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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NAMES.

The significance of names is as variable as the clouds, depending on conditions too delicate to be defined. Still, names have what might be termed a quality of average association, which translates them to the mind in not materially different hues and forms. Nobody considers Jerusha fascinating or Mabel repulsive. Sibyl suggests softness and fineness, and Angelina mawkish sentiment. Blood and breeding seem to lie in Edith, and inelegance and rusticity in Priscilla. Mary, whom bards have made tuneful to many tongues, has lost such savor as she might have had from excess of handling. We think of her now in connection with almost anything else than grace and loveliness. Kate is interesting, though she conveys a certain impression of wildness approaching hoidenhood. Pauline is lackadaisical, pretentious and shallow. Ruth is simple, genuine, winning, full of modesty and merit, and sterling to the core. Ada and Ida show gentleness without strength, and delicacy without discernment. Alice is what circumstances make her—pretty and spoiled, needing trial for development, adversity for elevation.—Amy is a child always, even after maternity and maturity, and nothing can render her otherwise. Stiffness, self-consciousness and angularity emanate from Arabella; and Augusta should be consequential and inflated without desert. A certain hot-house air might surround Blanche and Bertha, and they should be kept there if it be desirable to preserve their freshness and their fragrance.

Clara, not to belie herself, should be pure, affectionate, and free, carrying with her the form and daintiness of distinction. Eliza is plain, but profound, and Ella a slender echo of what she imitates. When the average man for a wife, despising romance and discarding the ideal, he should sue to Esther, who will perform all she promises, becoming the most conscientious of housekeepers, the most devoted slave of the nursery. A thorough scatterbrain is Fanny when trouble spares and adversity does not touch. Helen is precocious at sixteen, a coquette till five-and-twenty, and an ambitious and match-making mamma, while she absents herself from heaven to discharge her duty to society. Isabella should be tall and dignified and clever, laughing at what she most sincerely believes, and wounding with Parthian arrows her well-guarded heart. Julia has a tendency to be in love with herself, undisturbed by rivals. She sees in her mirror the beauties others fail to discover, and her much proclaimed righteousness is but a phase of her conceit.—Jane is likely to suffer from lack of appreciation, for she wears her jewels out of sight, and is content to be misunderstood when understanding demands any betrayal of herself.

In sentimental woes Leonora is ever bound; is most happy when most distressed. Louisa has a spice of affectation, but is engaging at first and enchanting at last to those she admits to the sanctuary of her sympathy. The image of Madeleine is shown in the strictest conventionality. She is a well-bred automaton; dresses admirably, talks faultlessly, acts becomingly; is, in a word, a reflection of her surroundings because she has not sufficient force to vary from her pattern.

Maud affects Tennyson and tears, muslin of the whitest and misery of the blackest sort. She is a distillation of simper, silliness, and sentimentalism. Miriam, Penelope, Cordelia and Rachel need to be stately, calm, and self-sustained—admired by many, esteemed by all, and beloved by one. Phœbe and Philis are not urbane in mind or manners. They are prominent figures in a landscape filled with farms and farm-houses, and commend themselves warmly to the swain credulous enough to believe that God the first garden made and the first city Cain. The heart of gallantry does not throb at mention of Susannah, who rises to the fancy with milk and water eyes, unshapely mouth, and ill-fitting gown; but it beats wildly to the sweet syllables of Viola's name, and waits with eager expectancy the regal presence of Zenobia, too lofty to be lightly loved.—*The Galaxy.*

Olive Logan tells of a nice young man who waltzed superbly. All the girls went for him. Nobody else could catch their pace so well as he. When asked how he managed it so handsomely, he replied he never thought about it, he never tried hard—all he did was to hold his partner in his arms and let her kick.

Tooth-pulling and a wide awake hat are similar, for both are felt.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the new years come, and the old years go,
How little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the Summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so,
As the new years come, and the old years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea,
Little by little are builded—while so
The new years come, and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter and play,
Little by little, the longest day,
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so
The new years come, and the old years go.

REMARKABLE FIGHT.

