

SELECTED.

"S'pp'ing only what is sweet;
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Words at Parting.

If you were starting on a long, long journey,
And loving friends were near
To say farewell and witness your embarking,
What would you wish to hear?

Would you desire that with distracting wailings
They cling, and pray you stay?
Although they knew the going and the passage
Were planned for many a day.

Would it appease the pangs of separation
If they should all declare
No draught of pleasure should by them be taken
While you were elsewhere?

But that each hour their doleful lamentations
Should sound to call you back?
They would not sing, nor laugh, nor join in joyance
But mourn, and mourn, alack!

Your soul would sink, and every day of absence,
Lie heavy on your heart;
The profit and the pleasure of the journey
Would every whit depart!

What would it count if most exquisite landscapes
Were spread before your eyes?
You could not see their beauty for a vision
Of home-hurt miseries.

The riches of the wondrous, far off country
Would be ungarnered all,
Because forsooth, you must be so enfeebled
By self-love's hungry call.

O, how much better that the friends in waiting
Bid you God speed, and say
"We will avail us of the good things left us
The while you are away.

"We will not famish. Think of us as thriving,
Constant in love, and true.
If illness seize you, or mischance befall you,
Why—we will come to you!

You could depart, peace, like a white-robed angel,
Keeping you company;
Calm, free, and heartsome, growing and enriching
By what you hear and see.

So should it be when through death's gate of silence
Those near to us depart—
Vex not their souls! Bespeak a pleasant future
With great love in your heart.

The theory has been advanced that a cross dog will not attack a man who lifts his hat to the animal, "as it presents to the dog's mind the apparition of a living creature taking himself apart." A Norristown man met a savage dog yesterday and gave the theory a practical test. It was not a gratifying success. It took a dollar's worth of court plaster to stick the man together. Some of him came apart in reality, but the dog didn't seem to care a particle.—*Norristown Herald.*

Within an Inch of My Life.

DURING the earlier years of my medico-military career I was selected as the Assistant-Surgeon of the Army Lunatic Asylum, then established in one of the eastern counties of England. At the time of the appointment I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward for good services done; but as I did not see it quiet in the same light, I went and interviewed the chief who had thought so much more of me than I did of him.

"Sir," said I, "some men are born to honors; others have honors thrust upon them; the latter is my case. I don't understand one bit about the treatment, moral or medical, of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I verily believe, was more knave than fool; and I can't help thinking that if you send me to the asylum you are sending the round man to fit into the square hole."

"That is not on the slightest consequence," answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues; "not the layste in loife. Round or square, the hole will fit you to a T; and if so be that ye don't know anything consarnin lunatics, why the sooner ye learn the bether Ye'll be plazed to jine widout delay. Good morning." So he bowed me out, and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were, "jined" forthwith.

It is one of Shakspeare's wise sayings that "Use doth breed a habit in a man." Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men of Queen Victoria's land forces, I found myself highly interested with their pretty and well-cared-for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and getting rid forever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider, naturally enough, entertains when brought into contact with the denizens of a mad-house. With a pass-key which was an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wonder over it unattended either by the keeper or orderlies; and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon the occasion I have elected to name "Within an inch of my Life."

In the afternoons, when the patients were not indoors, it was my practice to go through every part of the building, inspecting it sanitarily. I was doing so, as usual, upon a certain winter's day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars. He was a private soldier of the Forty-fifth, or Sherwood Foresters—a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat puzzling the head surgeon and myself. Without entering upon details, I shall merely say that we had doubts upon his case, and had recommended his removal from the asylum to the care of his friends. Meantime, however, he was to be closely watched, and no garden tools or other implements put into his hands. How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be where I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me his melancholic demeanor ceased; he advanced with rapid strides towards me, and I saw at a glance that he meant mischief of some sort or other; for every muscle in his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I confess