

## SELECTIONS.

**PRIDE IN MANUAL LABOR.**—It is one of the curses of the times that our young men have so little pride in this respect; that manual labor is considered by so many of the youths of the present day to be degrading; that the idea should prevail of an education making it derogatory to a man's dignity to work at anything besides wielding the pen or yardstick. And it is to parents that the cause of this evil may be traced; with a praiseworthy denial and perseverance which savors of heroism, some fathers educate their boys, and are justly proud of the scholarly attainments of the latter. But their pride takes a wrong vent. Because the lad "has been through college," he must choose a profession forthwith, and his education is supposed to furnish the necessary brains for the producing of a good lawyer or physician; so the young man enters the uncongenial walks of life and the people wonder at, and in some cases deride his want of success. He is not adapted to the pursuit, dissatisfaction ensues, and, if he does not become a poverty-stricken burden to his friends, he will be at least a clog upon society, with only the "flatteringunction" which he lays to his own discontented soul, that he is pursuing a genteel avocation. Ah, these genteel avocations in which a display of brains is attempted, serve to show the empty pates of many who pursue them.

It seems to be of much importance that the delicate symmetry and cleanliness of masculine hands should be preserved in these days; hence, we presume, the rush "for a profession." Time was when a brown, brawny hand was a type of noble manhood, and one of the stern sex possessing a member of delicate dimensions, would be considered weak and feminine.

There is a dignity and stimulus about manual labor which invigorates even the worker, and renders him more capable of enjoying the intellectual treats that may come in his way; and an invention and recourse about it at times which may develop latent talents into some startling and useful discovery; and were young men to become disabused of the idea of degradation which, in their minds, attaches itself to manual labor, society would become better, the world would be benefited by artisans who might have superior talents for certain crafts, and we would, in many cases, be spared the melancholy sight of a man enduring the woes of poverty, because he was "too well educated" to work at manual labor.—*Indicator.*

**TOBACCO.**—An early mention of tobacco is that in Hakluyt's "Voyages," by M. Jacques Cartier, in 1544. Speaking of the people of "Hochelaga, up the river of Canada," he says:—"There groweth also a certain kind of herbe, whereof in Sommer they make a great provision for all the yeere, making great account of it; onely men use it, and first they cause it to be dried in the Sunne, then wear it about their necks wrapped in a little beast's skinnie made like a little bagge, with a hollow piece of stone or wood like a pipe, then when they please they make powder of it, and then put it in one of the ends of the said cornet or pipe, and laying a coil of fire upon it, at the other end, sucke so long, that they fill their bodies full of smoke till that it cometh out of their mouths and nostrils, even as out of the tinnell of a chimney. They say that this doth keepe them warm and in health; they never go without some of it about them. We, ourselves, have tried the same smoke, and having put it in our mouths; it seemed almost as hot as Pepper."

**PERSEVERANCE.**—Every American boy should have written on his memory, with the point of a diamond, the history of Cyrus Field, in his efforts to perfect the Atlantic telegraph.

It required thirteen years of the most untiring labor, and "often," says Mr. Field, "has my heart been ready to sink. Many times when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland, in the pelting rain, or on the deck of ships in dark, stormy nights, alone, far from home, I have almost accused in self of madness and folly, thus to sacrifice the peace of my family, and all the hopes of life, for what might prove at least only a dream. Yet one hope led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is answered, and now, beyond all acknowledgement to men, is the feeling of gratitude to God."

Whatever your line of work, remember it is only similar industry and perseverance that will win for you the highest success. You can crawl along through life, like the earth worm, with low aims and attainments, and never be obliged to make much exertion, but who would desire an earth worm's existence? Who would desire to leave so little record "on the sands of time?"

