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TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize the blessing over much,
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is a blessedness! a year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day.
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I bore the bonds of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

I wonder so that mothers ever feet
A little children clinging to her gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my house once more—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to search the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,
The little child I used to kiss—is dead.

The Legend of the Beautiful Hand.

There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water, and held it up; another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old, haggard woman passing by asked, "Who will give me a gift? for I am poor." All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift which satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful indeed," said she, when she saw them. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand that is tipped with red; it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers; but the hand that gives to the poor is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven with authority to decide the question in dispute. And that decision has stood the test of all time.

Never Frighten Children.

Many children are very sensitive to sights and sounds. They may have strength enough to conceal their emotions when others are present, and they are perhaps ashamed to appear scared when others are only amused, but they carry their impressions into their beds, sleep is driven away from their pillows or when it comes, bad dreams come also, and the little sufferer tosses all night in constant fear of what he has seen. The child shuts its eyes, but the image is there, and is as visible and terrible in the dark and to its closed eyes as if the sun was shining. And more so, because with the return of light, more than half the horror dies out. In my childhood a nurse shut me up in a dark closet by way of punishment. I remember keeping close to the door, in awful horror of what might be in the back part of it, every moment trembling lest I should be seized by some fearful being dwelling in the blackness of darkness. There is no one thing which parents should more carefully guard against when they trust their children to the care of a nurse, than this sin of frightening them. The shock given by one fright, when the system is delicate, frail, and exquisitely sensitive, may be fatal in early life, or may make life if spared a long misery.—*N. Y. Observer.*

With all your toils to make house beautiful, do not neglect the first element of all, to beautify yourself, body and soul. A sweet, loving word, and a warm clasp of the hand are far more to a guest than the most elaborately embroidered lambrequins at your window, or the most exquisite damask on your table. There are bare cabin homes that have been remembered with pleasure, because of the beautiful loving presence there; and stately palaces that leaves the impression of an iceberg on the mind.

Fishes live in the sea as men do on land; the great ones eat up the little ones.—*Shakespeare.*

Dividing up.

A man of 45, having a wooden leg and the look of one who had suffered long with the tooth-ache, sat down in the chair vacated by the boy, and after a smile of encouragement began:

"If matters don't mend pretty soon I'll either murder her or take my own life!"

"Domestic trouble, I suppose?" queried Bijah.

"That's it, sir, and I'm getting desperate. I left home thinking I'd jump from the dock, but I happened to think of you and so I thought I'd ask advice."

"Is the bread heavy?"

"Blast the bread! I can stand heavy bread, sloppy tea, [illegible] and half cooked potatoes, but I can't nor I won't stand this infernal whining, complaining and jawing around!"

"Fellow-traveler along the tow-path of Time's broad-gauge canal, I think I see the pint. You have been married about two years?"

"Not quite."

"You are fifteen years older than your wife?"

"Yes—eighteen."

"You have a wooden leg, and she—she——?"

"She hasn't, but I wish she had two of 'em!"

"She likes good clothes?"

"You bet!"

"She likes the mad whirl of society—sixteen dollar bonnets—reserved seats at the opera—eight dollar boots—forty button kid gloves and trains on her dresses?"

"She does—that's her to a dot!" exclaimed the husband.

"And you prefer your home—evening fire—newspaper—snow apples—game of checkers—glass of cider—cat on the hearth, and so on!"

"That's the sort of man I am, sir, and she harrasses me to death. She's on the trot all day, and on the gad all the evening, and if I remonstrate she says I want to make a slave and a prisoner of her."

"Don't you go alone with her to the theatre and parties?"

"I used to, but for the last year she's got awful particular about my wooden leg; says the public will think I was shot while stealing chickens"

"Does, eh? and you sit at home and keep your heels warm by the cook stove while she gallivants."

"The same, sir, and now what shall I do about it? Something has got to be did, and that right off. I'll be hanged to Davy Crockett if I put up with it another day! You are an older man than I am, and you've had three wives to my one, and I'll do just as you say about it"

Fellow-man, you have been wrong from the beginning," slowly answered Bijah, as he locked out of the window in a weary way. "The man who marries a woman only half his age is a d f. (deceived fried-cake) at the start.—Youth may reverence old age, but love isn't reverence. Youth and old age don't like their taters cooked the same way, and the man who says they do is a forger. They don't see alike, and its a cat and dog life. Then, again, you have a wooden leg and you should have married a woman with a glass eye or a broken nose as an offset. In that case neither party has anything to twit the other about. If I was to marry again, bald headed as I am I should look for a lady wearing No. 10 gloves and No; 9 shoes as an offset. Do you love your wife?

