novelties.

Camels' hair bonnets in braided bands are late Parisian novelties.

Stylish costumes of cloth or velvet are trimmed with natural gray lynx.

Black velveteen is a favorite walking suit of the dressy New York woman.

Walking suits of velveteen are rivalling plush costumes in popular favor.

It takes an artist to place a bird or bird's crest effectively on a lady's hat or bonnet.

Knots of ribbon of several shades are worn by some in place of flowers on the corsage.

The newest linen collars are standing clerical bands with a finely embroidered edge.

The fashion just now is an embroidery worked in gold threads on the insteps of fine stockings.

Skirts, when made of velvet or cloth, plush or velveteen, need not be trimmed at the bottom.

Cedar red is the new shade for kid gloves, and heavy lines of embroidery in black decorate the backs.

Young girls should avoid heavy velvets; simple muslins and soft, clinging materials are much more attractive.

Moyenage necklets of silver or enamelled gold are replacing the muslin cravats that have been so long worn.

Long "matinee" sacques for mornings in the houses are made of plush, and worn over a House waist of satin surah.

Tulle and satin are favorite materials for ball dresses, as are satin and cashmere or nun's veiling in delicate evening shades.

Black dresses of fine camels' hair or sheelah cloth have a collar, cuffs, vest, and panels of black velvet, with a cord of gold on the edge.

Moonlight blue satin with embroidery of silver threads and flounces of white lace is one of the most elegant materials for reception dresses.

Russian sable trimmings are made of the tails of the animals, in perpendicular rows that form stripes of darker brown than that of the bodies.

A gentleman's cravat of terra-cotta satin, striped with gold, and a scarf-pin to complete it, is worn by ladies with double-breasted Prince Albert frock coats of olive green cloth or velvet.

The chasseur hat of green or brown felt, with a high, sloping crown and long cocks' plumes, is a favorite with blonde young ladies, who wear it pushed back from the brow, to show all the front hair.

Serpent green with golden tinges is one of the colors most fashionable for velvet or plush suits, and a slight glint of terra-cotta enhances its beauty. Black Spanish lace with thickly corded designs is the rich trimming, and with these two cold shades make unique coloring.

Mastic gray cloth paletots are fashionable for children. They are semi-fitting, and are long enough to cover the child's dress. They are braided in rings of large size, and have square pockets and a wide collar of brown plush. A mastic beaver hat of the great cart-wheel shape is worn with this cloak, trimmed with brown plush drapery.

The Utility of Neatness in Dress.

Neatness is, however, the great desideratum to economy in dress. If the toilet is carefully made, the dress tidy, well fitting and neatly put on, and the collar or frill spotless, the effect can scarcely fail to be attractive. To keep garments fresh and and neat much pains is necessary. The dress must be brushed or at least shaken when taken off, and be carefully hung up, not tossed down on a chair or the bed in a crumpled heap. Gloves should be tenderly smoothed out, frills rolled up and straightened and ribbons smoothed over the fingers, tightly rolled up and pinned with a fine needle; a pin is apt to leave the mark behind it in unsightly holes.

A Charming Custom.

There is a custom prevailing among the inhabitants of the Sandeman Islands, which may throw a light upon the civilized use of wedding cake. When a native girl whose exceptional beauty has brought her many suitors is knocked down with a club and carried off by her accepted suitor, the wedded pair, within forty-eight hours of the wedding, send a cup of poison distilled from the hulabula tree to each and every one of the bride's former admirers. If any recipient feels that he cannot become reconciled to the marriage, he drinks the poison and dies, but if he decides that he will survive the loss of his intended wife, he throws away the poison, and feels bound in honor never to show the slightest sign of disappointment. By this admirable system the husband is spared the pangs of jealousy, and he able to live on friendly terms with the surviving admirers of his wife.

Women in India.

A learned Hindoo lady, Pandita Ramabai, who has devoted her life to the promotion of female education in India, recently aroused great interest by a course of lectures in Bombay. She is a widow and barely twenty-five years of age. Her lectures have drawn out large numbers of Hindoo and Parsee ladies, on whom she is already declared to have produced "something of an electric effect." She dwelt at great length in the lectures on the benefits arising from education and the importance to women of cultivating and embellishing their minds if they wished to advance with the progress of the times. After she had finished one of her lectures the ladies present were asked to express their thoughts on the subject. One of them, after a slight pause, gathered courage, stood up and spoke, and nearly half a dozen others followed, vieing eagerly with one another for the privilege of gracefully speaking to the audience in praise of their able and learned sister." Even the most hopeful of women's advocates, a native paper adds, were charmingly prepared for this singular but most delightful spectacle."

Skobeleff.

