MODE OF ADDRESS.—Said a sprightly little girl the other day, addressing her mother, "Will you give me some milk?"

"You?" said the mother, "Who is you?"

The little girl smiled, and changed the mode of address, and said, "Mother, please give me some milk?" or, Mother, if you please, will you give me some milk?"

Or in other words, every well-bred child in addressing his or her seniors, avoids the use of a pronoun in the form of a direct address. Children thus instructed and trained observe the same mode of address when they arrive at the age of maturity.

The manner of addressing persons, used by adults, betrays, not unfrequently, the want of good-breeding, or the lack of common civility or politeness. It is painful oftentimes, to hear at a table, or in a conversational circle, the person presiding, it may be a young lady, addressing those whom she serves, "will you have this," or that, without otherwise designating the person addressed.

Besides the lack of civility so manifest, it is oftentimes a matter of inconvenience especially if so seated as not to catch the eye and thus determine who is really meant by "you." Every adult has some title, and when addressed, it should be prefixed to his family name, unless the person making the address be a Quaker, when it is usual to employ the first name.

In addressing young ladies of a family, where there are two or more daughters, it is the custom to address the elder, or eldest, with the title of Miss prefixed to the family name; and the other or others, with the title prefixed to the christain name.—These little forms and courtesies of common life, when duly and gracefully used, do much to soften the asperities, and magnify the amenities of social life.

Parents, teachers and guardians of children and youth, cannot too highly estimate the importance of good manners. The future happiness and success of your children and wards will depend greatly upon the manner of their early training. If they are well bred, well instructed, and well trained, they are in possession of what is better than a good estate, when of age, provided manners and money are comparable.

There is a pleasure in the exercise of good manners, that none but the possessor ever knows or can know. And it is a great misfortune for any child to grow up uncultivated in what pertains to common civility or politeness, much greater than growing up without the hope of inheriting property. Said a gentleman who had traveled extensively, "The only weapon of defence that I ever had occasion to use, was a civil tongue. The courteous use of this, everywhere and upon all occasions, has prevented my ever having any serious difficulty with anybody."

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is rather slow, and you know the girl's songs all by heart, than in a club, tavern, or in the pit of a theater. All amusements of youth to which women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure.—Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a joker; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and an epicure is hardly ever tired of water, anchovy, and brown bread and butter: I protest I can sit all night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits men may derive from a woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it.—Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a women's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray.*

BEECHER ON BOYS.—Henry Ward Beecher is said to be a patron saint of boys. The boys of Brooklyn, it is said, would make him the President of the United States to-morrow, if it depended on their vote. He saves them from the Police—he pays their fines when they break windows—he tells them he used to like to do it himself. The evening before the fourth of July, the usual Plymouth Church prayer-meeting was somewhat disturbed by the firing of crackers in the entry and under the windows. Most ministers would have put on a solemn face and given peremptory orders to seize or drive away the boys; but Beecher smiled and said: "that's somewhat annoying to us, but I presume the boys enjoy it; indeed, I remember a time when I used to enjoy such things myself."

☞ He that lets the sun go down upon his wrath and goes angry to bed, is like to have the devil for his bed-fellow.

TALKING.—Those talk most who think least; as frogs cease their croaking when a person brings a light to the water side.

THE "SECRET" CANCER CURE.—Much has been written about Dr. Fell's secret now being employed by the surgeons at the Middlesex Hospital, London. Dr. Fell's treatment is described in a late medical work as follows:

"In the first instance the skin over the tumor is removed by some liquid caustic—nitric acid. The thus exposed tumor is then covered with a layer of an ordinary caustic, chloride of zinc, spread on linen. This creates a superficial slough. This slough is then scored to a certain depth by several incisions of the knife;—into these furrows strips of linen covered with the caustic are inserted. In this way the tumor is thus destroyed still deeper. The incisions are gradually extended in depth from time to time, fresh caustic being introduced into them at each dressing, till in this way the whole tumor is *seriatim* converted into one large escher, which separates by a surface of demarkation, according to the ordinary principles of surgery."

The constitutional treatment which has been affirmed to eradicate from the system the tendency again to originate cancers, is affirmed by the same authority to consist in the internal administration of iodine of arsenic.

RIPENING THE PEAR.—The whole secret of keeping the pear, is to preserve them in barrels; if the quantities are small, let them be put together, with the simple separation of a double sheet of clean thick brown paper. If the selection of sorts which ripen at the same time is judiciously made, they may all be taken out at once, ripened up in a slightly higher temperature, and produced in all their beauty and excellence. Whoever has hesitated apout growing the winter pears on account of the difficulty of ripening, may dispel their fears, if they will try this method of keeping them.

DARN THE EXPENSE.—The following occurred recently at a church which has, we are told, something of a reputation for its noisy mode of worship. During an evening prayer-meeting, one member was praying with much earnestness and an abundance of zeal, rubbing and spitting on his hands, and shouting at the top of his voice, whilst a number of other members were chiming in, endorsing what the praying member said, and joining in the entreaty and supplication by such exclamations as "yes," "do Lord," "yes Lord," &c.; the praying member went on with his prayer, growing more and more excited more animated, more enraptured, beseechingly supplicating and imploring, saying, "come down here, Lord—come *right* down among us—come right here *to night*—come right through the *roof*"! Another member, equally excited and enthusiastic, and who it seems was carried away by the shouting brother and had the tantrums about as bad, here joined in, and said—"Yes, come Lord, right down through the roof, and *I'll pay for the shingles!*"—Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.

HUMAN LIFE.—Flowers have bloomed on our prairies, and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note.

☞ A man, for being told the truth, thanks you the first time—votes you a bore the second—and quarrels with you the third.

☞ The slang phrase, 'not a red cent,' must shorly become obsolete, for the new cent is as white as silver.

☞ We always love those who admire us, but we do not always love those whom we admire.

☞ A country editor, rhyming upon his own occupation, thus begins his "few stanzas"—

"First I penn'd a paragraph,
And then I penned my pigs."

Arkansas Poetry.

An "original contributor" of the Fayetteville (Ark.) Independent furnishes for its columns the following "gem of poetry":

WARRUM WETHER AND WARRUM LOVE.

Translated from the jermun expressly for graybams maggysin, by Reuben.

The wether groes quite warrum. And the swet
roles tricklen down my head and neck and arrums
and body clean down to my feet, and wet
is every stick of close, which spiles my charrums.

i sez jane, jane, the wethers mighty hot
and she says reuben thats a sartain fact.
and jane side like a bilen cofy pot
and her sole seemed in hard pain rackt.

sez i jane spose a mad K 9 broot beast
should run at you, and cpe his mouth and put
his pizen teeth upon you savedgely, at least
6 inches jest above yer little foot!

jane sez you wood beat him reuben that i no;
sez i, i wood whip him if i had to follor
him clean to the rio grand in mexico
ide beat him with a club and make him holler.

jane lookt at me so sweet, i lookt at jane;
and we both felt considerably nonplussed,
we was both happy 'nough to go insane
and we set there for a short time and bussed!