

Above or below, or within or without,—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.
 But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,"
 He would build one shay to beat the town
 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldn'* break down;
 —"Fur," said the Deacon, "'tis mighty plain
 That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest

To make that place uz strong uz the rest."
 So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 The crossbar were ash, from the straightest trees;
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like 'ese;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
 Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,—
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.

"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"
 Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turn'd grey,
 Deacon and deaconess dropp'd away,
 Children and grand-children where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen hundred;—it came and found
 The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten:—
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came:—
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and *fifty-five*.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start,
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thill,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sill,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whippetree neither less nor more,
 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five;
 This morning the Parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
 Drawn by a rat-tail'd, ewo-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
 He had got to *fifthy*, and stop'd perplex'd

At what the—Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 —First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock.
 At half-past nine, by the meet'n'-house clock,—
 Just the hour of the earth-quake shock!
 —What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once,—
 All at once, and nothing first,—
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.
 End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

BEING A BOY.

One of the best things in the world to be is a boy; it requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that he does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy. There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should be almost willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slowly he can go on an errand. Perhaps he couldn't explain, himself, why, when he is sent to the neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. It is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each other do nothing.

But say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place, he has to do all the errands, go to the store, the post-office, and to carry all sort of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road have supposed he was amusing himself and idling his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion; so that he could economise his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business.—
Charles Dudley Warner.

THE DYING STREET ARAB.

It knows what you mean, I'm a-dyin'—
 Well, I ain't no worse nor the rest;
 'Taint them as does nothin' but prayin',
 I reckon, as is the best.

I ain't had no father nor mother
 A-tellin' me wrong from the right;
 The streets ain't the place—is it, parson?—
 For sayin' your prayers of a night.

I never knowed who was my father,
 And mother, she died long ago;
 The folks here they brought me up somehow—
 It ain't much they've teach'd me, I know.