

TRIFLES.

"Only a trifle!"
Oh maiden beware!
These trifles may build you
A mountain of care!
"Only a trifle!"
Young man pray reflect,
Ere you aim that sure blow
To your own self-respect!

A trifle too young,
Or a trifle too old;
A trifle too warm,
Or a trifle too cold;
A trifle too soon,
Or a trifle too late—
All or any of these,
May decide your own fate!

MARRYING.

There will be a great deal of marrying and giving in marriage this Fall (notwithstanding every young man is so poor that if salt was selling at 2½ cents per bushel one could not buy enough to pickle a jay-bird). Indeed the happy pastime has already become a serious one—in extent only. We advise both sexes to be on the alert—for just as certain as a snuffer to a candle, all the girls or all the men, we don't know which, will be married and out of the way before the year is out. A war of extermination—in a match-making sense—is going on, and loneliness be unto those who do not feel and acknowledge its influence. That heads of families are wide awake, no one can doubt who reads the following:

Mr. Smithson, (an improvement on the name of Smith,) wished to take Miss Brownly, (another improvement,) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years but "never spoke of love," on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention of leading a bachelor life. One morning he put his hand on the bell-handle and was admitted—

"Oh, James," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so long?"

This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number) had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage he said:

"I have come to ask you—"

"Not here, James—not now—oh!"

"That is," stammered Smithson, "if you're not engaged—"

"Oh! oh! water—quick," shrieked Jane.

"What's that," inquired her father, "who says she's engaged?"

"I didn't mean—" said Smithson, in confusion.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly, "you couldn't suppose such a thing, when you have always been our favorite!"

Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said:

"Take her, my boy, she's a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you both be as happy as the days are long."

Thereupon mother and children crowded upon Smithson and wished him much joy, and company coming in at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

Two children buried by Mr. Calvin Upton, of Clinton, Me., sixteen years ago were removed to the cemetery last week. The bodies when taken up were found to be well preserved, having become petrified through the action of lime water. Their clothing was not decayed and natural flowers buried with them appeared to be still fresh.

Waste no Time.

Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time to rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight to it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish up squarely, and clearly; then to the next thing without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost.

And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressed upon you that you hardly know where to begin, let us tell you a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you bring it into line.

A Wager Paid.

The Columbia (Penn.) *Spy* relates this story: "Five years ago two professional gentlemen of our town, while in conversation, had an argument as to the probability of a certain event transpiring within the next five years. A wager was the result. An article of agreement was drawn up, and the wager, a supper, to be paid by the loser July 4, 1876. The agreement was signed, and sealed, and indorsed, 'To be opened July 4, 1876.' About a year after the wager, one of the gentlemen died; the survivor, however, kept the wager sacred, and on Tuesday evening last, at one of our hotels, sat down to the supper. The table was spread for two persons, and the whole arrangement made for two guests, but one chair was vacant. In silence the memory of the departed was toasted, and in silence the supper was eaten."

How He Seized the Stakes.

Andy Cummins was a cute "Down Easter"—a real live Yankee—always ready for a joke, and hard to beat. He was one day in a country bar room out West, where several persons were assembled, when one of them said:

"Yankee Cummins, if you will go out and stick your knife in anything, when you come back I'll tell you what it's stickin' in."

"You can't do no such thing," responded Cummins.

"I'll bet ten dollars of it," said the other.

"Well, I rather guess I'll take that bet. Here, captain," turning to the landlord, "hold the stakes, and I'll just make half a saw horse in less than no time."

The parties deposited an X apiece, and Cummins went on his mission, but in a short time returned saying:

"Well, naber, what is it sticken' in?"

"In the handle," replied the Western man, as he reached out his hand to take the stakes.

"Guess not—jist wait awhile," said Yankee, as he held up the handle of the knife minus the blade; "I kalkilate the blade can't be in the handle, when its driv clean up in an old stump aside of yer road out thar."

Cummins won the wager.

Two ladies, desirous of asserting the rights of their sex, astonished the citizens of Fryeburg, Me., a few days ago by appearing with hoes in their hand and insisting on commuting a highway tax, for which they had been assessed by working on the highways, which is one of the privileges of the male taxpayer in some towns in Maine.

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