

Above the tavern door lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master-chords
Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood;
Its discords are an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve;
Yet better sure
Is than wandering up and down,
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth: his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook;
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost.

— *Harper's Magazine.*

Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but it is a stab at the health of human society.

One of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend on a servant-girl.

'Yes, he may be a good scholar, and all that, but he can't pass a beer saloon,' was what one literary gentleman remarked of another on the street.

'We wish,' says a Texas newspaper, 'that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificent, healthy country Texas really is.'

A certain painter was bragging of his wonderful command of colour to a friend one day. His friend did not seem to take it quite all in. 'Why,' exclaimed the painter, 'do you know that there are but three painters in the world, sir, who understand colour?' 'And who are they?' at last asked the friend. 'Why, sir, I am one, and—and—and—and—I forget the names of the other two!'

What part of the eye is like the rainbow? The iris. What part is like the schoolboy? The pupil. What part is like the globe? The ball. What part is like the top of the chest? The lid. What part is like the piece of a whip? The lash. What part is like the summit of a hill? The brow.

A little boy, four years old, having often been told it was wrong to ask for anything at table, was down at dessert. After patiently waiting for some time without being noticed, he exclaimed, 'Mamma, please may I have an orange, if I don't ask for it?' 'Yes, dear,' was the reply. But, after a considerable interval, the little fellow, not getting his orange, again addressed his mother with, 'Please, mamma, I'm not asking for an orange.' This time he was duly rewarded.

Mortimer Collins, a hard-shell Baptist preacher, was on an Alabama River steamer in the old days of racing. The captain, seeing a rival boat half a mile ahead, began to curse, and ordered tar, pine-knots, bacon, etc., to be thrown in, to kindle the fire as hot as possible; and, as the steam got higher and higher, the fatalistic preacher edged his way farther back on deck. The jolly captain, seeing this, tapped him on the shoulder and said: 'Hallo, Brother H., I thought you was one of them fellers what believe that what is to happen will happen.' 'So I do,' said the preacher; 'but I'd like to be as near the str as possible when it does happen!'

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the post-office last Saturday, and yelled out: 'Anything for the Wattses?' George, our polite postmaster, replied, 'No, there is not.' 'Anything for Jane Watts?' 'Nothing.' 'Anything for Ace Watts?' 'No.' 'Anything for Bill Watts?' 'No, Sir.' 'Anything for Tom Watts?' 'No, nothing.' 'Anything for fool Joe Watts?' 'No, nor Dick Watts, nor Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable.' The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said, 'Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts.'