

Irish Humor.

THE ADVENTURES OF MICK CALLIGHIN, M. P.

A most amusing book is "The Adventures of Mick Callighin, M. P.," just published in London. Mick, on the evening before leaving the paternal roof to seek his fortune, goes to the room of his tutor, Father McQuade, whom he found enveloped in a capacious night robe, surmounted by a cap of the ancient extinguisher shape, tied around his head with a red cotton handkerchief of a wonderful pattern.

"An' now," said he, "kneel down till I give ye my blessing. I'm not in my canonicals, but all the pitchers I've seen o' the blessed Sint Pether represents him wid bare legs—seein'. I suppose, bein' a fisherman, he had frequently to wade in the salt wather; an as for driss, I never seen more on him nor I've an mysilf this blissed minit. It's not the vismints makes the praste, Mick, nor the gintleman ayther, as maybe yell foind to yer cost."

In the course of events Mike gives assistance to a man driving pigs to market. Both being hungry they go into an eating-house, and one of them takes up a dirty newspaper which is well marked with mustard.

"Mustard," said Larry, "bedad that reminds me av Micky Murphy and Dan Collins, two frins av moine that came over to England for the rapin av the harvist, and was walking on the quays in this town, an moind ye now, Danny had niver been over before, but Micky had niver been out or the car-radius of the town of Tipperary. They war that hungry after the vyage they didn't know what to do at all at all. Thin Danny sees 'Ristorant' writ up over a shop. 'See now,' ses he, 'that's a place to ate,' an in they both goes, an thin sur they sees the waither wid a towel over his arm, and ses Danny, ses he, 'What can we get to ate?' 'Any thing at all,' ses the waither. 'Thin bring a plate o' mate,' ses Danny. So in comes the waither with a plate o' mate an a large bowl of mustard; an moind ye now, nather Micky or Danny had iver seen mustard before in all their born days. 'What's to pay for the mate?' ses Danny. 'A shillin', sur,' ses the waither. 'An what's that?' ses he, pointing to the bowl. 'That's mustard,' ses the waither. 'An what do ye do wid it?' 'Yez ate it wid the mate, to be sure.' 'And what's to pay for it?' 'Nothin', sur,' ses the waither. Thin Danny looks at Micky, an Micky looks at Danny, an they both winks. Whin the waither turned his back, ses Danny, 'see here now, Micky,' ses he, 'I'll tell ye what we'll do, we'll pocket the mate for the journey, an ate the stuff they give for nothin'; an wid that Micky rolls up the mate in his hankercher, an puts it in the crown av his hat; an Danny he kep stirrin' up the mustard, an after a while he opens his mouth an takes a great dollop av it. Down goes his head, an the tears kep runnin' down av au his eyes. 'Danny, lad,' ses Micky, 'what does be the mather wid ye?' Danny would'nt let out at all. 'But,' ses he, 'whin iver I think o' the death o' me poor great-grand-father that was kilt at the battle o' the Boyne, I can't kape from cryin' at all.' 'Don't take on wid ye loik that,' ses Micky. 'There now, we're over in England, an we'll make a power o' money at the rapin before harvest's over.' All this time Danny he was stirrin' the mustard, and he hands the spoon to Mickey. He takes a big spoonful, too, an the tears come runnin' down his nose. Danny wakes up, an ses he, 'Micky,' ses he, 'what does be the mather wid ye?' 'Fegs,' says Micky, 'I'm cryin because ye warn't kilt along wid yer great-grand-father at the battle o' the Boyne!' Ha! ha! ha! Begarra he gave him a 'rowlint for his illphant' that toime!

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.—I have no objection to a man parting his hair in the middle, but I shall allwuss insist upon his finishing up the job bi wearing a short gown and petticoat.

There is sutch a thing az too much energy. I have seen those who were like a yung hound in the chase, get away ahead of the fox.

There iz nothing we have got so little ov, and nothing we think we hav got so much ov, as originality.

It ain't so much the amount a man knows, az the ability to use what he duz kno at the right time and place, that makes him a power.

I have been trying to find out for the last forty years at what time ov life a man iz the most phoolish, and just as soon as I find out, I will let you kno.

More Truth Than Poetry.

"Every cloud has a silver lining,"
"Yes, but you know 'tis hid from sight,"
"Behind the cloud the sun is shining,"
"Making others a pleasant light."

"To every sorrow a joy belongeth,"
"For some one else, but not for me,"
"Have hope—'tis that which overcometh"—
"Much better yet, my friend, a V."

ADRIETTA SLAGGLE.

How Boys May Succeed in Life.

The choice of a occupation depends partly upon the individual preference, and partly upon circumstances. It may be that you are debarred from entering upon that business for which you are best adapted. In that case make the best choice in your power. Apply yourself faithfully and earnestly to whatever you undertake, and you cannot well help achieving a moderate success. Patient application sometimes leads to great results.

You emphasize the fact of your being a poor boy, but this affords no grounds of discouragement. Not only many, but most of our successful business and professional men were trained in the hard school of penury.

Rich boys are often spoiled, and their energies sapped and undermined, by luxurious habits, the too free use of money, and the lack of that discipline which comes from indulgence.

As an element of success great stress must be laid upon incorruptible integrity, which, of late years, is unfortunately rarely found. A business man once said to the writer,—

"I can find plenty of smart young men to work for me. What I want is an honest clerk, whom I can implicitly trust."

Scarcely a day passes in which some defalcation is not brought to light.

