

GOLDEN GEMS.

The drying of a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.—*Byron.*

Wouldst thou be a happy liver?
Let the past be past forever!
Fret not when prigs and pedants bore you;
Enjoy the good that's set before you;
But chiefly hate no man; the rest
Leave thou to God, who knows what's best.

[GÖTHE.]

Oh! what a glory does this world put on,
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well-performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay! and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his last resting-place without a tear.

[Longfellow.]

We love the evil we do until we suffer for it.
The purest water flows from the hardest rock.
Great truths are often said in the fewest words.
He who falls in love with himself is safe from rivals.
He who lives wholly for himself lives for a mean man.
He who is the slowest to make promises is generally the first to fulfil them.

Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry;
nor nobly, which is done in pride.—[*Ruskin.*]

If in your domestic life you would be supremely happy
you must not forget the old adage, "the husband must not
see and the wife must be blind."

The laws of Nature are just, but terrible. There is no
weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable
and inevitable.—*Longfellow in Kavanagh.*

People are made up so many contradictory feelings, that
when a person's conduct surprises us we forget how much
circumstances have to do with the outward aspect of life.

In the voyage of life we should imitate the ancient mariners,
who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the
heavenly signs for their guidance.

Love all things, not because it is your duty to do so, but
because all things are worthy of your love. Hate nothing.
Fear nothing. Have absolute faith. He who will do this is
wise—He is more than wise. He is happy.—*Dr. Bucke.*

Let our boys forego the cost of tobacco and catch inspiration
from the best books. Let them turn their backs on the
tempting glass, and spend their money in stimulating the
mind. Even fashion 'parties' and pleasure may be put in
the background, that the time and thought required for them
may be given to getting that mental habit and furniture that
will make its possessor a helper to his race, and a capable
servant of that Creator—the "Father of Light," who has
given us brain and heart, with capabilities, that we may be
lights, benefactors, and conquerors, on fields where no life is
lost, and the vanquished are gainers.—*Dr. John Hall.*

There are few greater mistakes than the prevailing disposition
among people in middling life to bring up their daughters
fine ladies, neglecting useful knowledge for showy
accomplishments. "The notions," it has been justly observed,
"which girls thus educated acquire of their own importance
is in an inverse ratio to their own value. With just enough
of fashionable refinement to disqualify them for the duties
of their proper station, and render them ridiculous in a
higher sphere, what are such fine ladies fit for? Nothing,
but to keep like wax figures in a glass case. Woe to the man
that is linked to one of them! If half the time, and money
wasted on the music, the dancing and embroidery, were
employed in teaching them the useful arts of making shirts
and mending stockings and managing household affairs,
their present qualifications as wives and mothers would be
increased four-fold.

GEMS IN JEST.

A Pair of Æsthetes.

BY D. C. TULLOCK.

In a sage-green gown she wanders about,
Languid and fashioned so illy,
While he, with long hair, and a long, buttoned coat,
Bears in his long hand a lily.

They gaze at old china with looks intense,
Affect quite classical poses,
And go into raptures, without any sense,
O'er teapots without any noses.

"'Twould be heaven to me," one day he said,
In a voice like a dove's coo-coo,
"To live at your feet! Oh, let us be wed,
For you are supremely too-too!"

Her heart, 'neath her lank, medieval robe,
Gave a cultured flop and flutter,
"Your words," she filtered, "my inmost strings probe,
You are so utterly utter!"

And now they are wedded, these yearning souls,
To them their is naught diviner
'Than to strive their best, as onward time rolls,
To live up to their old blue china.

Best thing to do when you go shopping with ladies.—
Take notes.

A husband who promised to come right back was cautioned
to come back right, also.

The young lady who banged her hair at a looking-glass—
did not break the glass.

Why is the coffee-bean like the site of a public house?
Because it is *ground* for drinking purposes.

When the landlord presents a bill for extras, he claims
that it is not only fare, but above board.

If a man forges a note, he is sent to the penitentiary; if
he coins his own words, he is sent to the dictionary.

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man. One is
because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

Patients do more for doctors than doctors can do for
patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.—*New
Orleans Picayune.*

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.—The present king of Sweden is
Oscar Two; the leader of the Æsthetes is Oscar "too-too"
too.—[*Funny Folks.*]

ARABELLA—"Oh! I do love a big dog!" George (with a
tinge of sarcasm)—"Oh! don't I wish I was a big dog!"
Arabella—"Don't worry—you'll grow."

"Save One Little Kiss for Papa," is the title of the latest
song. If this remark is aimed at a girl with four steady
beaux the old man's chances are pretty slim.

Poor writing is an indication of genius. It's about the
only indication of genius that a great many men possess.—
[*Burlington Hawkeye.*]

A gentleman who took to medicine late in life said to
a friend, "You know the old proverb—at forty a man must
be a fool or a physician?" "Yes," was the reply; "but,
doctor, don't you think he can be both?"

"I say, my boy," said a gentleman to a youth, whom he
observed fishing away at a favorite stream, "that must be a
fine stream for trout." "Faith and sure it must be that same;
for I have been standing here this three hours, and not one
of 'em will stir out of it."

Fond parent, almost bursting into tears: "Angelina, my
love, I have bad news for you. Heaven knows, my child, I
would spare you the sorrow if I could, but Edwin ——" Daughter.
"Speak quick! My love, my promised husband ——" Fond parent: "Is a gambler?" Daughter: "Oh,
pa, is he lucky?"