POETRY.

APPEAL.

A little shining curl of soft brown hair,
The rustle of a loving, long-writ page,
The faint, sad sweetness of a bud once fair,
Bring back our Golden Age.

Do you recall that sunny autumn time?
Were ever 'melancholy days' so passing sweet?
Nature forgot the harshness of our clime,
And walked with gentle feet.

She grudged no gifts: she glorified our ways,
—Beauty and balm and happy human heart—
She sent her warm breath thro' November days,
Sheathing all cruel darts.

And when the day died in the arms of night,
Its soul sprang up in flame upon our hearth,
The world shut out with gay conceit and night,
We gave the hour to mirth.

Later, when all the echoes slept,
And the old room grew strangely hushed and still,
Around the fire a charmed watch we kept,
And let thought roam at will.

With what rare cheer one came and blessed us then!
Would you forget a single golden tone?
Proudly we deemed him peer of noblest men,
His life not ours alone.

And looking forward saw a future fair,
In lightning flashes, while with ear attent,
We glowed beneath his words, as unaware,
He grew so eloquent.

It was too much, I knew it could not last.
You only smiled. I said it once again,
But we were glad and thought our happy past
Was worth all future pain.

Ah, me, I do not know! I read, once more,
The brave and tender words last penned for me,
In drear discomfort, on Potomac's shore,
And I am brave as he.

But, living over all our saddened years,
That lay so smiling to our untaught eyes,
I am a coward, and with pain and tears,
Bewail our sacrifice.

This silence, that has grown between us two,
Is hard to bear. Shall it not have an end?
Nor time, nor tongue can turn my heart from you,
I am a loyal friend.

WITH THE DEAD.

Oh, what are all the living loves
To that which will not quit the dead.
—*Byron.*

Alone with thee in night and gloom,
Oh, best and dearest friend of all!
The shadow of whose early doom
Will ever on my spirit fall!
Led by the shadowy beckoning hand,
Undaunted by the deepening night,
To where the spectral tombstones stand
In marble stillness—ghastly white!
Alone with thee in night and gloom!
Responsive to my spirit call—
Leaving life's busy haunts I come
To rest with thee, best friend of all!
Dost thou not know that I am here?
With thee for solace and for rest?
The sad lips once to thee so dear,
To the cold sod above thee prest.
With thee, sweet friend, in peace and rest!
With me unrest and longings vain!
The shielding mound above thy breast
Shuts out from thee all thought of pain.

MY ONLY LOVE.

FREDERICK LOCKER, IN CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

My only love is always near—
In country or in town,
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever young and fair,
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung,
And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on; but while she leads
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice! Ah me, it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase—
I follow, follow still; but I
Shall never see her face!

REX, THE KING.

What ailed that man? His body was big and vigorous. He walked with a broad-chested swing. You knew he was a gentleman by the fine contour of his face; did not his dress, notwithstanding his disorder, impress that fact on you before you noticed this? But he was acting like a lunatic. Ever as he swung forward, he turned and watched the ground behind him. Often he wheeled and kicked the past. His eyes were dilated. Cold sweat stood on his forehead, and broke through the beard of his cheeks.

Organ thunder and people's voices filled all the air around him.

'Oh, you're all safe and comfortable,' he panted fiercely. 'I'd like to take it in there and let it wriggle down some of your backs, and *then* hear your thanksgivings! Oh, God, if you are up aloft, listening to all the prayers made to you this day, send me deliverance from this thing!'

So over a crossing, down a street, across the river-bridge, 'the thing' marched him on. He was in the suburbs; miners' wives and broods staring after him. He was in the woods, crushing grass beneath his heels, writhing with his arms reached treeward. His face turned again to the town, and he ramped through ways of men, a lion wrapped by a boa—poor Reginald!

And [illegible]

Folks were flowing out of the churches, and sweeping homeward with thoughts of Sunday dinners on their peaceful countenances.

Now the man was mad indeed. He darted this way and that among the tranquilly-moving flock. Rushing round a corner, he came in contact with Marian, and rebounded, panting aloud. Marian stood, drawing a deep breath of astonishment. He swept her with a lightning glance into his perception. She was a woman, all purple and gray as to her dress—rain-washed purple and pearly gray. She was of womanly stature, pliant; cool to look at under the fiery sun, as a silvery flag-lilly.