"Well, to be honest about it, I don't think either of us is dying of love."

"Then, my friend, you go home and have a candid talk, divide up the things, and part good friends. Give her the largest half, throw in some small change, and see that she get's safe home to her mother. By and by you can quietly secure a bill of divorce, get on some store clothes, and look out for a woman of fifty who has the rheumaties so that she can't gad."

"That's honest, is it?"

"Honest Injun. If you can't live happy together don't hesitate to live happy apart. No use in any scandal or bad words, but divide up and call it a bad mistake. This killing one's self on account of domestic troubles is all bosh."

"That's so, and I'll walk straight home and begin the dividing up business—Thank you, Bijah, may your feet stop growing as a reward for this."

When he had departed Bijah took short cut through the alleys and presently gained a position from whence he could view the house where the man lived. Developments did not tarry The husband had not been in the house five minutes before he was suddenly rushed out again, that and cane flying and his share of the things, consisting of three flat-irons; a kettle and two bricks, overtook him before he could dodge.

"So young and so artless!" mused Bijah as he turned away; "and yet that last brick thumped him between the shoulders just a purty as if I'd thrown it myself!"

Texts for Essays.

The greatest scholars are not always the wisest men.

Some people are born to be contrary, and they fulfill their mission with religious zeal.

It is easier to increase our wants, be it ever so much, than to reduce them, be it ever so little.

To maintain a steady and unbroken mind amidst all the shocks of the world, makes a great and noble spirit,

A clergyman suggests that the wages of sin be cut down, and the salaries of ministers raised a peg or two.

Trifling precautions often prevent very great mischiefs; so a slight turn of the wrist parries a moral thrust.

Money in your purse will credit you—Wisdom in your head will adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

If you do not wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember, the duller the razor the more you cut yourself.

A Mighty power for Good.

Will the papers of thirteen years hence show as great an improvement as have the papers of the last thirty years? They will undoubtedly improve. They are a rapidly growing power. Their influence was never greater than it is to-day. They mold public opinion. They make and unmake our rulers to a large extent. They shape and enforce our laws. They are the terror of evildoers, and the guardians of the public interests. Their watchfulness excels official zeal. They give tone to the communities in which they are published, each according to the measure of its ability and standard. In this free land their power is greater than that of the king in his dominions, and more stable. They reach every nook and corner of the land, cheering the lonely, upholding the weak, advising the strong, helping all. A tremendous power indeed. How they smite the wrong and uphold the right! The press of the country is honest, independent and unpurchasable. Office-holders may fail in the discharge of duty, and congresses and legislatures may go astray, but the independent press remains, a faithful protector of the people's interests, a purifier of politics, a defender of the country, a teacher of sound morals, a mighty power for good. May it ever continue such.

Not Room Enough for Both.

He was a "culled tramp," and approached Captain Jase Phillips as the train hauled up at Pewee.

"Is you de capt'n of de kears?"

"Yes," replied Jase.

"Don't want fo' ter hire any deck hands, duz ye?"

"No! I'm not running a steamboat."

"Zactly! Mout I ride straddle ob de cow-snatcher to de nex' landin'? I'se busted, an' a long ways from home."

"Get on. All aboard!"

And the negro straddled the "cow-snatcher." Ed Gilligan pulled the throttle wide open, and the train had not gone more than half a mile before the engine collided with a cow, throwing it over a fence into a corn field, and the negro after the cow. Next day, coming down, the negro limped up to Jase at the same depot and said:

"Boss, I didn't ride fur wid you on dat cow snatcher; kase, ye see, de cow wanted to ride dar too, and dar wa'n't room for bofe uv us; so we got off togedder up h'yar in de corn field fo' to rest. De nex' time I rides wid ye I'll freeze to de tail gate of de wagon. Hit's safer."

An elephant once nearly killed an Irishman for an insult offered to his trunk. The act was rash in the extreme; but it was impossible, the Hibernish said to resist a nose you could pull with both hands.

A Philadelphia man has figured up that he will save $500 on ice cream, carriage hire and theatre tickets this year. He has married the girl.—*Exchange.* Poor, deluded soul!

Butler as a Lawyer.

Ben Butler was a down-cast lawyer before he got to be Major-General and representative of his district in Congress. Like all lawyers, Ben had a hard pull of it at the start, and perhaps the sharpness and acumen for which he is so universally celebrated, was acquired at this early period of his life, when he was striving for a practice, and the odds were brains or starvation.