Skobeleff has been called the poet of war. Perhaps it would be more accurate to define him as the military Byron of Russia. A more daring, a more insubordinate, and a more original soldier it has not been the fate of Europe to see for many a long day. If we want to find his equal it is almost necessary to go back to the times of Charles XII., for we shall not find him within the limits of our conventional nineteenth century. He delighted in battles, yet confessed frequently that it was not the bubble reputation, but a soldier's grave, which he sought at the cannon's mouth. He went forth to battle in his newest and brightest uniform, mounted on his famous white charger, and waving his white cap in the air. Skobeleff was a wonderful military artist. He must have studied the soldier closely to have acquired so accurate a knowledge of his heart. On one occasion, at the third battle of Plevna, he met his troops flying panic-stricken back to the camp. On seeing him they drew up and saluted. "Ah, my fine fellows," he exclaimed, "you have fought like lions!" The troops recovered their self-respect. Seeing the effect his words had produced upon them, Skobeleff pretended only to have discovered that they were without their muskets. "Where are your muskets?" he shouted. No one dared answer. "Cowards! I do not want to command such dogs as you. Come, pick up your muskets and follow me at once!" and, proceeding in the direction where the Turkish fire was thickest, he put them through their facings as though they were raw recruits drilling in the quiet back yard of a provincial barrack. When they had gone through their evolutions he led them against the enemy, and not one of them thought of running away.—*London Athenaeum.*

Tangiers, North Africa.

It was market day, writes a correspondent, and we made our way with difficulty through the throng of women and slaves, Moors, negroes, Jews and Europeans—the motley crowd of various nationalities which makes up the population of Tangiers. The extraordinary variety of types and shades of complexion, even among the indigenous population, cannot fail to impress the traveler first setting foot in the place. He sees pure breed Moors with fine chiseled features and skins as white as his own; olive-complexioned Arabs, half castes of every shade, negroes from Timbuctoo and the Soudan, Riffians from their mountain fastnesses to the east of Tetuan, resembling North American Indians, with their shaven crowns and long scalp-locks, by which, it is said, Azrael, the angel of death, is to pull them up to heaven on the last day. These Riffians are a division of the old Berber race, the original inhabitants of Morocco, or who, at any rate, must be historically regarded as the aboriginies of the county. They are a turbulent, warlike race, and have never been thoroughly subdued.

In Australia and New Zealand 4,000,000 people have already 90,000,000 sheep, and have an area sufficient for the easy pasture of 200,000,000 sheep at the least. With one-twelfth of our population, they have twice our aggregate stock of sheep.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, is a member of a company that is going extensively into ostrich-farming in Arizona.

A MAN OF MIGHTY MUSCLE.

A Cleveland Giant and Some of His Athletic Feats.

Referring to the recent death of Abner C. McDrath a pioneer citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, the *Leader*, of that city, says: Mr. McDrath in many respects was an extraordinary man, physically speaking. He was a giant in his build, as he was six feet six and a half inches in height, and his average weight was about 264 pounds. As an athelete he probably did not have a superior in the country, certainly not since the days of that great muscular man of northern New York, Joe Call. In addition to his athletic characteristics he was a great fox hunter, and many are the stories told of incidents connected with his chase after reynard. He was gifted with tremendous long wind, and the story has been told that he would frequently chase after a fox on foot and run it down. In spite of his great weight, large bones, and apparently unwieldy size, he was a remarkably quiet as well as marvelously athletic man. He once lifted with his hands from the ground an iron draft weighing 1,700 pounds, which would be equal to lifting double that weight were he harnessed with straps to weights and allowed to lift under the best advantage. Two men would hold a string two inches above his head and he would leap back two or three steps and jump over it without touching it, making the leap also six feet nine inches in height. He has been known, rather than to lead his horses to the other side of his barn, to put his long arms under a heifer and lift it upto the door of the barn, which happened to be three or four feet above the ground. Some fifteen years ago a gang of rowdy sailors, about ten in number, went out to "Ab. McDrath's" tavern on purpose to have "a row" with him.

Uncle Ab was a most peaceful sort of man, and would submit to a great deal of abuse before resorting to the last argument, but on this occasion his ire was exceedingly excited at the preposterous idea that a dozen ordinary men could run over him in his own domicile. The result was, he went among them, and in spite of their all piling upon him, he took them one by one and threw each some distance out of the door into the street! The sailors thereupon retreated, the most disgusted of Jack Tars at being whipped by a solitary man. He told the writer that during that "scuffle," as he called it, he did not dare double his fist and strike for fear of killing. He had a very good opportunity in 1859, when he was twenty-seven years of age, of testing his athletic ability, which proved very conclusively that at that time he was probably the strongest man perhaps in the world. He met in Buffalo Charlie Freeman, who was then a sailor, and was known as the American giant, he being about seven feet in height. These two giants had a wrestle to find out which was the "smartest man." The Cuyahoga giant was too much for Freeman, for he threw him with ease.

