The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Difference.

To easy to be brave
When the world is on our side,
When nothing is to fear,
Fearless to be

To easy to hope,
When all goes well,
When the sky is clear,
Fine weather to foretell

But to hope when all is despaired,
And be brave when we are scared,—
That's another thing, my dear
And will do to tell.

—*Anthony Muckwood in the Graphic.*

AN EASTER GIFT.

"No," said Uncle Zebedee, "you've told 'em just exactly how 'twould be. They wouldn't believe us. Now let 'em take the consequences."

"We warned 'em beforehand," said Aunt Zeruiah. "They couldn't expect nothin' fairer than that."

Uncle Zeb and Aunt Rucy sat looking at each other, one on either side of the big stone fireplace, like the old man and woman we sometimes see *bobbin' bobs* in a toy-shop.

They were ancient and wizzen and wrinkled—so thin that it would seem as if an extra blast from the brass-nozzled bellows must assuredly blow them away, while their spectacle shape like stray stars from some unknown constellation, and the veins—they sat like whipcord from their bare old hands.

Uncle Zeb Waterson and Aunt Rucy, his sister, were old bachelor and old maid. All their lives long they had been saving and scraping and pinching, as if economy were the mainspring of their existence. They never ate a red apple without an appreciation of its artistic beauty, they thought it really a pity to be worth so much a bushel, the cows—dried and treacled—cost only so much "prime Indian meal," the pink and white chaney heads represented only pastmaster value, and the starved dancers were nothing more than "spicky-weeds," that no critter on earth would eat.

And when, eight years ago, their half-sister Nelly had run away—actually run away from four delicious months and her board—to marry a black-eyed sailor lad, Uncle Zeb and Aunt Rucy had wash'd their skinny hands of her altogether.

Alas and alack-a-day! Love proved but a fickle reed for Hal and Nelly Arbush to lean on. The young sailor was lost on the first voyage out after his marriage, and Nelly was left to support her child as best she might.

It was an uneven battle between life's troubles and the poor young widow, and when Nelly died, the little girl was sent home to Spriggsdale, with a pitiful letter from the young mother whose sun had set so early.

But Uncle Zeb and Aunt Rucy also bluntly declined to receive Nell.

"She ain't nothin' to us," said Uncle Zeb.

"Let her go to Hal Arbush's relations!" said Aunt Rucy. "Eh! he hadn't none, I know! Well, I ain't to blame for that, as I know of."

"You wouldn't let this child go on the town," said Mr. Jones, the express-agent, to whom care little Nell had been consigned as if she were a brown paper package.

"Yes, I would!" said Uncle Zeb.

"Why not?" said Aunt Rucy, bluntly.

So Nell was taken, with her little bandbox full of clothes, to the town house.

The matron looked puzzled—she had no charges so young as Nell—but she kissed the child, and gave her a piece of ginger-bread and some patchwork, and told her to be a good girl.

Nell played about until she was tired, and then came to the matron with wistful upturned gaze.

"When am I going home?" said she.

"This is home," said the matron.

Nell's lip quivered, her blue eyes swam in tears.

"I don't like it!" said she. "I don't want to live here! Mamma said I was to go home at Easter!"

"What does the child mean?" said the bewildered matron.

"Don't you know?" said Nell. "First comes Christmas—then Easter? And mamma said I was to go home at Easter."

"We don't have Easters here—except now and again a few colored eggs," said the good matron. "This is home, my dear, so put all of that nonsense out of your head."

But Nell cried, and refused to be comforted.

"Can I go and play?" said she, after a little while, with the tears yet on her lashes.

"Yes—in the back yard, as much as you please," said the kindly matron.

"I don't like the back yard," said fastidious Nell. "It's all full of brick-bats and tomato-cans, and broken bottles that won't hold anything. I want to go in the woods."

"Well, don't go far, then," said the matron, who was busy mixing lime for the spring white-washing, and perhaps was a little relieved to be rid of Nell's perpetual questionings.

