

THE HAT MY FATHER WORE.

You are looking at my daddy's old hat. Which for twenty years he wore; His father before him sported it For twenty years or more. It was intended to hand it down Straight on from sire to son, 'Twas mentioned so in my father's will. But I guess its day is done. You'll notice its shape is a little odd. But it was once in style, And its furry nap and color of gray would be sure to make you smile. 'Twas strongly built, and there isn't a dent to be seen in the rim or crown, Which shows the former proprietor had no habit of painting the town. It was never mashed o'er election news, Nor kicked in an opera hall, 'Twas gallantly doffed to the dames of old With grace that would now appal. Its years endeavor, I will not wear it; For how would the people rear To see me airing the old gray hat My father and grandfather wore! —[A. W. Bellaw in Detroit Free Press.]

SMILE PROVOCATIONS.

Lord Randolph Churchill fancies that he is a second Disraeli. We should rather call him a minute Disraeli.—[Lowell Courier.] "Is it wrong to toast Jeff Davis?" asked a contemporary. No, there is nothing wrong about it; but why not boil him?—[Pack.] "What a beautiful form!" exclaimed Mrs. Nifty, the first time she saw an eel; "such a long waist, you know."—[Boston Transcript.] "Papa," said little William Henry, "why do they call this boat a she?" "I suppose, my son, because she is attached to a buoy."—[Chicago Post.]

TRIED COURAGE.

I belonged to a Vermont regiment. It was along the third year of the war of the rebellion. All the romance of the thing had left it. We were temporarily resting after being engaged in several successive battles, very bloody and very desperate. We had not dishonored ourselves or our state in these encounters, but our triumphs had cost us dearly in both men and officers. We had during this resting interval been in sight of an enemy's fort, which seemed to be well protected. One night, just before taps, the word came that the fort was to be stormed the next morning at daybreak. Our colonel addressed us: "Boys, we are invited to lead the charge. The post of honor is the post of danger." My brain reeled with anxiety. We all realized it was a "forlorn hope."

WET AND DRY.

When the board of trade of Chicago moved from the old business center there was a rush for the old offices vacated by the nabobs of commerce. After awhile, these new tenants found the high-priced rooms didn't pay, and sought all kinds of excuses to move. Among these unfortunates were Stubbs and Stobbs. Each had rented an office, Stubbs in the basement, Stobbs in the attic. When the renting agent came around, Mr. Stubbs announced his intention of moving. "But you can't do it, you know," said the agent. "Why not?" "We've got you on a year's lease." "Well, I have reasons for abandoning the case."

STORYETTES.

Before Willie's young cousin Bertha arrived at his home with her parents on a summer visit, his mother had told him to observe how graceful and polite her manners were, especially at table. When she came Willie observed her, therefore, with admiring interest. One day his mother said: "Do you see how nicely Bertha conducts herself, Willie?" "Yes, mamma. 'Don't you think her manners are rather better than yours?" "Why, is it, my dear?" "Probably Bertha has been better brought up than I have."

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

Religious services of a general nature will be held in the chapel to-day at 3:30 p. m. Mr. Leo Willis gave the museum an interesting specimen last week. It consists of Texas cotton in the pod as it appears at picking time. Messrs. Russell Wyatt and Fred J. Brown entered school Monday, and Miss Hattie Claggett, who has been absent for some time, returned the same day. As the winter comes on many citizens will have wood to saw and various other chores to look after. All such persons can find just the help they want among the students.

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SOUTHERN WIT.

Officers of both sides, the blue and the gray, were sometimes thrown together to negotiate affairs, and frequently became quite friendly. Such was the state of things between General Ould, commissioner of exchange, and Colonel Schaffer, chief of staff to General Butler, who at the time of this narrative was in charge at New Orleans. They had occasion to meet very often, their bearing toward each other was most kindly, and they personally became great friends. They were one day together looking over the map of the state of Virginia. It will be necessary here to recall the fact that Richmond was at that time still "holding out."

KEEN NOSES.

James Mitchell, who died in or about 1833, in the county of Nairn, in Scotland, and was born blind, on November 11, 1795, recognized, says the "World of Wonders," different persons by smelling. Mr. Moyle mentions a blind man at Utrecht who could distinguish different metals by the different odors; and Martial records the case of a person named Mamurra, who could tell by smelling whether copper was true Corinthian or not. Indian travelers have recorded that certain natives who habitually abstain from animal food have a sense of smelling which is so exquisitely delicate, that they can tell from which well a vessel of water has been obtained. It has been related that by smell alone the negroes of the Antilles will detect the footsteps of a Frenchman from those of a negro. Marco Marc had left an account of a man in Prague who could tell by smelling anything given to him who had last handled it. The guides who accompany travelers in the route from Aleppo to Babylon will tell by smelling the desert and how near they are to the latter place. Nathaniel Wanley in this "Wonders of the Little World," a famous old book, gives a particularly full account of a man called John of Liege, who, when a boy, flying in terror of soldiers in time of war, passed many years alone in the depths of the forest of Ardenne, where he lived upon roots and wild fruits, the presence of which he could at least detect from a great distance by the smell alone. In the same way he detected the presence of men long before they came in sight.—[On the Rounds.]

