

TYT-BITS.

THE PLOW AND SWORD.

There was a Count, the story runs,
Who knew that shortly he must die,
So called he to him his two sons
To share his goods and property.

Now for a plow, also a sword,
The aged warrior made request;
They brought him, those the sons adored,
That he could make them his bequest.

"My eldest son, my valiant heir,
You will this sword in future wield;
The mountain with its castle there
And all of honor you shall shield."

"To you, not less, my kinder son,
To you the plow do I now give;
In lands which quiet huts stand on
There you in peaceful toil shall live."

Life-wearied then he falls to sleep
As he this simple blessing gives;
The sons his mandates truly keep,
And faithful are throughout their lives.

To-day where is that sword of will?
That castle and its hero man?
Where are the lands with villas still?
And where the humble, peaceful yeoman?

Oh! ask not how the story ends,
'Tis known full well throughout the throng;
To ruins deep the castle bends,
That sword has rusted long.

The lands, though, lie in lovely pride
Beneath the sunshine's glad-beaming rays;
The golden harvest ripens wide
For one has held the plow these days.

From the German, by H. F. Steinhilber.

Mrs. Yerger is much given to gadding. She is everlastingly on the streets, while Col. Yerger is much given to staying at home and smoking his pipe.

"I believe you love your nasty old pipe more than you do me," she remarked, indignantly.

"I guess I do. My pipe doesn't go out as often as you do."

A ten year old Boston girl, says the *Record*, asked her teacher the other day if India was our father country, just as England was our mother country. "No indeed," was the answer, "Why do you ask that?" "Nothing, only I see it's Farther India on the map."

DREW THE LINE AT SNORES.—The organ blower in a London church recently fell asleep during the service, of which fact the audience soon became conscious by his vigorous blowing of his own organ. The Rev. Arthur Hall, the preacher, after bearing it for a while, stopped and remarked: "I do not object to a quiet nap on a hot day, and am flattered at being able to contribute to anybody's repose; but, while proud at being able to give the beloved sleep, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I draw the line at snores. There is a man snoring in the congregation, and I shall be obliged if somebody will waken him." The offender was quickly roused.

A German school teacher was instructing his pupils how to act when the Grand Duke should pass through on the railroad, an event which was to occur next day. "Remember, children," said the pedagogue, "that as soon as the train arrives you are to yell as loud as you can: 'Long live the Grand Duke!' until he leaves." Next day when the Grand Duke arrived at the station, and graciously bowed from the platform of the special car, the school children made the welkin weary by yelling: "Long live the Grand Duke until he leaves!"—*Texas Siftings*.

NOT THE ORIGINAL GEORGE.—One of the managers of a home for destitute colored children tells a funny story about the way Washington's birthday was celebrated at that institution. She went out there in the afternoon to see how things were going on, and found a youngster, as black as the inside of a coal mine, tied to a bedpost with his hands behind him. "What's that boy tied up so for?" she asked the attendant. "For lying, ma'am; he is the worst lying nigger I ever saw." "What's his name?" "George Washington, ma'am," was the paralyzing reply.—*Washington Capital*.

SHE'D SEEN WORSE IN PRINT. It is narrated that a not over-highly intellectual literary Western girl met Mr. William Dean Howells for the first time lately, and becoming quite interested in his talk asked him for his autograph. Mr. Howells assented willingly, and wrote a very pretty verso to a very pretty girl. "Oh, Mr. Howells," she exclaimed, "How sweet! Is it original?" "Oh, yes," he replied smiling benignantly. "You don't say! Well, I should think you would write something for the newspapers, or the magazines. I've seen lots worse things than this in print."

The railroad companies want to lay their tracks with hardened sleepers. One of the New Haven ministers says that his congregation has material enough to set up a whole parallel road.

Speaking of wives' wages, it is mentioned that a happy couple agreed to bear equally the expenses of the family. One of the children fell ill, and a difference arose as to which should buy medicine for the little one. Both held out firmly. The result was that the child, getting no medicine, was soon well.

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