Her face flashed suddenly beautiful as he encountered it. Of all the souls going home from spiritual pasture, he, by instinct or accident, struck the right soul for him. How the twittering young women would have stared at him! how would even the mild pastor have stood at bay!

She divined his need before he twisted his hands and strangle to her—'Help me! for God's sake, help me!'

'What shall I do?'

'Show me where to go from that snake which is following me!' he pointed behind, near his feet—'Quick!'

'Come this way,' said Marian, snatching his hand. She took charge of him, as she used to do of her young brothers on stormy nights from school.

There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, we learned in our copy-books. In fact, a thing may be sublime to one or two, and ridiculous to everybody else.

They ran; Marian a purple, scudding cloud, her patient, the gale which blew her. She guided his force, and let the people stare.

Thus they dashed into the grotto parlor of her cool, large home. She thanked Providence that mamma was safe in a morning nap many rooms away, and the boys employing all the powers of their minds getting ready for luncheon and Sabbath school.

'Oh' you've saved me from it!' breathed Reginald, dropping breathless and dusty on on a sofa. 'Think of the cold, scaly thing following you a whole night—darting its tongue—hissing! I defied it—kicked it—trod on it—and it grew bigger every minute. When I first saw it, it was not as large as my finger, but now it's the size of a tree. I know it's delirium tremens, but Oh, God! it would unman anybody. You angel-woman, how I must have frightened you! But there—there it is again! It came in under the door!' He rolled back in convulsions.

Marian went swiftly between him and the door.

'Your foot is on it's neck,' yelled Reginald, leaping up, with his eyeballs starting horrible.

'There will I keep my foot,' said Marian.

'But it can turn and strike you! Come off—come away from there!' with a despairing howl. He threw himself before her and tried to fling her from the spot. 'No woman shall stand between me and what I dread.'

Marian threw up her arms, and trustful, believing looks before which he fell back, an exhausted, abject heap on the floor.

'Oh, our Christ,' she begged, 'we shall die unless thou come to us. There is no help in man. Satan is here, even in person. Now show us that thou art a mighty Saviour, and a Saviour to the uttermost, no matter what self-sufficient folks have told us to the contrary. We can't see thee. Oh, our Christ! take hold of us! we lie at Thy feet! Thou art love! thrill us with all Thy heroism and patience! Oh, take hold of us, or we shall die.'

Here Marian's heart burst and ran in stormy tears over her face.

'It's gone,' whispered Reginald; 'move away and let me see. I knew it—yes, it's gone!'

He stretched himself and lay as lifeless as a seaweed; and while his exhausted body barely breathed, the spirit of music, freed by Marian's hands began to talk to him. First it sobbed and shivered, saying plainly, 'Ah, son of man, both you and I are tormented in this world!' Then it rose up, with the fetters on its feet, and moved him with heroic impulses. He felt strong; sat up; was thrilled to quivering. It led him on to a tenderness and newness of life. Marian, her back to him, her hands and heart swift and strong upon the keys, was opening heaven to his imagination.

'Hope for me?' he asked himself aloud.

'Hope for me?' caught the young woman, whose ear was keen. A piano was hardly able to give utterances to the triumphant anthem which burst out under her touch.

Having exorcised his tormentor, she turned her helpful, beautiful face toward him.

'Sit there and let me look at you,' begged Reginald, 'and let me tell you all about it.'

She was all his in listening.

He laid down the outline of his case. Much of his confidence cannot be told—it was in his eyes, in his alternately crimson and haggerd face, in the stoop of his proud figure. His father had been a drunkard; and his father's father. The curse of their race would be covered for years by the hard crust of manhood, but its lava finally broke through and overflowed everything. They all rose from untainted boyhood to powerful maturity. But as their natures grew, so grew the worm, and the worm crumbled the ripe man.

He told her where his mother and sisters lived; of his childhood; his happy prospects; of the bright career even yet before him if he were equal to it.

'*They* don't know how it is with me,' he confessed. 'I make short visits home. It would break mother's heart. She has hoped for me. This fit was coming all last night. I dared not go to my rooms. I walked the streets all night. That snake began to follow me about daybreak. I was at the railroad depot. I jumped aboard an early train to get rid of it, and jumped off here to leave it on the train. I ran up the streets and down. It chased me through God's green woods—how could such a child as you know how to treat delirium tremens, little angel?'

