

Let your penalties be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature—inevitable. The hot cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him the third time; it burns him every time; and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder. If you are equally consistent—if the consequences which you tell your child will follow specified acts, follow with like uniformity, he will soon respect your laws as he does those of nature. And this respect once established will prevent endless domestic evils.—*Herbert Spencer.*

GIRLS AND TOBACCO.—So you like the smell of a good cigar, do you? Well, I have heard young ladies say so before, but I always thought, if I was in their place, I would not tell of it. Whatever you may say, nobody will think you like the nasty, stinking thing for its own sake. Why, it almost strangles me. And after my papa has been smoking, I would almost rather he would not kiss me sometimes. I don't believe he would want to kiss me, if he should smell tobacco-smoke in my breath. I am sure he would not call me his rose-bud again very soon. I am very certain men don't like tobacco breaths in other people. I wonder if that is the reason they don't kiss each other? How do I know they don't like tobacco-smoke? Well, I can read some, and don't I see "No smoking" up around in ever so many places? And when I asked my papa what they did that for, he said because it was not nice to have tobacco-smoke from other people's mouths puffed into our faces. My papa said that himself. And then, on the ferry-boat, I see the men come flocking into the ladies' cabin, because their own is full of tobacco-smoke; but I don't see any ladies go into the men's cabin to get the smell of the smoke; and they don't scent their handkerchiefs with it, nor put it into bouquets. I should think, if they like it so well, they would have essence of smoke among their Cologne bottles. Bah! nobody will make me believe that a clean, sweet young lady cares anything about the smell of a cigar, unless there is a man behind it. And the men don't believe it, either. They may not say so, but they keep a-thinking, and they think you say it to please them, the egotistical fellows! Perhaps afterwards they'll say, as my brother Bill said the next day after you professed to like his cigar-smoke—he said it made him think of the young lady that took a few whiffs now and then when she was lonely, because it made it smell as though there was a man around.—*National Temperance Orator.*

Our Casket.

RUBIES.

MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

The following beautiful poem, composed by Father Ryan, was recited at the funeral observances at Savannah, Ga., recently on the occasion of the reinterment of Confederate soldiers at Gettysburg:

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our Nation's trust,
And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all,
From the private to the chief,
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them shall fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay;
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country are still the same,
They died and wore the GREY.

Wherever the brave ones died,
They should not rest apart—
Living they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their sacred clay,
Wherever it may rest—
Just as they march to the bloody fray,
Just as they fell on the battle day,
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave,
Without sword or flag, with a soundless tread,
We must once more take our deathless dead
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown,
They all are powerless now—
We gather them here and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreathe each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep,
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep.

"THE ETERNAL STARS SHINE OUT AS SOON AS IT IS DARK ENOUGH."

A child, grown restless, as the night came on
Tired of twilight, wondering where the day had gone;
Stood watching at the window with a weary sigh,
'Till heaven should hang its star-lamps in the sky.

"Mamma, why don't they come?" she questioning said,
Then looking up, "Come pretty stars," she sweetly pled.
Deeper the shadows of the night around her grew,
While patiently she peered the darkness through.

At last with shout of joy, a star she spied,
"I see one now mamma," "why not before," she cried;
The mother kissed her little eager lips and smiled,
"Because it was not dark enough, my child."

So shine the eternal stars in sorrow's night;
The deepest gloom but serves to bring their blessed light;
Take courage, then, look up! oh, heart that most has bled,
God's Stars of Hope are shining overhead.

A. G.

EMERALDS.

Doctor: "Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?"
Pat: "Yes, sir, be jabers, I have; but I don't feel any better; maybe the lid hasn't come off yet."

"Two Irishmen were traveling when they stopped to examine a guide-post. 'Twelve miles to Portsmouth,' said one. 'Just six miles apiece,' said the other. They trudged on apparently satisfied at the distance."

"Say Pat, why ever did you go to work for old Uncle Dan? He's the meanest man in the country." "Ma'n is it?" said Pat; "why, shure an' he's the foineest, aisyest-go'in' master iver I had; he gives a man fifteen hours to do a day's work in."

"Where are you living now, Moike?" "In Donegal street, number eleven. Come and say me." "Faith, I will. Shall I come in be the airy or be the front dhoo?" "Niver a ha'porth do I care, but as I'm occupyin' the garret, perhaps it wud be more convenient for ye to come in be the skhylight."

Master: "What made your cousin stay so late last night?"
Servant: "Faith, sur, he was afeared to go home, sur." *Master:* "Why didn't he go home earlier in the evening, then?" *Servant:* "Shure an' it wusn't till it wus late that he wus afeared?"