So away went little Nell, her white cambric sunbonnet fluttering in the early April wind, down into the dells, where the first pallid violets were thrusting their purple heads up through layers of moist, dead leaves, and a tender fringe of green followed the course of the rivulet, the happiest little lass that the sun ever shone on.

"I wish I could stay here always, and live in a cave, and eat berries and sassafras buds, and drink water from the brook!" thought Nell. "I don't want to go back to the town-house, where Uncle Tim makes faces at me, and old Mrs. Hitch's hand shakes so that she spills her tea all over the table."

But the afternoon wore on. Saturday afternoon, always the busiest of the week—and Mrs. Gaff, the matron, began to be uneasy about the youngest inhabitant of the town house.

"She can't be drowned, for the brook isn't deep enough," said Mrs. Gaff. "But I s'pose a strange child could be lost in them woods. I'm a'most sorry now I let her go. If she ain't back by dark, I'll send Foolish Frank after her. I guess he's got sense enough to bring her home if he finds her!"

Uncle Zeb and Aunt Rucy Waterson were sitting at their supper—a pot of weak tea, some dry bread and butter, and a dish of stewed peaches—when the door opened softly, and in came a little girl of five years old, with a sunbonnet flung back from her brown curls, and her apron full of pale pink arbutus, leaden-hued wild flowers and blue violets.

Aunt Rucy started back.

"It's Nelly!" said she, startled at the wonderful resemblance to the boy Hal that was now cold and buried.

"Good-sake alive!" gasped Uncle Zeb, who, like most illiterate men, was not without a spice of the superstitious in his nature. "Don't come nigh her, Rucy! Maybe she ain't real!"

"Yes, I'm Nelly," said the child, emptying her flowers into the old Lady's lap. "I've brought you some Easter flowers."

And she looked solemnly around her at the nice, neat deep chimney place, the shining copper kettle, the blossoming tea-tree in the window, and the red reflections of sunset on the wall.

"Let sakes!" said Aunt Rucy, looking helplessly first at the flowers and then at the child, "where did you come from?"

"From the town house," said Nell.

"But tomorrow is Easter Day. I counted it up from the calendar that hangs under the clock-shelf in Mrs. Gaff's room. Mamma said I was to come home on Easter."

Uncle Zeb put out his coarse, wrinkled hand and touched Nell's hair as softly as if she had been a piece of Dresden china, in danger of cracking.

"She's a pretty little creetur, ain't she?" said he. "Come here, child. Will you give me a kiss?"

"Yes," answered Nell, putting up her coral lips to the old man's withered face, and climbing unceremoniously upon his lap. "Now give me some bread and milk."

"Well, I declare, Zeb!" cried his sister. "If you don't look queer with a little child a-settin' on your knee!"

Uncle Zeb wriggled himself this way and that.

"I dunno exactly how it does," said he, "but I tell you it feels mighty slick. Ain't she got our Nelly's eyes right over again? Get her some bread and milk, Rucy. Easter! Is it really Easter to-morrow? You and me, Rucy, we ain't been to church in a powerful long time. Let's try how it seems to-morrow. Yes, I guess we could make the little gal up a bed on the old trundle in the west room."

"You ain't going to keep her?" said Aunt Rucy, with eager, questioning eyes full of a certain joy.

Uncle Zeb stroked the soft, brown curls.

"Well, I dunno," said he. "It seems 'most a pity to send her back there, doesn't it?"

Aunt Rucy reflected.

"I've 'most a mind to try how I like her," said she. "I allus was partial to cats, and it does seem as if a well-behaved child needn't be much more trouble about the house than a cat."

And when she had brought in a blue-edged bowl full of milk and a goodly slice of bread, she actually gathered up the fast-wilting flowers and put them in a cracked pitcher on the mantle.

"La!" said she, as she turned around, "if the poor child hasn't fell dead asleep, with her head agin your waistcoat, Zebedee."

"I guess you'd better undress her and put her to bed," said Uncle Zeb, gently laying down the limp little figure, with its cheeks flushed with slumber. "We'll go right up and put the j'ints of the old roundle together, you and me."

Aunt Rucy was a little awkward with the buttons and strings. It was a long time since her stiff, oldhands had wrought such work as this; but Nell never woke up.

