

AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH.—A young gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence, but who, by-the-way, is an exceedingly bashful young fellow, concluded to pay a visit to a public school. He was particularly partial to the intermediate department of the institution, over which an accomplished and bewitching young lady presided. After the usual exercises, the prepossessing preceptress asked her pupils if they would not like to hear a few remarks from Mr.—, and the unanimity with which the little folks answered "Yes!" made it equally as embarrassing for our hero to attempt to decline as to attempt a speech, and he arose and opened with the following exordium:

"I love to note such an advancement as you are making. And I know you love your teacher—do you not? I do! And—that is, I mean I loved my teacher when I was a little boy."

After this declaration laughter prevailed among the students, while the speaker was nervously handling an ink bottle on the desk by which he was standing. After cheering subsided, he again proceeded, still fumbling with the ink-bottle.

"I have often seen boys and girls act the fool, but—"

At this juncture he tipped the ink over, which went streaming down the desk, and he immediately hauled out his snow-white handkerchief, wiped it up, and then placed it back in the pocket from which he took it. In the meantime the scholars were giggling, while the schoolma'am shook her head at them—as much as to say that she would settle with them in the morning for their bad demeanor. He then continued:

"As I was about to remark, when I was young I—I—well—"

He became confused. The perspiration began running down his burning cheeks, and, while he was endeavoring to think of something more to say, he drew forth his handkerchief, with which he had rid the desk of the spilt ink, gave it a wipe across his brow, and then down each cheek. Happening to discover what he had done, and coming to a realizing sense of his situation, he grabbed his hat and went out of the schoolroom like a shot out of a gun, without even bidding the charming young schoolmistress a fond farewell.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going straight-forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances and scenes and actions always impress. As you influence them not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach your children, then to love the beautiful. If you are able, give them a corner in the garden for flowers. Allow them to have their favorite trees, teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunset, rouse them in the morning, not by the stern "Time to work," but with the enthusiastic "See the beautiful sun rise!" Buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege and they will make your home pleasant and beautiful.

HER LAST OFFER.—Among the tide of people pouring into the circus was a benevolent-looking woman of forty, carrying an umbrella on her shoulder and a shin-plaster in her fingers. She handed out the quarter and was pushed along, when the ticket agent called:—

"See here, madam, I must have fifty cents."

"It's all right—I'm a good Democrat," she replied, trying to get in.

"Another quarter, madam," he said as he detained her.

"I say I'm a good Republican, and I say two shillings is enough," she exclaimed, beginning to look mad.

"More money or you must stand aside," said the door-keeper in a firm voice.

"Now I won't do it!" she bluntly replied. "I've walked four miles to see the show and I'm going to see it. It seems to me you're mighty high nosed about it, and seems to me that I am just as good as you are, if I don't own no mammoth aggravation of animals."

"Two shillings more, madam," was his song.

"I'll say thirty," she remarked, feeling in her pocket.

"Can't do it, madam."

"Then I'll say thirty-one."

"Can't do it."

"Thirty-two."

"Don't block the way, madam."

"See here, mister showman with a cage of hyenas, that's my last offer. If you want the cash, all right. If you don't, say the word."

"Stand aside, madam, if you please," was the reply, and she stood. She went over to a stand and bought a glass of red lemonade, and then took a scout along the canvas. Just as the show begun some boy caught sight of a pair of shoes kicking the air under the edge of the tent, and some people inside were surprised to see a woman's head come up between the benches. A body followed the head, and an umbrella followed the body, and as she got a seat and brace for her back, she smiled benignly and remarked:—

"Thirty-two cents saved to buy pickles for winter, and now let the performance go on."

ANDERSON, THE WIZARD, SOLD BY A YANKEE.—Professor Anderson was looking over the American and foreign newspapers in the office of the New York *Dutchman*, when he saw he was closely scrutinized by a gentleman of tall stature and swarthy appearance, who was evidently from the country. The following conversation took place:

"I say! are you Professor Anderson, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wal, you're a tarnation smart man, I hear; you aint got that are bottle of yourn with ye—have you?"

"No, sir."

"Wal, I'm from down East, having been raised in Maine, and I should like to purchase a duplicate of that are bottle, as I am going out stumping for —. I guess if I had your bottle or its twin brother, I'd soon swamp the Scotties, without talking politics either!"

"I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I a duplicate of it."

"Sorry for that, sir," said the — stumper.

"However," he continued, "I was once taught a trick when a boy, but I almost forget how the thing was done, now. I'll tell you how it was,