

HARPER'S DOLLAR STORE.

We would like to know how the Grocer sold the Polisman in the purchase of the stove.

STARR.

We would like to know how the Brewer Lawer liked the wipping he got for speaking to the Lady at the corner of the Dollar Store.

Whats the price of Buns, said Mr. B. to the Baker.

ASK THE BOSS.

WOMAN FORGIVES.

If it be true that « To err is human, to forgive divine, » it is no wonder that woman is so often spoken of as divine; for there seems to be nothing which she will not forgive.

This is often exemplified in the private histories of families, and not unfrequently in the course of public judicial proceedings. A striking illustration recently occurred in one of the criminal courts of London. A brutal husband was arraigned for having torn his wife's clothing from her back and then beaten her most cruelly.

There was no defence on the facts of the case but the divine spirit of the wife shone forth through all the darkness of the scene. She implored the court to take into consideration the circumstance that her husband was « very delicate, » and that, in consequence, his sentence should be light!

The Judge took a different view, and sentenced the prisoner according to his deserts.

THE LOVE OF WOMAN.

The *Harrisburg Patriot*, announcing the suicide of a drinking fellow, on bad terms with his father-in-law, says: « His wife, who loved her good-for-nothing husband, is quite frantic since the occurrence. »

Such is the love of woman! It often survives all merit in the person to whom it has once been given—accepting him with the same devotion when found to have been taken for the worse, as if he had proved to have been taken for better. It is the glory of the sex.

—SOUTH-WEST says: « I have two sweethearts. One is pretty and well accomplished, but poor; the other is not so pretty, nor so well accomplished, but she

is rich. I think I can marry either of them. Which would you prefer? Beauty and accomplishments on one side, and riches on the other; all other things being equal, such as temper, etc. » Perhaps if you would read your question and statement to the young ladies themselves, they would help you to a solution of the difficulty. Your state of mind discloses a degree of egotism and selfishness which, if not modified, would render you a disagreeable husband.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

After all the abuse and fault-finding and fuss that has been going on, from time immemorial, about mothers-in-law, it is time some one should say a good word for them. I'm speaking more of « his mother » than of hers, now; and I have often wondered whether girls who marry men with mothers, never have any appreciation of the mother's feelings—never understand how it might be that the dear old lady who has petted her boy so, who remembers him as her own little baby, who thought he would never leave her, but always love her better than any one else in the world, should feel hurt and grieved and astonished when he chooses to leave home to live with some girl whose bright eyes and pretty ways have charmed him.

Jealousy is a part of love of any sort. A mother cannot help being jealous. Often she must hate her rival in her son's affections, for a little while. She knows it is wrong, and if she is wise she will hide it; and after a while it will pass off, and she will find that she has a daughter as well as a son, and laugh at herself for feeling as she did.

But, at first—oh, daughters-in-law, you should be pitiful! Don't blame the old lady if she is very glad that her son does not like your ginger-bred as he does hers, or that you have forgotten a button. Human nature is but human nature. And when you are older, and a little boy sits upon your knee, you will begin to understand how much your husband's mother had to bear when he forsook her to cleave unto his wife.

STRANGE ACT OF A WIDOWER.

A Harrisburg man shot himself with an old musket. The cause assigned was melancholy, superinduced by the death of his wife.

This man was very much out of fashion. Most widowers solace their grief over the loss of a first wife by taking another.

MARRY AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Marry and hope for the best, my son,
Marry and hope for the best;
Then work with skill and an iron will,
And add to your household nest.
You have chosen a fair and goodly one,
Oh render her future blest, my son,
Her womanly future blest.

Marry and profit thereby, my son,
Marry and profit thereby:
Give God your heart as the better part,
And as for the rest aim high.
Let never a duty be left undone,
And never bid truth good-by, my son,
Never bid truth good-by.

Marry and hope for the best, my lass,
Marry and hope for the best;
Bring peace and love, like the turtledove,
To brighten your pretty nest.
And let your home mid life's mad whirl,
Be the place of beautiful rest, my girl,
The place of beautiful rest.

Marry and set up your throne, my lass,
Marry and set up your throne;
By night a queen you may reign supreme
Through love in one heart alone.
Be true to that one as the long years pass,
And you near the great unknown, my lass,
You near the great unknown.

Marry and hope for the best, young pair,
Marry and hope for the best;
When storms arise in the troubled skies
Keep hope as a cheerful guest!
In all your sorrow and joy and care,
Never forsake your nest, young pair,
Never forsake your nest.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

How do the gentlemen do before marriage?
Oh! then they come flattering,
Soft nonsense chattering,
Praising your pickling,
Playing at tickling,
Love verses writing,
Acrostics inditing.
If your finger aches, fretting,
Fondling and petting,
« My loving, »—« my doving, »
« Petscyng, »—« wetseyng, »
Now sighing, now dying,
Now dear diamonds buying,
Or yards of Chantilly, like a great big silly,
Cashmere shawls—brandy balls,
Oranges, apples—gloves, *Gros de Naples*,
Sweet pretty askuggies—ugly pet puggies.