

**Our Home Girl.**

**BABY'S SHOES.**

Oh, those little, those little blue shoes!  
Those shoes that little feet use.  
Oh the price were high  
That those shoes would buy,  
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet  
That no more their mother's eyes meet;  
That by God's good will,  
Years since, grew still,  
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And Oh, since that baby slept,  
So hushed, how the mother has kept,  
With a tearful pleasure,  
That little dear treasure,  
And over them thought and wept!

For they remind her evermore  
Of a patter along the floor;  
And blue eyes she sees  
Look up from her knees  
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,  
There babble from chair to chair  
A little sweet face  
That's a gleam in the place,  
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then Oh wonder not that her heart  
From all else would rather part  
Than those tiny blue shoes  
That no little feet use,  
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

**COME HOME.**

Darling, I am very weary,  
Tired of life and all its care,  
Longing so to feel your kisses  
On my brow, and face, and hair;  
Since the weary day we parted,  
Said the hours have worn away,  
And I'm watching for your coming,  
Hour by hour, day by day.

Have you weary been and lonely?  
Has the time gone slowly by?  
Or, 'mid pleasures and gay revels,  
Have you long since ceased to sigh  
For the arms that once cradled you,  
And the eyes that watched for thee?  
In the happy days now vanished  
Only memory's left to me.

Gentle breeze of summer sunset!  
Can ye not unto me bring  
Some fond token of my darling,  
On your light and balmy wing?  
Lift my curls and whisper softly—  
Weary one! oh, murmur not!  
Your fond love is not all wasted,  
You will never be forgot!

Summer birds, bear on your bosom,  
From that bright land whence you come,  
Some sweet message of kind import  
To the weary waiting one.  
Quiet stars! in pale, calm beauty  
Kindly beam where'er he be!  
Angels guard him! Heaven guide him—  
Safely home at last to me.

—Waverley Magazine.

**SELF-CULTURE.**

We men are not mere fragments—we are whole; we are not single qualities—we are realities of mixed, various, countless combinations. Therefore I say to every man: As far as you can—partly for excellence in your special mental calling, principally for completion of your end in existence—strive while improving your one talent to enrich your whole capital as a man. It is in this way that you escape from that wretched narrow-mindedness which is characteristic of every one who cultivates his specialty alone.

It is a great preservative to a high standard in taste and achievement, to take every year some great book as an especial study, not only to be read, but to be conund, studied, brooded over; to go in the country with it, travel with it, be devoted faithfully to it; be without any other book at the time; compel yourself to read it again and again. Who can be dull enough to pass long days in the intimate, close, familiar intercourse with some transcendent mind, and not feel the benefit of it when he returns to the common world?

But whatever standard of mental excellency you thus form in your study of the excellent, never, if you wish, let your standard make you intolerant to any other defects but your own. The surest sign of wisdom is charity, and the best charity is that which never ostentatiously parades itself as charity. For your idea of a man as he ought to be, always look upward; but to judge man as he is, never affect to stoop. Look your fellow-men in the face. Learn all you possibly can; and when you have learned that all, I repeat it, you will never converse with any man who does not know something worth knowing better than yourself.

**THE DOG'S FACULTY OF SCENT.**

A writer in *Land and Water* claims for each variety of dog the faculty of special scent:—The collie can hunt his master's footsteps, or the sheep beneath a snow-drift. The pointer scents the smell of edible fungi within four or five inches of soil. And the foxhound can make himself intelligible, he

would be able to make us acquainted with the difference between the scent of a partridge and that of a hare. Perhaps that information which we cannot obtain by direct mental intercourse, may be gained by watching the expression and gesture attendant on the change of game. A neighbor of mine told me that some years ago, when he was a snipe-shooter, he had a pointer which knew the difference by scent alone, between a jack snipe and a common snipe. Whenever he came upon a "Jack," the dog wagged his tail, but when it was a "Jenny," his setting was stiff and motionless. The same sporting friend informed me that a few of the best hounds in a pack would follow the scent of a hare through snow, the hare having run to her seat before the snow had fallen. Mongrels throw light on this subject. I have seen a handsome dog, bred between a pointer and a hound, proclaim descent by acting a double character in the same field. If a covey of partridge were winded, she would hunt up cautiously to them, and set steadily till the shooter came up. But if she caught scent of a hare, no correction could make her stand; she would run in and start the hare, and follow it closely by nose. Another sporting friend gives me a somewhat similar instance. One of their pack was a half-bred dog, between a hound and pointer. When running in full cry with hounds, if it came upon partridges, the mongrel would stop and point, then put up the partridges, and again join the hounds.