"She does look dreadful pretty there, fast asleep," said she. "I—I guess we'll keep her, Zebedee."

"I guess we will," said the old man.

"Folks'll call us dreadful silly."

"Let 'em," said Uncle Zebedee.

When Foolish Frank, from the town-house, came to know "cf they hadn't nowhar seen a little girl," Uncle Zebedee informed him that they had decided to keep little Nell Arbush.

"Eh?" said Foolish Frank. "For good and all?"

"Yes," said Uncle Zebedee, "for good and all. Go and tell Mrs. Gaff so."

Foolish Frank went back, much wondering.

But little Nell woke up, the next morning, with glittering eyes and rose-red lips apart, as in a smile.

"It's Easter Day," said she. "I dreamed mamma came to me and put her hand on my shoulder, and said we had been good long enough."

Uncle Zeb and Aunt Rucy looked at each other with tearful eyes. And that day—the first in half a score of years—they went to church, through the budding woods, with Nell skipping on before.

And when the minister saw them come in, he could not but think of the blessed Scriptural words:

"And a little child shall lead them."

Helen Forest Graves.

Life in Liberia.

A correspondent at Brewerville, Liberia, writing to the *Gov. City (Mo.) Press*, says: This place (Brewerville) is fifteen miles from Monrovia. It is fifteen years old. It is the largest settlement in Liberia outside of Monrovia. All the people who have emigrated out here in the last ten or fifteen years have settled in this place. The people in the settlement are poor, and one can't able to help the other in a business sense of view. There are no horses, no mules, and no oxen in the whole settlement. They have to do all the farm work with the hoe, the rake and the fix. I have been out here now six months. People are in a suffering condition for something to eat and for clothes to wear. They isn't any church in this settlement, the settlement is too poor to support one. The inhabitant number 500. A chicken 25 cents per yard. A common laborer, when he can get work to do, receives 25 cents per day. Pickled pork is 25 cents per pound, shoulder meat 25 cents per pound. All the flour and meat used here is imported from England and America. Corn meal is 10 cents per quart. Common flour is $15 per barrel. This is the greatest place for sores I ever saw. There is here an insect; its name is jiger; it is very dangerous. I have seen grown people, and children, too, with their toes eaten off. Shoes are more needed here than in America. It is necessary to wear shoes all the time, so as to protect your feet from these insects. The people are unable to keep shoes on their children all the time, and a good many of them have to wear sore feet all the year round. My boy's feet have been so sore he could hardly walk.

The only way the settlers have to make any money here is by cutting and selling coffee. It will take a man sooner like myself from five to six years to get a coffee farm in trim for selling coffee. The public schools are in a poor condition. There is a class of people here who do not want the true condition of things written back home. They say if the people want to know how times are over here, let them come and see for themselves.

Origin of the Steel Pen.

This now indispensable article was slowly perfected, and like most inventions thus perfected its merits were not at once acknowledged. When, in 1840, it first made its appearance in England it was a piece of sheet steel bent in a tubular form, and cut or filed away to imitate the shape of a quill pen, the junction of the two edges forming the nib, which, at some extended all up the back of the pen. It was given away as a present, and not for sale. It was highly polished, perhaps gilt or silvered, and sold for as much as a shilling.

In 1824 Mr. Jame Perry, the founder of a system of education once famous as the "Perryan" system, took up the steel pen as a practical invention, and by indomitable energy overcame the difficulties in its construction and the objections to its use. He patented several varieties, and spared no expense to attain perfection. His brother informed Mr. Samuel Timmins, of Birmingham, England, that he paid 7 shillings per pound for his steel, and 5 shillings per pen to the first workmen he employed, and that for years afterward the price given to his workmen was 36 shillings per gross.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Japanese Advertisement.

