

The grass-opera season has begun again in Kansas. Many new scores have appeared.

Two Irishmen on a summer night took refuge under the bed-clothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said:—"Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the craythurs searching for us wid a lantern!"

Ancient and Modern Traveling.

The first turnpike road was made in the reign of Charles II., and had to be supported at the point of the boyonet. It was not till the reign of Queen Anne that turnpike roads were completely established. In 1754, improved turnpike roads were made; but so averse were the people to their introduction, that tumults arose, and at the end of the reign of George II., a law had to be passed, enacting it felony to pull down a toll-bar. Up to this period, persons mostly traveled from Scotland to London on horseback. We have an account of two performing a journey from Glasgow to the English metropolis in 1739. It says there was no turnpike road till the travelers came to Grantham, about one hundred and ten miles from London. "Up to that point they traveled on a narrow causeway, with an unmade soft road on each side of it. They met, from time to time, strings of pack-horses, from thirty to forty in a gang, the mode by which goods seem to be transported from one part of the country to another. The leading horse of the gang carried a bell, to give warning to travelers coming in an opposite direction; and when they met these trains of horses, with their packs across their backs, the causeway not affording them room, they were obliged to make way for them, and plunge into the roadside."

How different from the mode of traveling now-a-days! Our trains of pack-horses are railway carriages, which, if our grandfathers were permitted to see at their speed, would frighten them back to their graves. A hundred years ago, fifty miles a day was considered to be a prodigious rate of speed to travel at. We can now travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour; take an early breakfast in London, and sup and sleep comfortably in Edinburgh within the same day.

Is Your Note Good?

A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So, pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two shillings for that?" The boy looked at the paper very doubtfully a moment, and offered fifteen cents.

"Done!" said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state his plan, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you consider your note is good, I would just as soon have it as the money; but if it is not good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen cents, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting his bag of paper, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy like this is entitled to the note and money too," and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happy heart.

Little by Little.

If you are gaining little by little every day, be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little, you are yet constantly accumulating and growing richer and richer every day? Be content; so far as concerns money, you are doing well.

Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself.

Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising in the morning and lying down at night; this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge.

Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best men fall far short of what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep good resolutions better today than yesterday, better this week than you did last, better this year than you did last year. Strive to be perfect, but do not become downheartened so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little, fortunes are accumulated; little by little, knowledge is gained; little by little, character and reputation are achieved.

Mud.

BY BARTHOLOMEW WHISTLE.

I just wish there wasn't no such thing as mud. I don't care anything about it for myself, but my mother, she just hates it. Every time I come anywhere near the house she screams out at me, "Bartholomew, wipe your feet, now mind." And my sister, Tabitha Jane, she's always a talking about my dirty boots. I'd like to know how a fellow's going to tramp around everywhere all sorts o' roads, and not get his feet muddy this kind o' weather. Tabitha Jane, she's awful willin' I should run here and run there, and she says, "O, you can go anywhere with them boots o' yourn and not get your feet wet;" but just as soon as I come into the sittin'-room, it's "O, Bartholomew, why can't you wipe them boots on the door mat? You do bring such an awful sight o' mud into the house!" and then she'll fly round and dust the piano, and the table, and the mantel-piece, and tell me it's the mud off my boots that makes all the dust. But I notice she never minds the mud Jeremiah Widdlekins brings in on his boots when he comes here, an' he don't take no great pains to wipe 'em on the door mat either, only when he's goin' away, and he and Tabitha Jane stand outside the door half an hour sayin' good-bye—then I s'pose he gets his boots real clean.

I don't see why mother and Tabitha Jane should hate mud so. It's what we're all made of, and what we're all goin' back to, and what would we do for potatoes and such things if it wasn't for mud? When I talk this way to mother and Tabitha Jane they just say, "Well, Bartholomew, dear, run right out in the dust and roll in it like a horse, if you like it." They never call me "dear" in earnest, but only when they're making fun of me. Let's see! March is most gone, and then'll come April, and then it'll be May, and then flies begin to come and I'll have another tribulation time, for mother and Tabitha Jane hate flies worse than mud, I believe. But never mind, it's always something wrong, and it might as well be flies as mud.

ENCOURAGING HINTS.—Don't be discouraged if, in the outset of life, things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realized. The path of life appears smooth and easy; but, when we come to travel it, we find it all up-hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one; and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it to our disappointment if we have built on any other calculation. To endure it with as much cheerfulness as possible, and to elbow our way through the great crowd, "hoping for little, yet striving for much," is, perhaps, the best plan. Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbor treads over you a little; or, in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you. Accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clear and favorable; and, as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may surely be expected to smile and smile again. Don't be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of

the world. From such sources as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived, and you will feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you may become used; if you fare as other people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow grey, and you will learn to trust more cautiously, and examine their character closely, before you allow great opportunities to injure. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinion of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be sober, be honest; dealing in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and, if you do not prosper as rapidly now as some of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be at least as happy.

Two Rules for Young Husbands Correlative with Two Rules for Young Housekeepers.

- 1st. Don't fret.
- 2nd. Have a knack.

If business has been rather dull to-day, and the customers would not come, don't fret at the wife who has been watching all day for your return, and whose heart will sink when she sees the cloud on your brow. If the case has gone against you and that plaguey villian, Smith, has gained it, don't fret at the little woman who loves you, and whose only thought is for your happiness. Have a knack of coming home with a sunny face, and not make the burden heavier, which she already bears for your sake. If buttons do come off shirts, don't fret. If she did happen to overlook them this time, have a knack of letting her feel that you know it was accidental. She usually keeps them in pretty good order, and she just happened to neglect them this once. Don't fret at her, but just think if you haven't neglected some small branch of your business in the week that is past.

Yes—Don't fret. Have a knack. Good advice—but is it to be given to the wife alone? Must the wife bear all her burdens cheerfully, with never a frown or a tear, and may the husband come home and vent all his long-constrained irritation on the head of the loving one who has looked forward through all the weary day only for his coming and his smile? Can he give her, who alone of all his friends will be faithful and loving through good report, and evil too, the cross look and word, which he dare not bestow on his business friend? Must he gather up a harvest of sighs and groans and frettings and ill humors from his business, his politics, to lay at the feet of his gentle and loving wife!

No, let him throw to the winds the "cares that infest the day," and as he enters his home after a day of hard labor, let him have a knack of showing that this is the place he has longed for; let him close the doors of frettings and repinings and bring only the sunshine in, and have a knack of helping her to bear her burdens instead of making them heavier by his frettings.

Office Receipts.

Belford's Monthly for April. This publication is, we consider, the best family magazine published in Canada. The matter is well prepared and very interesting. It is published by Belford Bros., Toronto. We are pleased to learn that it is meeting with success.

A new publication entitled the Vegetable Garden. A good, useful work; published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

Capt. O'Malley and Messrs. Stewart & Simmons hold a joint sale of Shorthorns the day after the great Canadian sale of Mr. Gibson and others. See advertisement.

Commercial.

English Market.

Liverpool, April 27.
Breadstuffs firm; Spring Wheat, 12s. 7d. to 13s. 3d.; California Club, 12s. 11d. to 13s. 4d.; Corn, Am. mixed, 9s. 9d.; Feas, 3s. 6d., per quarter, to 4s. 9d.; Oats, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 9d.; Barley, 3s. 6d.; Cheese, 70s. per cwt.

New York Markets.

Flour, a shade firmer; rye flour, tending upwards; wheat 2c. to 3c. higher; corn, 1c. to 2c. better.