**WISDOM IN LOVE-MAKING.**

We know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry; not the gallantry of courts and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one. If a man stands before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not got the spirit to come up to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with a simple girl who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five year old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with woman, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, we say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have no idea of the kind of a wife you will want by-and-by. Go into female society, if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise.

**IMPORTANCE OF READING.**

No matter how obscure the position in life, an individual, if he can read, he may at will put himself in the best society the world has ever seen. He may converse with Franklin and Washington; with all the writers in prose and poetry. He may learn how to live, how to avoid the errors of his predecessors, and to secure blessings, present and future, to himself. He may reside in a desert far away from the habitations of man; in solitude, where no human eye looks upon him with affection or interest; where no human voice cheers him with animating tones, if he has books to read he can never be alone. He may choose his company and the subject of conversation, and thus become contented and happy, intelligent, wise, and good. He thus elevates his rank in the world, and becomes independent in the best sense of the word.

**ELEGANT LANGUAGE.**

The proper use of words in expressing thoughts is language—a perfect picture of the mind. When the language is perfect the picture is perfect. Bad language is like a distorted photograph, showing only an unsymmetrical shadow of the object; and when we look at it we can scarcely realize that it is intended as an image. Sometimes it is so badly distorted that its very producer would not recognize it as his own. In the English language there are plenty of words for the expression of thoughts in true bright colors; therefore the artist need not borrow from other tongues. But he must choose judiciously, from among the thousands the proper one for the place, taking care that his colors are blended in such a manner as to please, and at the same time carry a forcible expression. The word-painter must be very careful that his work be not too highly colored, for by the use of high sound-

ing, ambiguous words, the strength that he may intend to give to the picture is lost, and the image is blurred. The simplest colors applied by the skillful artist make the most life-like picture, and the simplest words, judiciously chosen, are colors that must be used in painting a true picture of the mind.

**CLEANING PICTURES.**

It is stated that a new process for cleaning pictures has been discovered. The great difficulty has always been to get off the old varnish, which by length of time has become almost incorporated with the color underneath, so that any method employed to remove the upper surface is pretty certain to carry off with it the delicate lines below. Some picture dealers use corrosive substances, which make the matter worse. An ingenious system has been discovered at Amsterdam, which consists in simply spreading a coating of copalica balsam on the old painting, and then keeping it face downward over a dish of the same size filled with cold alcohol at an altitude of about three feet. The vapors of the liquid impart to the cadamba a degree of semi-fluidity, in which it easily amalgamates with the varnish it covers. Thus the original brilliancy and transparency are regained without injuring the oil painting; and when the picture is hung up in its place again, two or three days after, it looks as if it had been varnished afresh. The inventors have given the public the benefit of their discovery. The process has the merit of being a short one as compared with the old methods.

**RUSTIC BASKETS.**

Take a piece of wood four inches square; have four pieces the width of tape three inches long. Tack these to the middle of each side of this square, in an inclined position; drive a tack through the top of each of these uprights, take a piece of wire, pass it round these tacks and all around the basket, throw a handle over the top of the same, secure, and break it off; paint all green; when dry, put arbor vitae around inside, and on the handle, intersperse flowers, and you have a very pretty shaped extempore vase of flowers; if wet, it will last long. A piece of sponge, inserted below the flowers, keeps up moisture. A novel basket for cut flowers may be made by cutting a ripe sun-flower with quarter yard of stem, inverting it, placing a wet sponge below, flowers and green above, two or three toy birds and real butterflies down the handle; and, if you choose, varnishing the under part. It is then entirely water proof.