(For this Marian was a chameleon as to her personal appearance. The face he saw that moment was the face of a babe. Nature had intended her for a beautiful woman; however, nature's plan had been nipped in the bud by care and sorrow—girlhood passed her by on the other side, while she stooped over her wounded family. These women, whose natural development is so checked, are babe, wife, mother, grandmother in one conglomerate.)

Reginald's question led her to tell him how her father died in bondage to drink. She touched lightly on her life; the struggle to put buttered bread in the mouths of growing brothers, and support an invalid mother at the same time. 'It was hard.' Now he saw the old, old, care-chipped grandmother face. 'I sewed and gardened, and copied papers—but fortunately for us, somebody who left the world was good enough to give his little fortune to us. And now all is well.'

'It must always be well with you,' said Reginald, eying the lovely woman who expanded again before him. His face flushed darkly. 'I can never hope to have my good angel for my friend.'

She crossed the room and came near to him. 'Why not for your friend? Why, I know you! I shall be a true friend. And then, don't call me 'good angel.' I am a soul like you—you came to me in need, and I felt it.'

'On this side, the man's face, watching her intently, taking impressions from her he had never taken from woman before; on that side, the girl's face, lit [illegible] self-forgetful, answering him.

A pang cut him. Just a suggestion of what might have been.

'You'll despise me finally, I know you will.'

'On the contrary,' said Marian, 'I'll love you with my prayers.'

'God bless you' He saw her position. She had neither coquetry nor prudishness. She stood on the middle ground of self-respecting, wide-reaching womanhood. Taking her hand in his, he breathed over and over, 'God bless you! Now I will go,' said he. Yet he stood and was loth. 'Say Reginald.'

'My friend Reginald.'

This pleased him. 'At home they used to call me Rex, for short,' he smiled, turning his eyes aside to look at the memory.

'Rex, not for short, but for strength. Rex, means king,' said Marian.

'King!' with a scornful snort; sheet-lightning hatred of himself all over his face. 'Now I will go,' yet never relaxing from the innocent fingers. 'May I see you again soon?'

'Not unless you can't fight for yourself, Rex, king; let me tell you something now to *remember*.'

'Wait a moment.' He produced a note-book and gravely copied her address. 'Now.'

'Whenever the serpent approaches you either in the cup or on the ground, fly to the Rock—you understand—to the One who saves us all'

'You—believe—in Him,' writing her words; 'I never thought much about that sort of thing. But I believe in you.'

Marian reflected that we all learn God's love—what we know of it—through human love. She pointed no morals, but let him be.

He put up his note-book, looked into her eyes and glowered.

'Struggle—struggle—struggle! That's what life means to me. Oh Marian, is there no physical cure? Must my body blunt and ruin me? No wholesomeness, no jollity, no living like other folks in the world for me! Oh, little woman, so wise, can't you keep me from destruction?'

'No, Rex. There is One more your ally than any earthly being can become. Life is maimed to most of us. I went to the hospital yesterday, carrying something to the patients—and there was a negro boy, with both arms cut off above the elbows by car-wheels; a man with his eyes blown out by a mine explosion—I shock you! Oh, there were scores of them; men, women, little children bound down by all manner of bodily woes. Yet they are human lives, just like we are, Rex—'

'I never thought of them as such before.'

'And they must suffer all their days. The perfection of this life, the full development from stage to stage of happiness, which God meant us all to have, many must miss through their hard circumstances. But let us not miss of Heaven too. Better to go in halt or blind. Oh Rex, your body, your times, the undertow of evil are all against you. You must overcome—overcome—OVERCOME!'

'I will! I see! I've often turned on the Lord for putting me at such disadvantage. Things didn't seem half fair before. Oh, what a woman this is, that can draw my soul up to this heroic point! Marian, I am your soldier.'

'Goodbye, my soldier.' She wisely dismissed him before his weakness had time to rebound on and humiliate him.'

'May I send messages to you?'

'Yes.'

He kissed the pink centres of her hands. Her steel-true eyes struck his head full of sparkles.

I say it is good to make a lover; your nine hundred and ninety-nine charmers can do that; but it is sublime to make a hero; only your thousandth woman can do that. For the sick oyster of sentiment lies so close to the pearl, wisdom.

Thus they parted.

And thus did each fare.