Captain Ochterlony and Ensign Peyton belonged to the regiment of Brigadier General Monckton, who accompanied General Wolfe in the expedition against Quebec. They were nearly of an age, which did not exceed thirty; the first was a North Briton, the other a native of Ireland. Both were agreeable in person and unblemished in character, and connected together by the mutual ties of friendship and esteem. On the day that preceded the battle Captain Ochterlony had been obliged to fight a duel with a German officer, in which, though he wounded and disarmed his antagonist, yet be himself received a dangerous hurt under the right arm, in consequence of which his friends insisted on his remaining in camp during the action of the next day, but his spirit was too great to comply with this remonstrance. He declared it should never be said that a scratch, received in a private encounter, had prevented him from doing his duty, when his country required his service; and he took the field with a fusil in his hand, though he was hardly able to carry his arms.

In leading up his men to the enemy's entrenchment, he was shot through the lungs with a musket ball, an accident which obliged him to part with his fusil; but he still continued advancing, until, by the loss of blood, he became too weak to proceed further. About the same time Mr. Peyton was lamed by a shot, which shattered the small bone in his left leg.—The soldiers in their retreat, earnestly begged, with tears in their eyes, that Captain Ochterlony would allow them to carry him and the ensign off the field. But he was so bigoted to a severe point of honor that he would not quit the ground, though he desired they would take care of his ensign. Mr. Peyton, with a generous disdain, rejected their good offices, declaring that he would not leave his captain in such a situation; and in a little time they remained the sole survivors on that part of the field.

Captain Ochterlony sat down by his friend; and, as they expected nothing but immediate death, they took leave of each other. Yet they were not altogether abandoned by the hope of being protected as prisoners; for the captain, seeing a French soldier with two Indians approach, started up, and accosted them in the French language, which he spoke perfectly well, expressed his expectation that they would treat him and his companion as officers, prisoners, and gentlemen.—The two Indians seemed to be entirely under the conduct of the Frenchman, who, coming up to Mr. Peyton, as he sat on the ground, snatched his laced hat from his head, and robbed the captain of his watch and money. This outrage was a signal to the Indians for murder and pillage. One of them clubbing his firelock, struck at him from behind, with a view to knock him down; but the blow missing his head, took effect upon his shoulder. At the same instant the other Indian poured his shot into the breast of this unfortunate young gentleman, who cried out, "Oh, Peyton, the villian has shot me." Not yet satisfied with cruelty, the barbarian sprung upon him, and stabbed him in the belly with his scalping-knife.

The captain having parted with his fusil, had no weapon for his defense, as none of the officers wore swords in the action. The three ruffians, finding him still alive, endeavored to strangle him with his own sash; and he was now upon his knees, struggling against them with surprising exertion. Mr. Peyton, at this juncture, having a double-barreled musket in his hand, and seeing the distress of his friend, fired at one of the Indians, who dropped dead upon the spot. The other, thinking the ensign would now be an easy prey, advanced toward him; and Mr. Peyton, having taken good aim at the distance of four yards, discharged his piece the second time, but it seemed to take no effect. The savage fired in his turn, and wounded the ensign in the shoulder; then rushing upon him, thrust his bayonet through his body. He repeated the blow, which Mr. Peyton attempted to parry, received another wound in the left hand; nevertheless, he seized the Indian's musket with the same hand, pulled him forward, and with his right drawing a dagger which hung by his side, plunged it in the barbarian's side.

A violent struggle ensued; but at length Mr. Peyton was uppermost; and with repeated strokes of his dagger, killed his antagonist outright. Here he was seized with an unaccountable emotion of curiosity to know whether or not his shot had taken place on the body of the Indian; he accordingly turned him up; and, stripping off his blanket, perceived that the ball had penetrated quite through the cavity of the breast. Having thus obtained a dear bought victory, he started up on one leg; and saw Captain Ochterlony standing at the distance of sixty yards, close by the enemy's breastwork, with the French soldier attending him. Mr Peyton then called aloud, "Captain Ochterlony, I am glad to see you have at last got under protection. Beware of that villain, who is more barbarous than the savages. God bless you, my dear captain! I see a party of Indians coming this way, and expect to be murdered immediately." A number of these barbarians had for some time been employed on the left upon the field of battle; and above thirty of them were in full march to destroy Mr. Peyton.