**THE GOOD TIME COMING.**

Mark Twain takes this view of the millennium of woman's rights:—  
In that day a man shall say to his servant, "What is the matter with the baby?" And the servant shall reply, "And where is its mother?" "She is out electioneering for Sallie Ribbons."  
And such conversations as these shall transpire between ladies and servants applying for situations:  
"Can you cook?" "Yes." "Wash?" "Yes." "All right." "Who is your choice for State milliner?" "Judy McGinis." "Well, you can tramp."  
And women shall talk politics instead of discussing the fashions; and men shall nurse the babies while their wives go up to the polls to vote. And in that day the man who hath beautiful whiskers shall beat the homely man of wisdom for Governor, and the youth who waltzes with exquisite grace shall be Chief of Police in preference to the man of practical sagacity and determined energy.  
Every man, I take it, has a selfish end in view when he pours out eloquence in behalf of the public good in the newspapers, and such is the case with me. I do not want the privileges of woman extended, because my wife holds office in nineteen different female associations, and I have to do all her clerking.  
If you give the women full sweep with men in political affairs, who will proceed to run for every office under the new dispensation. That will finish me. She would not have time to do anything at all then, and every solitary thing would fall on me, and my family would go to destruction, for I am not qualified for a wet nurse.

**HORACE GREELEY'S GREAT RIDE.**

When the late Mr. Greeley was in California, ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the *Tribune* in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden Gate. And, therefore, they made much of him when he went to see them.  
At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him by.  
The citizens of Placerville prepared to fete the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville, distance forty miles. The extra was on some account delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be feted at 7 o'clock; that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage

Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra: "Henry, Mr. Greeley must be there at 7 o'clock to-night." And Henry answered, "Mr. Greeley shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.  
"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I must be at Placerville at 7 o'clock to-night?"  
"I've got my orders!" laconically returned Henry Monk.  
Still the coach dragged slowly forward.  
"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I must be there at seven!"  
Again came the answer: "I've got my orders."  
But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half hour, when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.  
"That is right, my good fellow," said Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we are going!"  
They were, indeed, and at terrible speed.  
Crack! Crack! went the whip, and again that voice split the air, "Git up! hi yil g'long! yip-yip!"  
And on they tore, over ruts and stones, up and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.  
Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an Indian rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, and said:  
"D—on't—on't you you—u—u—think e—e—shall get there by seven if we do—n't go so fast?"  
"I've got my orders." That was all Henry Monk said, and on tore the coach.  
It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was becoming extremely sore from the jolting, and again his head might have been seen at the window.  
"Sir," he said, "I don't care—are—are if we don't get there at seven."  
"I've got my orders."  
Fresh horses—forward again, faster than before; over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summersault.  
"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley. "I don't care if we don't get there at all."  
"I've got my orders. I work for the California Stage Company, I do; that's wot I work for. They said, 'Git this man through by seven.' An' this man's goin' through, you bet! Gerlong! whoop!"  
Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amid the ripping of strong canvas.  
"Stop you—maniac!" he roared.  
Again answered Henry Monk:  
"I've got my orders! Keep your seat, Horace."  
At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor and escort him into town. There was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation was amply provided with torches and bonfires all along the road to Placerville.  
The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foaming steeds.  
"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.  
"He was a few minutes back," said Mr. Monk.  
"My orders is as follows: 'Git him there by seven.' It wants a quarter to seven. Stand out of the way."  
"But, sir," exclaimed the committeemen, seizing the off leader by the reins, "Mr. Monk, we are to escort him into town. Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir."  
"I've got my orders!" screamed Mr. Monk. "My orders don't say nothing about no brass bands and young women. My orders says, 'Git him there by seven.' Let go them lines. Clear the way there. Woo-op! Keep your seat, Horace!" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.  
Years hence grey-haired men, who were in this procession, will tell their grand-children how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach roof.  
Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brau new suit of clothes.  
Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of telling a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

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**SAVANNAH AND CHIPS.**

The first bird of spring attempted to sing. But, ere he had sounded a note, He fell from the limb—a dead bird was him. The music had fled in his throat."

