

PHASES OF VENUS.

TO BE SEEN AT NIGHT WITHOUT A GLASS.

1st Phase. A moustache a vine.

A kiss.

2d Phase. Crying dove's eyes.

On foot.

Cany bird's legs.

Feet.

3d Phase. Orange flowers - a yell.

And fears.

Cakes - presents by rail.

And tears.

4th Phase. A broomstick some hair.

A case.

Relatives thick.

Divorce!

HE IS ONE.

He lived just a mile from the village. Out there by the fork of the road; His farm, by the help of good fortune, Increased what he planted and sowed. His dwelling was a low and old-fashioned house, with a thatched roof; still thatched, by his tiring and patching. It kept out the rain and the frost. He lived very peaceful and quiet.

We knew him as Jeffrey Todd; So plain was his dress and his diet. The neighbors all said - he was odd. The fashion he never would follow. Nor try to put on any style.

He had it when done with a smile. His words were but few, and well-chosen; "Twice as clear than hempen when he said; His temper - not heated, nor frozen. And calm was the life that he led. He died last Friday, after a long illness. And said his birth of death.

But others said - he was odd. And everyone said - he was odd. He never married, till very late.

A son or two, or a daughter, He made it his business to tell you. Each one of the same old faults. He hired Billy Peters, the cobbler. To huck out his corn by the day. And heaped up the grain on the bushel. To measure the wheat for his pay. His wife was a widow, and she had To take the poor husband's alms; His neighbors helped in affliction. The people all thought - he was odd.

He never made any "profession." Nor said that he has a "new heart," But something he had in possession. Of which more need a part: A something, that made him so gentle. Not very kindly and timid. Not much religion, but very quiet.

That Jesus would say, "Well done." Hemmings in the church, have been better. And rendered more service to God; He'd more of the "spirit" than "letter."

And that was what made him so odd.

The preacher might say, he was foolish. Because he subsisted on his creed;

But still, it was part of his oddness, To feed on the bread of poverty to feed.

If Jerry falls, I'll carry him.

Because he stayed out of the church, We cannot see how in creation.

Professors will skin the live birch, Who wear the full garb of the pious. But love the poor, not like them, etc.

We chose when we offer such try us, To be like the old farmer - odd.

A Long Time Getting Back.

Gov. Duval, of Florida, was the son of a poor Virginian, a stern, strong, taciturn man. The boy was a huge youth of fifteen. At the cabin fire, at bedtime, according to the customs of putting on a back log, the old man said, between the whiffs of his silent pipe: "At

"Tab, go out and bring in that gum log, and put it on the fire."

"Tab went out and surveyed the log. He knew it was no use explaining that it was too heavy, not prudent for him to return without having it on his shoulder. His little sister, passing, was not surprised that he requested her to bring out the gun and powder-horn, as a possum or coon might have passed; or the brother might have seen bear signs. She brought the gun, and Tab started. He found his way through the woods into Kentucky, in 1791. After an absence of eighteen years, he was elected to Congress. A man of immense size and strength, he started for Washington, going by the way of his old home to see the folks, who had long since given him up for dead. Entering the little cabin door near bedtime, he saw the identical gun log. He shouldered it, pulled the latrines string, and, with his load, stood before the old man, pipe in mouth, as quiet as usual.

"Here is the gun back log, father."

"Well, you've been a long time getting it. Put it on the fire and go to bed," was the reply.

How to Get to Sleep.

The Philadelphia Press says that many will draw breath quickly and deeply for the space of three minutes or less, he will thereby lose acute sensibility to pain, so that he can endure minor surgical operation without inconvenience.

The editor of the New York World says he has tried the above and found it doesn't work. Well, here's a thing that will work, and it is related to the above experiment. If any one is troubled with sleeplessness, let him fasten his attention on his breathing and fix his eyes, as it were, on the stream of breath, as it enters and leaves his nostrils. Of course, he is lying in bed, with his eyes closed, so that this process is imaginary. If he continues to watch his breathing in this way for three minutes, he will fall into a dreamless and refreshing sleep. We have tried this and know it to be effective. —Boston Post.

Keep one eye on your wood pile, and take the other to bed with you.

A CONUNDRUM ANSWERED.

One of our citizens is blessed, or otherwise, with a very stalwart wife. In his case he finds that when a woman will shoo will you may depend on it, and when she won't she won't, and that's an end on't. This peculiarity of disposition in his wife is no secret among his associates, and one of them meeting him the other day, asked:

"W——, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed W——, opening his eyes wide.

"No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

Mrs. W——, he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't; she looked at him somewhat comiseratingly as she answered.

"I suppose because you were born so."

W—— has abjured the habit of putting emendations to his wife.

Just as Well.

An old farmer, mailing a letter at the post-office recently, edged up to the stamp window and enquired:

"I suppose you don't keep sheep shearers, do you?"

"Of course not," was the reply.

"Never did keep 'em, did you?"

"No, sir, and never shall."

"Well, sheep shearers sell pretty well at this time of the year, but if you haven't got 'em I must go somewhere else. It's just as well, probably, for I may conclude to get me a pair of shears and let the shears go until next year."

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is *verum* for dia-

What is capital? Having more money than you know what to do with.

An Ohio man has paid \$27,000 fire insurance and has never yet had a fire.

Why is a newly-born baby like a heavy gale of wind? Because it begins with a squall.

Brighton's wives are mourning, mainly in two and three, like small strings of onions.

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy? Because it's a hiding of the sun.

What is the difference between the North and South Pole? All the difference in the world.

Why have chickens no ears?

Because they have their necks twirled (next world) in this.

Satan is the first tramp mentioned in history; he went to fraud on the customs of putting on a back log, the old man said, between the whiffs of his silent pipe.

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The man who said he had just got out of a tight place had been seen a few minutes before wiping his mouth in a bar-room.

"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman, who was hunting in company. "How nice it is to be so easily pleased!" responded a lady who sat next to him.

Sydney Smith once commenced a clarity sermon by saying: "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. As never B. in distress without asking C. to relieve him."

Sir John Trevor, who had, for some misdemeanors, been expelled from Parliament, one day meeting Archbishop Tillotson, cried out, "I hate to see an atheist in the shape of a churchman." "And I," replied the bishop, "hate to see a knave in any shape."

Literary young man at a party: "Miss Jones, have you seen Crabbe's Tales?" Young lady, scrupulously: "I was not aware that crabs had tails."

Literary young man, covered with confusion: "I beg your pardon, madam; I should have said, read Crabbe's!" Young lady, angrily: "And I was not aware that red crabs had tails, either."

Exit young man.

An old house in Paris was recently torn down, and in the wall in the yard the workmen found hidden a bundle of bank notes amounting as could be seen, to over 100,000 francs, originally, but which the mice and rats had so nibbled and torn that they were of no value. It was ascertained that many years since a miser, known to be wealthy, had resided and died in the place in question, and it is supposed that he hid the treasure.

In the State Prison at Charleston, Mass., is a man named Duranham, who has had an eventful career.

When the war broke out he was serving a sentence of thirty years, but was pardoned on condition that he would enlist in the army.

His bravery soon won the good will of his officers, who knew nothing of his antecedents, and after the battle of Fredericksburg he acted as a spy, gaining important information. He was afterwards captured and sentenced to Libby prison and paroled. He broke the parole, re-enlisted, deserted, committed a burglary, and is back in his old quarters with twelve years more to serve.

Keep one eye on your wood pile, and take the other to bed with you.

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