

I WOULDN'T! WOULD YOU?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would follow
Such fashions as our girls do—
Who dress in the finest of silk, then besides
Wear bracelets that shine as if new:—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would bend
As graceful as Grecianers do;
Who struts down the street to exhibit her feet,
While the boys stand with eyes all a-askew:—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would try
To cut herself almost in two,
With the hope that she'll o'erhear somebody say,
"That's a nice little waist, I tell you:—"
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

And the girl who ought to wear shoes number four,
Yet torture themselves with a two,
And then with the Boston limp, onward they go,
With the grace of a kangaroo:—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would cut
Such extras as most of them do;
Who try to convince all the gents that their hump
Is the natural flesh as it grew:—
I wouldn't give much for all such—
Would you?

Sawdust and Chips.

Judge—Well, you are fond of stealing; if I should let you steal now what would you steal? Prisoner—I would steal away, your Honor.

"Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to the head?"—"Oh! it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum."

Small, but active bootblack to a wearer of thirteens:—"Say, boss, le' me black yer boots. Do it for five cents an acre, and warrant it done before sundown."

"Never be critical on the ladies," was the maxim of an Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a true gentleman will ever attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

The mother of an unmanageable Irish boy thus excused him to the police: "Sure, Patsy isn't a bad boy at all; but he's only troubled with a rush of mind to the brain."

Newly married daughter—"Mamma, how long does the honeymoon last?" Practical parent—"Till you ask your husband for money, my dear."

"Why, Emily, how do you do?"—"I am very well, Julia. I celebrated my wooden wedding last week." "Why, I didn't know you were married. How did you celebrate it?" "By marrying a blockhead."

A young lady who lately gave an order to her milliner for a bonnet, said, "You are to make it plain, but at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

An Iowa man recently died from swallowing his pocket knife and injudicious medical treatment combined. He got along very nicely as long as the knife was closed; but, when the doctor gave him opening medicine, it killed him.

Josh Billings says that the difference between a mistake and a blunder is this: "When a man puts down a bad umbrella, and takes up a good one, he makes a mistake; but when he put down a good one, and takes up a bad one, he makes a blunder."

It must be nice to go to that Iowa school. A lady teacher at Des Moines called a boy up, and made him show how he kissed the big girls in the woodshed. After he had showed her, she further punished him by making him stay after school. He says he don't want to graduate for two years yet.

A thick-headed squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith, took his revenge by exclaiming, "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove! I'd make him a parson."—"Very probably," was the cutting reply of the eccentric clergyman, "but I see your father was of a different mind."

Walter, a five-year old, was surprised at breakfast by the presence of a diminutive egg, served for his special delectation. He thus accounted for the egg's smallness, "Mamma, I think the chicken was learning to lay."

A GALLANT SCHOOL BOY'S TOAST.—"The girls! May they add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply general affections, divide time by industry and recreation, reduce scandal to its lowest denomination, and raise virtue to its highest power!"

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a young country bumpkin, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads." And this was the artist's reply, "Er—er—not all of 'em. I didn't make yours, for instance."

Lord North, who was very corpulent before a severe sickness, said to his physician after it, "Sir I am obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintances." "Who are they, my lord?" inquired the doctor. "My ribs," replied his lordships, "which I have not felt for many years until now."

An awkward-looking, stage-struck hosier went to see one of the New Orleans theatrical managers, some time since, and solicited an engagement. "What role would you prefer, my friend," asked the manager. "Wal, squire," said the would-be Western Rascals,

"I ain't partial to rolls, nohow—corn-dodgers is my favorite."

A gentleman riding a very ordinary-looking horse, asked of a negro whom he met, how far it was to a neighboring town. The negro, looking at the animal under the rider, with a broad grin of contempt, replied: "Wi dat ar hoss, massa, it's jist fo'teen miles; Wi' a good chunk ob ahoss seben miles; but if you jist had Massa Jemmy's hoss, gosh! you're dare now!"

A close fisted old fellow, in treating a friend to some liquor, poured out a very small drink. The latter, taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked very skeptically: "You say this is forty years old?" "Yes," replied the host. "Then," replied our friend, "all I have to say is, it's very small for its age!"

"I declare," said an old lady, reverting to the promise made on her marriage day by her liege lord, "I shall never forget when Obadiah put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'With my worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry-goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple then, and did not know till afterward that it meant one calico gown a year."

A guest in a hotel in Belfast, Maine, on being told that dinner was ready, stripped off his coat, and, accompanied by his wife, entered the dining-room in his shirt-sleeves. A waiter brought him a bill of fare, which he regarded curiously, and then laid it down. Pretty soon another bill of fare was placed in his plate. Then he arose in his wrath, exclaiming: "I didn't come here to read show-bills; I came after some dinner."

A one-legged Welsh orator, named Jones, was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him, "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it was settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a deuced good thing if it had only settled in your head."

A worthy miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished. "But," said he, "I am a very industrious man. I wish to pop my head in, so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window." "Very well," said the painter; it shall be done so." He painted the mill and the mill window. The miller looked at it. "Very well," said he, "but where is myself looking out?" "Oh," said the painter, "whenever one looks at the mill, you know, you pop your head in to preserve your credit for industry." "That's right—that's right," said the miller; "I'm content—just so. I'm in the mill now, ain't I. Just so; that will do."

Grains of Gold.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Let what you do be done with a will. Energy and perseverance will accomplish wonders.

The grand essential of happiness in this life is something to hope for and something to love.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

Two wrongs never make one right. It is better to repay evil by good deeds than by wrong doing.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

Happy are families when the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

Passions, like wild horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous in the extreme.

An impatient man is like a fiery horse champing the bit and yet restrained by it. Time is the curb that holds us all in check. We can neither overleap nor break through its barriers. Better to wait tranquilly than to fret our lives away in struggles that are powerless.

The first vision that comes to the brain of an infant is love. It is first, also, to girlhood and motherhood. So it is the last of earth and the first of heaven. But come it when or where it will, the stamp it leaves upon the soul is impressed with the word "beautiful."

Everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it round, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it round find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

Examine yourself. Do it impartially; do it faithfully; do it often. Sit down by yourself, and shutting out all thoughts on other subjects, review your own life for the last day—for the last week. Recall both your acts and your words, for both to others and yourself your words are often as serious realities as your actions.

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