

a customer from Arkansas demurred to paying a dollar for a cup of coffee and a roll, « 23 price he may luke large ; zat I admete ; but zen, sare, reflec zat you nafer hafe anozzer shance like zese for une huntret years. »

One Mrs. Van Auken, installed a Chinaman in her kitchen. The following conversation took place :—

« What is your name, Sir ? » said Mrs. Van Auken.

« Oh, my name is Ah Sin Foo. »

« But I can't remember all that lingo, my man I'll call you Jimmy. »

« Velly-welle. Now whachee name I callee you ? » asked Ah Sin, looking up in sweet simplicity.

Well, my name is Mrs. Van Auken ; call me that. »

« Oh, me can no membel Misse Yanne Auken. Too big piecee namee. I callee you Tommy—Misse Tommy. »

The mother of two sons, twins, met, a contemporary relates, one of the brothers in a field one morning.

« Which of you two boys am I speaking to ? » asked the mother ; « is it you or your brother ? »

« Why do you ask ? » inquired the lad prudently.

« Because, if it is your brother, I will box his ears. »

« It is not my brother, it is I. »

« Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it. »

« No mother, I am wearing my wearing my own coat. »

« Good heavens ? » cried the mother, looking at him intently, « you are your brother, after all ! »

« Ah ! Mrs. Dasher, » said gushing Mrs. Simpleton, during her morning call ; « how delight-fully that bouquet of violets and roses perfume your parlors. »

« Do you really notice it ? » replied the widow with a smile of ill-concealed triumph, « why, they're only artificial, my dear Mrs. Simpleton. »

That evening when Simpleton came home, he found his wife confined to her bed with a high fever, and no supper ready.

A SWEET ANSWER.—A little boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on a minute, and then said,

« I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie. I am sorry. » The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said, « Well, if you are sorry, it don't hurt me. »

A WAG, on seeing his friend with something under his cloak, asked him what it was. « A poniard, » answered he. But he observed that it was a bottle. Taking it from him and drinking the contents, he returned it, saying, « There, I give you the scab bard back again. »

SELECTIONS.

If pride leads the van, poverty brings up the rear.

He is in the way to be wise who can bear reproof.

The foundation of a good old age is laid in infancy.

It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

He who is thrown upon the world's hard charity is thrown upon a rock.

A Jalous smile adds an hour to one's life ; a heartleft laugh, a day ; a grin, not a moment.

Those who boast of plain speaking, generally like it only in themselves.

The wise man commands his tongue, but the fool's tongue commands him.

No manners are so fine as the most awkward manifestations of good-will towards men.

If you ever promise at all, take care, at least, that it be to nobody that may suffer by trusting to you.

Lift not a foot until you have previously ascertained the nature of the ground on which you are to tread.

Sincerity is the indispensable ground of all conscientiousness, and, by consequence, of all heartfelt religion.

We must look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.

The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

The smallest compliment we receive from another confers more pleasure than the greatest compliment we pay ourselves.

He who thinks for himself and imitates rarely is a free man.

Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

Laziness begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains.

Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.

Admit no guest into your soul that the faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

Unless a tree has borne blossoms in the spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.

The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have an humble opinion of ourselves.

Prayer was not invented ; it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart.

Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem very black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Human glory is not always glorious. The best men have had their calumniators, the worst their panegyrists.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know much dross was in our composition.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, put simply because home lacks sunshine.

The worst men often give the best advice.

Have the same regard for all the world that you would wish them to have for you.

You will find no greater enemy than yourself, if you suffer your passions to govern you.

Be industrious in business, intrepid in dangers, vigorous in acting, prudent in concerting, and prompt in executing.

Be easy of address, and courteous in conversation, and then everybody will think it a pleasure to have any dealing with you.

Receive your relations and friends with a smiling and engaging air ; if you do otherwise, you lose the pleasure of seeing them.