Albany Register.

HUMOROUS.

And now we are told that a hen is the mother of twelve chickens from nine eggs. The owner of the hen says he cannot tell a lie—she done it with her little hatch it. This, no doubt, is one of the privileges of leap year.

A young lady in Germantown named her cat "Thomas Varden." She wanted to call it "Dolly Varden," but circumstances over which she had no control would not permit.

Infant Prodigy.—Why is your hair so gray, mamma? *Mamma.*—Well, because you are such a naughty girl sometimes. *Infant Prodigy.*—What a naughty child *you* must have been! Poor grandma's hair is quite white!

The most gallant man ever heard of is one who refrained from kicking a dog that had bitten him, because it was a female dog. "If it wasn't for your sex," said he, "I'd kick you head off."

A young man who recently took unto himself a wife, says he didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had lowered, exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

"I am speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity," "Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer, your audience will be here."

"Kepatomeatateria." This was the note sent by a farmer to the school teacher, in the potato-digging season, to explain his boys absence from school.

Papa—"I am sorry to hear, though, my dear boy, that you have failed again in obtaining a prize this quarter. You must have been very wooden-headed." Dear boy—"Yes, papa. I'm afraid I'm a chip of the old block."

"There is a man employed as porter on a railway who brags of having a watch that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark not many mornings since, upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun ain't over that hill in a minnit and a half, he will be late."

A clergyman in one of the interior towns of Massachusetts lately forgot his notes on a Sabbath morning, and as there was not time to send for them, he said to his audience that "this morning I shall have to depend upon the Lord for what I may say, but in the afternoon I shall be better prepared."

Spinks is not going to do any more in conundrums. He asked his wife why he was like a donkey, and she said because he was born so; and he says that the answer is very different from that.

A Goliah's sword, about ten yards long, was recently found in Prussia. The guard or hilt is protected by a serpentine bar twenty inches in length, and on the blade there are hooks, probably for dragging the enemy off his horse.

An Indian in Detroit visited an ice cream saloon. The *Free Press* says: "The first taste set all his teeth jumping, and the next one satisfied him that some one had put up a job on him. He handed it to the boy with instructions to warm it up. The boy melted it on the stove, and the Indian seized the dish and drank the sweet milk at one gulp, and then licked the dish."

A colored preacher in Sparta, Ga., some time ago, was heard to say in a funeral sermon of a deceased brother: "He ruminates no longer among us; he have exonerated from the syllogisms of this world's discrimination, and when he gits to de cold dry streem of de River Jordin the Kerosines and the peripheries will meet him dare to row him over on dry land to the sylyersteering city."

This is the way they call out the figure of a reel in Arkansas: "Dance to the gal with the yellow shawl; now down outside and up in the middle; turn'er to your partner, Isaac Smach, and now to that entire stranger; sachez to the right and left; ra de fan, da din de; now to Peter Schwitchall's daughter; turn to your partner, every one; set to the girl with the flaring frill; balance one and spin about to the girl with a hole in the heel of her stocking."

A colored philosopher thus unburdened himself of one of woman's weaknesses:

"Jim, de men don't make such fools of themselves about de women as de women do about de men. If dey look at the moon dey see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man; and dey all look under de bed the last thing at night to find a man. Why, I neber looks under my bed to find a man. Why, I neber looks under my bed to find a woman, do you?"

Old Lady—Can you tell me my good man, where I can find Mr. Jones?

Pat—Sure, ma'am, I expect it would be at his house you would find him.

Lady—Does he live anywhere in this street?

Pat—Sure! no, indade! It's not for the like of him to be livin' in the street at all.

Lady—You stupid fellow! I mean what number does his family stop at?

Pat—Now ma'am, you have me. He has six boys and four girls; but whether he means to stop at that number I can't say.

Lady—Oh! you blockhead!

Exit old lady in a tremor of indignation.

When the rain falls does it ever rise again? Yes, in dew time.

A HAPPY HOME.—"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a 'house.' Integrity must be the architect, tiliness the upholsterer; it must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

Pitfalls for Young Men.

The world learns its lessons slowly. Much of the world does not learn its lessons at all. The young are everywhere growing up amid the ruins of other lives apparently without enquiring or caring for the reasons of the disasters to life, fortune, and reputation that are happening, or have happened everywhere around them. One man with great trusts of money in his hands betrays the trust so placed in him, becomes a defaulter, and blows his brains out. Another, led on by power and place, is degraded at last to a poor demagogue without character and influence. Another, through a surrender of himself to sensuality, becomes a disgusting beast, with heart and brain more foul than the nest of foul birds. Another, by tasting the wine cup, becomes a drunkard at last, and dies in horrible delirium; or lives to be a curse to a wife, children and friends. There is an army of these wretches in every large city in the land, dying daily, and daily reinforced. Again and again, in instances beyond recounting, are these tragedies repeated in the full presence of the rising generation, and yet it seems to grow no wiser. Nothing has been more fully demonstrated than that the first steps of sin and folly are fraught with peril. Nothing has been better proved than that temperate drinking is dangerous, and that excessive drink is always ruinous. The young man keeps his wine bottle and seeks resorts, where dishonored and ruined women lie in wait for prey, knowing perfectly well if he knows anything, or has used fairly the reason with which heaven has endowed him, that he is on the broad road to perdition—that there is before him a life of disgust and a death of horror.

When the results of certain courses of conduct and certain indulgencies are so well known as these to which we allude, it seems strange that anyone can enter upon them. Every young man knows that if he never tastes a glass of alcoholic drink he will not become, or stand in danger of becoming, a drunkard. He knows all this, if he has his eyes open and exercises his reason in even a small degree; and yet he joins the infatuated multitude and goes straight to destruction. We know that we do not exaggerate when we say that every large city has thousands of young men, who have good mothers and pure sisters, who, if their lives should be uncovered, could never look their mothers and sisters in the face again. They are full of fears of exposure, and conscious of irreparable loss. Their lives are masked in a thousand ways. They live a daily lie. They are the victims and the slaves of vices which are just as sure to cripple or kill, unless at once and forever forsaken as they exist. There are thousands of others who, now pure and good, will follow evil example unwarned by what they see, and within a year will be walking in the road that leads evermore downward.

One tires of talking to fools, and falls back in sorrow that hell and destruction are never full—in sorrow that men can not or will not learn there is but one path to an honorable, peaceful, prosperous and successful life, and that all others lead more or less directly to ruin.—*Ex.*

SUDDEN DEATH.—*Mr.* A. L. Alexander, who has resided in this city for a number of years, and was well known here, died suddenly at the Washington Hotel yesterday evening between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock. For several days past the deceased had been indulging freeley in strong drink. On Wednesday he was out on the streets, to all appearances in perfect health. Late that evening he complained of feeling unwell. He passed a painful and sleepless night. Early yesterday morning he grew so much worse that a physician was summoned. He continued to grow worse through the day, and finally expired about half-past 4 o'clock. The real cause of Alexander's death is not definitely known. His physicians are of the opinion that it was attributable more to the continued free use of liquor than to any other cause. The deceased has been a resident of Portland for a number of years. Formerly he belonged to the Portland Dray and Hack Company, but disposed of his interests in that corporation some time before it was dissolved. For the last year he had been employed as an express driver. Deceased was aged 53 years. By birth he was a Prussian. He leaves a wife and six children in San Francisco, where they have resided for a number of years. After his death Alexander's remains were conveyed to the undertaker's where they are now awaiting burial.

HAVE YOU ENEMIES.—Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way, walk round them regardless of their spite. A man that has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out themselves." "Live down prejudice," was the Iron Duke's motto. Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.