Wide-spread misery often results from the lax principles of some young man placed in a position of trust. Let your young friend resolve that he will live on bread and water rather than appropriate a penny that is not his own. Let him imitate the stern integrity of John Quincy Adams, who would not write a private letter upon Government paper, but provided a separate stock of stationary for such uses. A boy or man who establishes a reputation for strict honesty will not remain out of employment.

A good mother, when her son was leaving the home of his childhood and going out into the great world, knowing that he was ambitious, gave him this parting injunction:

"My son, remember that though it is a good thing to be a great man, it is a great thing to be a good man."

No sounder or truer words were ever spoken. A great man may dazzle, but a good man is a beacon shining afar, by whose beneficial light a multitude are enabled to walk in safety. The best success is often achieved by the humblest, and an obscure life well-spent is better than a wicked renown.

A MASTER OF CEREMONIES.—"Now you Hamerican gents," said the master of ceremonies at Halifax to a party of American visitors, "afore you are introduced to 'is Hexcellency an' 'er Royal 'Ighness, there's a few rulesto be hobserved. Don't hexpexorate hon the carpet has you're in the 'abit of doing at 'ome, you know, and don't keep your 'ats on, has you halways do in Hamerica. And no revolvers or bowieknives is hallowed to be drawn in the presence of 'is Hexcellency an' 'er Royal 'Ighness, wich is what you're doing of in Congress continual. An' you'll walk in forwards, an' you won't think of shaking 'ands with 'er Royal 'Ighness, nor even with 'is Hexcellency; nor, hof course, you won't hadress 'em as 'old hoss' nor 'old sardine,' as if you was talkin' to your President, you know. You'll simply bowan' hassume a hatitude of reverence, so far as you know 'ow, and then retire backward out of the royal presence."

"What is your name?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a boy. "My name's Jule," was the reply; whereupon the teacher impressively said, "You should have said Julius, sir. An now, my lad," turning to another boy, "what is your name?" "Billious, sir."

It iz the little bits ov things that fret and worry us; we kan dodge a elephant, but we kan't a fly.

Queer-Tempered People.

One unpleasantness about these queer-tempered people is, that you never know when, or where, or how to have them. If they are "not i' the mood," it is in vain for you to strive to please them or to get help from them. You must watch your opportunity—whether for communicating information, or for asking a favour—as closely as you watch the tide, or the wind, or the starting of a steam-vessel or a railway carriage. They are all honey, or all gall; and it sometimes happens that the gall is most plentiful when honey is most needed. The husband, while at work, or on his way home, meets with something that doesn't please him; and, though his wife has got a nice meal ready, and greets him with a smile, he sits down with her and the children without saying a word to either, or giving merely a grunt, or a "yes," or a "no," to any question that is put to him. Instead of cheerful intercourse, all is gloom or glumpiness for an hour or two. Or the wife may be the offending party. Something has happened of a pleasing nature, which the husband hastens home to communicate; but the wife, because her copper-flue is out of order, or her bread has turned out heavy, or the line has broken and let her clothes in the dirt, or her babe is "cross," or "Bet, that clumsy thing! has broken the teapot that was dear mother's favourite for thirty years," or some other matter not of very deep interest to the husband, is sullen or complaining, and the poor man can hardly get a civil answer from her. These breezes do not blow long, and rarely rise into a storm; yet the family atmosphere would certainly be much more pleasant if it were not disturbed by them at all. The persons to whom we now refer are not what people would call bad-tempered—far from it; nor do we mean to say that the families, of which they form a part, are not, upon the whole, happy families.

How Diphtheria Was Spread.

A few weeks ago a young girl, who had just recovered from diphtheria, was taken by her parents to visit a family in a neighboring town. She slept with the children in that family, and shortly afterward three or four of them were taken with the malady, and some have since died.

The family permitted relatives and neighbors to visit them, and the result is several cases in the neighborhood. They had public funerals, even keeping the remains of one child an unusual time waiting for another to die, so as to bury them together—and this also spread the contagion.

The physician was not powerfully impressed—as some physicians are not—with the contagious character of the disease; therefore he did not take the necessary precautions for the protection of the neighborhood or of his own family, and the result is that one of his own children has died and another is dangerously ill. A lady who went to one of these houses to robe the victims for the grave has called at houses in the vicinity where there are children, without any change of her garments or any attempt at disinfection, and has fondled the children in those families apparently in utter ignorance of the danger to which she was exposing them.

AVARICE INCAPACITATES FOR ENJOYMENT.—In order to enjoy any kind of good, it is indispensable that we should experience some degree of contentment during the period of enjoyment; "but he that loveth silver shall never be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance, with increase." The desire of riches enlarges faster than the most successful and romantic increase of gain possibly can; and were acquisitions to accumulate as rapidly as the most favoured minion of fortune could wish, the eager mind would still overleap its possessions, and demand new additions to its wealth with accelerated avidity. As the desires increase, the fear of losing, and the reluctance to enjoy what is accumulated, are proportionally increased. Instead of furnishing himself with more gratifications, and enjoying them more highly, the miser lessens them in number and degree, and tastes them with a more parsimonious relish. His dwelling, his dress, his sustenance, his attendants, all continually become more decayed, mean and miserable; because he feels, or fancies himself less and still less able to afford, first conveniences, then comforts, and then necessities. "Although he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth; yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof:" a rich man, who lives like a beggar, is only a beggar dreaming that he is rich.