

The best government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.—*Goethe*.

All men who do anything, must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw off.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to mend. Oh, it is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches!

Friendship does not consist in words, in great dinners, or unmeaning smiles. Show me the man who will break his last loaf with me, and I will call that man friend.

I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate indolence, oppression, injustice; hate Pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep, living, God-like hatred.—*Robertson*.

Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every successive resolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed you must keep moving.

TRINKETS.

Society is the hardest baked on its upper crust.

"Ah, me!" sighed a pawnbroker's wife, "what a loan-sum life we lead."

"Six into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

An old lady in Texas says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

A man who is out of pocket might as well be out of town.

A man would be a heap better off if he was as perticler 'bout de whisky he drinks as he is 'bout de water," remarks an observant old darkey.

A young lady of Philadelphia is gaining great reputation as a violinist. Still, she is not the only fair one who has mastered the art of handling a beau.

A blundering compositor in setting up the toast, "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman without her man, would be a savage."

The other day an excited individual arrested a street gamin with the question, "Say bub, which is the quickest way for me to get to the railroad depot?" "Run!" was the response.

A preacher requested a Sunday school scholar to explain the text, "Then had the churches rest," and the answer was, "It was when the preacher left for conference."

A gentleman in Brooklyn, celebrating the birth of a daughter on the day of the opening of the bridge, proposed to call her Victoria, in honor of the Queen's birthday, whereupon a friend (not an alderman) suggested that a more appropriate name would be Bridget.

CHOICE OF WIFE.

Enough of beauty to secure affection,
Of modest diffidence to claim protection,
Of docile mind, admmissive of correction,
And stored with sense and reason and reflection,
And every passion held in due subjection,
Enough of sprightliness to cure dejection,
And faults enough to keep beneath perfection;
When such I find I'll make her my selection.

CHOICE OF HUSBAND.

Of beauty, just enough to bear inspection,
Of wisdom, high, to keep in right direction,
Of candour, sense and wit, a good selection,
And scorn such words as "keep her in subjection,"
Or talk of weaker vessel's imperfection,
And should he vow sincerely strong affection,
I don't think I should plead for long reflection,
But when I meet with such in my connection,
Let him propose, I'll offer no objection.

THE CHILDREN'S ARMY.

BY. MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

A word to the little children,
The children good and true;
Come join the temperance army,
And fight the battle through.
Here's wine, and beer, and cider,
Fair little snakes that creep
Around our own dear hearthstones
And fatten while we sleep.
Boys, *set your heel upon them*,
Don't toy with them, I pray,
For they'll *sting* you while you pet them,
While they seem in sportive play.
Here's the dirty page, *Tobacco*,
Who waits on the *rum-king*,
And to his treacherous clutches
Does many a victim bring.
Don't take a filthy meerschaum
Or odorous cigar
Into your rosy lips, boys;
'Twere better, sirs, by far,
To lose your tops and marbles,
Your skates and treasures fine,
Than to lose your *hope of manhood*
In tobacco or in wine.
A true and noble boyhood
Will make a manhood fine;
Then shun the treacherous cider,
Tobacco, ale, and wine,
And join you all together
In a legion good and true,
To fight for truth and temperance,
Till you see the battle through.

SUE'S WEDDING.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

Sue ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says who knows her. She has been engaged to Mr. Travers for three years, and has had to refuse lots of offers to go to the circus with other young men. I have wanted her to get married, so that I could go and live with her and Mr. Travers. When I think that if it hadn't been for a mistake I made she would have been married yesterday, I find it dreadfully hard to be resigned. But we ought always to be resigned to everything when we can't help it.

Before I go any further I must tell you about my printing press. It belonged to Tom McGinnis, but he got tired of it, and sold it to me real cheap. He tried hard to trade it off for a bicycle, a St. Bernard dog, and twelve good books; but he finally let me have it for a dollar and a half.

It prints beautifully, and I have printed cards for ever so many people, and made three dollars and seventy cents already. I thought it would be nice to be able to print circus bills in case Tom and I should ever have another circus, so I sent to the city and bought some type more an inch high, and some beautiful yellow paper.

Last week it was finally agreed that Sue and Mr. Travers should be married without waiting any longer. You should have seen what a state of mind she and mother were in. They did nothing but buy new clothes, and sew, and talk about the wedding all day long. Sue was determined to be married in church, and to have six bridesmaids and six bridegrooms, and flowers and music and things till you couldn't rest. The only thing that troubled her was making up her mind who to invite. Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden and the seven McFadden girls, but Sue said they had insulted her, and she couldn't bear the idea of asking the McFadden tribe. Everybody agreed that old Mr. Wilkinson, who once came to a party at our house with one boot and one slipper, couldn't be invited; but it was decided that every one else that was on good terms with our family should have an invitation.