Days afterwards, Marian read to her fretful mother, and secretly wished—human girl—that life was less monotonous. When she was startled by a telegraphic message. In an instant she divined Rex's secondary reason for using wires between them. He was too proud to show his palsied hand

'*Serpents—I have flown to the Rock! But its hard to hold on—Can't see things as you do—Orders!*

SOLDIER.'

Thus the message ran.

Marian flew to the wires and flashed back: '*Hold on to the Rock or we are lost. Overcome. It can't last long.*'

A lapse of time afterwards the expressive American idiom, '*All Right!*' was dashed into her hands.

On which she hailed him: '*Live the King!*'

So they stirred each other's lives with lightning. Sometimes at intervals of weeks, sometimes at intervals of hours. The longer Marian watched him, the more her heart broke for him. His curse was in transmitted blood, not in his stomach entirely, as is the case with happier men.

One of the 'melancholy days,' our Bryant sings, she received his last message. She darted to her feet reading it, and was half ready to go before its meaning was plain.

'*Please come to me. Come quick. Your soldier got his discharge.*

REX.'

Some gentlemen—his friends—were waiting for her at the end of the route. As she stepped off the train, they recognized her, by instinct, I suppose; (men sometimes display instinct almost equal to that of the more sagacious creature, woman), they took her in charge, and supposing she was his betrothed, tried to prepare her as gently as gentlemen can do, to look on what was waiting her. Wisely, they told her first how worthy a thing he had done. Through fire and panic, he threw himself into a big tenement house, where some children were roasting to death, given over by their distracted parents and the equally distracted firemen, he brought them out safe, covered by his own clothing. But he swallowed fire himself. It lapped into the sockets of his head, and drank up the eyes of Rex. Blind, and dying in agony, he had yet called to her triumphantly.

'He was a noble fellow,' murmured one of the friends, turning to the carriage window, and brushing his cheek. He spoke of you first, of course, madam. His mother and sisters have also been sent for. They will be here this evening.'

So they took her to where he lay in state. For it was state, though he was disfigured, and his eyes had the Justice bandage on.

Marian put her arms around those big helpful shoulders, and her head on his breast. 'Oh Rex, my King!'

No, I shall tell you no more about this human woman, beside her dead victor.

About sunset, his family found him in his casket, and thick green leaves were bound over his black temples. Who had crowned him they knew not; but the leaves looked well there—they let them be. Mother and sisters wailed over him in the passionate fashion of women, for they could not know how well it was with him.

As for Rex, he lay in everlasting majesty. He was a king.

RANDOM READINGS.

A society for promoting meditation has a rule that whoever *breaks* the general silence shall pay the damages.

A Green Bay man called a young lady his 'precious darling little honey-dew [illegible] blooming rosebud,' and then [illegible] of a [illegible] stood a breach of promise suit before he would marry her.

'Marie, have you given the gold fish any fresh water?' 'No, sir, what's the use? They haven't drunk up what's in there yet.'

'When you are my age,' said a widow to her daughter, 'it will be time enough to look for a husband.' 'Yes, mamma, was the answer, for the second one.' Mamma dropped the subject.

A photographer in Gloucester has been astonished by a young woman who came to ask meekly and innocently, 'How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?'

What is the greatest fact in the eating way ever known. That recorded of a man who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window, and then sat down and swallowed a whole story.

Why are the present fashions calculated to injure the temper of ladies?—Because, no matter how amiable a lady's disposition may be naturally, she is required to be ruffled whenever she appears in society.

A writer on physiognomy sagely says:—A human face without a nose doesn't amount to much.' Whereupon Mr. Jones observed that a human nose without a face isn't much, either.

'Please don't shoot the cows,' is a sign on a farmer's fence on some marsh land a few miles from a town in Sussex; the sign is intended for sportsmen who go out snipe shooting.

The late Mr. Vernon Smith was one of the most indiscreet men on the hustings. He once said to an audience, 'I am not a lord, but my friends console me by saying I look like one.'

The *Anbnrn Bulletin* fashion editor sums up the present female costume in the brief word 'tuckupbehinddoll-wriggledarnphoolitiveness.'

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

Better be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

This engagement was broken off. A young man in the wilds of Nevada bought a dress pattern for his fiancee and a pair of red flannel pantaloons for himself and—he delivered the wrong bundle.

'Lines' from an obituary in the Philadelphia Ledger:

Bring out the crape and toll the knell;
She's dead—a lovely Lockport belle;
Her stomach failed away to get
With ninety oysters on a bet.