This gentleman knew he had no mercy to expect; for, should his life be spared for the present, they would have afterward insisted upon sacrificing him to the manes of their brethren whom he had slain; and in that case he would have been put to death by the most excrutiating tortures. Full of this idea, be snatched up his musket; and, notwthstanding his broken leg, ran about forty yards without halting; feeling himself now totally disabled, and incapable of proceeding one step further, he loaded his piece, and presented it at the two foremost Indians, who stood aloof, waiting to be joined by their fellows; while the French, from their breastworks, kept up a continual fire of cannon and small arms upon this poor, solitary and maimed gentleman. In this uncomfortable situation he stood, when he discerned at a distance, an Highland officer with a party of his men, skirting the plain toward the field of battle. He forthwith raised his hand in signal of distress, and being perceived by the officer, he detached three of his men to his assistance. These brave men hastened to him through the midst of a terrible fire, and one of them bore him off on his shoulders.

The Highland officer, Captain Macdonald of Colonel Fraser's battalion; who, understanding that a young gentleman, his kindsman, had dropped on the field of battle, had put himself at the head of the party, with which he had penetrated to the middle of the field, drove a considerable number of the French and Indians before him, and finding his relation still unscalped, carried him off in triumph.—Poor Captain Ochterlony was conveyed to Quebec, where in a few days he died of his wounds. After the reduction of that place, the French surgeons who had attended him declared that in all probability he would have recovered of the two shots he had received in the breast, had not he been mortally wounded in the belly by the Indian's scalping-knife.

As this very remarkable scene was acted in sight of both armies, Gen. Townshend, in the sequel, expostulated with the French officers upon the inhumanity of keeping such a severe fire against two wounded gentlemen who were disabled, and destitute of all hope of escaping.—They answered, that the fire was not made by the regulars, but by the Canadians and savages, whom it was not in the power of discipline to restrain.

Polar Expeditions and Objects.—Without venturing, as Sidney Smith once said, "to speak disrespectfully of the North Pole," we may be permitted to express a little mild surprise at the exceeding zeal with which German, English and Sweedish geographical adventurers are struggling to see who shall first make what many people think some hypothetical and utterly unprofitable discovery concerning the Polar regions. It now appears, according to Captain Sherard Osborn's announcement to the Geographical Society, that the opinion of Petermann, the great German authority, as to the existence of an open sea around the North Pole is incorrect. Captain Koldewey, who commanded the German expeditions undertaken on the faith of this theory, now says he cannot resist the conviction that the hopes of reaching the North Pole by ship, by means of this imaginary sea, are "among the most improbable things."—A winter in East Greenland, and a careful observation of the formation of the mighty masses of ice, which make all human progress impossible, has effectually cured him of all belief in the Petermann idea. During the last seven or eight years the Swedes have sent no less than four expeditions to the verge of the Polar regions, but they have all come back again, convinced that there is no such thing as an open Polar Sea. In effect, they are now of opinion that the only way of approaching the Pole is that which is proposed by English Arctic officers, namely, to explore the land on sledges in the spring; and Captain Osborn earnestly appeals to English patriotism not to allow the glory of settling the question to be acquired by either Swedes or Germans. After all, there is more for the exploration than in the old days, when it was supposed that a track all but impossible to discover might be a useful line of transit from one part of the world to another. The subject has now a real scientific interest, for Doctor Hooker says that there are botanical questions bearing upon the original temperature of Europe which a North Polar expedition can alone elucidate.

Sam, why is dat nigger down in the hold of de boat like a chicken in de egg? Never could tell—Cause he couldn't get out if it want for de hatch.

A GARROTER'S CONFESSION.

Kansas City, [illegible] was visited a few days ago by one [illegible] most notorious villians in [illegible] Turner, the murderer, thief [illegible] robber, whose name has become [illegible] with some of the darkest and [illegible] deeds of crime perpetrated in [illegible] and Missouri valleys. He was [illegible] by a detective, who stepped [illegible] to him and arrested him. Turner [illegible] stolidly and coolly at the detective, and [illegible] "What d'ye want o' me? No one in [illegible] burg knows me.'—'You are mistak[illegible] Turner,' replied the officer; 'I know [illegible] and want you.'—'What for? I [illegible] racket round these diggins. [illegible] hyar. I cum up on the [illegible] had a fuss wid the mate, and got put ashore at St. Jose, and just cum down hyar to wait for a boat.'

