

[For the Torch]
BOTTLES.

A woman, wretched, and withered, and old.
Flood in the blast all so lilly cold—
Shivering and moaning—lilly cold.

She stood in the bitter and wintery night,
Haggard and ragged—a pitiful sight,
With her gray hair floating on the blast,
Which drearily howling hurried past,
She stood in the tavern's bright wind, a glare,
Whose crimson glow lit the frosty air,
And muttered and mumbled, sad and low,
"Bottles on bottles, in bold windrow—

"Bottles, glass stoppered, shapely and white,
All wicker-covered, and fair to the sight;
Bottles long, and slender, and round, and square;
Bottles there and here—bottles everywhere,
Old Guinness Stout, and wicked Tom Gin,
That let reason out, and the devil in.

"Bottles whence gleams the bright crimson
wine
To mar the pure image of God, divine—
That nerve the hand and fire the brain—
To win and to wear the brand of Cain.
Bottles on bottles, an accursed show"—
She muttered and mumbled, sad and low—
"A snare for the weak, and an overthrow,
Bottles on bottles in bold windrow.

"My curse be upon your bright ruddy glow!
On the bold hand, a curse, that has placed you
so.

"Twas you destroyed my blessing—my boy—
Of this old heart, the hope and joy;
You lured him from virtue's peaceful ways
Into sin's dark bewitching maze,
Until, crazy and wild, he seized the knife,
Oh in death perished then a faithful wife,
And sweet little Willie's fair forehead fell
Beneath the dread hand of a fiend from hell;
And from the sea-fold, grim and dread,
Swung my noble boy—swung cold and dead,
Cold and dead—dead and cold, in the autumn
night."

She muttered and murmured, an awesome
sight.

"Bottles on bottles, my curse on your shew!
Bottles on bottles in bold windrow."

GLOW-WORM.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

The sole proprietorship of *The Danbury News* has been assumed by J-oscoe M-omas Bailey, its popular editor. *Tant mieux*.—*N. Y. News*.

Some men are good because goodness pays best; some men are good for nothing.

"Comin' through the Rye" is what the young ladies of Rye (N. Y.) Seminary call graduating.

The most difficult advertisers to please, are the ones who manage to sponge free notices.—*Whitchall Times*.

The weathercock is perhaps the most vane of all birds.—*Worcester Press*.

Mrs. Misallot has advised Mattie to have her new pearl satin dress "degraded and tarnished with black lace," and to wear her "Voltaire diamonds as a belief."—*N. Y. News*.

When you see a lame cat you should always address it as "Old-limp puss."—*Whitchall Times*.

There are American newspapers that actually steal the paragraph that accuses them of stealing. It is enough to make a penitentiary blush.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

"I never enjoy poetry when I'm cookin'," said an old lady. "But when I step out to feed the hogs, and h'ist myself on the fence and

throw my soul into a few lines of 'Cap'n Jinks,' it does seem as if this airth was made to live on, after all."

The following correspondence passed between a gentleman who had loaned one hundred dollars and his friend: "Dear sir: In closing my books I find that you are indebted to me one hundred dollars. Please remit—Yours, etc." "Dear sir: In opening mine I find that I haven't a cent, so I can't—Yours, etc."—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

The Paragraphers Association talk of making an excursion somewhere the coming season. We suggest the Bay of Fundy.—*Cin. Saturday Night*. We amend by substituting for Bay of Fundy, the Isle of Write.—*Whitchall Times*.

Are you write about the name of that Isle? How would Pen-obscot or All jeers do?

The English language is inadequate to express the forlorn feelings of the boy who thinks he has stolen a dime novel and finds it to be a cook book.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

The Cincinnati Breakfast Table advises Mrs. Swishhelm if she wants to see a man "pick up something without hitching up his trowsers to relieve the bagging in the knee," let her keep an eye on the man chasing his hat on a windy day.