A bookseller in Tokio, Japan, desiring to sell his wares, thus advertised them in the newspapers: The advantages of our establishment—1, Prices cheap as a lottery. 2, Books elegant as a singing girl. 3, Print clear as crystal. 4, Paper tough as elephant's hide. 5, Customers treated as politely as by the rival steamship companies. 6, Articles as plentiful as in a library. 7, Goods despatched as expeditiously as a cannon ball. 8, Parcels done up with as much care as that bestowed on her husband by a loving wife. 9, All defects, such as dissipation and idleness, will be cured in young people paying us frequent visits, and they will become solid men. 10, The other advantages we offer are too many for language to express.

Conscientious.

"Eugene, didn't I tell you an hour ago to send that young man of yours home?"

"Yes, papa dear."

"But he went out just now—I heard him—"

"Yes, papa, dear; but he went the first time, and then he found he'd taken your umbrella, by mistake, and so he came to bring it back. Dear George is so conscientious."—*Puck.*

THE PLANETS.

A Few Facts of Interest About the Earth's Neighbors.

Points About Venus, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn and the Rest.

Venus, so well known to us all as the loveliest object in the heavens, the evening and the morning star, resembles closely our own earth. Its size is almost the same, its diameter being 7,660, its day is almost the same length, and its density is rather less than five times that of water. It revolves round the sun at a distance of 60,000,000 miles in the space of 224 days. Like Mercury, however, Venus is moonless. Passing the earth in the meantime, we come to the well known planet Mars. This planet is particularly interesting in many points of view. Next to Mercury it is the smallest of the four interior planets, its diameter being only 4,200 miles, or little more than half that of the Earth or Venus. Its distance from the sun is 141,000,000 miles, and it completes its circuit in 687 days. The length of its days does not differ materially from that of our own. Mars has two moons, and one of them presents a phenomenon unique in the system. No other moon behaves like the one for it goes round Mars about three times every day, that is to say, it goes faster round Mars than Mars does on its own axis. Imagine one moon rising and setting three times every twenty-four hours. Another interesting feature in Mars is the seas or seas through our telescopes which seem to be the contiguous form of the continents and oceans and also accumulation of snow at its poles.

We must turn our attention to the other group of planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. These are distinguished by their enormous size, immense distance from the sun, rapid revolution on their own axis, and very small density. The change from Mars to Jupiter is indeed remarkable. The latter planet, familiar to every observer of the heavens, is indeed a giant among giants. In mass it is equal to all the other planets put together, its diameter being no less than 85,000 miles, and its distance from the sun 692,000,000 miles. It takes 4,332 days to complete its yearly revolution. Although of such enormous dimensions, it turns on its axis in less than ten hours. From the small density (1.38) of Jupiter, we should imagine it to be composed, in great part at least, of fluid or gaseous matter not yet cooled sufficiently to form solid land. From certain phenomena on its surface it is evident that it is almost completely enveloped in clouds, and it is doubtful if we have ever actually seen the real solid muscle of this planet. Jupiter is attended by four moons, which revolve round him at various distances. The study of these bodies is of great interest, from watching their movements we get the first hint of the velocity of light. Next in order, in our outward journey comes Saturn, at the distance of 884,000,000 miles from the sun, and taking no less than 10,759 days to complete its revolution—round that luminary. This planet, though less than Jupiter, is still of gigantic dimensions, its diameter being 71,000 miles. Saturn is the lightest of all the planets, its density being only 0.75, so that if placed in a huge ocean it would float with a fourth of its bulk above the level of the water. The most remarkable thing, however, about this planet is the system of rings by which it is surrounded. What these rings are has long been a puzzle to astronomers, but the most plausible explanation seems to be that they are composed of myriad hosts of small moons, bodies circulating at some distance round the body of the planet. Saturn has no less than eight moons under its control, and if it has any inhabitants like ourselves—which is not likely, however—the heavens must be a strange sight to them, with these eight moons and meteoric swarms.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Enduring Reproof.

There is perhaps no better test of a man's character than the way in which he bears himself under just reproof. Every man makes mistakes, every man commits faults; but not every man has the honesty and meekness to acknowledge his errors, and to welcome the criticisms which point them out to him. It is rarely difficult for us to find an excuse we are looking for. It is, in fact, always easier to spring to an angry defense of ourselves, than to calmly acknowledge the justice of another's righteous condemnation of some wrong action of ours, but to refuse to adopt this latter course, when we know we are wrong, is to revert to our better consciousness of others, an essential defect in our character.

