

serious, the first to hear scandal, and the most apt to retail it, and they are always the first to cut any one who has been unfortunate enough to have any thing said about him. There is, I think, the test of the real lady or gentleman; when we see people apt and ready to throw stones, we can safely class them as the dross, as the counterfeit of the pure gold. Now, since none of you society people have seen fit to take notice of these things, perhaps you will not thank me for doing so. Therefore I will leave you to take the suggestion of keeping your circle as it was in days of old, (when you had a real, first-class society in every respect) as you see fit.

OLD FATHER TIME.

Old Father Time, thou art not kind
To run thy finger thus roughly through my hair,
How can I still retain my youth?
With mark of thy white fingers showing there.

I once with longing looked for thee,
But now thy coming brings a sigh,
Are there no means, by which you may
Postpone your visit until bye-and-bye,

Would it be asking quite too much of thee,
If youth thou lettest me retain
Till thou returnst? may a dear friend
By kind permission do the same?

R. G.

GRANDMA'S GLASSES.

"Freddie, dear, have you seen my spectacles anywhere?" asks the old lady.

"Your gold-rimmed glasses, grandma?"

"Yes."

"What you wear on your nose and see through, grandma?"

"Yes; where are they?"

"The glasses that grandpa gave you?"

"Yes."

"For a Christmas present?"

"Yes, tell me where they are."

"Are they the glasses that you read the Bible with, grandma?"

"Yes; yes! I'm getting impatient, Freddie. Get them for me."

"The glasses that you read about David and Gerliah with, and the three children in the fiery furnace?"

"Yes, yes, the same glasses. Tell me where they are at once, Freddie, and quit asking so many questions."

"And do you want to read with them now, grandma?"

"No, I want to sew."

"What are you going to sew, grandma?"

"I want to hem a few handkerchiefs."

"For me?"

"No; for grandpa. Where are those glasses, you little torment?"

"You can't sew with the glasses, can you, grandma?"

"Why, of course I can. I can't sew without them."

"I thought you sewed with a sewing machine, grandma."

"Oh, you aggravating boy! Look right at me! Now, tell me where those glasses are!"

"Dunno!"

"Haven't you seen them lately?"

"No'm."

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