

**A Judge's Charge, with Variations.**

The following comes from Georgia, and its accuracy is vouched for by the stenographer who took it down:

Judge — was noted for the way he got mixed in his charges to the jury. On one occasion a case was tried before him the points of which may be briefly stated thus: Smith brought suit against Jones upon a promissory note given for a horse. Jones' defense was failure of consideration, he averring that at the time of the purchase the horse had the glanders, of which he died, and that Smith knew it. Smith replied that the horse did not have the glanders, but had the distemper, and that Jones knew it when he bought.

The judge charged the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, pay attention to the charge of the Court. You have already made one mis-trial of this case because you did not pay attention to the charge of the Court, and I don't want you to do it again. I intend to make it so clear to you this time that you cannot possibly make any mistake. This suit is upon a note given for a promissory horse. I hope you understand that. Now, if you find that at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders, and Jones knew it, Jones cannot recover. That is clear, gentlemen. I will state it again. If you find that at the time of the sale Jones had the distemper, and Smith knew it, then Smith cannot possibly recover. But, gentlemen, I will state it a third time, so that you cannot possibly make a mistake. If at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders and Jones had the distemper, and the horse knew it, then neither Smith, Jones, nor the horse can recover. Let the record be given to the jury." — [Harper's Magazine.]

**AN UNHAPPY MORTAL.**—Is the want of energy really both physical and mental? If so, it will require double treatment. What, again, is your age? You are probably young, for from seventeen to twenty-four young fellows find it difficult to settle down, and complain of drifting aimlessly through life. Again, are you in business? Has jealousy, emulation, love, ambition, never affected you? Any of these will find you an object and give you energy. A sword to be used must be previously sharpened. Is this "deadly torpor stealing over intellectual and bodily faculties" the result of bodily sin? Do you take opium? Are you criminally selfish in your indulgences and indolence? The very first step towards cure is to debate the matter and "have it out" with yourself. Of course you can be cured; fix that as a *sine qua non* in your mind.

"Where are ye living now, Moike?" "In Doen-gal street, number eleven. Come an' see me." "Faith, I will! Ought I to come be the airy, or be th' front dure?" "I don't care; but as I'm occupyin' the garret perhaps it would be more convenient for ye to come in be the skylight."

**De Yaller Chinee.**

AS DISCUSSED IN THE CABIN.

He kin pick up a libbin' wherebber he goes  
By wukin' de railroad an' washin' ole clothes;  
He kin lib 'bout as cheep as a leather wing bat,  
For he watches de rat market keen as a cat;  
An' his board an' his rations is pretty nigh free,  
For a mighty smart cuss is de yaller Chinee.

Den he's not gwine to keer whar you put him to stay,  
An' his eatin' don't cost but a nick-el a day;  
An' he won't gib a straw for de finest hotel,  
When a slab-sided shanty will suit him as well;  
An' a empty old box, or a holler gum tree,  
Is a big boad'in' house for he de yaller Chinee.

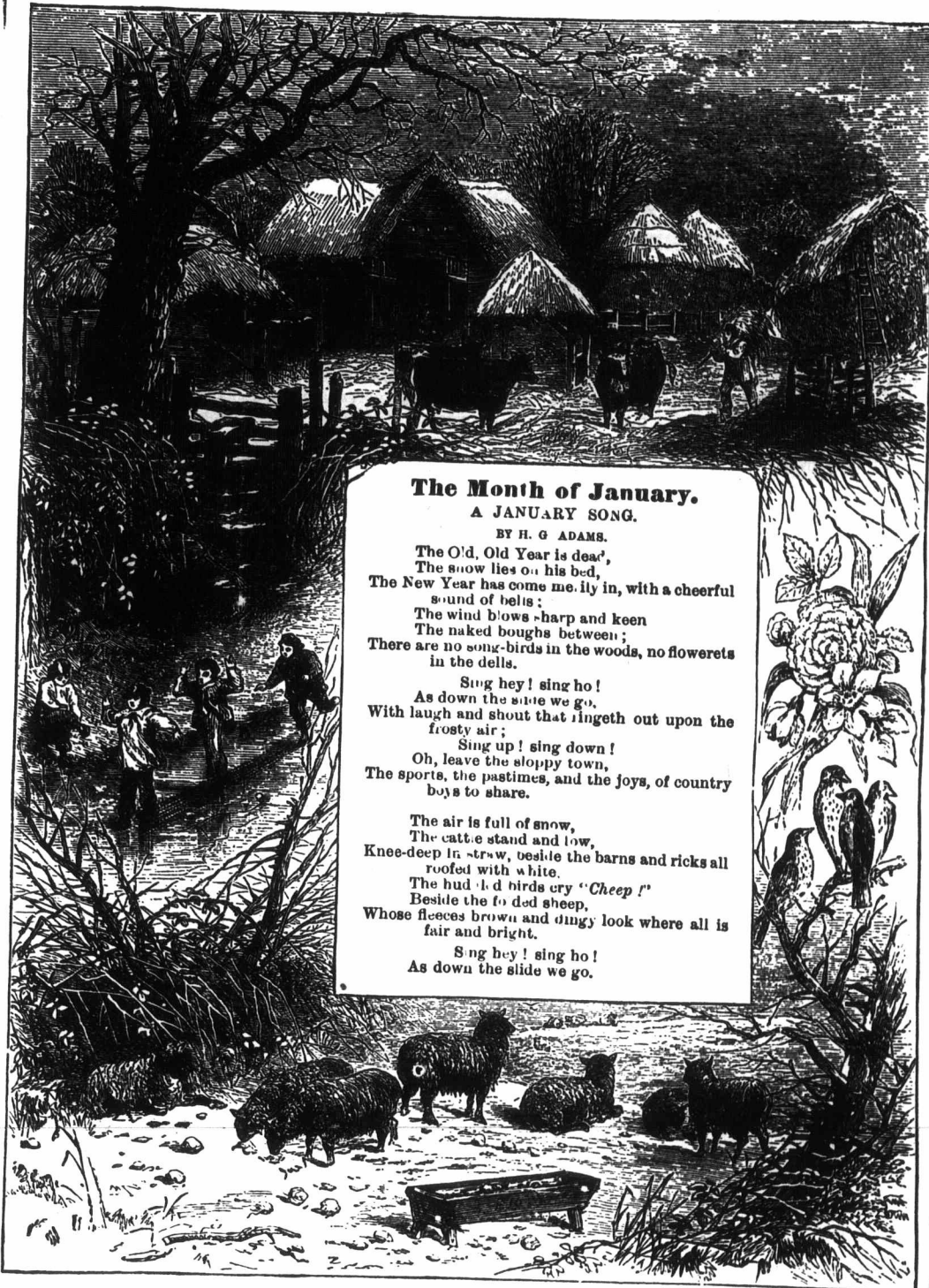
To warm up his fingers an' git out de cole,  
Dar's gwine to be a fuss in de family, sho'!  
An' one ob de critters mus pack up and go;  
An' de Chinerman's gwine to di-kiver right soon  
Dat de rabbit can't lib in a stump wid de coon.