Meanness sometimes makes a saint. Some men are good only because it costs money to be wicked.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

This is the kind of weather in which to take cold. Do not be deceived by the flight of birds northward, by the sudden raising of windows, or by the sounding of accordions at midnight. Summer is not here. Keep on your thick shoes, and if you wear a red flannel pen-wiper on your chest, do not take it off until turkey's eggs are in bloom.—*Herald P. I.*

"Madame, do you know that you possess one of the best voices in the world?" said a sneaky fellow to a woman. "Indeed, do you think so?" she replied, with a flush of pride at the compliment. "I do most certainly," continued the rascal; "for if you hadn't it would have been worn out long ago." For the first time in her life the woman had not a word to say.

A Minneapolis boy was sent by his teacher, a woman, to the superintendent to be whipped. The lad suspected the contents of the note and hired a boy he met on the street to deliver it, giving him ten cents. The superintendent didn't discover till after castigation was over that the boy he had flogged had not seen the inside of a school house for a month.

The chimpanzee Nip in the New York aquarium has died. It was nip and tuck with him for several days, and then died tuck him.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

A lazy boy, near Stanwin, has conquered the kindling-wood question. He just backs his father's best mule against the wood-pile, and throws the milking stool at it.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A pauper died in a New Hampshire town and the town authorities were so extravagant as to put silver nails in his coffin. The deceased was Henry Silvernails.—*Boston Poreupine*.

A drunken coot stepped on a lady's trail in front of this office Saturday and this was his apology: "Sense m' mad'm 'sense me! F'yer dress hadn' been n'long'r at bottom 'n 'tis at top would'n step onit." He accepted wise counsel and ambled homeward without delay.—*Lowell Journal*.

Every new fledged father thinks he has the finest baby to be found. We spoke of Gowanda's twins last week with a little pride, but one of our correspondents seem to want to take away the palm. We will not quarrel with you on that question yet. We will wait awhile, and let you have it your own way, gentlemen.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER.

..... Is a Parrot gun a Repeater?
..... Is the gunner, who scores the rent of a gun, a sergent?
..... A question you need not answer without you choose. What time is the most fashionable among the Yankees? The spit-toon.
..... Why is a lost Parrot like a certain figure in Geometry? Because it's a Polly-gonte).
..... AN-EYE-DENTAL.—Getting your eye-teeth knocked out with an axe.
..... Does it require much cur-rage to face a mad dog?
..... Are sheets of steel good to sleep on, if so would they require to be ironed?
..... At what kind of a drill is a Regimental Band required to exercise? Pla-toon.
..... What kind of a gauge is the best to measure a man's character. His lan-guage.
..... Why is insuring vessels in Winter like a certain character in printing? Because its a wasty risk (an asterisk)
..... Does a graduate from a Baptist College receive a Diploma?
..... Which of the poets was an inverate tobacco chewer? Chaw-sir.
..... Do cubes of ice require frosting?
..... "SPLETTING HAIRS."—Preparing rabbits for soup.
..... What part of a rooster resembles a swell? A cock's comb.
..... When a man's gas is turned off for non-payment, why is it like a fine rain? Because it's a light mist.
..... For what kind of stakes do chimney sweeps generally run? For sweep-stakes.

FUNNY.—The Windsor Mail copies stale Yankee jokes, of the Danbury News variety, and locates the scenes in Kentville, Funny Mail!—*Kentville Chronicle*.

RIVALRY.—A difference of opinion between two young gentlemen of Harborville, as to which of them was the proper escort for a lady, on her way home from prayer-meeting, resulted in an "unpleasantness" from which one of them emerged with a broken nose, and the other with a dislocated ankle. The latter has been fined.—*Kentville Chronicle*.

Wilkins, of the *Whitchall Times*, says the proudest day in a woman's life is her first Sunday.—*Danbury News*. In case of twins, wouldn't her first Two's day be the proudest?—St. John Torch. Pro-bub-ly.—*Whitchall Times*. But if she has triplets, it is a Sadde-day.—*Burlington Starkeye*.

Wouldn't her first Weddin's-day be the happiest?

REPUTATION AND CHARACTER.—Reputation and character are two things which must never be confounded. The one is external; the other is internal. The one is determined by what other people say of us; the other is our inmost and real self. The one may vary with the caprices of the people; the other remains unaffected by the breath of applause or the mask of hypocrisy. Sometimes a man from certain circumstances, may have a good reputation, though his character is radically bad, and there have been cases in which the noblest men in point of character have been, just because they were acting out their principle, in very poor repute.