**FRIENDSHIP.**—Friendship in its purity, is a blessing that may well be classed among the virtues, yet there are many ways in which it may be formed. For instance, there is a kind of friendship formed from constant meeting of persons under certain circumstances who have never had an introduction. There is another kind arising from the action of any two persons who will combine to slight or injure a third; another kind exists from the fact that any one person has performed some act of obligation, or rendered some signal service to another, and this kind of friendship is generally the most lasting, the same having been known to live in the hearts of individuals a life time. For instance, the man who will risk his life to save that of another, by plunging into the river and rescuing him who was so unfortunate as to be in that very perilous position, will have formed for him a friendship that will last for a lifetime. Or, the man who will, regardless of his own safety, rush to warn a fellow creature of the impending danger now close upon him. Friendships arising from such causes are certainly very firm and likely to last the longest, but do not show the most sincerity; for we find that in many cases where such friendship has been formed, that there also exists a feeling of obligation, which is sometimes acutely felt, and from that feeling arises a restless desire to be free, to repay the obligation or kindness passed; but, failing to do so, friendship becomes irksome. There is also another kind of friendship which sometimes steals upon us; but we would be much better without it, as it oftentimes make us regret that ever it was contracted. I speak of that detestable, cowering thing, deceit, which comes too often in smiles and tears (like an April morning) seeking strife, and oft times destruction; and how often do the unthinking allow themselves to be drawn into its net-work, when a close discernment would reveal the fact that friendship was merely a garb, and destruction its real, ultimate object. There are many degrees and kinds of friendship which I cannot dwell to describe just now, such as the gay and giddy friendship of children, the more staid and sober of youth, and the reserved and cautious friendship of experience and age.

But there is a friendship pure and undefiled, having its origin by mutual consent and understanding emanating from the heart, and based upon its own pure merits. This is the friendship, this is the tie that we hail and hold sacred ever dear that binds many a kindred heart in its soft and tender embrace, akin to love of which it is the near relative. O how the heart is warmed, and all associations and powers of mind and soul are stirred within, when we meet in sweet friendship thus described. There is a charm in the magnificence of brilliant skies reposing tranquilly at evening's close, which, amid the boundless realms of space adorn the vast expanse of heaven. On earth there is a joy,—in its rich fields, its wood-crowned hills and gently flowing streams, in fanning cataraet and murmuring brook, in retiring glen and sheltering bower, in melody of birds and treasures all of nature. There is a delight far greater still in those attractive ties that bind our hearts to beings of our kind. There is a bliss triumphant in the hope that lifts the soul above this world's desires. Association's influence.—It is this that gives to each form of joy its highest power to please. It leaves not man a solace slight to find in a contracted sphere, but conjures up in bright succession an unchanging train of pleasures, drawing from all nature's stores the purest elements of happiness.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

A sailor, who had not been to church for many years, inquired of his land lord how he should behave in case he went to church. He was told to take the first vacant seat he could find in the building, and not to speak. Jack took his seat up near the pulpit, beside one of the high deacons. The latter when the first part of the service was over, cried out "Amen?" "Hush, hush, shipmate," whispered the old salt, or they will turn us both out.

A member of the legal profession called upon a bailiff a few days ago to obtain information respecting a writ of execution which had been entrusted by the former to the latter, where the following conversation took place:

**Advocate.**—Did you seize on ———?  
**Bailiff.**—Yes.  
**Advocate.**—What did you seize?  
**Bailiff.**—Nothing sir, as he has nothing. Except ——— to his mother.

We need scarcely add that the bailiff alluded to was a son of Erin.  
ERIN GO BRAGH.

A country clergyman who wished to prepare the children of his parishioners for saying their catechism, asked a simple lad "what his god-fathers and godmothers did for him?" "I don't know what they will do for me, but they have done nothing for me yet, sir," was the ready response.

An eccentric minister in a large parish had seventeen couples to marry at once in a grand common service at church. In the course of the weddings he asked one of the men to pledge himself to the wrong woman. The man naturally protested, but was told, "Hold your tongue! I will marry you all now and here; you can sort yourselves going home."

