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A SWEDISH POEM.

It matters little where I was born,
Of if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold winter's score;
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live or have never,
Add hold my integrity firm in my clench,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters not.

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth, or in old age,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I die the death of a man,
Or the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little how I may
Go to the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

On land or on the sea,
By parting blows, or death's stormy wave,
Or the angel death's cold hand,
But whether the angel death's cold hand,
And mark my brow with his loving touch;
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

UNCLE NATHAN'S DAUGHTER.

"Oh, dear! it is too bad! Write to him that we are going away; sick, or anything you please to keep him from sending his daughter here. How ride alone!" In the height of the season, "No doubt you'll be a powerful lot; few Mrs. Bower looked as ugly and cross as a really pretty girl can look.

Mrs. Bower seemed almost as much disturbed as her daughter, and answered hesitantly, "I am sure I don't know. I knew your poor father had a brother Nathan, but I did not think him as illiterate as this," touching the letter she held, which was written on coarse blue paper, in a wretched hand. However, they managed to pick out of it that Jerusha Bower was coming to pay them a visit; that she would be alone, and Uncle Nathan's coming with her. "No doubt you'll be a powerful lot; few Mrs. Bower looked as ugly and cross as a really pretty girl can look.

"Very well," said Mrs. Bower, "you shall not be disturbed until morning."

While they were still discussing the subject, the door opened, and Albert, the pride of the family came in. After the brilliant remark, "It is decidedly cold," he stretched himself in an easy chair, completely shutting off the heat from his mother; but as she was used to that she only changed her position, while Belle began recounting their troubles to this, the counsellor of the family.

"He lazily answered, 'It is indeed provoking, but we can have a lot of fun out of her; let her come.' "Let her come," said a mimicked Belle, "how are you going to prevent it. You are too lazy to move a finger to save us from any annoyance whatever. Now, if you care anything for our feelings, you would get up and see the depot, tell her that we are out of town, and that you are going to follow soon. Then you might show her the city until a return train, see her started home all night, and our trouble would be over. I am sure you put off that Lucy Lee without her ever suspecting anything."

"I am not so certain about that," answered Albert; "she seemed to be a very sensible little girl; but I do believe you are afraid Jerusha will win Graham away from you."

"What that country lout!" said his sister in disgust, "that shall I tell you; 'of course her hands are red and red as a servant's, and her education is about as far advanced, judging from Uncle Nat's letter. I don't know why we should care for her, but I do."

"Well, we must make the best of it," remarked Mrs. Bower. "I know your father was very fond of his brother Nathan, and I remember your uncle was sent to Congress, or the House, or Legislature, or somewhere that I can't remember where now; and the old lady's countenance lost none of its bewilderment look."

"How old is she?" questioned Albert.

"Eighteen, her father says," returned Belle; "but of course she is older. Every girl is eighteen now until she marries."

"Well, six, you are old enough to be a mother to her, I place her under your exclusive care." And with this parting shot, Albert sauntered out of the room.

"Such a brute!" muttered Belle.

"What shall I do?"

"That evening soon after the o'clock train came in, an omnibus drove up to Mrs. Bower's residence, from which a gentleman assisted a lady whose figure, if properly dressed, would have been very handsome. In a moment the door-bell gave a merry ring, which caused the servant to hasten to the door, while she called on all the saints in the calendar to bless her soul. She ushered the stranger into the drawing-room, where all the family were seated.

The visitor marched in, saying in a loud, shrill voice,

"This Jerusha Bower, your cousin, comes to see you. Guess you didn't get dad's letter; none of you met me"—walking up to Mrs. Bower, who was making an ineffectual effort to rise. "I guess this is Aunt Ella, I'm part man for you; and this is Belle; and land sakes! I guess this is Albert! Well, how-do-do! All a settin' up in the best room set me? Guess you don't set here all the time, do you? We don't set in our best room only Sunday." Here she quietly seated herself and began taking off the cotton velvet hat which she had on, and which she laid down very carefully so as not to break the huge red plumes, then began pushing back the froxy black hair with her dark brown hands.