That man is strong who dares to confess that he is weak; he is always tottering to a fall who needs to bolster up the weakness of his personality by all sorts of transparent shams. It is not in vain that Scripture says, "Reproove one that has understanding, and he will understand knowledge," for one of the best evidences of the possession of that discreet self-government which stands at the basis of moral strength, and one of the best means of gaining it when it is lacking, is just this willingness to accept merited reproof, and to profit by it when accepted.—*Dry Shoe.*

A Mule Under Fire.

The following incident is taken from the "Recollections of a Private" in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*. I must not forget to chronicle a laughable incident that occurred on Morris Island, S. C. It was in the early days of the siege. Some ammunition was wanted in a battery at the front and a mule driver volunteered to deliver it. The only road by along the sandy beach for a distance of a mile and a half, most of the route being within the range of Forts Sumpter and Wagner. The mule team started up the beach. Sumpter began shelling furiously. The driver laid on the ladies, the mule, with ears laid back, plied his legs a hundred revolutions to the minute. A shell would strike the beach and explode; then another would whizz by the team; then that mule would stop and reflect a moment or try to turn back, when down would come the whip. A fresh start for a short distance and then a halt as another shell exploded. They the driver jumped from his seat, caught the animal by the head and went on a dozen rods further.

Wagner now opened on him. But still the team gradually moved on, reaching the battery finally unhurt. The ammunition was quickly delivered and that mule was headed for camp and started at its utmost speed. Down the sandy road flew the animal, the driver rapidly plying the whip, till at last they reached the shelter of the wood hills. Just then a shell from Sumpter came shrieking through the air. Striking the beach at the rear of the team, it bounded upwards and exploded apparently right above the mule. A cloud of smoke hid the team for a moment, but when it cleared away there stood the old mule, with head down and ears back, kicking most viciously at the cart, that had been smashed and broken up by a fragment of the shell. The driver lay on the sand, but jumped up, he lunged towards the mule, cut him loose from the cart, mounted, and galloped away to the camps.

Thousands of men, Union and Confederate, watched this performance. Our men on shore and the sailors on the vessel all joined in hearty cheers and waving of caps. The rebels joined in the demonstration to the plaudit of the driver and the comical courage of his long ears' charge.

American sms.

There are three terms very often quoted as American "slang" which possess certain peculiarities of locality. These are "guess," "calculate" and "reckon." One may travel through what are known as the Southern States for five years and never once hear either of the first two words, unless spoken by a northerner or a man from the West. The Southerner "reckons" everything, except, perhaps, consequences, and they are left to take care of themselves. "Guess" is more or less universal in the states and "calculate" is common only to the North and extreme East. "Stranger" is frequently erroneously used by English writers and speakers as an ordinary colloquialism of all Americans. It is the property of the South and Southwest only, and even there is rapidly becoming obsolete. But to these expressions it is hardly fair to append the stigma of "slang." Now, there are plenty of slang words and phrases in vogue in America which probably are meaningless to English minds. A lady has purchased an article for considerably more than its value, she shows it to her husband, proclaiming its beauty and cheapness. He, seeing that she had been overcharged, endeavors to persuade her that such is the case, vainly, for she is quite satisfied with her bargain. "All right," says he, "it's not my funeral." This is slang, pure and simple, but it has a derivation. It is an unintentional protest against the elaborate obsequial ceremonies indulged in by all classes in the United States, and it is a grim reference to one of those not infrequent "shindies" that take place in western barrooms, from which the men who escape with their whole skins have reason to thank their stars that "it is not their funeral."—*Chambers's Journal.*

What an Indian Can Eat.

"An Indian can eat anything," said Robert street commission merchant, a two ancient children of the forest with well-filled bags over their backs made their exit from the store room. "These squaws come here once or twice a week," he continued, "and beg for the tainted meat and decayed vegetables and fruit. They will take everything we give them, and will put the stuff into the bag and carry it off. I have given them things that no white being would think of eating, and they seem to think it is all right. I asked one of them how they could eat such strong smelling meat, when she informed me that in cooking it they destroyed the offensive odor. For all I know, these squaws keep Indian boarding-houses.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

When He Gets Round.