When de wood-pecker camps on de morkin'-bird's  
nes',  
You kin tell pretty quick which kin tusele de bes';  
Dar's a mighty good chance ob a skirmish ahead  
When de speckled dog loafs 'round de tommy-cat's  
bed;  
An' dar's gwine to be a racket wuf waintin' to see  
When de wukin'-man butts 'gin de yaller Chinee.

**Facts About Fishes.**

Much interest is now being taken by scientists in regard to the habits, instincts and emotions of fishes. Naturalists have generally accepted Cuyler's view, that the existence of fishes is a silent, emotionless and joyless one; but recent observations tend to show that many fishes emit vocal sounds, and that they are susceptible of special emotions, particularly such as regard for their young, attachment between the sexes and for locality. Among monogamous fishes there is often seen decided evidence of watchfulness over their young, in which the males not infrequently act an important part. Among nest building fishes the male often prepares the nests. Among some who do not build nests the eggs are carried about in the cheek hollows of the male. Cases have been noticed where male fishes have remained in the same spot in the river from which the female had been taken. A case is noted where, after a pair had been separated, both appeared miserable and seemed nigh unto death, but on being united again both became happy. In fish battles it is sometimes noticed that the conqueror assumes brilliant hues, while the defeated one sneaks off with faded colors, the change evidently being brought about by emotional feelings. There are certain classes of fish that are capable of a kind of organization for acting in concert for common defense or to attack a common enemy. The remark has been made which has of late attracted the breeding of fish has shown that as a matter of economy an acre of good water is worth more to a farmer than the same area of the best arable land. This subject, in all its bearings, is one that deserves even more attention than it has hitherto received.

Not to be trusted.—The Rector: "A gent'e-man I know slightly, is coming down from London, Farmer Groggins. Do you think you could board and lodge him for a while?" Farmer Groggins: "Oh, yes, sir." The Rector: "I believe you will find him to be an immensely studious and a deeply, most deeply, religious young man." Farmer Groggins: "In which case, begging your pardoning, sir, I expex my money in advance." — [Fun.]

**The Month of January.**

A JANUARY SONG.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

The Old, Old Year is dead,  
The snow lies on his bed,  
The New Year has come me-ly in, with a cheerful  
sound of bells;  
The wind blows sharp and keen  
The naked boughs between;  
There are no song-birds in the woods, no flowerets  
in the dells.

Sing hey! sing ho!  
As down the slide we go,  
With laugh and shout that ringeth out upon the  
frosty air;  
Sing up! sing down!  
Oh, leave the sloppy town,  
The sports, the pastimes, and the joys, of country  
boys to share.

The air is full of snow,  
The cattle stand and low,  
Knee-deep in straw, beside the barns and ricks all  
roofed with white.  
The huddled birds cry "Cheep!"  
Beside the faded sheep,  
Whose fleeces brown and dingy look where all is  
fair and bright.

Sing hey! sing ho!  
As down the slide we go.

An' he eats little mice, when de blackberries fail,  
Till de har on his head gits de shap ob a tail,  
An' I know by his clothes an' his snuff culled face  
Dat he cums fum a scrubby an' one-gallus race;  
An' I's trabled a heap, but I nebber did see  
Such a curisome chap as de yaller Chinee.

Dis country was made for de whites an' de blacks,  
For dey hoes all de corn an' pays all de tax;  
You may think what you choose, but the 'sertion  
is true  
Dat de orf-cullud furriner nebber will do;  
For dar's a heap o' tough people fum ober the sea,  
But de cussedest sort is de yaller Chinee!

When de bumble-bee crawls in de dirt-dobber's hole