

A DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.

Can any body tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?—*Exchange.*

We can say! Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar-string to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended "right away, quick now!" Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm tree, and then stretched himself, yawning out, "Ain't supper most ready, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tea-kettle himself we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, and peeled the bananas, and did every thing else that he'd ought to do! He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner, when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates, and the mango season was over! He never stayed out until eleven o'clock to a "ward-meeting," hurrahing for the out-and-out candidate, and then scolding because poor dear Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. To be sure he acted rather cowardly about apple-gathering time, but then that didn't depreciate his general helpfulness about the garden! He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he did not think she was specially created for that purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little.

That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish it was the reason that none of her fair descendants did.—*Life Illustrated.*

HOW MUSIC IS MADE UP.

The following ingenious and beautifully expressed thoughts upon the sources of music, are from the pen of Taylor, of the Chicago Journal:

It is a curious thought that the great translators of the dialect of heaven—the Mozarts, the Handels, and the Jubals of all time—have caught their notes from the hammers of Tubal Cain, or the murmur of running streams, or the winds sighing among the reeds, or the songs of singing birds, that, should there be a bird convention, upon a summer's day by a flowing

river near a ringing forge, and some master-piece that has rolled a tone of melody through mighty ministers, were performed, its author would be pronounced a faithful listener—"only this and nothing more." How the robin would claim its warble, and the brown-thrush recognize its own; the bell-note, Robert O'Lincoln would catch up and repeat, and the quail whistle back its little share of the song. The soft-sighing winds would echo a tone now and then; the stream, through the reeds, murmur on with its own; the hammers beat out the battle-like strain, and the rain on the roof wash away a whole bar of "the score."

So, when the anthem was ended, it would all be drifted, like the down of the thistle, back to nature and labor again. The lark would go up with a carol, and the little ground sparrow fly away with a note, and the music be scattered abroad.

A GOOD OLD MAN.

A good old man is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire, one which time has been thus long a working, and, like winter fruit ripened, while others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learned the best thing in it, the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. The near door of death saps him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature, and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look to him as a common father, and an old age, for his sake, as reverent. He practices his experience on youth, without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel is good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome with the same tale again, but remembers with them how often he has told them. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look, and the less testy he is the more regarded. You must pardon him if he likes his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now, that were wisdom then; yet he makes of that opinion too when we see him, and conjectures those times by so good a relic. He goes away at last, whenever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh when it is twice as old.—*Bishop Earle.*

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