



Matrimonial Bliss.

Some say single life is free,
But then methinks they blunder,
For it is baser slavery
Than ever man was under.

The single man must be the slave
Of every coxing beauty—
And worse, if he should act the knave
And shun the path of duty.

The world's attractions keep in view
Which single men surveying
Are hurried from old to new,
Proceeding and delaying.

Old bachelors we often find,
Grow worse as they grow older,
Their selfish hearts become unkind,
And narrower and colder.

His might have been a happy life
Had he, when first a lover,
Sought and obtained a cherry wife,
Whom now he can't discover.

Earth's budding blossoms sweetly fair
Are flowers worth securing,
And must receive your constant care
To have their bloom enduring.

Thus he who virtue would preserve
Must use the utmost caution
And needs far more than common sense
To stem the tide of passion.

—Farmer and Mechanic.

A Novel Suit.

A doctor named Royleston had sued Peter Bennett for his bills long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs, then Senator of the United States, was for the doctor. The doctor proved the number of his visits, their value according to the local custom, and his authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physicians had made out his case, and as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it.

"No!" said Peter, "I hired you to speak in my case; how speak?"

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stephens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will, replied Peter. "If Bobby Toombs won't be hard on me."

Senator Toombs promised, and Peter began.

"Gentleman of the Jury: You and I is plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these 'ere lawyers and doctors will git the advantage of us. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place, but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now this man Royleston was a new doctor, and I went for him to come and doctor my wife's leg. And he come, an' put some salve truck on it, and some rags, but never done one bit of good, gentleman of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors sure enough, but this man don't earn his money; but if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did, for a negro was worth \$1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it.

"I don't!" thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter, with the slow accents of a judge with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded:

"As I was sayin', gentleman of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton, has got to give vally for the money we ask, and doctors ain't none too good to be put to the same. And I don't believe this Sam Royleston is no doctor now."

The physician again put in with:

"Look at my diploma, if you think I am no doctor."

"His diploma!" exclaimed the new-fledged orator, with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentleman that is a big word for printed sheepskin; and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it nor does it of the man that now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I'll point out to ye that he ain't no doctor at all.

The man of medicine was now in fury, and screamed out, "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor!"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, "an' she said as how she thought you wasn't."

"Ask my other patients," said Dr. Royleston.

"This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back. Peter replied with a look and tone of unutterable sadness.

"This is a hard sayin' gentleman of the jury, and one that requires me to do or have powers as I've heard tell ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the angel Gabriel now to toot his horn before his time, and cry aloud, 'Awake, ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royleston's practice! Am I to go to the lonely church-yard, and rap on the silent tomb, and say to 'em as is of rest from physic and doctor bills, 'Get up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was hurried up, some by doctors! He says, 'Ask my patients, and gentlemen of the jury, they are all dead. Where is Mrs. Beazley's man? Go to the graveyard, the graveyard where he lies. Mr. Peak's woman Sarah was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed, and he had the corpse ready. Where is that baby-gal of Harry Stephens? She are where doctors cease from troublin' and the infants are at rest.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has et chickens enough at my house to pay for the salve, and I furnished the rags, and I don't suppose he charges for making her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curin' of her, and I am humbly thankful he never gave her nothin' for inwards as he did his other patients, for somethin' made 'em all die mighty sudden."

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and in spite of a logical statement of the case by Senator Toombs, the doctor lost and Peter won.

Something in the Bed.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. One night somehow it slipped down, and as the Judge was restless it worked its way down toward the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was lying awake, his foot touched it; it felt very cold; he was surprised, scared, and jumping from the bed he said:

"My gracious, Maria, there's a toad or something under the covers. I touched it with my foot."

Mrs. Pitman gave a loud scream and was on the floor in an instant.

"Now, don't go hollering and waking up the neighbors," said the Judge. "You get a broom or something, and we'll fix the thing, mighty quick."

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the Judge with the remark that she felt as though snakes were creeping up and down her legs and back.

"Oh, nonsense, Maria! Now, turn down the covers slowly while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water along side of the bed so that we can shove it in and draw it."

Mrs. Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The Judge

held the broom uplifted, and as the black ribbon of the silver watch, was revealed, he cracked away at it three or four times with the broom, then he pushed the thing off into the bucket. Then they took the light to investigate the matter. When the Judge saw what it was, he said:

"I might have known; it is just like you women to go screeching and fussing about nothing. It's utterly ruined."

"It was you that made the fuss, not me," said Mrs. Pitman.

"You needn't try to put the blame on me."

Then the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.—Farmer and Manufacturer.

Discontent and Dejection.

Many people crowd their lives in hunting for a place in the world that they were never intended to fill. They never settle down to anything with a contented feeling, or feel that what they are doing is by no means work suited for their abilities. They have a sunny ideal of a very noble life which they would like to reach, in which their powers would have free scope, and where they could make a very bright record; but in their present position, their life is but a humdrum, prosy outline, in which they can accomplish nothing worthy or beautiful, and, therefore, it is of little use to try. So they go on discontented with their lot, and sighing for something else, and while they sigh the years glide by, and they find at the end they have missed every opportunity of doing anything worthy themselves. The truth is, one's vocation is not some far-off possibility, but the simple round of duties that the passing hour brings. No day is commonplace if we only had eyes to see their splendor. There is no duty that comes to our hand but brings us the possibility of kingly service.