He was escorted to the police station for safe keeping. He conversed freely, and did not hesitate to confess to a series of crimes and villianies that long ago should have given him a rope. In answer to a number of leading questions put to him by the detective, Turner said:—'My name is Benjamin Turner; I was born in Boone County, Kentucky, where I was raised. I ran away afore de war, and joined the Thirteenth Connecticut Infantry as an officer's servant. It was while I was attached to this regiment that I got to do first rate jobs of stealing, for which I very often got balled and chained. I made a good haul one night after pay-day, and deserted the regiment. I got down to New Orleans and 'cracked a crib there, and they said I hurt somebody, while the fact of the matter was, I merely knocked a wench over for squealin.'

'They sent me down to work at Fort Jackson, but I did not stay there long—The first Louisiana colored regiment was being raised. I joined it, got some money, drew a full outfit of clothing and blankets, and got into a boat and went North. The ugliest scrape I was ever in was at Memphis. Me and two pals had got into a house and just getting out with the 'swag,' when the police gave the alarm. I threw a coal-oil lamp down and set the house on fire My two pals were down in the cellar, and never got out again. I had another rough time in that town; perhaps you seen it in the papers. Me and another nigger knocked a corey down and took his leather. The police got after us, and my partner got shot and jumped in the river and went down. I climbed into the wheel of the steamboat Kate Kinney and escaped.

'I make St. Louis my home now; I can't live anywhere else. I put up some ugly jobs in that town; I have been arrested lots of times, but have never got more than six months in the workhouse; I quit the night business. It paid but I did not like it, it was too risky. All the police got to know me in St. Louis, so that when a job had been done they always came down on me for it. I took to the river to get away from trouble, and never did anthing but greeneys or a feller who went to sleep or got drunk. But just as sure as the boat I was on landed at the St. Louis levee, the police or detectives come down on me for something done while I was away, and I had to come down $25 or $50. There is Mr. Reilly and Mr. Gallagher, and others I could name; they are 'on the make,' and make me give up all I make, or else they'd send me up to Jefferson.

'Last Winter I tried to give 'em the slip. I went every night up to the mourners' bench at the Methodist Church on the corner of Eleventh and Green streets, in St. Louis. I went up to the mourners' bench every meeting night for four months, but I didn't get religion. I just quit my old 'racket,' and went on the monte and ticket confidence lay out, and sometimes a little 'strap game,' but the St. Louis detectives wouldn't let me save anything.—When they found out about my religious dodge they got after me, and made me dust out. I have been on the river a few trips, but I haven't done a job yet. They got me in for robbing a man at Macon, up in North Missouri; me and a white fellow tripped a bloke over and got his leather; but a woman I was staying with squealed on me, and lied about me, too.

'I mashed her up some, and she soon afterward got into a scrape for robbing a circus man at Union City, and had to 'slope,' so, when the trial came off I got clear for want of witnesses. That was the last time I was in jail. I have been in jail about a dozen times. You see, when a fellow has a hard name, everybody blames him for everything done out of the way. I am a hard one, I know, but no harder than some of them as gets after me and gets my money to let me off. I am a man that don't brag on what I can do. I can do and dare what many others can't do, but I have quit it.

'I am going to reform. I won't rob nor steal no more. I was thinking this morning it was a hard life. Here, out of twelve of my pals I am the only one left. All the others have died, got killed, drowned and hung. Hereafter, I shall do nothing but handle cards and do a little strap game. They say a man once a thief always a thief. Well, may be so; but this is certain sure as your borne, Mr. Detective, I haven't done anything in Kansas City. I just came here to look around and wait for a boat, and if you will let me go I will leave town inside of two hours.'

Ben Turner is one of the worst and most brutal desperadoes in the Mississipi valley. His exploits in the way of highway robberies and burglaries are numberless. He was escorted out of the city, and started for St. Louis.