**HOW GRECIAN BENDS ARE MADE.**—About twelve o'clock one Sunday, as people were returning from church, a lady dressed in the height of fashion, with a gorgeous Grecian bend of magnificent proportions tripped down Second street, Maysville, Ky., in the most approved style, like a cat treading on eggs. Just as she reached the corner of Second and Sutton streets, where the "gentles most do congregate," a newspaper, neatly folded, slipped from her skirt and fell on the sidewalk. A polite newsboy saw it fall, and called out to her that she had "dropped something," but she kept her eyes fixed on vacancy and moved straight ahead without appearing to notice him. A few steps further another wad fell from the same region, and there was a diminution of the lump on her back. The boy yelled after her again, "I say Missis, you are losing all your papers?" The only sign of hearing him that she gave was a quickening in pace, as if she was anxious to get away from those diggings as fast as possible. A kind hearted lady who was walking behind her, and who understood the situation, at this moment hurried up alongside and whispered that she was losing her bend. This information caused her to turn into a friendly stairway to repair damages; but just as she put her foot in the door an enormous bundle of papers, a hundred or so in number, dropped from beneath her skirts and rolled upon the sidewalk. The youngster, indignant at the treatment he had received, and the apparent disdain with which his polite attentions had been met, on this rushed forward, and seizing the bundle of papers, startled Sabbath strictness on the streets with "Ere's your extra. Latest from the seat of war!" The lady, it is needless to say, didn't stop to take an extra.

**THE DOCTOR'S MISTAKE.**—When Mr. Dodge, electric physician was lecturing through the States on the laws of health, he happened to meet one morning at the breakfast table, a witty son of Erin of the better class. Conversation turned on the doctor's favorite subject as follows:

"Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effect of tea and coffee?"  
"I don't know," said Erin, "but I'd like to be there when you do it."  
"Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?"  
"Sure, and I will, sir."  
"How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor.  
"Morning and night, sir."  
"Well, do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?"  
"Indeed I do."  
"And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes, in the morning?"  
"Truth, I do, sir."  
"Well," said the doctor, with an air of assurance and confidence in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee."  
"Is it indeed! And I always thought it was the whiskey I drank."

The method of makin a bowl of oyster soup that can be retailed for five cents, four of which will be profit, is as follows:—Take five Baltimore oysters, photograph them, to each photograph add five gallons of water, season to suit taste.

A physician was going his rounds among small-pox patients in a hospital, and stopping by the bedside of an Irishman he inquired, "Well Pat, how are you to-day?" "Faith sir, I am better; but I am so wake that I should not be surprised at all if some one was to come along to me and tell me I was dead."

A little boy who went to church was cautioned to remember the text, which was "Why stand ye all the day idle? Go in to my vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Johnny came home and was asked to repeat the text. He thought over it awhile, and then cried out: "What d'ye stand round here doing nuffin for; go into my barnyard and work, I'll make it all right with you."

**A BALL.**—Some one describing a ball said it was an assemblage of people who had never met before, and who never cared to meet again, and that they talked a little, danced a little, ate a little, and scandalized not a little.

A French barber's sign reads thus, "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it is always "to-morrow."

What is the difference between half a glass of water and a broken engagement?—The one is not filled full and the other is not fulfilled.

A widow once said to her daughter, "When you are at my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband."—"Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless beauty, for a second time.

Mr. Falls, a well-known Irish sportsman, happened unfortunately one day to ride down a hound. The inescapable but witty master attacked him in no very measured language. "Sir," was the reply, "I'd have you recollect that I am Mr. Falls of Lugganoo." The answer was ready—"I don't care if you were the Falls of Niagara, you sha'n't ride over my hound."

A gentleman of a malevolent and waspish disposition having died, it was reported by some persons of his acquaintance, that he had poisoned himself, on which a lady observed, "Surely he must have bitten his own tongue."

A good pun was made on Lord Arthur Hill, one of Wellington's aids at Waterloo. He was renowned for his conversational powers. After a dinner party, at which he had shone with unusual brilliancy, some one remarked of him, "It will be a great pity when his mother dies." "Why?" "Because now he is a pleasant Hill; then he will be Baron Sandays."

**ENGLISH ELECTION HUMOR.**—An amusing incident is related in connection with the recent election for Southwark, in England.

