

YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

A Small Girl's Wish.

To make my doll dress,
I don't want a big piece,
A yard'll do, I guess.
I wish you'd find my blouse,
And find my blouse, too—
I has such heaps of sewing,
I don't know what to do.
My blouse torn her apart,
A button down the stair,
And Caesar's lost his pantaloons
And needs another pair.
I wants my blouse, I bound,
She hasn't none at all,
And Frost must have a jacket,
He's over twice so small.
I wants to go to grandma's,
You promised me I might,
I know she'll like to see me,
I wants to go to-night.
She lets me wash the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
With I'd free, four pennies.
To buy some butter-custard.
I wants some new mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
Cause most my fingers freeze,
They leak so in the sun.
I wore them out last summer,
A pretty green'leeld;
You wouldn't laugh so,
It hurts me by the head.
I wish I had a cookie,
I'm hungry I can't eat,
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You'd better bring me free.

Good Morning.

Don't forget to say "Good Morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, and your teachers—say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily spoken that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so also of all kinds, heartiest greetings; they cheer the disengaged, rest the tired one, and some how make the wheels of life run more smoothly. Be liberal with them, and let no greeting pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

A Sermon Preached to a Preacher.

A little shoeshop called at the residence of a clergyman in Philadelphia, and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was directed to give the child bread from the crumb-basket, and as the little fellow was walking slowly away and shifting the fit between his fingers for a piece large enough to chew, the minister called him back and asked him if he had never learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer he directed him to say "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him a while and holding up his crust of bread, exclaimed.

"You say that your father is my father; aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you have got so many good things for yourself?"

The Bewitched Eggs.

The master of a certain village went to a small hotel situated not far from his part of the town, and asked for a cup of coffee and two boiled eggs. As soon as he opened the first, he found therein a long black hair-hair. He opened the other and found the same there. Those who were in the room were horrified, and thought the eggs must certainly be bewitched.

The man smiled, and asked the hostess from whom she bought the eggs. "I bought them of Little Loco, the son of the brazier-maker," said she. "Let him be brought here immediately," said the master. When Loco came, the man said to him, "Now, my rogue, you are found out. For some time one of my neighbors has complained that some one took the eggs from her hen nests so confidently that she could not find them out, though she had watched closely. I told her to take several eggs and pierce them with a fine needle and then insert a horse-hair, and return them to the nests. She did so, and now you too, to swell a thing as a horse-hair has sufficed to convict you to a certainty of full evidence. Take him away, police, and put him in prison, and let him try to break it off again. The cunning of the thief is almost always, sooner or later, baffled by the wit of justice."

A Practical Lesson.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesale-looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy the food and lodging."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who had claimed to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"What is it?" asked the other.

"Only to lend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to get impatient. Meantime the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you whenever you go about earning what you need, to waste no time in trifles, wishing but to cast a line for yourself."

The free use of calomel is recommended for nervousness as well as rheumatism.

Gleams of Gold.

Marriage, to be happy, must be equal, and love is the only thing that always makes it equal.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

A single bad habit, in an otherwise faultless character, as an ink-drop, soiled the pure white page.

Nothing is more dangerous than an impudent friend; better is it to have to deal with a prudent enemy.

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

All gaming since it implies a desire to profit at the expense of another, involves a breach of the tenth commandment.

A decent man had lent the horse that ran away and threw the clergyman, claimed credit for spreading the gospel.

If we knew how little others enjoyed, it would rescue the world from out of them; there would be no such things as any upon earth.

A poor woman sneezed her jaw out yesterday, and the next man of the place has been buying snuff ever since.

The difference between a man who figs in the ground and one who digs books is that the former digs for life and the latter for love.

They who live under a tyranny, and have learned to abdicate its power as sacred and divine, are detached as much in their religion, as in their morals.

A doting mother of a wayward boy having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labelled them, "Put up by Mrs. Doe." Johnny having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny Doe."

" Didn't you tell me, sir, you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to a great Irishman, who had taken on trial. "Arah," said Pat, "how could I hold it wid two horses drawing it away from me? But give it to me in the barn, and I'll hold it with any body!"

A saloon-keeper, having started business in a place where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign "Trunk Factory 'Ole," said the friend, "just change the 'O' to 'D,' and it will suit you exactly."

A house without pictures is like a stem storm of its fair flowers. If you would make a room look neat, cheerful and homelike, first, and above all else, rob it of its staring, caked walls, by covering them up with modest and refined pictures.

A house without pictures is like a stem storm of its fair flowers. If you would make a room look neat, cheerful and homelike, first, and above all else, rob it of its staring, caked walls, by covering them up with modest and refined pictures.

A good burglar alarm for doors of hotels, houses or private rooms, is easily made. Place a wash bowl on the floor under the knob. Then let the key rest lightly on the inside edge of the lock so that it will fall into the bowl or not if anyone or false keys are used. The rascal will drive away the bold burglar.

At a recent wedding the bridegroom being an officer, wore his side arms at the nuptials. A little wide-awake brother of the bride was attracted by the display of weapons, and he had another sister whose true love was a carpenter. He boldly enquired, "May when Jenkins comes to marry Milly, will he wear his axe by his side?"

A little fellow ran to his mother the other day, and asked, "Ms. I can have some bread and jam?" His mother, wishing to break him of the vicious habit, replied, "When I was your age I couldn't get anything to eat between meals if I wanted." Yes said the boy, after a moment's pause, "but you didn't have a good, nice mamma, did you?" This settled it in favor of the young fatster.

A good burglar alarm for doors of hotels, houses or private rooms, is easily made. Place a wash bowl on the floor under the knob. Then let the key rest lightly on the inside edge of the lock so that it will fall into the bowl or not if anyone or false keys are used. The rascal will drive away the bold burglar.

WILLIAMS' WOULD RESPECT-

WILLIAMS' WOULD RESPECT-