

YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

A Bird Story.

It's a fine how little boys' mothers
are! They'll get up at the drop
of a hat, and run about,
Or say anything that's not true;
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage
Or black as the king of crow,
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven,
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not—but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Are angry or sulky, or hateful,
Get up, & step or mad.

That instant your sentence is knelt,

And the whole to manna in a minute
That little bird tells!

I used to be in the depths of a chasm,
A dark, mouldy recess but a minute I
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house,
Or out in the woods and the shells—
No matter! Wherever it happens—
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him—
It just to be sure what you say—
Safe of your facts and your fancies,
Safe of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle, be kind as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little bird tells!

How to Keep a Situation.

Be ready to throw in an old half-hour or
hour's time when it will be an accommodation,
and don't seem to make a merit of it.
Do it heartily. Though not a word be said,
your employer will make a note of it. Make
yourself indispensable to him, and he will
lose many of the opposite kind before he
will part with you. These young men who
watch the clock to see the very second their
working hour is up, who leave no matter
what state the work may be in, at precisely
the instant, who calculate the exact amount
they can slink their work, and yet not get
reprimanded—who are given of their employer's
goods—will always be the first to receive
notice, when times are dull, that their
services are not required.

The Butcher and the Dog.

We cannot touch for the veracity of the
following story, neither can we reject it as
quite worthy of credit. We have heard
so many instances of a dog's capacity that
we do not know where to draw a line of
distinction between what a brute can do by
mere instinct, and what is beyond instinct.

We heard the story told, and we give it as
we heard it. A dog was trained by its
master to go every morning to the butcher
for meat for the family dinner. He bore in
his mouth a basket with the meat. One
day they resolved on putting the dog's wit
to the test. The butcher took the money
but gave him no meat. The dog seeing
the butcher attend to other customers and
neglect him, tried to attract his attention
by whining, but all in vain. He had to go
home. The master pretended to scold him;
and the poor dog, mortified and humiliated,
was quite ashamed of himself. The next
day he went as usual, but this time he
dropped the money from his teeth on a
bench and put his paw on it to prevent his
being cheated; and when the dog was
offered him a sausages to eat, he refused
or a shilling to pay w' as passed!

The Duke stretched forth his hand to
receive the balance, and, with an
arch and knowing look replied, "Try
him, friend, try him!" and pocketed
the copper, muttering to himself, "Not
to be done in that way."

Wanted a Pension.

A woman recently applied to Justice

Blair, of Oswego, for a pension, claim-

ing to be entitled to relief because her

brother was killed in the South during

the war, but she could not give the

number of the regiment nor the com-

pany to which he belonged. She went

away to inquire, but returning said she

could not find anything.

"Well," said the Justice, sarcastically

"was your brother in the Union or

rebel army, or don't you know?"

To his surprise she replied, "Oh,

yes I was in the rebel army and was

killed by the Northerners."

"Well," said the Judge, "do you

think we are going to pay pensions to

relatives of rebel soldiers?"

"Certainly," said the woman, "Why

not? You killed him. Why wouldn't

you pay for the damage you done?"

A Fruit Dealer's Joke.

The other day a fruit dealer on Market
street, incensed by the libertines taken by
the loafers with his wares displayed at the

door, placed a half-gallon of cayenne pep-
per in a basket, labelled them "New Zealand
Cherries," and hung it in a conspicuous
place in front of his stand. In a few min-
utes the next door merchant sauntered up,

enquired how trade was, picked up a New
Zealand cherry, placed it in his mouth, and
suddenly left to attend to a customer. The

Rev. Dr. Ballynent rounded to, observed

that the family news from Ireland was not
very encouraging, and—al! it had been

years since he'd eaten a New Zealand

cherry; whereupon one remarked

that it was sharp, wiped his weeping eye

on his coat sleeve, supposed that New Zeal-
and was getting warmer every year, wished

the dealer good morning, and departed, le-

miring the growing weakness of his infantile

light.

A chronic deaf beat them up, took
a mouthful of cherries, spattered them out

with an appreciation, all over the fruit,

stuffed a pear, a banana and a bunch of

grapes into his mouth to take out the taste,

informed the dealer that he would have him

prevented for keeping green fruit and went

down street to the pump.

A lady with two children next, appeared,

stopped to admire the cherries, asked if she

might just taste them—she had never

seen any before—supplied the children, and

walked away—walked away with a fiery

face, with scorn and anger, while the child

set up a howl that brought all the people

out of the doors and windows, and drove all the

police off the street.

Thus the fun went on all the morning.

The fruit dealer never laughed so much in

all his life! The occupants of the adjacent

and opposite stores and a school of small

boys soon learned what was up, and watched

Joining in a ringing cheer as each new

victim tried the cherries. Finally a solemn

looking countryman lounged up, enquired

the price of them're New Zealand cherries,

peeled a pint, put one in his mouth,

looked around, gave the dealer a lingering

look of approach, pulled off his coat, and

"waded into" him. When he left, the

fruitman with tendencies to practical jokes

had a blue eye, a red nose, a purple face,

a swelled wrist, and several bushes of fruit

scattered among the small boys, while a

ringing roar of laughter was going up from

the lookers.

There is in man a higher aim than

love of happiness; he can do without

happiness, and instead thereof find

blissdom.

MICHAEL.

Greeley on Lawyers.

"Mr. Greeley," said Partridge, this

Mr. Detallow, a young attorney."

Greeley uttered a short groan of

recognition, but did not even look

around. I, embarrassed, shrank away

to one corner and took a chair. He

went around the room looking at the

pictures and whatnot, and in about

five minutes, when his back was turned

on me, and I thought he had forgotten

me, he suddenly, without looking at

you!"

I confessed it.

"I hate lawyers!" he exclaimed, emphati-

cally; "I hate lawyers, they do

more mischief than their heads are

worth."

"I suppose they are a necessary evil,

I suggested, deprecatingly.

"Wholly unnecessary," he insisted.

"I suppose you will acknowledge,"

I said, "that they promote good order,

and remove impediments to good gov-

ernment."

"Just the contrary, just the contrary!"

he squeaked, in his old falsetto; "they

cause disorder, and they are the chief

obstacles to good government."

I thought the man was crazy.

"Perhaps you can inform me," I suggested.

"How debts could be collected without

lawyers!"

"Don't want 'em collected!" he squeaked.

"I let a man's property without

paying him, don't why?

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paying him, don't why?" he squeaked.

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