A lay delegate—the hen.

MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLES.

Delightful as the life of double blessedness unquestionably is where the tempers of the parties exactly harmonize and care is taken not to break that infinitely delicate spell of tenderness, which once broken by unkindness or anger, can never be renewed in its perfect purity and completeness—yet, it cannot be denied that in the too many, perhaps two thirds, of the matches that are consumated, the tying of the hymeneal knot is but the beginning of a life a la cat and dog, of petty disputes, squabbles and quarrels, which gives too much sharpness and point to the sarcasm of fusty old bachelors, and cause the true-hearted Benedick to blush for the conduct of his fellows, who have proved themselves unworthy of the truly ecstatic and highly concentrated joys of wedded bliss. The author of the following sketch of a dialogue between "a contradictory couple," which we find in a work published some years ago, appears to have understood this subject, and judging by the vivid and life like character of the scenes he portrays, must have had some rich experience of his own to draw from:

"I do believe," he says, taking the spoon out of the glass, and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate positive, wrong-headed creatures that were ever born, you are the most so, Charlotte." "Certainly, certainly, have it your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you," rejoins the lady. "Of course you didn't contradict me at the dinner table—oh, no, not you" says the gentleman. "Yes I did," says the lady. "Oh, you did," cries the gentleman—you admit that!" "If you call that contradiction, I do," the lady answered; "and I say again, Edward, when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave." "Not my slave?" repeats the gentleman bitterly; "and you still mean to say that in Blackburns' new house there are not more than fourteen doors including the door to the wine cellar! "I mean to say," retorted the lady, beating time with her hair brush on the palm of her hand, that there are fourteen doors and no more."—"Well, then," cries the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides—"this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad?"—By and by the gentleman comes too a little, and passing his hand gloomily over his brow, reseats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins: "I appealed to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa in the drawing room during tea." "Morgan you surely mean," interrupts the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking up in agony; "she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins!" "Do you take me for a perfect fool," cries the lady; "do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?" "Jenkins in a blue coat!" cries the gentleman with a groan; "Jenkins in a blue coat!—a man who would suffer death rather than wear anything but brown!" "Do you dare charge me with telling an untruth, demands the lady, bursting into tears. "I charge you ma'am," returns the gentleman, starting up, "with being a monster of contradiction, a monster of agravation, a—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat! what have I done to hear such statements?"

Praise Children.—There is an old superstition that praise is too good a thing to be given children, that it is too rich for their mental and moral digestion. Some parents are so afraid that a child will grow proud, that they never praise him, and this course is often disastrous. It is apt to produce too much self-assertion—for self-assertion is a legitimate out growth of the withholding of commendation to which one is entitled—or to engender a self-distrust or melancholy hopelessness of disposition.

Praise is sunshine to the child, and there is no child that does not need it.—It is the high reward of one's struggles to do right. Thomas Hughes says you can never get a man's best out of him without praise. Many a sensitive child we believe, dies of a hunger for kind commendation. Many a child starving for the praise that parents should give, runs off eagerly after the designing flattery of others.

To withhold praise where it is due, is dishonest, and in the case of a child, such a course leaves a stinging sense of injustice. Motives of common justice, as well as a reward for the future of the child, should influence the parent to give generous praise for all that deserves it. Of course there is a difference in the constitution of children. Some cannot bear so much praise as others, and some need a great deal. It should never be indiscriminate.

We remember a wonderful woman who taught school in one village until she educated part of three generations. She was one of the most successful of teachers.—But her success lay in her gift of praising with discrimination. A bad boy who was a good scholar got praises of his brilliancy sandwiched in between her admonitions for his bad behavior, and so was won to a better life, and we recall a good girl who had no gift of learning rapidly, but who was saved from utter despair by her untiring industry. Into the discouraged hearts of the children the praises of the teacher came like sunlight. And the virtues, like other good fruits, can only ripen in the sunshine.—*Hearth and Home.*

Josh Billings says: "There is one thing about a hen that does look like wisdum, they don't kackle much until after they have laid their egg. Sum pholks are alwus a bragging and kackling about what they are going tew do beforehand.

