

## GIRLS, DON'T TALK SLANG.

Girls, don't talk slang. If it is necessary that any one in the family should do that let it be your brother, though I would advise him not to adopt "pigeon English" when there is an elegant, systematized language that he can just as well use. But don't *you* do it. You can have no idea how it sounds to ears unused or averse to it to hear a young lady, when she is asked if she will go with you to some place, answer, "Not much!" or, if requested to do something which she does not wish, to hear her say, "Can't see it."

Not long ago I heard a young miss who is educated and accomplished, in speaking of a young man, say that she intended to "go for him!" and when her sister asked her assistance at some work, she answered, "Not for Joe!"

Now, young ladies of unexceptionable character and really good education fall into this habit, thinking it shows smartness to answer back in slang phrases, and they soon slip flippantly from their tongues with a saucy pertness that is neither ladylike nor becoming. "I bet" or "you bet" is well enough among men who are trading horses or land; but the contrast is startling, and positively shocking, to hear those words issue from the lips of a young lady. They seem at once to surround her with the rougher associations of men's daily life, and bring her down from the pedestal of purity, whereon she is placed, to their own coarse level.

**LONGEVITY OF FARMERS.**—In a late address before the Farmers' Club, of Princeton, Mass., Dr. Nathan Allen said that according to the registration report of deaths in Massachusetts, published now for about thirty years, and preserved with more accuracy and completeness than anywhere else in the country, the greatest longevity is found to obtain in agricultural life. In the ten different occupations as given in these reports, the cultivators of the earth stand as a class at the head, reaching, on an average, the age of nearly sixty-five years, while that of the next class, merchants, is only about 49 years; that of mechanics of all kinds, about 48 years, and that of shoemakers about 44 years. Thus there is an advantage of about 15 years on the side of farmers as compared with merchants and they reach an average age but little

short of the three scores years and ten allotted by the Psalmist for human life.

**BUTTERFLY PICTURES!**—In the woods, near Stamford Bridge, *Arge Galathea* formerly abounded, but it has not been seen for some years; indeed, some of our most conspicuous butterflies (notably *Io*, *Paphia Rhamni* and *Galathea*), have lately become rare, or disappeared from the neighborhood of York, Leeds and Sheffield, and this not from any "improvement" of the land, or, so far as appears, any alteration of the former conditions of their existence, but simply from their merciless pursuit and wholesale slaughter by the makers of butterfly pictures. The numbers thus annually destroyed are almost incredible. I have known 250 peacocks used in the construction of an elephant, and upwards of 500 *Vanessa Urtice* in the figure of a crocodile three feet long! *Galathea* was an especial favorite with the tribe; a portrait of Lord Brougham in butterflies, the checked trousers depicted by *Galathea's* wings, is considered a very clever work of art!—E. BIRCHALL, in *Newman's Entomologist*.

## Potery.

## THE QUILL.

BY THE EDITOR.

Before all pens of steel or gold,  
Give me a grey goose quill;  
Ready to move, easy to hold,  
And pliant to your will.

'Tis a nimble, light, and airy thing,  
Plucked from a downy pinion;  
And suited well afar to wing,  
Truth, fact, and sage opinion.

Over the page it swiftly goes,  
From side to side in a trice;  
Fleet as a sleigh o'er beaten snows,  
Or a skater on the ice.

It never runs against a snag,  
Like pens of mettle made;  
And throws them all, whate'er their brag,  
Completely in the shade.

Give pens of steel to business clerks,  
And secretaries trim;  
Who write abjuring twists and quirks,  
In letters stiff and prim.

82/100 Give pens of gold to love-lorn swains,  
And sentimental misses;  
Dapperly things to note their pains,  
And register their blisses.

But give to me, howe'er uncouth,  
A good old-fashioned quill;  
My trusty friend in early youth,  
And loved companion still.