Wife—John, dear, I notice that your brother James never makes a friendly call upon us unless he is intoxicated.

Husband—No, my dear, he doesn't. James reminds me of the moon.

Wife—Reminds you of the moon?

Husband—Yes, dear; he never gets round till he's full.—*Boston Courier.*

DEAD LETTERS.

The Office to Which They are Sent in Washington.

Finding All Sorts of Articles in Missives That Go Astray.

Among the many places of interest to be visited in Washington, perhaps there is none that is so alluringly interesting to the great mass of visitors as the Dead Letter Office and the museum connected with it. There is nothing to be seen here, but everyone is capable of understanding and appreciating. Just inside the large hall a space is railed off, where visitors may stand and observe at their leisure the work that is going on so busily. Here letters are able to be examined, opened and disposed of. What a large corps of clerks is needed for the work, and how quickly, skillfully and mechanically it goes on! In the first room the letters are opened and assorted, those containing money or articles of value going one way and all the others going another. A simple motion—like opening envelope with unerring precision. The letters are numbered, entered, replaced. The next letter the same. How fast the heaps of the examined letters grow, but the work does not end, for the supply is never exhausted, but constantly replenished as the letters are presented. Here, as in many other departments, the work is several days in arrears behind time, and fresh appropriations are needed to pay more workers.

The opened letters containing no inclosures of value are arranged in the numbers when practicable, otherwise they are recorded and filed away, and may be reclaimed at any time. Other letters are not recorded. They are returned to the writers, if possible, and when the writers cannot can be found, the letters are destroyed. In the year 1884, more than 17,000 letters contained money amounting to nearly $31,000. Some 50,000 letters contained drafts, checks, money orders, etc., to the value of more than $1,500,000. Some idea of the growth of the postal service in the United States for a century may be formed when we consider in this connection the statement, quoted from a postal report in 1788, that "365 valuable letters have accumulated in the department since 1777." Many thousand letters are received annually containing photographic postage stamps and merchandise. Thousands of letters are deposited yearly in the Post office bearing no superscription whatever, and all such of course are forwarded to the Dead Letter Office for examination. Easter cards and Christmas cards are received by the gross. These are distributed once a month among the children in hospitals. All reading matter received, papers and magazines are distributed among adults in hospitals.

Interesting as is the work that is being carried on in the Dead Letter Office, the museum of articles collected there is infinitely more so. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects—beautiful, horrible, attractive, disgusting, amusing, pathetic, valuable and worthless—are arranged in the glass cases. Some one jewelry is displayed, brooches, lockets, a watch and chain, the latter of fine gold, evidently intended to be brought in the very lap of our king. There are a number of pocket maps, divides and diaries, etc. How many an unsuccessful journey may they not have disappointed? What the heartbreaking hopes they have led to, with vain expectancy and hope deferred. Did the sender wait for a response, till the order that prompted the gift grew cold? Who can tell? Only the solid, sober, sensible, who have pursued the tenor of accompanying the gifts.—*Boston Transcript.*

On a Mexican Street Car.

Although the etiquette of a Mexican street car is free and easy, and men smoke inside or on the platform, women are invariably treated with respect, and half a dozen men will get up to give place to any woman, young or old, rich or poor. The Mexican gentleman has all the courtesy for which the Latin races are famous, and life is smoothed and jingles rounded by the constant courtesy of this most polite nation. Do not imagine that because people smoke in the street cars their interiors resemble the American railway smoker—all filth under foot, and the air befouled with rank cigars and old pipes. The windows are generally open, and a constant current of air drives the smoke out.—*Boston Herald.*

Inoculation against Snake Poison.

The Rev. Charles Bixby, a native of Surinam, says that in Dutch Guiana preventive inoculation of snake poison has been practiced for centuries. A snake is caught and teased until its poison glands are swollen with blood and actively secreting. The reptile is then killed, its glands are extracted, dried and pulverized. An incision of the skin of the wrist speedily is made, and some of this poison dust rubbed into the wound. It is stated that those who have been thus inoculated may be bitten with impunity.