A Good Word for Romping Girls.—Most women have a dread of these.—Mothers would rather their little daughters were called anything than romps.—They say to them, "be very quiet now, my dears—don't run or jump, try and be little ladies." As if a healthy child could be still; as if it could take time to walk, or step over what came in its way; as if it could fold its little hands in its lap, when its little heart is so brimful of tickle. It is absurd and wrong in mothers to talk so; absurd and wrong because it is unnatural. Children, girls as well as boys, need exercise; indeed, they must have it, to be kept in a healthy condition. They need it to expand their chests, strengthen their muscles, tone their nerves, and develop themselves generally. And this exercise must be out of doors too. It is not enough to have calisthenics in the nursery or parlor. They need to be out in the sunshine, out in the wind, out on the grass, out in the woods, out of doors somewhere, if it be no bigger place than the common orpark. They need a romp every day of their lives. Suppose they do tan their pretty faces. Better be as brown as a berry, and have the pulses quick and strong, than white as a lily, and complain of cold feet and headache. Suppose they do tear their clothes—tear them "every which way;" suppose they do wear out the shoes, a pair a month, even—it don't try a mother's patience and strength half so much to patch and mend as it does to watch night after night a querulous sick child, and it don't drain a father's pocket book half as quick to buy shoes as it does to pay doctor's bills. The odds are all on the side of the romp.

Indeed, we don't believe there is a prettier picture in all the wide world than that of a little girl balancing herself on the topmost rail of an old zigzag fence, her bonnet on one arm and a basket of blackberries on the other, her curls streaming out in the wind or ripling over her flushed cheeks, her apron half torn from its waist, and dangling to her feet, her fingers stained with the berries she had picked, and her lips with those she has eaten. Mother, mother, mother, don't scold that little creature when she comes in and puts her basket on the table and looks ruefully at the rent in the new gingham apron, and at the little bare toes sticking out of the last pair of shoes.—Wash off her hot face and soiled hands, and give her a bowl of cool milk and light bread, and when she has eaten her fill and got rested, make her sit down beside you and tell you about what she has seen off in those meadows and woods. Her heart will be full of beautiful things—the sound of the wind, the talk of the leaves, the music of the wild birds and the laugh of wild flowers, the ripling of streams and the color of pebbles, the shade of the coulds and the hue of the sunbeams—all those will have woven their spell over her innocent thoughts, and made her a poet in feeling if not in expression.

No, mothers, don't nurse up your little girls like house plants. The daughters of this generation are to be the mothers of the next, and if you would have them healthy in body and genial in temper, free from nervous affections, fidgets and blues; if you would fit them for life, its joys, its cares and its trials, let them have a good romp every day while they are growing. It is nature's own specific, and if taken in season, warranted to cure all the ills of the girl and the woman.

A Smart Dog.—There is enough of the dog mixed up in the following story to entitled it to the name of a dog story.—A man down East had been exceedingly annoyed by wolves, which destroyed his sheep. In the course of time a dog fancier offered to sell him a dog. A very notable dog he was too. The dogs alogue of his merits was a long one—there was not a single dog-virtue in the whole dog alogue for which he was not distinguished—but if there was any one thing in which he peculiarly excelled, it was his prowess as a wolf hunter. This was touching our friend on the right spot.—The bargain was closed, and he only waited an opportunity to test his merits.

At length there came a light snow for wolf hunting, and he took his dog and and gun and sallied out. He soon crossed the track of a varmint—the dog took the scent and bounded off in pursuit.—On followed our friend, up hill and down vale, 'through bush and through briar,' for two mortal hours, when he came across a Yankee of the live species, chopping wood, and the following satisfactory dialogue took place.

'Did you see a wolf and dog pass by here?'

'Well, I did reckon I did.'

'How long ago?'

'Well, I guess about a half an hour.'

'How was it with 'em?'

'Well, just about nip and tuck—but the dog had the advantage, for he was *a leetle a head.*'

Not Worth the Candle.—In bygone days there was a phrase used by courts in ordering sales, and to prevent the auctioneer hastily disposing of articles to favor bidders, to preclude which it was required that the article, if of great value, should be up for competition during the time required by a candle to burn one inch; but where articles were not of value equal to that of the candle consumed, such formality was dispensed with, hence the applicability and use of the term to anything of insignificant consideration—"not worth the candle."

