

In one of the Southern Presbyteries, composed of colored members, there was a lively canvass for the choice of an Elder to go to Buffalo to the General Assembly. Several candidates were urged, on the ground that they were lawyers and able speakers. A brother objected to them. They were not, he said, representative men. His favorite was a rough, uncultivated specimen, such as the Southern fields produced in plenty. He would make a true and honest, if not an eloquent delegate. Other speakers added their views, and finally a brother brought down the house by urging the eminent qualifications of an Elder who had served a term in the penitentiary! He was now a truly reformed man, and thus entitled to the preeminence, as illustrating in his own person and history what the Gospel could do for the colored man.

Guilty Anyhow.

The great Irish agitation, Daniel O Connell, was at one time defending a man accused of murder at Clonmel. The circumstantial evidence was so strong against the prisoner that the jury had already determined upon their verdict of guilty, when the man, supposed to be murdered was brought into the court, alive and unhurt. The jury were desired to return their verdict at once, and they did so, but it was one of guilty. "What?" exclaimed the astonished judge, "what does this mean? If the man has not been murdered how can the prisoner be guilty?" "Please your honor," said the foreman, "he's guilty. He stole my bay mare three years ago."

Honein's Shoes.

The proverbs of a people are often illustrated by, or take their rise in, stories of a humorous character, and Arab proverbs are no exception to the rule. Here is an instance: There was a certain shoemaker named Honein, and an Arab came to purchase a pair of shoes at his shop. The usual bargaining began, the cobbler asked twice the proper price and the Bedouin offered half. The son of the desert, however, was impatient, and before the proper mean had been arrived at gave up the game of haggling and went off in high dudgeon. Honein resolved on revenge, and hurrying forward on the road where he knew the Arab would have to pass, he threw down one of the shoes. Presently the Arab came up, and seeing the shoe said to himself: "How like this is to one of Honein's shoes. If the other were but with it I would take them." Honein had in the meanwhile gone on further still and thrown down the other shoe, hiding himself close by to watch the fun. When the desert Arab came to the second shoe he regretted having left the first but, tying up his camel, went back to fetch it. Honein at once mounted and rode off home, well satisfied with the exchange of a camel for a pair of shoes. When the Arab returned on foot to his tribe, and they asked what he had brought back from his journey, he replied, "I have brought back nothing but Honein's shoes." And the saying became proverbial for a bootless errand.

The Puzzled Pig.

The *Knickerbocker*, a New York magazine, has the following piece of drollery:—One of our western farmers, being very much annoyed last summer by his best sow breaking into the cornfield, search was instituted in vain for a hole in the rail-fence. Failing to find any, an attempt was next made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance; but, of course, without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; and posting himself at night in a fence-corner, he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside the field, and emerge at the other end within the enclosure. "Eureka!" cried he, "I have you now old lady." Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out once more, to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place, and shortly emerge again. "Her astonishment," says our informant, "at finding herself in the same field whence she had started, is too ludicrous to be described. She looked this way, and then that; grunted her dissatisfaction; and, finally, returned to the original starting-place, and after a deliberate survey of matters to satisfy herself that it was all

right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, and turning about, retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned short round, and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing or driving ever after induce her to visit that part of the field. She seemed to have a superstition concerning the spot."

A THOUGHTFUL FELLOW.—The other night a policeman observed a man hanging around the entrance to a Michigan avenue hall in a queer sort of way, and he asked him if he belonged to the Order then in session up-stairs. The man replied that he did, and the officer enquired, "Then why don't you go up?" "Well, I was thinking of it." "Haven't been expelled, have you?" "Oh, no." "Aren't afraid of anybody?" "No." "And you haven't lost your interest?" "I might as well tell you," said the man, after beating around a while longer. "I went down to Toledo a few days ago, and somehow the story came back here that I was drowned. My lodge thereupon passed resolutions to the effect that I was honest, upright and liberal, and a shining ornament, and that what was its loss was my gain. I wasn't drowned, as you see, but I kind o' hate to walk in on 'em and bust these resolutions. I've tried it three times, and I can't get higher up than the fifth stair before I weaken."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Darling Kathleen.

I wonder if any wine ever was made
As red as the lips of my love?
I wonder if any eyes ever so mocked
The blue of the heavens above,
As the soul-lighted eyes of my darling Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

I wonder if tresses e'er grew quite so brown,
Or had so bewitching a curl,
Or shone in the sunlight so golden and brown
O'er the brow of a true-hearted girl,
As shades the white brow of my darling Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

I wonder if ever a form more divine
Disported 'mid bowers of love,
Or floated with space-burning wings through the air
With angels of light up above,
As the ravishing form of my darling Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

I wonder if ever a womanly breast
Was rarer or fairer to view,
Or covered a heart that was freer from guile,
Or beat with a passion more true,
Than the snowy white breast of my darling Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

I wonder if ever a passion-dewed kiss
Was given by warm lips to man
That seemed more a foretaste of heavenly bliss,
Or was more to be coveted, than
A warm, loving kiss from the lips of Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

It is stated that the Bank of France has almost entirely abandoned chemical tests in favor of the camera for detecting forgeries. The sensitive plate not only proclaims forthwith the doing of the eraser or penknife, but frequently shows, under the bold figures of the forger, the sum originally borne by the cheque. So ready is the camera to detect ink marks that a *carte-de-visite* inclosed in a letter may to the eye appear without blemish, while a copy of it in the camera will probably exhibit traces of writing across the face, where it has merely been in contact with the written page.