Three years afterward Freeman went to England as the champion of America and engaged in a prize-fight with the champion of England, known as the "Tipton Slasher," and easily defeated him.

These facts will give a good idea of "Uncle Ab's" great muscular strength and activity. Like Joe Call, he literally never met with his match, and never doubled his fist on a man, for fear of killing him. Anyone who had ever seen his tremendously long, heavy boned arms, encased in muscles of iron with his sledge hammer like fists, realized perfectly that a blow from him partook of the nature of a kick from a horse, and it is not at all surprising that McDrath never doubled his fist on a human being. On one occasion, after having hauled a load of barrels to town, he was on his return, when he stopped at Dean's tavern to water his horses. A couple of conceited young bloods from the city had just got into their buggy, and as they drove by "Ab," they thought it would be fun to give him a cut with their whip, which they did, and then drove off as fast as they could away toward the town. "Ab," not relishing that kind of treatment, his Quaker like disposition yielded, and he gave chase on foot after the young bucks. For a while the frightened fellows managed to keep just so far ahead of him, but their horse commenced giving out, and they were overtaken. "Ab" got into the buggy, took the reins and whip out of their hands, and drove back to the corners, where he gave these foolish fellows a thorough flogging with their own whip, in the presence of a crowd and then let them go.

The Chinese are going home. More than 5,000 departures and only twenty arrivals are recorded since the restriction law went into the force.

At Last.

Like to a storm-tossed bird that, tired of flight,
Seeks longingly its nest,
So I, world-weary, find in thy dear sight
My truest rest.

I will not ask what coming years may hold;
If lives art near,
Though pain and sorrow time for me unfold,
I shall not fear.

I have safe garnered in my quiet heart
A love so deep
That fills me live a charmed life apart,
And safely keep

All tender thoughts, unuttered, unexpressed,
Or yet to be,
Like opening buds, within this loving breast,
To bloom for thee.

Philadelphia Record.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A mere nothing—O.

A timely reminder—A clock.

Patent medicines are now made that will cure everything except hams.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man—when you get it red hot it loses its temper.

Why is a railroad so patriotic? Because it is bound to the country with the strongest ties.

An exchange wants to know, "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls, of course.

"Ma, don't you remember that one day, a few years ago, you swooned?" "Yes, my dear, I have a faint recollection of it."

A coat of flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat tail bearing the dusty fist marks means "I have spoken to your father."

The average life of a farmer is fifty-five years, but it depends a great deal on how old he is when he purchases a mowing machine.

A young man who was presented with eleven pen wipers last Christmas by his lady friends, continues to wipe his pen on his coat tail.

"What shall I do," asked a miserly millionaire of his physician, for a right-eous in my chest?" "Start a home for incurables," said the doctor.

Clothing is no more a part of the man than is the toothpick a part of the dinner, but given the man and the dinner, clothing and toothpicks are useful.

Over 1,000 species of plants are known to botanists, and yet out of the lot the chemists can't make a mixture that will make us tea minutes the work a hornet has done in two seconds.

The German paper reports the case of a woman who had a muscle of a dog successfully grafted on her foot. Whenever she sees a cat she chases it to the top of a fence and stands below and barks.

"Did I understand you to call me a puppy, sir?" "Yes, sir, I called you a puppy." "Lucky for you, sir. The insult is too small to notice, but had you called me a dog—an old dog—I would have knocked you down."

A man at a hotel fell the whole length of a flight of stairs. Servants rushed to pick him up. They asked him if he was hurt. "No," he replied; "not at all. I'm used to coming down that way. I'm a life insurance agent."

She went into a shop to buy some toilet soap, and while there the shopman was expatiating on its merits, and she almost made up her mind to purchase, but when he said it would keep off chaps she said she didn't want that kind.

"Why do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the lead past, brooding over days forever gone?" asked a young lady of a marrying widower. "They don't I think," he said. "Rather they wander in the dry goods stores of the present, often priving articles which they have not the remotest intention of buying."

In a rural church where it is the custom to publish the banns of marriage a queer incident recently occurred. The minister, after the service, published the banns between a loving and interesting couple. At that portion of the form where the words, "If you know any just cause," etc., came in, the minister, whether from any previous knowledge or not, looked straight at the young gentleman directly at the foot of the pulpit. Thinking that he was personally alluded to, he immediately rose up, amid the laughter of the congregation, and exclaimed, "Oh, no, not the slightest objection, sir."

ON THE SAME TOPICS.

How much a man is like old shoes'
For instance, both a sole may lose;
Both have been tanned, both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right,
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet
They both need heeling; oft are sold,
And both in time all turn to mold.
With shoes, the best is first; with men,
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out, they're mended new;
When men wear out, they're men dead, too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loth,
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished, in the world to shine;
And both peg out. And would you choose
To be a man, or be his shoes?