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

Goethe: Method will teach you to win time. Seneca: He who boasts of his lineage boasts of what does not properly belong to him. Shakespeare: He that has no house to put his head in, such may rail against great buildings. Robert Hall: Some men have a Sunday soul, which they screw on in due time, and take off again every Monday morning. "I see," said Mr. Gruff, drawing a long but almost invisible something from the plate of butter, "I see that Dr. Taylor, the microscopist of the agricultural department at Washington, is photographing butter and butterine, so that he can tell them apart." Is he? "Yes," replied Mrs. Saven, the landlady. "Aked, he is, and it occurs to me, Mrs. Saven, that it might be well to take your butter up stairs and comb its hair up nice and smooth, so that it will appear presentable if he should come here to take it." Mr. Gruff is living at a hotel now.—[Chicago News.]

SCAVENGERS OF IMPORTANCE.

Next to the bowels, or rather in conjunction with them, the kidneys and bladder are the most important scavengers of the system. They purify the blood and carry off its refuse, preventing rheumatism, dropsy, Bright's disease and diabetes by their active cleansing work. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, when the kidneys evince a tendency to relax the activity of their important function, renews it, and thus averts renal maladies, the most difficult to cope with, and which superinduce a frightful loss of bodily tissue, stamina, and flesh. When the renal organ exhibits the slightest symptoms of incipient derangement, a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will at once result in the best stimulant from this affeet, and a pleasant of diuretic, chills and fever, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint and debility are also remedied by it.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

"I am directed by my uncle, Hon. A. H. Stephens, to say that he has derived benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and that he wishes to give it further trial."—W. G. STEPHENS, Crawfordsville, Ga. March 31, 1870. Extract of a letter from Alexander H. Stephens, dated March 8, 1872: "I misuse, when my condition requires it, Dr. Simmons Liver Regulator, with good effect."

A FLOWERY FAMILY.

"Why, what's the matter, my child?" "Oh, mother, my husband loves me no longer. He used to call me his pensive violet. Yesterday he said I was a big sunflower." "Shocking!" "And last night he said he wished I was a four o'clock, because four o'clocks shut up in the afternoon." "The brute!" "But I got even with him." "How so, my love?" "I told him it was a lucky thing his four o'clock opened in the morning, or he'd have slept on the steps when he came from the club."

"Men, this is the most serious undertaking you have been asked to consider. It is probable scarcely one of your entire number can escape death. Not one of you is compelled to go. If any refuse, he can never be branded a coward, as your records for bravery are already made. Think it over and come back here at twelve o'clock and let us know your answer." At the hour appointed we all returned. Do you ask "all?" Yes, sir, without exception we all were there. There was some white faces, and I know my heart was in my boots, but we were determined faces. "Now," said the chaplain, "go to your tents, write your letters, settle all business, and if you have any sins ask God to forgive them. I shall go with you in the morning, and may the Lord have mercy on us." Daylight came; we resolutely formed in line. We made the assault. "Into the jaws of death!" you ask. No, into an empty fort. Scarcely an hour before the enemy had evacuated it. We led the "forlorn hope" with the loss of a single man. But we had our courage tried all the same, don't you think? DILLON.

BALLAST.

"Prisoner, stand up. What's the charge, officer?" "Drunk, first, your honor." "This don't seem to be the first drunk, by any means. What have you to say, prisoner?" "Not guilty. It wasn't the whisky, your honor; it was the water. I got water-logged." "The other charge is larceny, your honor. He carried off two horse weights." "Only borrowed them, sir. Got so water-logged I had to use them." "What for?" "To steady myself. Meant to return them. Couldn't navigate alone. Used them for ballast!"

A FACETIOUS TRAMP.

"Them billed potatoes," said the tramp, "was a little bit soggy." "It's not often ye git as good a dinner as that, I'll warrant ye," declared the woman. "Not at this season of the year," the tramp asserted. "But in winter I get all I want to eat 'n' it don't cost me a cent." "What do you eat?" "Snowballs. They're a heap better'n soggy potatoes." "I should think they'd make your mouth water," said the woman slapping the door.—[New York Sun.]

ACCOMPLISHED.

"Ah, old fellow," said a gentleman, meeting another in the street, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife." "I have indeed," was the reply; "she is so. Accomplished! why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature, at home in music, at home in art, at home in science—in short, at home everywhere, except—" "Except what?" "Except home."

AT THE CIRCUS.

"Funny thing at the circus last night." "What was that?" "I saw a tumbler full of whisky jump over four elephants." "Oh, some one threw it!" "No, went alone; personal volition." "Tumbler full of whisky jump over four elephants?" "Exactly. Only the tumbler that did it was a drunken acrobat."

I never heard List but once. I was a young man then, younger than I am now, but I can never forget, and no one whose soul has not bowed in humble worship at the feet of the M. Master can never know the Complete Consecration I made of myself while I listened to Him. He wore that weary and Haughty expression which was habitual to Him, and as He crossed the room to the piano He received our Humble Homage with Majestic yet Awful condescension. The very atmosphere of the room was imbued with the M. Master's Presence. As he took off His coat and rolled up His Sleeves I held my breath with both hands. He played. The M. Master played. Under the Magic Touch of His Hands the heavens Bent to Listen—the hoarse chords muttered like the Retreating Storm, and the electrified keys sang all the twittering songs of all the Birds of Spring at once—the Sun burst through the Riven Clouds—the Moonlight Slept upon the Bank of Violets, and singing Brooks ran Murmuring to the Sea—grim-visaged War clanged on his Brazen Shield with mimic Thunder of the Skies, and all the Clamor of the raging battle shook the ground beneath our feet—the room swam with the brilliant perfection of every Marvelous Conceit that sprang into living being under This marvelous Execution and when He raised Both Feet higher than his Head and brought them down upon the keys, bowed in the Final Grand Hoopla, I knew no more, for I had swooned at the gleist in church or stage, replied: "The chestnut bell."—[Buffalo Courier.]

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