

change! His toothless gums and lips in vain essayed to frame a malediction suitable to the occasion. The cool breeze of night wafted over a head as bare as the glistening surface of a glacier. One eye was gone; blood streamed from his face. The situation was horrible. Augustus looked really pitiable.

Miss Petroleum gazed in consternation at the apparition. Tom Houston laughed outright, and a miserable hoodlum gathered up the fragments of his teeth, wig and eye, and offered them to Jones.

It is needless to say that Augustus suddenly disappeared from the rink.

Toothless, eyeless and hairless, he sadly rode to his boarding house in a hack. Sad to say—it grieves me to say it of my hero—he imbibed a quart of spirits and retired to bed in a sublime state of inebriation. Tom and Maggie are to be married in February. Augustus has become melancholy, and writes sad poems of broken hearts, etc. His landlady lately found the following unique gem in his bed-room:—

December 11th, 1876—

To 1 set teeth.....	\$ 50.00
" 1 orb.....	100.00
" wig.....	10.00
" clothing destroyed....	50.00
" hopes destroyed.....	10,000.00
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	\$10,210.00

Oh! I could very happy be
With my right arm around her;
But she is not, alas, for me,
And I am—well, confound her!

Miscellaneous.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—A young lady, who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestions to young men:

Dear gentlemen, between the ages of "eighteen and forty-five," listen to a few words of gratuitous advice. When you make a social call of an evening on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought, to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent with music, chess, or other games, to lend variety; but, kind sirs, by no means, stay longer. Make shorter calls and come oftener. A girl—that is, a sensible, true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of a father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then, sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother; and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to.

Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating, then, beware, monosyllable responses will be all you need expect. And if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs:—"Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and, taking your hat, meekly depart—a sadder, and, it is to be hoped, a wiser man. Do not get angry; but thenext time you come, be careful to keep within bounds. We want to rise early those pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and, as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings, but still must disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't—for pity's sake, don't—throw down your paper with a "pshaw!" but remember the safe side of ten.

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?—There is no more important demand than good reading for our children and young people. Their future welfare depends upon what they read more than we are apt to think. The mind, plastic as clay, receives good or bad impressions, which go to mould the general character, through the books and papers they read.

Fathers and mothers may well be alarmed for the safety of their boys and girls, in view of the country being flooded with sensational and vile trash. Yes, worse than trash, human vultures who live by corrupting the young and tainting all that is pure and true, by obscene, vulgar literature, are on the track of thousands of thoughtless young people. And if their parents and guardians are careless about what they read, or who they associate with, these vultures, will devour their soul and body.

The emissaries of evil are busy. You may think its not "economy" for you to spend a few dollars each year in good books and papers, and may allow your children to pick up such reading as comes in their way. But you'll find in the end that the most expensive thing in this world is a child whose mind and body have been corrupted by vile literature. You may refuse to subscribe for a paper that your child may call its own, and read as a right and privilege; but ten chances to one that child will have papers thrust into his or her hands that will cost you in tears, and agony, and money, a thousand times more than good papers would have done.

There are those who make it a business to seek out boys and girls who can be approached and put obscene books and pictures into their hands, free of cost. They may begin the attack upon virtue by very innocent reading, leading on and on till the nature is totally corrupted.

And now we want mothers who read this, and fathers too, to understand that these statements are not extravagant, and to know that this is not confined to the lower classes of society, but that all classes are being assailed. Even the sons and daughters of ministers are not exempt from these assaults of vice. Our college students are in great danger.

Anthony Comstock found among the letters seized when Sarah Sumner was arrested "for sending out obscene literature," several hundred letters from young misses, many of them at school,