The hotel-keepers at Niagara are discussing a plan to stop tourists five miles from the Falls and stuff their ears with cotton, to prevent their hearing the roar without their first paying a fee of three dollars

A slab above a grave in Arkansas bears the following legend, evidently the tribute of a devoted but discriminating husband:

'She washed the children,
Fed the fowls,
And made her home
Resound with howls.'

THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

OF THE PERIOD AND USES OF HUMAN LIFE.

As the eye of the morning to the lark; as the shade of the evening to the owl; as honey to the bee; or as the carcass to the vulture; even such is Life to the heart of man.

Though bright, it dazzleth not; though obscure, it displeaseth not, though sweet, it cloyeth not; though corrupt, it forbiddeth not; Who is he that knoweth it's true value?

Learn to esteem life as thou oughtest; then art thou near the pinnacle of wisdom.

Think not with the fool that nothing is more valuable; nor believe with him who pretendeth to be wise, that thou oughtest to contemn it; love not life for itself but for the good it may be to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee; neither can mines of diamonds purchase back the moment thou hast now lost; employ thy succeding ones in virtue.

Say not that it were best to have never been born; or, when born, that it had been best to have died early; neither dare thou to ask of thy Creator, where had been the evil had I not existed? Good is in thy power: the want of good is evil, and if thy question be just, lo! it condemneth thee.

Would the fish swallow the bait if he knew the hook was hid therein? Would the lion enter the toils if he saw they were prepared for him? So neither, were the soul to perish with this clay, would man wish to live; neither would a merciful God have created him; know hence, thou shalt live hereafter.

The bird, though enclosed in the cage before he seeth it, yet teareth not his flesh against it's sides, so labor not thou vainly to run from the state thou art in; know that it is allotted thee, and be content with it.

Though the ways are uneven, yet are they not all painful: accommodate thyself to each, but where there is least appearance of evil, suspect the greatest danger.

When thy bed is straw, thou sleepest in security; when thou stretchest thyself on robes, beware of thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life; wish to live therefore as long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou canst; while thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it.

Nor complain with the fool of the shortness of thy time but remember, that with thy days, thy cares also are shortened.

Take from the period of thy life the useless parts of it; and what remaineth?—Take off the time of thine infancy: the second infancy of old age; thy sleep, thy thoughtless hours, thy days of sickness;—and how few seasons, even at the fulness of years, hast thou truly numbered!

He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so: to what end would longer life have served thee? Wishest thou to obtain time for more vices? As to the good thou hast done, will not he who hath limited thy span, be satisfied with the fruits of it?

To what purpose, O child of sorrow, wouldest thou live longer? To breathe, to eat, to behold the world? All this thou hast already done; too frequent a repetition, is it not tiresome? Is it not superfluous?

Wouldst thou improve thy wisdom and thy virtue? Alas! What art thou to know? Or, who is it that shall teach thee? Badly dost thou employ the little thou hast; dare not to complain therefore that more is not given thee.

Repine not at the want of knowledge, for it must perish with thee in the grave; be honest here, thou shalt be wise hereafter.

Say not unto the crow, why numberest thou seven times the age of thy lord? Or, to the fawn, why are thine eyes to see my offspring to an hundred generations? Are these to be compared with thee in the abuse of life? Are they riotous? Are they cruel! Are they ungrateful? — Learn from them rather, that innocence of life, and simplicity of manners, are the paths to a good old age.

Knowest thou to employ life better than these? A less portion of it than may suffice thee.

Man who dares to enslave the world, when he knoweth that his tyranny can be enjoyed but for a moment; what would he not aim at, were he immortal?

Enough has thou of life, but thou regardest not; thou art not in want of it, O man! But thou art Prodigal: thou throwest it lightly away, as if thou hadst more than enough; and yet thou repinest that it is not gathered again unto thee.

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich; it is economy.

The wise continueth to live from his first period; the fool is always beginning

Labor not after riches first, and think that afterwards thou wilt enjoy them; he who neglecteth the present moment, throweth away all that he hath. As the arrow passeth through the heart, while the warrior knew not that it was coming, so shall his life be taken away before he knoweth that he hath it.

What then is life, that man should desire it? And what is breathing, that he should covet it?

Is it not a scene of delusion; a series of misadventures; a pursuit of evils, linked on all sides together? In the beginning it is ignorance; pain is in it's middle: and it's end is sorrow.

