

Short Hints Concerning Sickness.

Don't whisper in the sick room.

When the doctor comes to see you, remember how many pairs of stairs he has to climb every day, and go down to him if you are well enough.

Remember that sick people are not necessarily idiotic or imbecile, and that it is not always wise to try to persuade them that their sufferings are imaginary. They may even at times know best what they need.

Never deceive a dying person unless by the doctor's express order. It is not only wrong to allow any soul to go into eternity without preparation, but how can you tell but that he has something he ought to tell or do before he goes away?

If you have a sick friend to whom you wish to be of use, do not content yourself with sending her flowers and jelly, but lend her one of your pictures to hang in place of hers, or a bronze to replace the one at which she is so tired of staring.

Don't have needless conversations with the doctor outside of the sick room. Nothing will excite or irritate a nervous patient sooner. If you do have such conversations, don't tell the patient that the doctor said "nothing." He won't believe you, and he will imagine the worst possible.

In lifting the sick, do not take them by the shoulder and drag them up on the pillows, but get some one to help you. Let one stand on one side of the patient, the other opposite; then join hands underneath the shoulders and hips, and lift steadily and promptly together. This method is easy for those who lift, and does not disturb the one who is lifted.

Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and he is about the house, or perhaps going out again. Strength does not come back in a moment, and the days when little things worry and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and execute, are the most trying to the sick one, and then comes the need of your tenderest care, your most unobtrusive watchfulness.

The Benefit of Flowers.

It is a decided mistake to think that money expended in purchasing shrubs and plants is thrown away; but on the contrary, it is frequently the most direct way to increase the pecuniary value of your estate. In well arranged lawns and gardens, with neat fences and flowering vines clustering over the piazza, porch and windows, they give such an air of refinement and beauty to your home that it will often attract the passer-by and create in him a desire to possess it.

The most successful speculator in real estate whom I ever knew fully understood this secret, and as his wife possessed a great love for flowers and a rare taste in their arrangement, her talents were of great use to him in his business affairs.

He would purchase an estate—dilapidated and run down—at a small cost, and after making a few repairs he would move his family into the house, and in six months the garden would be brilliant with flowers of every hue, while the rustic porch or piazza that he had added would be covered with rapidly growing vines, thus transforming a very ordinary looking house into

"A sweet home in which to live and die."

Then the place would be offered for sale, and it would soon be purchased at a decided advance upon the original cost.

I asked the wife how she liked the continued removals from house to house.

She shrugged her shoulders *a la Francaise*, and said:—

"Ah! that's another thing! but we have children to educate, and this is my husband's business; so if I can help him to earn money, and can give my children an education that will fit them to battle with life, why, I ought to be content; and then Mr. H. is always good and kind, and makes the moving as easy as possible for me."

Ah! thought I, there's the kernel in the nut shell; and if all husbands were good and kind, there would be more husbands who would take less heed to their own discomfort in promoting their welfare in business matters.

Flowers and vines add a refinement, all their own, to every home; and there is no gorgeous upholstery, no rare draperies of velvet and lace that can equal them in the adornment of our apartments.

Just look at the window at which I sit. No lace curtains fall from gilded mouldings, but the brackets of imitation bronze are screwed into the sides of the window, and each one holds four or five pots, from which hang clustering branches of tradescantia and moneywort, while tall, shapely fuchsias lift their flower-covered heads in perfect loveliness, and bright-hued geraniums contrast beautifully with their graceful bells, and dark-veined ivy leaves entwine about the walls and pictures, and on the window sills stand pots of fragrant heliotropes, sweet tea roses, primroses and calla lilies, and a hanging basket, gay with various kinds of oxalis, is suspended from the centre of the window.

Can you see how they enliven the room with their beauty and fragrance?

Do you know how attractive they make my little parlor?

And yet they cost but a small sum; but "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." S. O. J.

Speak Not in Haste.

Time to me this truth has taught—

'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:

That more offend from want of thought

Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,

There's a time we should convey it;

If we've but a word to say,

There's a tone in which to say it.

Many a beauteous flower decays

Though we tend it e'er so much—

Something secret on it prays

Which no human aid can touch;

So, in many a lovely breast,

Lies some canker grief concealed,

That, if touched, is more oppressed—

Left unto itself is healed.

Often unknowingly, the tongue

Touches on a cord so aching

Pains the heart almost breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,

Many a fault of human blindness,

Has been soothed or turned aside

By a quiet voice of kindness.

Time to me this truth has taught,

'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:

More offend from want of thought

Than from any want of feeling.

HUMOROUS.

"Avoid that which you blame others for doing," says one of our wise men. Well, things have come to a pretty pass if a man can't kiss his own wife.