An old toper being requested to define hard drinking, said: "It was sitting on a rock and sipping cold water."

To Construct a Fashionable Lady.—The Richmond *Enquirer* publishes the following recipe to make a woman of the period:

Take ninety pounds of flesh and bones—wash clean, bore holes in the ears and cut off the small toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian bend, the Boston dip, the kangaroo droop, the Saratoga slope, or bullfrog break, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, one hundred yards of ruffles, and seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity, one pair silk cotton hose with patent hip attachments, one pair of false calves, six yards flannel, embroidered, one pair balmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds whalebone in strips, seventeen hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, three quarters of a mile of tape, ten pounds of raw cotton or two wire hemispheres, one wire basket to hold a bushel, four copies of a New York paper (tripple sheet), one hundred and fifty yards of silk or other dress goods, five hundred yards of point lace, fourteen hundred yards of fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, one box of pearl powder, one saucer of carmine and an old hare's foot, one bushel of false hair fretted a la maniaque, one bundle Japanese switches, with rats, mice, and other varmints; one peck of hairpins, one lace handkerchief, nine inches square, with patent holder. Perfume with otter of roses, or besprinkled with nine drops of the "Blessed Baby," or "West End." Stuff the head with fashionable novels, ball tickets, play bills and wedding cards, some scandal, a great deal of lost time and very little sage; add a half grain of common sense, three scruples of religion, and a modicum of modesty—Season with vanity and affectation and folly. Garnish with ear-rings, finger-rings, breast-pins, chains, bracelets, feathers, and flowers to suit the taste. Pearls and diamonds may be thrown in if you have them, if not, paste and pinchbeck from the dollar store will do.

Whirl all around in a fashionable circle, and stew by gaslight for six hours.

Great care should be taken that the thing is not overdone.

If it does not rise sufficiently add more copies of a New York paper.

This dish is highly ornamental, and will do to put at the head of your table on grand occasions, but is not suitable for every day use at home, being very expensive and indigestable. It sometimes gives men the heartburn, and causes them to break, and is certain death to children.

If you have not the ingredients at hand, you can buy the article ready made in any of our large cities—if you have money enough.

Something for the Girls.—If a young man greet you in a loud, free, and hasty tone; if he know precisely where to put his hand on his hat; if he stare you right in the eye, with his own wide open; if he turns his back to you to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he squeeze your hand; if he eat heartily in your presence; if, in short, he sneeze when you are singing, criticise your curls, or fail to be foolish in fifty ways every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world. He only admires you, let him do or say what he will.

On the other hand, if he be merry with every one else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see that your tea be sufficiently sweetened and your dear person well wrapped up when you go into the cold; if he romp with your sister, sigh like a pair of bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman; and, in fact, if he be the most still, awkward, stupid, get anxious about all your male friends, you may "go ahead," and make the poor fellow happy.

Foolscap Paper.—The term foolscap, to designate a certain kind of paper, no doubt has puzzled many an enquirer.—The origin is not only amusing but historical. Charles I. of England granted numerous monoplies for the support of the government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The watermark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament, that brought Charles I. to the scaffold; and by way of showing their contempt for the King, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now two hundred years since the foolscap was taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals bear the name of the watermark placed there as an indignity to Charles.

Specific for Diptheria.—The Italian journals published a letter from Dr. Giovanni Calligari, describing the remarkable success which has attended his treatment of diptheria with phenic acid. He relates the losses he formerly experienced among his patients when treating them with emollients, solvents, and cauterization with hydrochloric acid, and observes that this cauterization can no more eradicate the morbid principle than tearing the leaves off a plant will destroy the root.—He now simply uses a gargle of phenic acid and distilled water, with external applications of new flannel; the food and drink to be taken cold. After the adoption of the treatment Dr. Calligari lost but one patient out of fifty eight. He requested the Italian journals to publish this discovery. Phenic acid is the agent which is now being used in this country as a remedy for cancer.