One day while sitting in his office, there entered a long-legged, gaunt, hatchet-faced specimen of the genus Yankee, who looked sharp enough to make his meals off pins and needles, and who stuck out at the finishing Congressman:

"Mr. Lawyer, I am going into a little bit of law business, and as you seem like a right smart, plucky sort of chap, I thought I might as well give the job to you."

"All right," said Ben, "you can't put your case in better hands."

"Well, then, I had a ham hanging in an out shed, and a neighbor's dog came along and ate it. What would you do about it?"

"Why, prosecute the owner of the dog, of course. Make the fellow pay damages."

"That's the talk, Mr. Lawyer," said the Yankee, with a sly smile beginning to work around the corners of his mouth. "But you see—I don't know as it makes any difference—the dog was yourn."

Butler opened his eyes a little at this onslaught, but he wasn't going to be taken back in that manner, even by a brother Yankee.

What do you value your ham at?" asked Butler, drawing out his wallet.

"Well, I guess five dollars would be letting you off cheap," said the Yankee, "for it was an all-fired good ham."

Without entering a word of protest, Butler paid the money and then said:

"There's your damage for the ham. Now fork over ten dollars."

"What for?" inquired the Yankee, in his turn astonished.

"For my legal advice," said Butler. "You don't suppose I can work without a fee, do you?"

Mr. Yankee was bit; so drawing a face as long as his legs, he slowly counted out the money and inwardly vowed he would bring no more law business before the youthful but razor-like dispenser of Coke and Blackstone.

Two Sides of It.

Some unknown genius has discovered the following "Rules for Spoiling a Husband."

Snarl at him.
Find fault with him.
Keep an untidy house.
Boss him out of his boots.
Always have the last word.
Be extra cross on wash day.
Quarrel with him for trifles.
Never have his meals ready in time.
Let him sew the buttons on his shirt.
Pay no attention to household expenses.
Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet.
Tell him plainly you have married him for a living.
Raise a row if he dares to bow pleasantly to an old lady friend.
Get everything the woman next door gets whether you can afford it or not.
Provide any kind of a pick-up dinner for him when you don't expect strangers.
Let it out sometimes when you are good and mad that you wish you had married some other fellow you used to go with.
If he has an extra amount of brain work and comes home with his nervous system all on a stretch—don't try to keep the children quiet. Tell them to make all the noise they want to, and their father is nothing but an old crosspatch anyway.

Young man—don't attempt to carve a turkey when your girl is watching you at the table, for you can't do it. We tried it once, and whisked a drumstick on her silk waist, and have been paying damages for the last fifteen years.

"Well, Mr. Sniffles, have you posted the ledger?" asked an employer of a new clerk. "Yes, sir," said Sniffles; "I've posted the ledger, but it was too big to get into the letter-box, so I had to take it inside."

The married ladies of a certain city have formed a Come-Home-Husband *Club.* It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the end of it.

Democratic Platform.

We congratulate the people of North Carolina on the era of peace, prosperity and good government which has been unbroken since the incoming of a Democratic State administration; upon the pure and impartial administration of justice and the honest enforcement of the laws; upon the efficiency of our common school system and great advance made in education, and the general improvement and enterprise manifested in every part of the State, and we pledge ourselves to exert all efforts to advance the material interests of all sections of the State in the future as we have done in the past. And we challenge comparison between a Democratic administration of our State affairs and the crimes, outrages and scandals that accompanied Republican misrule. Affirming our adherence to Democratic principles as defined in the platform adopted by the National Democratic Convention, held at Cincinnati in 1880:

Resolved, That we regard a free and fair expression of the public will at the ballot-box as the only sure means of preserving our free American institutions, and we denounce the Republican party and the interference of its federal officials for their gross frauds upon the elective franchise, whereby whole districts, States and the Union have been deprived of their just political rights; and we believe the corrupt and corrupting use of federal patronage, and of public money drawn by taxation from the people, in influencing and controling elections, to be dangerous to the liberties of the State and the Union.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the entire and immediate abolition of the internal revenue system, with its attendant corruptions, and that we denounce the present tariff laws as grossly unequal, unjust and vicious. We favor such a revision of the tariff as will produce a revenue sufficience for the economical support of the government, with such incidental protection as will give to domestic manufactures a fair competition with those of foreign production. That there should be an immediate repeal of all laws imposing a direct tax for the support of the government of the United States, but if it should prove impracticable to abolish the internal revenue system with all its attending demoralization, fraud and corruption, then we urge upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress the importance of so amending the law that the revenue officers who now receive in salaries in North Carolina alone more than $500,000 shall be elected by the people of the localities to which they are assigned.

