

Select Poetry.

As I Think of the Past.

As I think of the Past,
As I cannot read, though I've pined
My thoughts they torment me, they seem
And are treading, yes treading one old
I am trying to write, but that seems in vain
I am searching, yes burning, my hopes are
They tell me the future with roses is spread
But, ah! as you pick them they wither and
Who, then, has the heart to pass thought-
Some tall of a power, but alas! it's not mine
Where in peace they will dwell, from ambi-
Ambition! an angel, when hope gives it aid
Then onward, still onward 'till labor thro'
But if hope, like a meteor that dazzles the
Or like a stray sunbeam in a poor prison-
Gives joy for a moment to double his hell
Then ambition's a demon, no pain will it
With the chain of deception 'tis liked to
And friendship's best tokens seem cloaks
As the mind still continues one old path
—Cattaraugus Republican.

Miscellaneous

The Difficulty About That Dog.

This was the cause of all the trouble:
LOST—On the 10th instant, a small
Then stalks to the earth adding gloom to
Or like a stray sunbeam in a poor prison-
Gives joy for a moment to double his hell
Then ambition's a demon, no pain will it
With the chain of deception 'tis liked to
And friendship's best tokens seem cloaks
As the mind still continues one old path
—Cattaraugus Republican.

want to start a sausage mill, you understand.
" W-w-well, ain't you going to take
him?"
" Certainly not. Do you suppose I am
a gibbering idiot?"
" W-w-well, you s-s-surely want have
him now, if you want him. I s-s-sure
wouldn't trust a f-f-fellow with a
m-m-man like you, any day."

you only let him. I guess I'll just
chastise him up while you go in and get
the V."
" No you needn't, said I. "I'll blow
his brains out if you don't take him
away."

On Punishing.
Ought corporal punishment to be
inflicted upon children?
Many think that this is a matter al-
ready settled, since Solomon declared,
" Foolishness is bound in the heart of a
child, but the rod of correction shall
drive it far from him."

Joke on an Advertising Lover.
About 10 days ago an advertisement
appeared in a city paper signed "Medi-
cus," asking for correspondence from
some accomplished young lady, with a
view to matrimony. Among the an-
swers came one signed "Eugene." It
was delicately written, and full of
woman's talk about such affairs. Medi-
cus was perfectly captivated with the
sentiment and style of penmanship, the
tint of the paper, and the periphery,
the whole being strongly suggestive of
rare taste and refinement. A note in
response to this delicate missive re-
vealed the fact that Medicus was a
medical student; a live disciple of
Esculapius, located in an office not far
from the central part of the city. He
invited Eugene to call at his office.
With commendable coyness she de-
clined. Letters were exchanged daily.
One or two appointments were made to
meet at specified places, but subsequent
notes from the gentleman invariably
canceled the engagements. He pleaded
business as an excuse. Finally he pro-
posed marriage. That, of course, was
declined upon the very proper ground
that they were not sufficiently acquaint-
ed with each other. Eugene agreed to
visit his office. During last Saturday
two ladies called, and after making
some casual inquiry about a lady friend
who was receiving medical treatment
at the same place, retired without mak-
ing themselves known. That evening
" Eugene" wrote—" I have been at the
office, but my heart failed to muster
courage, so I came away without mak-
ing myself known." Medicus replied—
" I thought it was you all the time," and
proposed another meeting—this time
upon the bank of the lake, foot of Sen-
eca street, time 7:30 p. m., Sunday;
signal, three coughs from Eugene and a
gentle wave of a handkerchief by Medi-
cus. The spot was carefully noted, to
prevent mistakes. They met, Eugene
coughed; Medicus waved. The recog-
nition was complete. While they chat
a few moments, let us survey the
crowd. At least 150 had been apprised
of the coming endowment. Many
others were near at hand who were not
posted. Medicus was attired in a suit
of fashionable cut and color. A tile
adorned his head, and the sparkle of
diamonds on his head, and the sparkle
of diamonds on his immaculate shirt
bosom and fingers were additional indi-
cations that he had prepared himself
for the occasion, regardless of expense.
The inevitable came and highly pol-
ished boots should not be forgotten.—
But to the story. What passed during
their conversation is not of any public
consequence. He wanted her to go to
his office. She very timidly declined.
At last the pressure of a crowd that
was growing over anxious caused Euge-
ne to unmask suddenly and inquire,
" How are you, Medicus?" Medicus
proved to be a man of nerve. After
recovering from his astonishment he
proceeded to make violent use of his
cane upon the bearded faced and false
Eugene. Two real ladies, who had ar-
ranged the toilet for Eugene, jumped
between the parties, stopping the con-
flict for a moment, when some gentle-
man interposed and advised Medicus not
to seek any further notoriety. " Got
in Himmel, but he was mad." Some
one who was not posted called " Police,
police!" Eugene, remembering the
skirts and hoops that encumbered the
lower part of his body, split for a neigh-
boring back yard, going over a fence
regardless of place or propriety.
Medicus stood his ground, and fairly
pawed up the earth to cover his rage.
He swore if the thing was exposed he
would shoot Eugene the first time
they met on the street. When the
police learned the joke, they joined the
crowd in laughing at the ridiculous
position of the unfortunate student, and
advised him to go to his office. He soon
started, followed by a crowd of boys,
who gave him no peace until his own
door and window blinds shut him up
from the outer world.—Cleveland Plain-
dealer.

