

Suspicious Symptoms.

A minister who was perhaps not too careful in his habits was induced by his friends to take the t. etotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer, and his doctor ordered him to take one glass of punch daily.

"Oh!" said he, "I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish."

"When do you shave?" the doctor asked.

"In the morning."

"Then," said the doctor, "shave at night; and when Peggy brings you up your hot water, you can take your glass of punch just before going to bed."

The minister afterwards appeared to improve in health and spirits. The doctor met Peggy soon after, and said:

"I'm glad to hear, Peggy, that your master is better."

"Indeed, sir, he's better, but his brain's affected; there's something wrong wi' his mind."

"How!"

"Why, doctor, he used to shave at night before going to bed, but now he shaves before dinner, he shaves after dinner, he shaves at night—he's aye shavin'!"

The symptoms were, indeed, very suspicious.—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for December.*

Testing His Affections.

A mean trick was played on an Austin darkey, Mr. James Crow, not long since. He had been paying attention to one of Uncle Nace's daughters, it being generally understood that she was to get, on her marriage, a house and lot, which Uncle Nace has reserved. Uncle Nace is a sly old coon, and determined to test the genuineness of his future son-in-law's affections, so the other night, as they were smoking their pipes, he said:

"Mr. Crow, I has been cogitatin' ober matters and things, and I has come to de 'clusion not to donate Matilday dat ar house an' lot on Austin Avenue, for de reason—"

Mr. Crow sprang to his feet in a fine rage. He pulled down his vest, and slinging his stovepipe hat on the side of his head, said:

"In dat case, our future relations done cease to exist, from dis moment, sah."

"But let us talk, Mr. Crow. I was going to say—"

"O, go hire a hall, and invite yer friends to attend!" exclaimed Crow, insolently.

"Ail right, Mr. Crow. Our future relations has done cease ter exist; but I only wanted ter let yer know dat de reason I objects ter Matildy habin' dat house on her weddin' day is because it am too small, so I am gwine ter give her dat two-story cottage on Pecan street, which am wuff twice as much."

Jim tried to explain his position on the University question, so to speak, but Uncle Nace solemnly lifted up a boot the size of a ham, and pointed to the gate, so James took the hint, and refused to linger.—*Texas Siftings.*

A LADY PRESENT.—Yesterday morning a couple of farmers, whose wagons, filled with vegetables, stood on the market, got into a dispute about some trifle, and they were using some very strong language just as an old woman with a basket came along. She halted and listened for a moment, and then, giving one of the disputants an energetic thump over the head with her basket, called out:

"Give your jaw a rest, you brute you—there's a lady present!"

His jaw rested.

CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN.

ED. FAMILY CIRCLE.—Immediately on receipt of the June number of the "Circle" we tried Lillie's way of frosting glass and were well pleased with the result. It was just what we required. I hope she will be as well satisfied with "Anna's" method of using hair combs. I have not bad time to try it yet.

I would receive some information about the cactus. The different kinds, the care they need, and when they usually blossom; also, if Verbenas can be grown from a cutting.

Will some one who knows please tell how to make an autograph pillow.

KATE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Daniel Gray.

If ever I shall win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called among the gifted
In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
"Help us, oh Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering and to conquer" rounded
The loftier aspiration of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him,
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes of rarest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous word for sin of every kind;
Alas! that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rosebud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

—Dr. J. G. Holland.