As one wave pusheth another, till both are involved in that behind them; even so succedeth evil to evil in the life of man; the greater and the present swallowing the lesser and the past! Real evils are our terrors and our expectations look forward into improbabilities.

Fools! to dread as mortals—and yet to desire as if immortal!

What part of life is it that we would wish to remain with us? Is it youth? Can we be in love with outrage, licentiousness, and temerity? Is it age? Can we be fond of infirmities?

It is said, grey hairs are revered, and in length of days is honour; but virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth; and without it, age plants wrinkles in the soul more than on the forehead.

Is age respected because it hateth riot? What justice is there in this? Say not that age despiseth pleasure, is it pleasure that despiseth age

Be virtuous while thou art young; so shall thine age be honoured.

MAN CONSIDERED IN REGARD TO HIS INFIRMITIES, AND THEIR EFFECTS.

VANITY.

Inconstancy is powerful in the heart of man; intemperance swayeth it whither it will; despair engrosseth much of it; and fear proclaimeth— Behold I sit unrivalled therein! But Vanity is beyond them all.

Weep not, therefore, at the calamities of the human state; rather smile at it's follies: in the hands of the man addicted to vanity, life is nothing but the shadow of a dream.

The hero, the most renowned of human characters! what is he but a bubble of this weakness. The public is unsatable and ungrateful, why should the man of wisdom endanger himself for fools.

Act as becometh thee in thy present station, and in a more exalted one thy face shall not be ashamed.

The heart of the Vain is troubled while it seemeth content; his cares are greater than his pleasures.

As the man who engageth his wife to remain in widowhood, that she disturb not his soul: so is he who expecteth that praise shall reach his ears beneath the earth, or cherish his heart in it's shroud.

Do well whilst thou livest, and regard not what is said of it; content thyself with deserving praise, and thy posterity shall rejoice in hearing it.

As the butterfly who seeth not her own colours; as the jessamine which scenteth not the ordour it casteth around, so is the man that appeareth gay, and remindeth others to take note of it.

'To what purpose,' saith he, is my vesture of gold? To what end are my tables filled with dainties, if no eye admire them, if the world knew it not?' Give thy raiment to the naked, and thy food unto the hungry; so shalt thou have praise, and shalt feel that thou deservest it.

Why bestoweth thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words? Thou knowest that when it is returned unto thee, thou regardest it not. Speak in sincerity, and thou shalt hear with instruction.

The Vain delighteth to speak of himself and seeth not that others dislike to hear him.

The heart of man attendeth not at once to many things; he who fixeth his soul on shew, loseth reality; while he treads to earth what would do him honour.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it he is superior.

Keep innocency, 'tis the greatest felicity—and a good conscience, for 'tis a continual feast; this is the only music which makes a merry heart; this makes the prisoner sing when the jailer trembles.

RANDOM READINGS.

She that is loved is safe.

Stable creatures—Horses.

The only thing humorous about some men is their melancholy.

He that makes himself an ass must not take it ill if men ride him.

The song which is sung in heaven must be learned on earth.

He had but few enemies—saving his friends.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

The cause that never made a fanatic never produced a martyr.

People that must drive a trade—Cab-men.

A want that may be 'felt.'—The want of a hat.

A man has been arrested for taking things as they come.

The noisiest piece of crockery is the cup that cheers.

The law is not cheap, although it is always had at cost.

What is that which sings, yet has no voice?—A kettle.

An old saw newly set.—What can't be endured must be caricatured.

Scientific.—Leather, chemically considered, is the ox-hide of beef.

There is nothing 'goes against the grain' more than mill-stones.

Young ladies use powder, perhaps, because they think it will make them go off.

What is the champion conundrum?—Life, because everybody has to give it up.

The two colors which are indiscernible are invisible green and blindsman's buff.

It has become a question whether a phrenologist can tell what a barrel contains by examining its head.

A medical writer says 'the healthiest position to lay is with the head to the north.' People who own hens should bear this fact in mind

'Pa, do storms ever make malt liquors?' 'No, child, why do you ask?' 'Because I heard 'ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes, for a storm was brewing.'

An ingenious Kentuckian has invented a wheelbarrow in which a man can trundle himself home at night, if necessary, without troubling his friends.

Pompous school examiner: 'How is the earth divided, my lad?' Intelligent lad: 'By earthquakes, sir.'