"Don't show my letters," wrote a Rockland young man to a young lady whom he adored. "Don't be afraid," was the reply; "I'm just as much ashamed of them as you are."

"How's your husband this evening, Mrs. Quaggs?" "No improvement, doctor, one way or the other."

There is a kind of economy that don't pay; it is the kind that people resort to after they have squandered all their munny. The man who lives the life of a toady is a kind of human spit-box. A gentleman can't hide his true karakter enny more than a loafer can. Peace is what we all long for, and what we get tired of the quickest. The man who can control his wants is the only one who can control his happiness. The man whom you can flatter you can abuse at your leisure. Epitaffs are like cirkuss bills, there is a grate deal in the bills that is never performed. It don't pay to be mean; no man ever dun a mean thing yet without being dissatisfied with it. All of the successful vices have made their debut under cover of sum one of the virtues. Cerimony in society are absolutely necessary to preserve good order; most people have no other idee of good breeding than cerimony. —*Josh Billings.*

"Cousin Fred, you're not at all nice, now you are married. Why, you haven't paid me a compliment for ages. Have you forgotten how to compliment?"

"My dear Clara, I've been married two years, and of course I'm awfully out of practice."

Two Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same chamber. In the morning one of them inquired of the other, "Dennis, did you hear the thunder in the night?" "No Pat, did it really thunder?" "Yes; it thundered as if hiven and earth would come together." "Why the dence then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape whin it thunders."

"What! going to leave us, James?" "Yes, sir; I'm very sorry, sir, but I really can't put up with missus any longer!" "Ah, James, think how long I've put up with her!"

"What do you charge for a quart of your milk, here?" asked a man, as he put his head in the door of the milk-shop. "Eight cents," was the reply. "Ain't you got any for seven cents?" "No," said the proprietor; "but," he added, "we can make some."

All women play cards alike. Watch a woman at a game of whist: "La, me, Henry, is it my play? Let me see—second hand low—that's the first time around of that suit, ain't it? Well, I'll play—no, I hardly think I will—now you stop looking at my hand—did you see anything—of course I'm going to play; but I must have time to think—what's trumps—spades? I thought 'twas clubs—well, I'll—no—yes—well, there!" Then she will clap an ace on her partner's king, and insist upon keeping the trick for fear she will be cheated out of it in the final count.

Two gentlemen having a dispute, one went to the other's door early in the morning and wrote, "Scoundrel!" upon it. The other called on his neighbor and was answered by the servant that he was out, but if he had anything to say he could leave it with him. "No," says he; "I was only going to return his visit, as he left his name on my door this morning."

Could anything be neater than the old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted she was too heavy. "Lor, Missus," said he, "I've used to lifting barrels of sugar."

"Mamma, where do the cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

Pretty Dear (Mother).—Nice little girl—"Oh, do let me see you drink!" Captain Gregson—"Why, my dear?" Nice little girl—"Because ma says you drink like a fish."—*Judy.*

Mr. Gudgeon—"Oh, I say, now, Miss Ada, you are fishing for a compliment." Miss McAngle—"Oh, dear, no; I never fish in shallow waters."

"In the sentence 'John strikes William,'" remarked a schoolmaster, "what is the object of 'strikes'?" "Higher wages and less work," promptly replied the intelligent youth.

"I never can enjoy poetry when I'm cookin'" said an old lady; "but when I step out to feed the hogs, and hist myself on the fence and throw my soul into a few lines of 'Cap'n Jinks,' it does seem as if this airth was made to live on after all."

A traveller in a steamboat not particularly celebrated for its celerity, inquired of a gentleman who stood next to him what the boat was called upon which the latter replied, "I think, sir, it is called the 'Regulator,' for I observe all the other boats go by it."

He stood shivering around the Central Market, a drop of rain finding its way down his spinal column now and then. He recognized the fact that the season had closed, and that sleeping under sheds had become cold and monotonous. "I've got to lay out plans for the winter," he was heard musing as he dived into his empy pockets. "I'm kinder 'fraid that the public are sick of grass-hopper and fire sufferers, and I know they are up to snuff on the dodge of the clergyman driven out of Arkansas by the Ku-Klux. Let's see:—I might be a Russian or a Turkish exile, but I can't talk the language. I might be a settler driven out of Idaho by the Indians, but the war is ended. All these kerosene and gunpowder accidents are old, the public don't care any more who gets hurt on railroads, and my eyes are too good to play of blind. 'Nother hand organ wouldn't pay, the chestnut business is too cold, and folks won't buy any more tooth cure. Hang it, all the dodges are played, and here I am as hungry as a wolf and clothes all gone! It looks as if the day wasn't for off when we'll all have to go to work and wear ourselves down to the bone to get a living."—*De-troit Free Press.*