

belt and flung the empty sheath away; then, lifting his blade, he pointed it toward Heaven, clasped it to his heart, and shouted "Forward!" NAPOLEON'S "star" went down, and he mourned over lost Waterloo. Would you be ignorant, talk incessantly; would you get knowledge, listen.

Never in the history of any country, in any age, has there been such a mighty work before youth as that before the American boys to-day; and I might say never were young men so ignorant of and unfitted for, their work. Each one wants the other to row the boat while he catches the fish. And all believe in luck; but I tell you, boys, pluck wins more battles than luck. Wishing is the easiest way in the world to get a poor living. Looking for the fortunate star to rise is like standing on the ocean's strand, waiting and watching for wealth-laden ships to come over the sea that never "put out." Wishing brings a small income, and the taxes on it are enormous. Don't say the world owes you a living, until you have earned one. Idleness in boys and girls is any nation's blackest curse.

And there is just as great a work, and just as noble a one, for the young woman as for the young man. When the girls, in earnestness, cast aside the loose cloak of vain fickleness, and, donning the beautiful garments of laboring purity, come forth from the sickly chamber of the "accomplished," asking "what shall we do?" and bearing the motto "Woman's ability shall see light," then the boys will become more earnest, more temperate, more like men.

Then, boys, be not afraid or ashamed of labor. Hard hands, brown, strong arms and sun-burned faces, and healthy, manly forms, are honorable. Take "Excelsior" for your motto.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

The best exercise of memory—Remembering the poor.

ROOSTERS.

There is not on the whole horizon of live nature a more pleasing and strengthening study than the Rooster. This remarkable package of feathers has bin for ages food for philosophik as well as the simple curious mind. They belong to the feathered sekt denominated poultry, and are the husbands of men's wives. In Utah it is considered a disgrace to speak disrespectfully of a rooster. Brigham Young's coat of arms is a rooster, in full blast, crowing till he is almost bent over double backward.

The flesh of the rooster is very similar to the flesh of the hen; it is hard to distinguish the difference, especially in yure soup. Roosters are the pugilists among the domestic birds; they wear the belt, and having no shoulder to strike from, they strike from the heel.

Roosters, according to profane history, if my edukashun remembers me right, were formerly a man, who came suddenly upon one of the heathen gods, at a time when he was prepared to see company, and was, for that offense, rebuilt over into the fust rooster, and was forever afterward destined to crow, as a kind of warning.

This change from a man accounts for their fighting abilities, and for their politeness to the

hens. There is nothing in a man that a woman admires more than his redness and ability to smash another fellow, and it is just so with a hen.

When a rooster gets licked, the hens all march off with the other rooster, if he ain't half so big or handsome.

It is pluck that wins a hen or a woman.

There is a grate variety of pedigree among the rooster race, but for stiddy bizness give me the old fashioned dominique rooster, short-legged, and when they walk they always strut, and their buzzums stick out like an alderman's abdominal cupboard. This breed is hawk colored, and has a crooked tail on them arched like a sickle, and as full of feathers as a new duster.

But when you come right down to grit, and throw all outside influences overboard, there ain't nothing on earth, nor under it, that can out-style, out-step, out-brag, or out-pluck a regular Bantam rooster.

They always put me in mind of a very small dandy, practicing before a looking-glass.

They don't weigh more than 30 ounces, but they make as much fuss as a tun. I have seen them trying to pick a quarrel with a two-hoss waggon, and don't think they would hesitate to fight a meeting-house if it was the least sassy to them.

It seems to be necessary that there should be something outrageous in everything, to show us where propriety ends and impropriety begins.

This is the melancholy case in the rooster affair, for we have the shanghai rooster, the gratest outrage, in my opinion, ever committed in the annals of poultry.—*Josh Billings.*

"Whose pigs are those, my lad?" "Why, they belong to that 'ere big sow." "No, I mean who is their master?" "Why, that little 'un; he's a rare 'un to fight."

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the codfish said when it swallowed the bait.

Mrs. Ruggs, a widow, having taken Mr. Price for her second husband, and being asked how she liked the change, replied, "Oh, I got rid of my old rug for a good price."

It has been ascertained that some ladies use paint as fiddlers do resin—To aid them in drawing a beau.

"Did you know," said a cunning Gentile to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and Jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed," retorted Solomon, "den it is well that you and I are not dare!"

ANAGRAM.

Tubealufi tomous saw hatt fo dol,
Wenh het brewsch throub, twih a yoj duntol,
Teh realiset sear of hte penring roen,
Dan dail meht nowd by the tarsal' orhn;
Newh eth dooperisth vewad meth rebofe eht Lord,
Hilew the viger fo vesthars lal earths doread;
Thaw figts Rome dustie loeud nam raptim
Ot sexpers teh wolf shi fulgarte thear!

Answer to Poetical Enigma in last number, "The Alphabet." Answer to Charade,

"Sparrow." Answer to Riddle, "One longs to eat, and the other eats too long." We have received but few answers this month; our readers are not yet much acquainted with them. We will give you but one anagram this month. Correct answers sent in.

Answer to Charade.

KILSYTH, Nov. 3d, 1868.

WM. WELD.—Dear Sir: I have found the answer to the Charade in November No. The bird which on the Farmer thieves is the Sparrow.

As to the Enigma, I cannot make it out. I send you an Enigma of my own make up. If you have none on hand for the next number, it might perhaps be of use to you.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 14, 1, 12 is a bird.

My 6, 5, 8 is an animal that flies.

My 1, 5, 8 is what everybody does.

My 6, 1, 7 is an insect that provides us food.

My 6, 1, 8 is a Spanish silver coin.

My 6, 5, 8, 9 is a seaport town in England.

My 10, 2, 7, 1, is to run away.

My 13, 5, 6, 11, 12 is a house.

My 6, 5, 11, 8 is an allurement.

My 8, 3, 12, 13, 5, 12, is a flask.

My 4, 11, 12, 12, 3, 5, is a flower.

My 4, 3, 12, 13 is a kind of mineral.

My whole is the name of the one who composed this.

P. S.—My Father takes your paper, and is very well satisfied with it; he says he wouldn't be without it, suppose it should cost \$10 a year. He is going to try and get up a club this winter.

Answer to Anagram in Oct. No.

WALES, Oct. 29, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—In looking over your paper for October I noticed an Anagram, which by a little study I think I am now ready to send in as a correct answer—it is this:

The sun shines brightly down the glen,
And the winding river gleams,
Clear as the joyous song of birds,
By shaded forest streams.

The pure air breathes on every leaf,
With sweetest fragrance fraught;
Like a mother's blessing on her child,
Or a poet's purest thought.

The Puzzle I make out as Baltimore. I hope I am right. Miss Janet McLean also makes out the Anagram as I do. I hope we are right.

Your friend and well-wisher,
MINERVA HENRY.

The above answer to Anagram for October number, was omitted in our November publication.—Ed.