Vol. I
We take the following from
for's Easy Chair, of the 18th
We were once returning to
tern convention, when a man
the kind which blocks up
in. Having in the course
spent so many dreary nights
up stairs as can reasonably
of one man, we concluded
the risk of getting blocked
storm, and so the first town
(which chanced to be a small
stopped off and took quarters
hotel. After supper, in read-
cal paper, we noticed that the
be a concert by a singing
and we lost no time in do-
somehow, venerable heavy
which has been our compan-
a winter's storm, and wending
to the hall where the concert
It was a very good concert,
the driving storm, the large
well filled. The next morn-
our seat at one of the small
the dining rooms of city
furnished now a day, for the
But one other person was at
and that was one of those ge-
humored, talkative old gen-
not infrequently innoce in
After some conversation about
interesting subject, the fol-
following dialogue took place
the old gentleman and ourself
O G I saw you at the co-
night?"
" Yes, sir, I was there.
O G It was a good concert
attended.
" It was well attended for
a night.
O G By the way, some fell
kept looking at and talking a
one who sat over in the par-
you were in, and I heard the
was a celebrated professor of
I couldn't make out which of
Do you know?
" He never was in this town
O G I would like to ha-
which man it was.
" Which one did you thi-
O G Bless if I didn't
mean you, but of course it coo-
been you?
" Now how do you know
they might have meant me?
O G Oh, I know! I have
brated professors of music be-
they all look like d— fools,
look like a good honest farm-
" We concluded on the whole
would continue to pass for
the old gentleman's estimate
aspire to the rank of a
professor of music.
A BASHFUL DAUGHTER ON
arrangements to pass (the
cannot say sleep) in the
which carried us from Maco-
gomery, Alabama, and just
began to wish for a better be-
stopped at a small station, an
ing couple, hold of hands,
the car. Their appearance a
hostility in the doorway
that they meant " mischief,"
just starting out on their way
" Would you like a berth
the lively jolly-faced con-
miserable sleeping-car. " A
reckon—as may be—that
" Hain't you got no tiddie
on this here car?"
" Oh, the bridal cham-
claimed the conductor. " O
way, sir, w—
" The couple went tremblin-
the car to the " state-roo-
looked about as much like a
on a northern sleeping-car
the county jail appears like
House parlor.
" Does the door shut up?"
inquired the bridegroom.
" Oh, yes. See how it is
the conductor.
" Hain't I dogged if I see
to sleep," suggested the ap-
the chamber.
" Oh, we'll fix that, if you
sister," said the conductor,
a low, hard sofa on the oppo-
the car, close to the head of
couche."
" I don't like it; so there,
pered the bride.
" Don't like what?" said I.
" I won't go no further I
keep talking so."
" You told him you did
place to sleep, and I don't th-
want no sight."
" Well, I don't see no
nothing. If we've got to
away in that little hole, w-
that night, that's sure