Tramps are overrunning Florida to such an extent that the county commissioners have decided to anchor great lighters in the St. John's river and corral the tramps there for ninety days each.

Sodom and Gomorrah.

Two cities there stood in the midst of the plain,
And great was their glory and wide was their reign;
But sin was the path that their people trod,
And down on their heads fell the vengeance of God.

Ah, little they thought, as they toiled on their pride,
Of the wrath and the ruin so near to betide
Ah, little they dreamed, as the red morning
rose
Its beams on their temples, that day was their
last

The heavens were darkened and forth from
them came
A tempest of brimstone in whirlwind of
flame,
And the towers of their might and the halls
of their mirth
Were utterly swept from the face of the
earth

The prince with his throne and the slave with
his
hoe,
All alike perished in those three moments
of
fire
Those towers crumbled and those shadows
awoke
Too candid to notice, too soft into smoke

Oh, dreadful the doom of the cities of sin!
The moral we see in it—that there is no
hope
For some but the good will inherit the earth
The wicked shall wither in the day of their
death.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

HUMOROUS.

A dense crowd—A fog.

It is the little things that tell, especially by the little brothers and sisters.

What is about equal to nothing? A pickle of pickled eggs.

Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is proverbially a fetch-collector.

A new make of stove is called "The Infant." It is not supposed to be a self-feeder.

"I will appear in print to-morrow," said the young lady as she put the last stitch in her calico frock.

"My motto is, 'Live and let live,'" said the soldier, as he turned his back to the enemy and fled from the battle field.

Girls desiring to have small mouths should very frequently repeat rapidly, "Fanny Finch fried five flounder fish for Frances Fowler's father."

Young wife—John, Mother says she wants to be cremated. Young husband—Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning.

The young man who imprinted a respectful kiss on the fair forehead of his lady-love told his friend next day that he had been having a tough time.

Merchant (somewhat angrily to bookkeeper)—I can't stand your own business, sir. Now remember that, Bookkeeper (quietly)—I'll consider the impudence that you paid me to mind yours.

A Punching Club.

A lady who has organized a sunday-school class in London tells a story of the organization of a regular club. She says: "The inherited love of drink can in the case of some of my scholars, and they showed explicit sign that they were prepared to act on the footsteps of their parents. Several were drunk regularly every day, and then beaten, and when I came back I found a letter, my money and ornaments gone, and received the news that my scholars had been quarrelsome, that they had been pretty nearly all the night to drink at Christmas. To counteract the tendency, I formed a temperance society, and though they broke their pledge sadly, especially at first, it has gained ground and done good. I also established a savings bank, hoping that they would learn to value the income of pence, one shilling, instead of being absolutely penniless. Another institution of a rather curious nature was one that by mutual agreement among themselves, in imitation of one that flourished in Bermondsey. It went by the name of the Punching Club, and aimed at checking the horrible language which they told me (for an improvement prevented even the lowest and roughest from ever using a bad word in my presence) had become a kind of second nature to them. Each member undertook that if he swore he would patiently submit to receive a 'punch' from each member who might hear him. I believe this penance had a marvellous effect on the vocabulary of the street. By degrees it fell into abeyance, and a marked improvement of bad language was the result; but quite lately it has been re-established, entirely by the boys' own wish, in a modified form, the 'punch' being exchanged for a half-penny fine."

Bicycling on a Frozen Canal.

"I took a spin upon ice in Pennsylvania once," said a wheelman. "The surface was smooth, but had been scored a little by sharp skates and the particles of ice were blowing up and down the canal. I ran up in the face of the wind, and got along tolerably for half a mile. Then my wheel began to slip and I made no headway. Noticing that the rubber tire was encrusted with the fine particles of ice, I started to turn about and run down before the wind. The moment I swerved from a straight line the machine went from under me and I rode down the towpath with a bruised thigh and a broken crank."—*New York Tribune.*