Bankrupt Law.—'Sambo, what your 'pinion on de bankrupt law?'

'Tink um fus rate, Pompey.'

'I imply for the appellation myself. Just splain him's principles.'

'Why, you see here, now, just len' me dat half dollar you got for white-washing.'

Pompey hands him the money, and Sambo deliberately puts it into his pocket.

'Dere den, now, I owes de shoemaker three shilling, and you half a dollar, besides de grogshop bill. Now dis half dollar am all de property I got. I divides him accordin' to de debt.'

'Sambo, I takes dat half dollar back.

'Sambo, with amazement, 'You tink dis chile green? You gits yo' share wid de oder creditors.'

Sambo was as honest as some others.

A spread eagle orator of New York wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out, 'You'd be shot for a goose before you had flew a mile.'

A few days ago, a very handsome lady entered a dry goods house and inquired for a 'beau.' The polite clerk threw himself back, and remarked that he was at her service. 'Yes, but I want a bull, not a green one,' was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

Commercial College.

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Circulars containing full particulars will be sent free to any address, on application to

T. B. REAGH, Principal.

Ch'town, Jan. 5, 1874.—tf

Charlottetown Cemetery Company.

NOTICE.

AS the Act of our Legislature, passed in June, 1872, enacts, that from and after the first day of January, 1874, it shall not be lawful, under certain penalties, to inter any dead body in the Protestant burying Ground, on the Malpeque Road, in the fifth ward of this City; and as the New Cemetry is now ready for interment, application for burials therein must be made to the undersigned, at his residence in Kent Street.

Persons desirous of obtaining allotments in the Cemetry, will please apply to William Cundall, Esq., the Treasurer of the Company.

By Order
JOHN LEPAGE, Sec,

D 29, 1873

100 AGENTS WANTED—Male and Female, for the "Transmission of Life," and the "Physical Life of Woman," both by Dr. Napheys. Agent's profits, $150 to $250 a month. Testimonials from most eminent Divines, Physicians and Editors in America. Immense sales everywhere.

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Jan. 12, 1873.

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A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau Street, New York.

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No's 5's to 10's.

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200 Bbls. No. 1 CANADA FLOUR,
25 Bb's. CORNMEAL,
Just Received.
SHANKS & SMITH.

Jun 20, 1873.

PLAIN JOB AND BOOK PRINTING done at the EXAMINER OEFFIC.

LAND ASSESMENT.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, P. E. Island.
Charlottetown, January 24, 1874.

IN pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of this Island, made and passed in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled "An Act relating to the Land Assessment at present imposed by law on the Town and Royalty of Princetown," and also of an Act made and passed in the Twenty-seventh year of the same reign, intituled "An Act to consolidate and amend the several Laws imposing an Assessment on all Lands in this Colony, and for the encouragement of Education," I do hereby give public notice, that I have made proclamation, according to the terms of the said Acts, of all the undermentioned Town Lots, Water Lots, Common Lots, Pasture Lots, Islands, or parts of Islands, Townships or parts of Townships, in this Island, in arrear for the non-payment of the several sums due and owing thereon to Her Majesty, under and by virtue of the above-mentioned Acts, viz:

		Acres.
Township	No. 1,	980½
do.	do. 2,	2104
do.	do. 6,	602½
do.	do. 8,	351
do.	do. 11,	2011½
do.	do. 13,	344
do.	do. 14,	844½
do.	do. 17,	999
do.	do. 19,	950½
do.	do. 20,	715½
do.	do. 21,	489½
do.	do. 23,	2569¾
do.	do. 24,	714¾
do.	do. 25,	67½
do.	do. 26,	209¾
do.	do. 27,	60
do.	do. 28,	116½
do.	do. 29,	1056
do.	do. 30,	4426
do.	do. 32,	1164
do.	do. 33,	650
do.	do. 34,	211
do.	do. 35,	598
do.	do. 36,	2923
do.	do. 37,	830
do.	do. 38,	911
do.	do. 39,	3278
do.	do. 40,	3333½
do.	do. 41,	1860
do.	do. 42,	1893
do.	do. 43,	2675
do.	do. 44,	982½
do.	do. 46,	2864
do.	do. 50	1708
do.	do. 51,	660½
do.	do. 52,	1482½
do.	do. 53,	2995¼
do.	do. 54,	1719
do.	do. 55,	1945
do.	do. 56,	2795
do.	do. 58,	881
do.	do. 59,	958
do.	do. 60,	2019½
do.	do. 62,	2915
do.	do. 65,	1690
do.	do. 66,	577
do.	do. 67,	5477½

First hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown ¼ of No. 7, ¼ of 8, ¼ of 15, ½ of 20, ¼ of 24, ⅜ of 27, ¼ of 38, ½ of 41, ¼ of 44, ½ of 48, 1-6 of 52.