A well-known lecturer classifies his audience as follows:—The "still-attentives," the "quick-responses," the "hard-to-lifts," the "won't-applauds," and the "got-up-and-gots."

"So there's another rupture at Mount Venciferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put down the paper and put up her specs. "The paper tells us about the burning lather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got fire."

One of the little pleasantries of the "gods" at the Dublin Opera House consists in throwing on the stage a bouquet, to which a piece of twine is attached. When the *prima donna* goes to pick it up the nosegay is suddenly drawn up again, amid the roar of the "deities."

Nervous old invalid.—"Well, Miss Nipper, I think it's quite time these passage walls were re-papored." Landlady.—"Pardon me, Sir, but I was a-waiting to see 'ow your 'ealth goes on. Coffins is sech things to knock the paper off a-coming down."

A youth who was taking an airing in the country tried to amuse himself by quizzing an old farmer about his bald head, but was extinguished by the old man, who solemnly remarked, "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

In one of Lover's Irish stories, the narrator, describing the feats of a very knowing fox, tells how Master Reynard entered a cottage, sat down by the fire, and took up a Roscommon journal.—"Oh, he is busy wid yer!" cried a listener; "a fox read the paper! I'm not going to believe that!" "To be sure," replied the other; "if a fox doesn't read the newspapers, how is he to know where the hounds meet?"

The most self-sacrificing man in Toronto the other day, while facing a severe storm, with nothing to shelter him from the pelting snow, met, in going down a single street, five of his neighbors, each carrying an umbrella borrowed of him. The satisfaction he felt at seeing them so well sheltered more than compensated him for the thorough drenching he experienced. Such men are rare.

The West end young ladies are about introducing a new game called "Kiss me quick, and let me go." They have frequent rehearsals, at which the girl are never late, but they are not perfect in their parts. They remember the "kiss me quick" well enough, but somehow, they forget to say "and let me go." And the young men are so mean that they won't "prompt" the girls a single time!

"Pa," said a son to his father, "what is meant by 'a chip off the old block'?" "Why, my son, do you ask the question?" "Because I was in England this morning, and told them gentlemen while hunting I saw fifty squirrels up one tree. They kept trying to make me say that I did not see but forty-nine; and because I wouldn't say so they said I was 'a chip of the old block.'" "Hem! Well, my son, they only meant that you were smart and honest, like your pa. You can go out to play now."

The New York practice of using a reflector and throwing a ray of rose-colored light upon the bride's cheeks as she passes up the aisle of the church was sought to be introduced in San Francisco, but the man managing the reflector was a little nervous, and directed the rays upon the nose of the bridegroom, and the consequences was that these who assembled to witness the marriage, and were not in the secret, thought the bride was throwing herself away on a magnificent rum-blossomed nose.

When three Irishmen dug a ditch, for which they were to receive four dollars, the trouble was how to divide four among three, and have it equal. One of them remained quiet, and the other two at last deferred to his judgement, as he had been to school and knew arithmetic, to make the division. He did it at once, saying, "It's aisy enough! Shure there's two for you two, and two for me, too." "Begorra," said one of his co-laborers, "what a great thing it is to have learning!" "And," said the other, as he pocketed his single dollar, "to know arithmetic, too! It's the like of us two'd never divided them four dollars aequally."

DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF.—Two very unsophisticated young lasses visited Niblo's Theatre in New York, during the ballot season. When the short-skirted gossamer clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless. "Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one of them, sotto voce. "Well, Mary!" "It ain't nice." "Hush!" "I don't like it." "Hush!" "I don't care, it ain't nice; and I wonder why aunt brought us here." "Hush, Mary, I tell you. The folks will laugh at you." After a flog or two, and a pirouette, the blushing Mary said: "Oh, Annie, let's go—it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination: "It's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last time; so I am just going to see it through, if they dance their rag off."