

For Friday Afternoon.

NOTHING TO SHOW.

MARY H. ROWLAND.

"My day is all gone"—'twas a woman who spoke,
 As she turned her face to the sunset glow—
 "And I have been busy the whole day long;
 Yet for my work there is nothing to show."
 No painting nor sculpture her hand had wrought;
 No laurel of fame her labor had won,
 What was she doing in all the long day,
 With nothing to show at the set of the sun?
 What was she doing? Listen; I'll tell you
 What she was doing in all the long day,
 Beautiful deeds too many to number;
 Beautiful deeds in a beautiful way;
 Womanly deeds that a woman may do,
 Trifles that only a woman can see,
 Wielding a power unmeasured, unknown,
 Wherever the light of her presence might be.
 She had rejoiced with those who rejoiced,
 Wept with the sad, and strengthened the weak;
 And a poor wanderer, strayed in sin,
 She in compassion had gone forth to seek.
 Unto the poor her aid had been given,
 Unto the weary the rest of her home;
 Freely her blessings to others were given,
 Freely and kindly to all who had come.
 Humbly and quietly all the day long
 Had her swift service for others been done;
 Yet for the labor of heart and hand
 What could she show at set of the sun?
 Ah, she forgot that our Father in heaven
 Ever is watching the work that we do,
 And records He keeps of all we forget,
 Then judges our work with the judgment that's true;
 For an angel writes down in a volume of gold,
 The beautiful deeds that we all do below;
 Though nothing she had at set of the sun,
 The angel above had something to show.

MY ADVICE TO YOU.

Don't be lazy!
 There is full enough to do,
 Enough for me, enough for you.
 Don't be lazy!
 Drive at something, keep a-driving,
 If you would be rich and thriving.
 Don't be lazy!
 Don't be lazy!
 Stir about and you will find
 Something that will suit your mind.
 Don't be lazy!
 'Tis a truth well worth your knowing,
 Idleness has rapid growing.
 Don't be lazy!

A LITTLE BOY'S FIRST RECITATION.

G. A. P.

I think it's not an easy task
 To speak a piece in school,
 But still I do not wish to ask
 To be excused the rule.

For little boys must some day take
 The places of the men,
 And if they would good speakers make,
 Must try and try again.

This be our motto: and now here
 I'll close my little rhyme,
 Hoping, should I again appear,
 To better do next time.

—Good Times.

Humor.

Suzette, a bit of a French girl, being a guest at her grandmother's house, had been liberally feasted, when a second dish of pudding came on. Looking at the steaming dish, she exclaimed with a sigh:

"Say, gram'ma, I wish I was twins."

"Do I love George," mused Clara, softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for?"—Just then Bobby burst noisily into the room, and interrupted her sweet meditations. "Get out of here, you little brat!" she shouted; and seizing him by the arm, she shot him through the door. "Ah! no," she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought. "My love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher, and holier."

Mother—"Whom do you think baby resembles?" Uncle—"It has its father's nose." Mother—"and my mouth." Uncle—"Yes; fact. And I also notice that, with papa's nose and mamma's mouth, it leaves precious little room for forehead."

"Are you familiar with Bryant?" asked a young lady of a timid young man whom she was trying to draw out. "Oh, yes," he replied proudly, brightening up. "I graduated at one of his business colleges."

Teacher—"Suppose you have two sticks of candy and your big brother gives you two more, how many would you have then? Little boy (shaking his head)—you don't know him, he ain't that kind of a boy."

Old Professor Hurthard used to say that the students "couldn't fool him." For his part, they might joke all they pleased; "but they couldn't catch him." About three o'clock one morning a party of students went over to the professor's house and rang the bell. By-and-by Professor Hurthard clad in his dress-gown, opened a window, and thrusting out his head, asked what was the matter.

"Why, Professor," said the spokesman, "the burglars are bad, and we thought we'd stop and tell you that one of your windows is open."

"Which one?" he asked, anxiously.

"The one you have got your head stuck out of, Professor!" replied the students, howling derisively in chorus.

Some of the violin cases are shaped like coffins. Two street urchins in New York, seeing a musician in a black cloak, with a violin-case carefully held, paused, and gazed in wonder after the figure. At last one of the lads exclaimed:

"Well, Tommy, blest if that ain't the smallest funeral I ever see!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the hen, when she found a porcelain egg in her nest. "I shall be a bricklayer next."

Big sister (shouting to Bobby): "Bah-see! Bah-see! You are wanted to do an errand."

Bobby (shouting back): "Tell mother I can't do it now. I'm too busy."

Big sister: "It's not mother that wants you. It's father."

Bobbie (hastily): "All right. Tell him I'm a-comin' liko a streak o' lightin'."

It was one of the good little boys from a Sunday-school near Boston, who gave this interpretation to a verse taught by his teacher: "Behold a greater than Solomon is here!" "Hold a grater to Solomon's ear!" When at a loss to give the answer "Cain" to a question relative to that individual, the teacher, to jog his memory, asked: "What does a man walk with?" Quick as a flash came the reply, "A woman."

The following advertisement appears in a Southern paper:

"Teacher wanted in District No. 10—Masculine gender; one who will prohibit tobacco-chewing, swearing, and fighting in and around the school-house; Democrat or Methodist preferred. D. W. Smith, director."

A north-side school-teacher showed me an excuse which a ten-year-old boy wrote for his absence one day last week. He signed his father's name to it. It read as follows:

"Miss —: Please exchange Joey. He was necessity obtained."

A would-be complimentary editor writes a puff about the "mild schoolmarm of Brownsville; the intelligent compositor renders it the "wild" schoolmarm. Query: "which is she when she reads the item?"

A newly married lady who recently graduated from Vassar College, is not very well posted about household matters. She said to her grocer not long since:

"I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago, and they were very fine. Have you got any more like them?"

Grocer: "Yes, ma'am, there are ten of those hams hanging up there."

"Are you sure that they are all off the same pig?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I'll take three of them."