

Tear-Stained.

ONE day within the office door
 There came a woman lone;
 Her form the robes of mourning wore,
 And when she spoke, the tone
 Of voice was gentle, yet 'twas sad;
 And in her hand she bore
 The "little all" she had.

When scanned, it showed the watchful care
 Which had the treasure kept,—
 The only stains apparent there,
 Were made when true love wept.
 'Twas touching thus to see her bring
 Within that hand so fair,
 Love's tear-stained offering.

She said, "I never dreamed of this,
 That death could lay *him* low,
 And when he gave the farewell kiss,
 I could not have it so;
 But blessings on the cherished one,
 Who passed to heav'nly bliss,
 For what his love has done"

Could Not Afford It.

MR. B. gives us the following account of an acquaintance *who could not afford to insure*. He was a young mechanic with a wife and several children. He built houses, relying for capital chiefly on borrowed money. He would buy a lot, then get a loan, put up a house, and sell it. In order to use as much of his own money as possible, he mortgaged his home. Being thus cramped for capital, he thought he could not afford to pay out \$100 per year for life insurance. But one day he was taken suddenly ill, and in a few days more he was dead. It was found that all his property was in two houses—one of them his home—and both of them heavily mortgaged. The real estate market was dull, and the widow cannot sell either of them without a sacrifice. She cannot pay interest on the mortgages and support herself and family from the rent of one. There is danger that she will lose much of the small property left by her husband. A life policy of \$5,000 would have paid off both mortgages, left her a home free from debt, and a house to rent, from which she could have supported her family comfortably.—*N. Y. News Letter*.

"No judge of the supreme court of the state of Maine has ever died while holding office."

The first instance we ever met of men who did not need life insurance.

A FRUGAL wife said to the doctor who was cutting open the shirt of her husband, who had just fallen from apoplexy, "Please cut along the seam, Doctor."

"BOSTON has a business man who has written to his old mother every Sunday for 25 years, and regularly spent Thanksgiving with her."

We venture to affirm that man insured his life for that mother without being bored.

Isn't it the least bit funny that Elizur Wright, life-long insurance man, should be caught unsecured against a similar loss? He lost \$6,000 by the incendiary burning of his barn at Medford, with 25 tons of hay, two horses, four cows, and a bull; but there wasn't a cent of insurance.

I HEARD of a very old man like myself, who was asked what his age was. He answered: "The right side of 80." "I thought you were more than 80," said the inquirer. "Yes, I am beyond it," he replied, "and that is the right side, for I am nearer to my eternal rest."—*Rowland Hill*.

IN most policies of life insurance, among other questions occur: "Age of father if living? Age of mother if living?" A man in the country, who filled up an application, made his father's age 112, and his mother's 102. The agent was amazed at this showing, and fancied he had got an excellent subject; but, feeling somewhat dubious, remarked that the man came of a very long-lived family. "O, you see, sir," replied the applicant, "my parents died many years ago; but 'if living' would be aged as there put down." "O, I see," said the agent.

WHAT is the difference between an idler and an industrious man?

One wants to keep from work, and the other works to keep from want.

What is the difference between an industrious man and a tattler?

The first is a busybody in his own, and the second in other folks' matters.

What's *her* passage did the South Carolina Banking Board quote to the namesake of the Hebrew law-giver Moses?

"Who made thee a judge and a ruler over us?"

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.—Now look for a "corner" in ice, especially if your boots haven't got nails in 'em.

At the front end of this month a new year comes in. So the almanac says.

Just where it comes in nobody seems to know.

Darn'd if I haven't set up whole nights trying to see where the old year left off.

It's very easy to see where I left off my old boots, as I gaze with fond emotion on my new French calf box-toed ones; but this New Year business gits me rather badly.

About this time newspaper offices look out for "Odes to the dying year." They are generally owed for, too.—*Solon Shingle*.

A BUSINESS GIRL OF CHICAGO.—When a Chicago girl received a despatch from Wisconsin, announcing that her lover was going off with consumption, she telegraphed to his friends: "Has poor Jeffrey kept up his life insurance?" The friend telegraphed back: "Policy for \$10,000 in your favor is paid up till May 9, 1877. Poor Jeffrey cannot last after the first cold snap." The young lady then wondered philosophically how she would look in black, and telegraphed to Jeffrey:

"Darling, I will be with you on Tuesday, never to quit you during life.

LURLINE."

"It will be a sad loss to you, my love," said her mother. "Yes, ma," sobbed the girl, "but the loss is fully covered by insurance."

THEY had been engaged a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, love," he exclaimed, "only fifteen dollars for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh! no," he replied, "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.—*Metros' Journal*.

"Fred," said a young man, the other day, after listening to his wonderful story, "do you know why you are like a harp struck by lightning?" "No," says Fred, "I give it up." "Because a harp struck by lightning is a blasted lyre."

WHATEVER promises to pay is a favorable one men.

Spanish proverb: "When mothers-in-law fall out, then we get at the family facts."