

pere never was stouter than a drum-major; Sainte-Beuve regarded his grinning Falstaffian stomach as his greatest misery in life. Eugene Sue, like Byron, dreaded getting fat, and indulged also in vinegar and lemons, as the pre-Bantam cure. Modern men of genius are great trencher men; Hugo mixes fish, flesh, vegetables, sweets, etc., upon his plate, and devotes an hour to excavating his tunnel through the "olla podrida;" *Dumas pere* ate three rumpsteaks, but then he said that was from foresight, as he could never count upon the next day for a meal; Rossini devoured as much macaroni as would give indigestion to ten lazzarones; he preferred the rattle of a "batterie de cuisine" to the finest orchestra. The lean men of genius do not count such as Lamartine, De Musset, etc., their bones pierced their skin, and did not at all flatter the French goddess Glory. Besides, such celebrities belong to the schools of "Sorrows of Werther," and the "Nouvelle Holoise." They thought too much and never laughed.—*Paris Correspondent of Belgian News.*

The Fall.

Here is a boy's composition on fall: This is fall, because it falls on this season of the year. Leaves fall, too, as well as thermometers and the price of straw hats. Old toppers, who sign the pledge in summer, are liable to fall when fall cider-making opens, for straws show which way the cider goes. Husking corn is one of the pleasures of fall, but pleasure isn't good for boys, I don't think. Old men want a little fun; let them husk. A husky old man can go through a good deal of corn sometimes. Digging taters is another of our fall amusements. The way I like to dig taters is to wait until they are baked nicely, and then dig them out of their skins. Most winter schools open in the fall. The best winter school I went to didn't open until spring, and the first day it opened the teacher took sick, and the school house was locked up for the season. Once in a while we have a very severe fall, but nothing like the fall of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Summer is misnamed. It should be called pride, for doesn't pride go before a fall?

Men At Church Fairs.

The lords of creation make the appropriations and run the church. But wait till the interest day comes, or the old church needs a new roof, or the steeple blows down, or the furnace-flues need treatment, and see how they come purring around the ladies, gently hinting, "Hadn't we better have a fair?" And how they promise! They would put to shame an insurance-agent. O, yes they will attend to every-thing; fix up the tables, twine the decorations, get the tickets printed. But, come to the pinch, the lazy fellows can't be coaxed to even bring sawdust to stuff a pin-cushion. Men attend to fairs! Pshaw! Why, they won't come to a sewing-circle, unless it is to eat up the refreshments. They turn up their noses if you ask them to do so simple a thing as to take a day from business to match a shade of worsted, when they know that the sofa-pillow for the fancy-table is unfinished; and so far as tending tables is concerned, they are always nibbling the high-priced caramels, giving over-weight to the young ladies, don't know a pillow sham from a slipper-case, and are not competent to superintend a grab-bag.—*Chapin Home Advocate.*

A Good Sermon.

"That was a good sermon, was it not that we heard last Sunday."

"True, for you, yer honor an illigant one! It done me a power of good, intirely."

"I'm glad of that, Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?"

"Sorra a bit of me knows what it was about at all."

"And yet you say it did you a power of good."

"So it did, sir; I'll stick to that."

"I don't see how."

"Well, now yer honor, look here. There is my shirt that the wife is often washing; and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water and soap, and starch that is gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water or soap, or starch, or blue, has stayed in, d'ye see? And that's just the same with me and that sermon. It's run through me, yer honor, an' it's dried out of me; but all the same, just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and the cleaner after it."

Love.

BY EDGAR M. CHIPMAN.

The heart condemned to sigh in vain
For human love and sympathy,
Has reached the depths of mortal pain,
And drained the cup of misery.
No life can be more desolate,
Or woesome, wretched, or forlorn;
No other has such bitter cause
To curse the day when it was born.

The heart will fly for sympathy
E'en to the meanest loving thing;
And happier far, the slave beloved,
Than is the loathed and hated king!
We strive to win each other's love;
The heart craves love, as flowers the dew;
When dew drops fall, the flower dies;
If love prove false, hearts wither too!

Love draws the monarch from his throne,
And lifts the peasant to his place;
Has conquered worlds, and lost them, too
And blessed and cursed the human race.
It wins the scholar from his book,
The miser from his hoarded gold;
Is never forced, but comes unsought;
Is always given—never sold.

Our lives were aimless, useless, void,
Were there no love to lure us on;
Like shipwrecked mariners, we leave
A heaven of stars, to follow one!
It is by words, and looks, and smiles
Love prompted, and so freely given,
Our world is made most beautiful,
The bright epitome of Heaven!

A Queer Story.

Charles Fox told us of an American friend who once felt a concern to get somewhere, he did not know where. He ordered his gig, his servant asking where he was to drive. "Up and down the road," said the master. At last they met a funeral. "Follow this funeral," said the master. They followed in the procession until they came to the churchyard. While the service was being performed the friend sat in the gig; at its conclusion he walked to the grave, and exclaimed solemnly: "The person now buried is innocent of the crime laid to her charge," and then returned to his gig. An elderly gentleman in deep mourning came up to him in great agitation and said: "Sir, what you have said surprises me very much." "I can't help it; I can't help it," replied the other; "I only said what I was obliged to say." "Well," said the mourner, "the person just buried is my wife, who for some years had lain under the suspicion of infidelity to me. No one else knew of it, and on her death-bed she again protested her innocence, and said that if I would believe her then, a witness to it would be raised up even at her grave-side."—*Memories of Old Friends—Caroline Fox.*

A SENSIBLE LAWYER.—Some time ago a man went into a Baltimore lawyer's office in a state of great excitement and asked him to commence proceedings for a divorce. Mr. Dobbin heard him through, and then said, "I think I have something that will exactly suit your case; sit still and I will read it to you." The man remained seated, all ears, supposing he was to listen to Blackstone or Kent, when Mr. Dobbin began to read "Betsey and I are Out." By the time he had ended the man's eyes were full of tears. "I believe I will go home," he said. And he and his wife have lived happily ever since.

The fact comes out in an investigation of the State Agricultural College of Pennsylvania that the ways of the students are wonderfully free and easy. Witnesses swear that boys of ten and twelve drink and smoke; that "some little fellows had pipes in their mouths all day long, and would frequently swagger into the class room in a state of intoxication;" that the fumes of rum and tobacco were strong in the hall, and that one lad had an attack of delirium tremens.