Do Your Best.

How many young people there are—boys and girls—who, when asked to sing or play for the entertainment of their guests, begin by making excuses. They do not pretend to play; they have taken so few lessons that it would be quite impossible for them to sing before any one, or they are out of practice, when a better excuse cannot be found. Now, instead of making an apology for your playing, or rather waiting to be urged, would it not be better to let the person who has made the request be the judge of your merits?

And let me whisper this in your ear, dear friends. I heard a lady remark the other day that it took away half the pleasure to be obliged to urge young people before they would consent to play or sing whereas, if they complied at once, it would not be showing off their accomplishments, as some young people think, who modestly wait to be entreated, but on the contrary, it would give much pleasure to your friends; and you will not be judged harshly for immediately taking your seat at the piano or organ and doing your best.

Twenty Impolite Things.

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting finger-nails in company.
7. Leaving church before worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.

9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking others in company.
17. Commencing talking before another has finished speaking.
18. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
20. Not listening to what any one is saying in company.

Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.

In contrast to Col. Ingersoll's funeral orations is the following letter, which Rev. Dr. C. A. Burtol sent to his people in Boston:

For the first time, when at home and in health, I am at my post for the Sunday service. My companion has ceased to draw that breath on earth which mortals ignorantly call life. Her spirit passed away yesterday toward night. Connected by blood and marriage with three worshipping generations, and with as many ministers of the West church, for nearly half a century she has been herself, as much as her husband, your minister, and identified with you all in a constant love and service. It is not enough to call her pure and sincere; she was incorruptible and incapable of untruth. In dying she had no knowledge of death, but was translated not perceiving the chariot in which she sat. She slept on her way. Pain stayed back from her pillow and she was all herself, smiling to the last. Her individuality of nature and character suggests immortality, as her being here was nothing but duty.

His Own Grandfather.

A young man, who is his own father, explains through the press:

"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she married my father.

"Sometime afterward my wife had a son. He is my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he is the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, namely, my step-mother had a son. He is my brother, and at the same time my grand-child, for he is the son of my daughter. My wife is my grandmother, for she is mother's mother. I am my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grand-mother is his grandfather, I am my own grandfather.

How To know a Goose.

"Mother! mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened; I've seen such a sight!" "What sight, my son?" asked the old rook. "Oh, white creatures—screaming and running and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!" "Geese, my son—merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. "Through life, child, observe that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose." All of which is true of the shoddy folk now-a-days.

A Clergyman

Was once endeavoring to get a subscription in aid of some charitable institution out of a close-fisted parishoner who attempted to excuse himself on the ground that he already owed a great deal of money. "But," said the minister, "you owe God a larger debt than you do any one else." "That is so, parson, but he ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors."

A Lazy

Promised to give her maid twenty-five dollars as a marriage portion. The girl got married to a man of low stature, and her mistress on seeing him was surprised and said: "Weh, Mary, what a little husband you have got!" "For," exclaimed the girl, "what could you expect for twenty-five dollars?"

The Kansom Family.

In a little village in Vermont there lived a farmer named Ransom. They were not pious people, never going to church. Once they were prevailed upon to attend preaching. When they made their appearance services had begun, and they had hardly taken their seats when the preacher gave out the hymn, commencing "Return, ye ransom sinners, home." "All right!" cried the head of the Ransoms, getting up in a rage, and clapping his hat on his head, "come along, ole woman and gals, we'll go home fast enough, and everybody in his old church knows we didn't want to come."

Good Humor.

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like green in a landscape, harmonizing in every color, melting the light, softening the hues of the dark, or like a lute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

"Here's yer nice roast chick'n!" cried an aged colored man, as the cars stopped at a N. C. railway station. "Here's yer roast chick'n, 'n' taters, all nice and hot," holding up his plate aloft and walking the platform. "Where did you get that chicken, uncle?" asks a passenger. "Uncle looks at the intruder sharply, and then turns away crying, "Here's yer nice roast chick'n, gent'l'm'n, all hot, needn't go in the house for dat." "Where did you get that chicken?" repeated the inquisitive passenger. "Look a yer," says uncle, speaking privately, "is you from de North?" "Yes," "Is you a friend ob de pulled man?" "I hope I am." "Den don't you nebber ask me whar I got dat chick'n agin. Here's yer nice roast chick'n all hot." The train started.

Some folks are prodigiously penitent over other people's sins, and seem to think they have a special call to compass them before the world. They will gouge their brother's eyes rather than leave a single blind mote in them. At the same time they are singularly blind, respecting their own failings.

"What is the annual corn crop of Kentucky?" asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. "I can't exactly say," replied the Kentuckian, "but I know it enough to make all the whiskey we want besides what is wasted for bread."

Troubles are like dogs; the smaller they are, the more they annoy you.