In the course of the day a costermonger in a donkey cart arrived at one of the polling booths to record his vote. The donkey was sumptuously decked out in green ribbons, the emblems of the Odger party. The voter, on being asked the customary question, "For whom do you vote?" said "Beresford." This announcement was received with a wild yell by the assembled mob, the reasoning members of which, however, in kindness, as they thought, to the voter, drew his attention to the mistake he seemed about to be making of confusing Odger with Beresford, presuming that as he had dressed up his donkey in green, of course he himself intended voting green. Thus challenged, the man said, "Oh, it's all right, I'm a Tory; it's my donkey hat's a Radical—but he's an ass!" The *dénouement* may be imagined: a renewed yell on a magnified scale.

**THE FIRST KISS.**—The Rev. John Brown courted a lady for upward of six years, and was so singularly modest and bashful that he had never ventured to kiss her. One day it occurred to him that it would not be a bad thing to do. So, it is recorded, said he "Jane, my woman, we've been acquainted now for six years, an'—an'—I've never of a kiss yet. D'ye think I may take one, my bonnie lass?" The reply was wonderfully characteristic of the Scottish maiden. "Just as ye like, John," said she, "only be becomin' and proper wi' it." Surely, Janet, said John; "we'll ask a blessin'." The blessing was asked, and the kiss exchanged. "O woman," said the enraptured but still devout minister, "O woman, but it was guid! We'll noo return thanks." And they did it.

## CRUMBS FOR ALL KINDS OF CHICKENS.

A 12 year old Swedish girl, who after a fortnight's trial left a cause in Maine in which she was employed as a domestic, said she liked the place and the people, but dared not to live with folk who ever pray.

In judging ourselves, we cannot be too severe; in judging others, we cannot be too lenient. We should judge ourselves by our motives, not others by their ways and actions.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last: and the heart which seeks for another heart to make it happy, will not seek in vain.

A mother out west addressed her daughter thus:—"My daughter, you are now 15 years of age, engaged to be married, and without a smile on your face. I have done my duty."

A Connecticut man killed himself last week, and it is said there was no cause for the act—and yet it is added that he was to have been married last week. Cause and effect.

A particular swain in an Eastern town sent his marriage to the paper with the addition, "No cardamoms." He despised abbreviations.

A Michigan doctor dismissed his servant girl for sprinkling ashes on a slippery place in front of his residence to the detriment of business.

There is no fear of kneeling too much, though there is great fear of practising too little. The most doing man shall be the most knowing.

The harp of the human spirit never yields such sweet music as when its frame work is most shattered, and its strings most torn.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wonders—these are the masters of victory.

It is not until the flowers have fallen off that the fruit begins to open. So in life it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself; though you have a thousand, not one of them love you as much as you ought to love yourself.

What trade did Jack Horner, of corner celebrity subsequently adopt? Probably plumbing.

A Chinese thief, having stolen a missionary's watch brought it back next day to be shown how to wind it up.

What ancient author is supposed to have written a treatise on plum-pudding? Suetonius.

Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been greatly their own teachers.

When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? Not until listeners refrain from evil breathing.

Shut not up a brood of evil passions in your bosom; like enraged serpents, they will bite their cage.

To succeed in changing the multitude you must seem to wear the same fetters (Voltaire)

Three Ohio school boys tried to whip the teacher. She made it warm for them with a poker.

The thoughtless and impatient shut their eyes to danger, rather than labor to avert it.

When a man's business is rapidly running down, it is time for him to think of winding it up.

Clever—People who spend \$15 every time they earn ten.

Adversity is a poultice which reduces our vanity and strengthens our virtues.

Don't be ashamed of your foot if it is large. You did not make it.

Good temper is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on everything.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vicinity gives currency. He who throws out suspicions should at once be suspected himself.

The greatest truths are the simplest, so likewise are the greatest men.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.

Why is a woodchuck like a sausage? Because it is ground hog.

Dry diet for the Russian autocrat—Turkey without Greece.

When is a clock guilty of misdemeanor? When it strikes one.

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom? Because it grows down.