Resolved, That the course of the Democratic party since its accession to power in North Carolina in furtherance of popular education is a sufficient guaranty that we earnestly favor the education of all classes of our people, and that we will advocate any legislation looking to an increase of the fund for that purpose that will not materially increase the present burdens of our people.

Resolved, That the question of prohibition is not now, and never has been, a party question in North Carolina, and never been endorsed by the Democratic party, and the people of the State at the general election, in the year 1881, having by an overwhelming majority voted against prohibition, and the Surpreme Court having decided that the prohibition act is not and never has been a law, we regard the matter as finally settled, and any attempt to renew the agitation is merely a weak effort of designing persons to divert the minds of the people from the dangerous principles and corrupt practices of the Republican party.

Resolved, That while we are not wedded to any particular form of county government, we recognize the fact that a large part of the taxes of the State are paid for the common benefit by the white people of our eastern counties, and that we consider it the bounden duty of the white men of the State to protect these people from the oppressive dominatian of ignorant blacks, and pledge ourselves to such legislation as will secure this end.

And whereas it is seriously suggested that a vigorous effort will soon be made to compel the State, by judicial proceedings, to pay the fraudulent and unlawful special tax bonds, amounting to $22,000,000, issued under legislation passed by the Republican Legislature in 1868 and 1867; therefore,

Resolved, further, That the Democratic party will resist such recovery and the payment of such bonds by every lawful means.

SMALL BITES.

Opening spring goods—Showing rat traps.

A bare hunt—Looking for your clothes before day-break.

Ohe Ohio tramp sings: "There's arrest for the weary," etc.

The fellow who tumbles off the "tail-board" of a wagon is the man who "falls behind"

"Not lost, but gone before," exclaimed the man when his hat blew off and ahead of him.

In the midst of life we may be called upon by a female book agent.—And to have no money.

The Chinese liken a drunkard's nose to a light house, warning us of the little water that passeth underneath.

"I never did like mutton with capers," Brown said, as he brushed his clothes, after an attack from a ram.

It may be healthy to take a walk on an empty stomache, but we pity that man who furnishes the stomach.

As a rule leather men are no better than other people, though they have both inner and outer soles.

Blessed is the young lady who can go to church without painting her cheeks or penciling her eyebrows.

An article entitled "From the Chancellor's Beer Bench" has cost a Berlin editor four weeks imprisonment.

Red, on a railway, signfies danger, and says "stop." It is the same thing when displayed on a man's nose.

What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child? One pours with rain and the other roasrs with pain.

"It takes a fellow who has been kicked off the front stoop by the irate parent of his girl to tell the story of the miesle toe."

Pompous teacher: "Now, then scholars, what is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?" Thin little girl: "Please sir, it's bed-bugs."

"See how I ride o'er the raging mane" exclaimed a man who was thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.

Girls, don't accept the hand of anybody who tells you that he is going to marry and settle. Make him settle first and marry afterward.

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

"I detest masquerados," said a beautiful lady to a gallant officer.

"No wonder, madam," he replied, "since you do so much execution unmasked."

In this country a boy has too much to fight against. First, it's his mother's slipper; next, Fourth of July; then green apples; and, finally, Santa Claus, a rickety pair of skates, and an airhold in the ice.

That Settled It.

"The time has come at last," said Mr. Bidlack, impressively, looking his wife square in the eye. "I have known for several days that it was inevitable, and might happen at any time."

"Why, dear, what is it? What can you mean? You look so depressed. It cannot be—and yet—O, relieve this killing suspense. Alexander, have you—have you failed?" said his wife, with clasped hands.

"No, my dear; my credit is unimpaired, and business is looking up."

"You don't mean to say my dear, that your old pain in your head has come back?"

"No."

"You haven't had to pay that note for your brother Joseph?"

"No."

"Have you—now tell me, Alexander Bidlack, have you had another attack of vertigo?"

"No."

"Has your cashier broken his Murphy pledge?"

"No."

"Now I know—I expected it—I knew it all the time—I felt sure it would be so—Mr. Debonnaire has asked for Seraphina?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Then tell me—without waiting another moment—what has happened—I can bear it—let me know the worst."

"Well, that breeches button I told you about, has got tired of hanging by one thread, and here it is."