

WILLIE'S SPEECH.

BY E. D.

I am sure you can't expect great things
From one so young as I,
And yet, to do my very best,
I here, and now, will try.

The greatest men who ever lived,
Were once but little boys;
They had their sports as well as we,
And played with tops and toys.

They had to learn first lessons, too—
To read, and write, and spell;
To speak their lessons on the stage,
And try to do them well.

I doubt if Everett or Webster,
Or even Henry Clay,
Didn't tremble in his shoes, when first
He tried his piece to say.

So you must not expect too much
Nor criticise us here,
While we appear before you all
With trembling and with fear.

CHARLIE'S SPEECH.

Brother Will has said his piece,
I'll try my little hand.
Although I own it's pretty hard
Before so many folks to stand.

Little folks should not be heard,
Only seen, some people say,
So I will end my little speech,
Since you have all seen me to-day!
Troy, N. Y.

COOL DUTCHMAN.

A cunning Dutchman was a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, some years ago, from _____ county. On one occasion he promised a lobby member to vote for a certain local measure; but when the measure came up, he voted against it, and it was lost. The lobby member came to him in great wrath, and the following colloquy occurred:

"Sir, you promised to vote for my bill."

"Vell," said the Dutch member, "vell, vat if I did?"

"Why, sir, you voted against it."

"Voll, vat if I did?"

Why, sir, you lied!"

"Vell, vat if I did?" was the cool reply.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.—Milton thus defines it: "True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."

THE RIVER JORDAN.

A correspondent of the Utica Herald thus describes the River Jordan:—A line of low green forest trees betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep is its channel, and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an insipid, muddy stream. Whether it was the contrast with the desolation around, or my fancy had made its green banks so beautiful, I know not, but it did seem at the moment of its revelation to my longing eyes, the perfection of calm and loveliness. It is hardly as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen, the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its water is by no means clear, but it little deserves the name of muddy. At the place where I first saw it, tradition assigns the baptism of our Savior, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance to the promised land. Like a true pilgrim, I bathed in its waters and picked a few pebbles from its banks as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itsself the very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea.

HOW TRUE.—Round about what is, lies a whole mysterious world of what might be—a psychological romance of possibilities and things that do not happen. By going out a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning this street or the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good, or avoid some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word "Providence."

The lights of heaven do not shine for themselves, nor for the world of spirits who need them not; but for man, for our pleasure and advantage. How ungrateful and inexcusable then are we, if, when God has set up these lights for us to work by, we sleep or play, or in a manner trifle away the precious moments given us, and thus burn our Master's candles, but mind not our Master's work.

The action of Chloroform has been attributed by the majority of writers to a special electric affinity for the nervous system with which it is brought in contact by the circulation—a direct power of paralyzing, in a greater or less degree, the various functions of the brain. The researches of Faure and Gosselin have deeply shaken this hypothesis. The late Dr. Snow was impressed with the notion that the insensibility produced stood in direct relation to the imperfect oxygenation of the blood. The subject has been investigated by Dr. A. E. Santon, late of King's College Hospital, who gives as his conclusion in a paper read before the Medico-Chirurgical Society—that chloroform narcotism is due to the imperfect stimulus of the vital functions by mal-oxygenated blood, and caused by the direct caustic action of chloroform upon the blood, and especially on the blood corpuscles and their cell-walls. If the blood be so much deteriorated as to supply an insufficient stimulus to the heart, death ensues by syncope. If stagnation be effected in the vessels of the lungs, death takes place by suspended respiration.

M. Saint Eclure, a French chemist, has noticed that when an iron rod is immersed in nitric acid of ordinary strength, the acid boils about the surface of the iron, and this action is continuous; but if steel be used instead of iron, this action of the acid only lasts for a few seconds, and then finally ceases. After the action of the acid has ceased the steel is said to be in a "passive" condition, and its capability of becoming thus "passive" completely discriminates it from iron. The cause of nitric acid acting upon steel only to a very limited depth is the accumulation of carbon on the surface as the iron of the steel is taken up by the acid.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—A husband recently cured his wife of divers ills by kissing the servant girl and allowing his wife to catch him at it. He says she was up in an instant, forgetting all her complaints, while he has never had to pay a cent for "help" since.

Deborah, from the Hebrew, means a bee; Rachel, a sheep; Sarah, a princess; and Hannah, the gracious.

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

The girls say that the times are so hard now that the young men cannot pay their addresses.