

Fooling the Young Men.

Term was over, the "Defiance" coach was full of undergraduates returning to their respective colleges the day was cold, wet and miserable, when a well appointed dray drove up to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. "Have you room for one inside to Oxford?" asked a pretty girl as you would wish to see on a summer's day. "What a beauty!" exclaimed one. "Quite lovely!" said another. "Perfect!" hisped a third. "Quite fit, Miss," replied the coachman, "inside and out." "Surely you could make room for one," persevered the fair applicant. "Quite impossible, Miss, without the gentlemen's consent." "Lots of room," cried the inside. "We are not very large; we can manage to take one more." "If the young gentlemen consent," said the driver, who was one of the best tempered fellows on earth and as honest as Aristides, "I have no objection." "We agree," said the inside quartet. "All right," responded the driver. The fare was paid, and the guard proceeded to open the door and let down the steps. "Now, Miss, if you please, we are behind our time." "Come along, grandfather," cried the damsel, addressing a most respectable-looking, portly elderly gentleman, "the money is paid, get in, and be sure you thank the young gentlemen," at the same time suting the action to the word, and with a wicked smile assisted her respected grandfather into the coach. "Here's some mistake; you'll squeeze us to death," cried the astonished party. But at this moment "All right," "Sit fast," was heard, and away rattled the "Defiance," at its best pace, drowning the voices of the crestfallen Oxonians.

We are Brothers All.

What a cheerful little home this world would prove to us if we could only agree, and, whether residents of a palace or cottage, would acknowledge the fraternal relationship we bear to each other. There is no reason why we should quarrel; seeing that concord produces so much real happiness, 'tis surely the best way when we meet, to meet as brothers all. My coat may be coarse, and yours fine; you may drink wine, and I water; but both of us can show a true, unspotted heart, and we are brothers all. You would despise the rough and unfaithful one; having truth on your side, you would stand firm as a rock; so would I—and thus we are brothers all.

You would scorn to do falsely by man or woman; I always hold to the right and do as well as I know how; and thus in our joys and our affections, and in everything else that is good, we are brothers all.

Your mother loved you as only a mother can love; my mother did for me what none but a mother can do; there is but one of us at last, whether high or low, for we are brothers all.

Old age, frail and trembling, will soon come over us both; death will creep along after him, and summon us both away; then into the same graveyard we shall both be borne. Come, neighbors, your hands here—we are brothers all.

The Grange Means Peace.

In a late circular the executive committee of the Missouri State Grange very truthfully say:

"There are many professional and trading men, and even some of our own brethren, who seem to think that the mission of the Grange is to fight everything and everybody. Never was there a greater mistake. If any body of men on earth mean 'peace on earth and good will to

men," it is the Grangers. We desire the prosperity of all good men. We have no antagonism to any honest calling trade or profession. We want all to flourish and prosper, but we do not want them to be our masters. While other trades and professions are prospering, we want the farmers to prosper also. We want the "man who holds the bread" to reap the fruits of his own labor, and not to have them go mainly into the pockets of the drones of society.

We want agriculture to flourish and the tillers of the soil to be elevated financially, socially and educationally. And why should we not try to build up ourselves, if we do not aim to pull down anybody else who ought to prosper? There is no agrarianism in the grange. Every patron wants all the property he can get honestly by his toil.

We do not wish to injure the lawyers, though one of our cardinal doctrines takes away a great source of their profit.

One of our proudest achievements is to stop strife and lawsuits among farmers. Where grangers flourish lawsuits diminish, and the little breaches that arise between brethren are healed without litigation.

NAPOLEON'S HAPPIEST DAY.—When Napoleon was in the height of his prosperity, and surrounded by a brilliant company of the marshals and courtiers of the empire, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest of his life. When all expected that he would name the occasion of some glorious victory, or some great political triumph, or some august celebration, or other signal recognition of his genius and power he answered without a moment's hesitation, "The happiest day of my life was the day of my first communion." At a reply so unforeseen there was a general silence; when he added, as if to himself, "I was then an innocent child."

A Strange Meeting.

The railroad convention in this city was remarkable for a personal juxtaposition, the like of which could not probably have been presented anywhere else in the world. It was the presence in the same hall of four very distinguished personages each of whom had played a leading part in what will be recognized as one of the most important historical dramas of modern times. There was Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States, first and last civil head of that formidable revolution; there was Beauregard, who opened the war at Fort Sumter, and there was Sherman and Johnson who in addition to making their marks in it, closed it at Durham station in North Carolina. Three of these, the Confederate ex-President and the two ex-Confederate generals were modest delegates in the convention, representing Mississippi, Georgia and Louisiana. Sherman was a looker on. The convention called the three generals to the platform as honored members, and when they met, Sherman, Johnston and Beauregard shook hands in the presence of the body, the report says the enthusiasm reached its climax; gentlemen rose in their seats, waved their hats wildly and cheered till exhausted. It was an accidental centennial picture of striking and impressive effect.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE RAINBOW AND THE SUN.—A very beautiful rainbow was lighting up the clouds; every one who saw admired it, and so much praise made it vain. "I am handsomer than the sun," it exclaimed; "for, bright as he is, he has only one color, and I have so many." The sun heard this, and, without entering into a dispute

with the conceited rainbow, he quietly smiled. Then, hiding his beams in the clouds, he concealed himself for an instant, and the rainbow also disappeared. Persons who are vain and ungrateful forget whose hands it is that has made them prosperous. Is it not just that He in His turn should dry up the sources of their prosperity?