Second hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, ¼ of 11, ⅜ of 17, ¼ of 18, 31, ½ of 32, ½ of 49, ¼ of 54, 64, 74, 75, 76, 77, ¼ of 82, ¼ of 83, 85, ½ of 86, ½ of 87, ¼ of 95.

Third hundred of Town Lots in Charlotte town, Nos. 13, 14, 21, 22, ¼ of 24 1-12 of 29, ½ of 30, ½ of 40, ¼ of 44, 58, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, ½ of 69, 77, 3-20 of 81, 1-12 of 93.

Fourth hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, ⅛ of 26, 1-6 of 34, 1 6 of 35, ½ of 38, ¼ of 39, ½ of 45, 46, ¼ of 54, 57, ½ of 58 ½ 59, 77, 78, ¼ of 81, 93.

Fifth hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, ½ of 2, ½ of 34, 1-6 of 51, ¼ of 60, 1-6 of 73, ½ of 79, 96

Lots in Charlottetown formerly occupied as the Barrack Square, ½ of No. 12, 13.

Water Lots in Charlottetown, opposite to the undermentioned Town Lots in the first hundred, ¼ of No. 11.

Lots in the Common of Charlottetown, No. 3, 7-24 of 10, ½ of 9.

Pasture Lots in the Royalty of Charlottetown, ¼ of 2, 5 24 of 3, ⅜ of 9, ¼ of 10, ¼ of 12, to f16, 1-6 of 17, 23, ½ of 24, 31, 32, 39, ¼ of 40, 44, 49, 50, 1-6 of 53, 54, 58, 59, 7-12 of 61, 1-6 of 62, 63, 67, 5-12 of 70, 1-6 of 71, 72, 77, 78, 87, 5-48 of 170, 11-48 of 171, 1-6 of 200, 1-12 of 239, 17-48 of 261, 281, 297, 313, 319, 321, 331, 333, 339, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 380, 389, 398, 399, 400, 401, ¼ of 407, 408 ¼ of 449, 478, ½ of 481, 482, 506, ½ of 556.

Town Lots in Georgetown,

Nos. 1, 11, 12,	1st Range.	Letter A	
1,	2d do	do	do
6, ⅜ of 10,	1st do	do	B
½ of 1, ½ of 2,	3rd do	do	do
¼ of 8, ¼ of 9, 12, ¼ of 13, ¼ of 14, ½ of 15, ¼ of 16,	1st do	do	C
8, 9,	4th do	do	do
2, 14, 15,	1st do	do	D
14,	4th do	do	do
3, 4, 13,	1st do	do	F
5, 6,	2nd do	do	do
4,	2nd do	do	G
2, 15,	4th do	do	do

Water Lots in Georgetown, Nos. 6 and 20.

Pasture Lots in the Royalty of Georgetown, Nos. 16, 26, 70, 96, 129, 151, 175, 193, 327, 218, 296, 297.

Pasture Lots in Princetown Royalty, ⅜ of No. 8, 11-16 of 427, ¼ of 452.

And the owners of the aforesaid Lots, parts of Lots, and the tracts of land so in arrear, and proclaimed as aforesaid, are hereby notified, that in case the sums charged on them as aforesaid, together with the costs which have been incurred, shall not be paid before the next Easter Term of the Supreme Court, which will commence on Tuesday, the 5th day of May next, application will be made to the Supreme Court, during the said Term, for Judgment against the said Lots and tracts of land respectively.

JOSEPH POPE, Treasurer.

Feb. 23, 1874.—until 5th May.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.—See Deuteronomy, Cap. xii., verse 23.

CLARKE'S
World Famed Blood Mixture

Trade Mark—'Blood Mixture.'

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER & RESTORER

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, cannot be too highly recommended

Eor Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Soras of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent cure;

It Cures old Sores.
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From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value

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October 13, 1873. 1y

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.—1874.

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