Mrs. Bower was the only one who had welcomed her at all, while Belle muttered, "Eighteen, indeed! She's thirty if a day."

Albert puffed up his mouth as if to whistle, while he glanced at Belle with a conical look of dismay.

Jerusha proceeded to make herself comfortable, while Albert continued, "Now Aunt Ella, you haint to put yourself out a bit for me; I want you to treat me as you do yourselves, for I'm goin' to spend the winter, so I'll just make myself to home. I guess I'll want seven-tenths some, but I can make a beau of Albert till I get acquainted with some of the town beaux."

"It was Belle's time now to laugh, while Albert could only say "Whew!" Jerusha, never seeming to notice this by-play, went on: "Dad gave me \$50 to spend this winter and I guess I'll make myself as spruce as anybody, but I don't intend to spend half of that, fur it takes a sight two set up to house-keeping and there's no telling when I might need it."

Albert interrupted with, "Cousin

Jerusha, do you expect to need it soon?" slyly winking at Belle.

"That depends upon Bob," she answered; "though I did tell dad I had a notion to lay in my kitchen strings while I am down here, fur I see I can run over the city tew see where I can get the best bargains. I tell you I am a great hand to buy cheap things. And that reminds me, Cousin Belle, I came a good piece on the kers with Mr. Graham who said he knowed you all; in fact he came to the door with me, or I don't know how I'd a got here in the mornin'." He laughed and told him all about the home folks; how much dad got for his pork, and about the new rag carpet I just finished, and a heap more things. He said he'd come in the mornin' to see you, and he'd come in the mornin' he'd likely find me sourin', but as I'd be visitin' I'd probably talk to him awhile, though I'd like to help you and Aunt Ella work."

Belle's face had changed from the amused expression it had worn to one of anger as she said:

"I told you that what Mr. Graham was highly entertained with your detailed account of your home, and that she caught a glimpse of Albert's handkerchief apparently going down her face with her hands while tears of mortification filled her eyes.

"Mrs. Bower feeling sorry for Belle, and still having a kindly feeling for her, she said, 'Come my dear, I know you are tired, let me show you to your room. I have had your trunk set up, then when you have shaken the dust off, and refreshed yourself with a bath, I'll send for you to come down to dinner.' "Dinner?" exclaimed Jerusha, "land sakes! why I've not my dinner and supper yet. Why it's most bed-time, and I'm awful sleepy."

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Frecks.

About forty years ago I had a lad in my employ who had the habit when unexpectedly spoken to of pricking up his ears in so decisive a manner as to remind one of the ears of Press or of Tray when suddenly called. Marie Louise, the second wife of the great Napoleon, was in the habit of amusing the ladies of her court at their private soirees by turning her ears almost completely round, and in a manner closing them up. She did this by a peculiar motion of the jaw, and she is said to have prided herself on the exploit to a little.

Among the muscular movements not common, I have noticed several instances of persons who will throw back the four fingers of either hand until they stood quite perpendicular to the back of the hand and wrist. Other instances I have seen, though but a few of persons who project the lower joint of the thumb almost into the hollow of the palm. In neither of these cases is the use of the ordinary symmetry of the hand at all affected.

There are many persons who, from causes they can never explain, have a repugnance, almost amounting to horror in some cases, for certain animals. The French General Juno, who was as good as a cucumber amidst a storm of bullets, and would face the cannon's mouth unmoved, would take to his heels at the sight of a live frog, and would not recover his equanimity for hours.

Have known a man who could not touch mutton, however cooked, while he would eat heartily of any other meat. Some there are in whom the thought of eating raw rabbit excites loathing; some who would rather starve than eat sardines of any kind; and there are not a few to whom butter and cheese are abominations.

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