An Editor of 1775.

In 1775 there were four newspapers published in New York. Rivington's *Royal Gazetteer* was the subservient tool of the British authorities. *The Mercury*, published by Hugh Gaine, was a time server and trimmer. Anderson's *Constitutional Gazette* was born and died in 1775, and had no influence whatever. *The New York Journal*, published by John Holt, was the sturdy and unpurchasable organ of the Sons of Liberty. Its editor fled the city after the disastrous battle on Long Island, and he was heard of afterward as publishing his paper at one and another of the towns on the Hudson under circumstances that would have appalled a less determined man. In the month of August, 1777 while at Esopus, he printed an advertisement, in which he proposed to take any kind of country produce in the way of trade.

His prospectus reads very quaintly: "And the printer, being unable to carry on his business without the necessaries of life, is obliged to affix the following prices to his work, viz: For a quarter of news, twelve pounds of beef, pork, or veal, or mutton, or four pounds of butter, or seven pounds of cheese, or eighteen pounds of fine flour, or half a bushel of wheat, or one bushel of Indian corn, or half a cord of wood, or 300 wt. of hay, or other articles of country produce as he shall want them, in like proportions, or as much money as will purchase them at the time; for other articles of printing work, the prices to be in proportion to that of the newspaper. All his customers, who have to spare any of the above, or other articles of country produce, he hopes will let him know it, and afford him the necessary supplies, without which his business here must very soon be discontinued." It is gratifying to be able to state that the sturdy patriot survived the Revolution, and lived to revisit the city, of which he had been postmaster in 1775. His patriotic labors and sufferings justly entitled him to the following epitaph: "A due tribute to the memory of John Holt, printer to this State, a native of Virginia, who patiently obeyed death's awful summons on the thirtieth of January, 1781, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. To say that his family lament him, is needless; that his friends bewail him, is useless; that all regret him, unnecessary; for that he merited every esteem is certain. The tongue of slander cannot say less, though justice might say more." Such an epitaph inscribed over the dust of an editor, who had also held a commission as postmaster open a wide field of emulation to the journalists and officials of these latter days.—*Scribner's for January.*

A Franklin (Pa.) congregation recently announced its intention to add \$200 to the pastor's salary for each child born in his family during his ministrations there. The result was—twins, and the society has rescinded its resolution.

The following is said to be a never-failing cure for earache: Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil, and insert it into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

A painful trance-action—getting out of bed in one's sleep, and walking out of a third story window.

Never take your Christianity from Christians, but ask yourself, "How would the Lord have me act?" and follow him.

When Simpkins died, he died poor, although he left three hundred thousand dollars. None of it belonged to him, you see.

An old convict's advice to his son: "Never steal a horse, my boy, unless he is faster than any other horse in the neighborhood."

Why is a glazier in danger of becoming intemperate? Because he must always have his glass before he can begin his day's work.

A cur-tailed dog means, of course a dog with his tail cut short. But all dogs are curtailed without regard to the length of their tails.

A friend stepped in to pity a neighbor whose wife had run away. "What are you pitying me for?" snarled the neighbor: "she hasn't come back!"

An affectionate father in Michigan, who believes in moral suasion, keeps a rawhide hanging in his boy's room, over which is inscribed, "Honor thy parents."

Said a fop to a young lady, "Why is it, do you suppose, that when I have a cold it always settles in my head?" "Perhaps it is because nature abhors a vacuum," was the reply.

A young man asked his bachelor uncle: "What advice would you give to a young man who was contemplating matrimony?" "I should advise him to keep on contemplating it."

"It seems to me," said a banker at Saratoga to a belle, "that you ladies are always desperately fond of officers." "Isn't it a little strange," retorted the belle, "that a lady should like an offer, sir?"

Says a scientific authority—"The wheat crop of France this year would fill a ditch three and a half feet wide three and a half feet deep, and 4,000 miles long."

A widow near Boston, who has buried three husbands, wants to marry again, and as a recommendation, shows a broom that she has used fourteen years, which has no dents on the handle.

A Connecticut gentleman, on being introduced to a newly married man, who had found his wife in the nutmeg State, congratulated him warmly, saying: "These Connecticut girls make excellent wives. I've had four of 'em."

A darkey who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek, didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him, so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I dunno 'zactly; but 'peared as ef de shore kinder h'isted and frowed me."

Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated.—And hence it is that Jacob numbers his life by days, and Moses desired to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, "to number not his years, but his days, and these so as to apply his heart unto wisdom."—Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; and that dare mispend it, desperate.

Wedding serenades are out of fashion. The good old days when windows were smashed and houses tipped over to express joy have fled forever.

What with stocking darners, knitting and sewing machines, apple-parers, washers and wringers, woman as a necessity is fading from the face of the earth.