

Mother's Clock.

A youth sat on a sofa wide,
Within a parlor dim;
The maid who lingered by his side
Was all the world to him.

What brought that glad light to his eye—
That cadence to his tone?
Why burns the lamp of love so high,
Though midnight's hour hath flown?

The clock above the glowing grate
Has stopped at half-past ten;
And long as that young man may wait,
It will not strike again.

The artful maiden knows full well
What makes the clock act so,
And why no earthly power can tell
The time for him to go.

Study Hours are too Long.

By some mental process that is beyond the comprehension of any one who is not a lunatic the study hours of children in the most public schools are longer than any mature mind could endure without harm. Five hours is the usual daily duration of school time. A man might be equal to this for five days in seven, but upon the boy or girl is imposed two or three hours of extra work in the shape of study at home. It is utterly senseless to claim that any child can endure such mental strain for nine months in twelve without serious mental injury. As a rule children do not endure it, they become fretful, unreasonable and stupid, the quantity of work oppresses them, but the intellectual strain is none the less, and the consequence is that the public schools are annually responsible for hundreds of thousands of weakened minds. Many teachers know this and some admit it, but take refuge in the question, What can we do? What they can do is to condense their text books until the amount of essential information now imparted imposes not more than one-half of the present tax on the memory. They can improve their methods until the old fashioned parrot-like recitation is replaced by a system of questioning that will interest pupils to such a degree that lessons will be remembered without effort instead of forcibly crammed into the memory as now they are. All that children really learn in public schools can be taught in half the time now occupied and with half the mental expenditure now required; parents and other private tutors have demonstrated this so often that existing public school methods are beginning to seem inexcusably wasteful and disgraceful.—*New York Herald.*

A Mother's Wish.

Thomas H. Benton, who was so long in public life and surrounded by so many temptations, paid the following tribute to his mother: "My mother asked me never to use any tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to game, and, I have not, and I cannot tell who is winning or who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever capacity of endurance I may have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all time I owe to my mother."

Thackeray's First Lecture.

Mrs. Kemble vouches for the fact that Thackeray, on the occasion of his first delivery of lectures on "The Four Georges," was, despite his great reputation and undoubted genius, absolutely unmanned by fear of his audience. This accomplished lady happened to look in at Willis' rooms, London, just before the hour fixed for Thackeray's reading, and to her surprise she found the eminent satirist standing, "like a forlorn, disconsolate giant," in the middle of the room, staring about him. "He held my hand like a scared child," writes Mrs. Fanny Kemble, "crying, 'O, don't leave

me! I'm sick at my stomach with fright!' 'But,' said I, 'Thackeray, you mustn't stand here. Your audience are beginning to come in;'" and so saying Mrs. Kemble kindly led him out into the retiring-room adjoining the lecture hall. The novelist had left the manuscript of his lecture on the reading-desk, and Mrs. Kemble volunteered to recover it for him, and in so doing scattered the leaves about the floor. In the greatest confusion and distress she took the wreck of his manuscript back to Thackeray, thinking she had done some irreparable injury. The real kindness of heart of "Mr. Titmarsh" showed itself at once. "My dear soul," he said, "you couldn't have done better for me. I have just a quarter of an hour to wait here, and it will take me about that time to page this again, and its the best thing in the world that could have happened." "So I left him," adds the daughter of Charles Kemble, "To give the first of that brilliant course of literary-historical essays with which he enchanted and instructed countless audiences in England and America."

He Left the Church.

The *Arkansas Traveller* is responsible for this good thing about a pious brother who had good reasons for quitting the church:

"Parson," said a man, approaching an Arkansas minister, "I reckon you'd better take my name off your church books and let me go."

"Why so?" asked the preacher. "You have always been a consistent church member."

"Wall, you see I stole a mule, and I thought it wouldn't be healthy for the church for me to belong to it."

"When did you steal the mule?"

"About six months ago."

"Why, since that time you have assisted in several revivals. When were you seized with remorse?"

"To-day."

"Was there a cause that influenced you to make an acknowledgement?"

"Yes, something of a cause."

"What was it?"

"They proved that I stole the mule. So I have concluded to quit the church. If they had n't proved it I would have remained longer."

The Retort Sarcastic.

Judge Tarbell tells the following joke on himself: A short time after his retirement from the bench he happened to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for some time. The judge, all smiles and heartiness, effervesced over his friend in such a way as to provoke the inquiry:

"What office are you a candidate for now, Judge?"

The judge made a deprecatory movement with an outward turned palm, and said:

"For none at all, my dear brother; I'm simply a candidate for the Kingdom of Heaven."

His friend regarded him sorrowfully for an instant, and then, with more wit than politeness, said:

"I'll bet you don't carry a township!"

Doubtless the judge lost sight of the man's retort in admiration of his sublimely truthful candor.

Wanted a Divorce.

A man who has been married four times and divorced three times called upon the lawyer who had piloted him through his former troubles. "See here," said he, "think you can pull me through another matrimonial contract?" "Well, I don't know. What's the matter? Want to marry some one else?" "No, sir. Each of the other times I wanted a divorce so that I could marry again. But this time I want one obtained so that I can't marry any more. I'm satisfied you can get me one of the old style divorces. You're tip-top in that line, but this new arrangement is what I'm after now. Get me a divorce so that if I marry again I can be indicted for horse-stealing, perjury, manslaughter—anything to keep me clear of the traces, and I'll gladly pay anything you charge for it." And the lawyer is trying to do it.