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Miscellaneous Items.

"WHEN a woman gets frightened at night, she just pulls the bed-clothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits, and goes to sleep," says one who knows; "but with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down, and lies tremblingly awake for two or three hours, straining his eyes at every sound."

A YOUNG Frenchman, who had sown a heavy crop of wild oats, determined to get married and settle down. On the wedding day his mother-in-law said to him, "I hope my dear son-in-law, that you will be guilty of no more follies in future." "My dear madam," he replied, "I promise you that this shall be the last."

"You must find it a monstrous bore," says a visitor to his hostess, the goddess of a renowned salon, "to have to entertain so many people. How do you ever manage to get rid of tiresome folk?" "Easily enough. When I want to get rid of anybody I talk to him about myself. If I wish anyone to stay, all I have to do is to talk about himself."

Gus de Smith is not very prompt in paying his debts. He is also in the habit of getting shaved on the credit system. He was in the barber's shop getting shaved, but somehow didn't enjoy it very much, for his chin was bleeding in several places. "What in the Hades is the matter with that razor? I guess it has not been sharpened in an age," said Guss. "I dunno what's the matter wid de razor, sah," replied the barber; "I always shaves you wid de same razor, and I sharpened dis heah razor on de berry same day you payed me for the last shave, and just as soon as you makes annuder payment I'll sharpen it up some moah."

A HEROINE has just died at Paris. Bell Boyd was a noted Confederate spy in the American war. She was a Washington "belle" when the war broke out, but having heard a lot of the Federal plans which she was able to communicate to the Southern Generals, who highly complimented her, she acquired a taste for the campaign and followed it through, being captured several times but always escaping. After peace was restored, she married in England, was left a widow, wrote a play illustrating her own adventures, and acted in it, married again, was deserted, wrote a book, lectured in public, and died. A truly checquered career.

A CLERGYMAN in one of the Hudson River towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridegroom said—"Dominie, I have got no monish; but I'll send you von leetle pig." It was done and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years after he met the German in another town, for the first time since the marriage ceremony was performed, "Dominie," said the German, "you remembered you married me, and I gave you von little pig?" "Yes." "Vell, if you'll unmarry me, I'll give you two little pig."

A FELLOW prisoner of Lefroy, who was confined with him, in Lewis Goal, when he was under committal, says:—"We were up to all sorts of tricks in the gaol. You certainly would never think that one of us was a man who stood in peril of his life, with a horrible charge of murder hanging over his head. You see this tall hat of mine with the bulges in it? We used to make this hat the wicket, get Morris's bolster for a bat and Lefroy, taking off his stockings, we used to roll them into a ball, and have rare fun." All this when under committal for one of the most horrible crimes of modern days! A curious part of the thing was that, although Lefroy never had a loophole for escape, he made so confident of being acquitted that he told his sister to have a cab waiting for him outside the gaol at the conclusion of the trial. If the jury had not found him guilty we suppose he would have returned to Australia and edited a religious paper.

"YES, I always make a practice of sending some poor family a thanksgiving turkey," he was saying to the grocer, "and shall want an extra one this week. Yes, I must make at least one soul happy." "Ah! Heaven bless you," called out a man who had been asking the price of onions—"you are the man who sent me that turkey last year!" "Is that so? You were living on —— street?" "I was, and I was laid up with a lame foot, and my wife, was nearly dead with the chills." "Well, I am glad to meet you. I told the coachman to give the bird to some deserving person, and I am glad you made happy." "And I never shall forget you, sir. I put the turkey up at a raffle, raked in three dollars on him, and outside of a pint of whiskey for my wife I laid in enough tabacco to last me six weeks? May you never know what it is to be poor."

DR. GALLAUDET, of New York, is a very popular preacher. The other day there was a wedding at his church. Entered an old lady. Polite usher—"Shall I conduct you to a seat, madam?" "If you please, sir," she replied. The ceremony over, old lady turns to young lady in a pew behind her and asks—"Do you know the bride?" Young lady—"I do." Old lady—"Will you be kind enough to give her this?" handing the beautiful damsel a card. The inspiriting streams of the "Midsummer's Night Dream March," are flooding the church, but the young lady, nevertheless, drops back upon her seat, horror-struck to read—"Mrs. Evans, nurse, No. —, East Sixteenth street.

ONE night in the spring of 1862 General Richardson, who then commanded a brigade, took it into his head to inspect the picket line. Coming upon a reserved picket of about thirty men under command of a captain of the Second Michigan Infantry, the General saw fit to interrogate as follows: "Captain, in case of an alarm by the advance picket what would you do?" "Send off a reinforcement at once." "And if the firing continued?" "I should move up with the remainder of my force." "And suppose a whole company of the enemy should press forward!" "We'd whip them." "But if it was a regiment?" "I'd form a line of battle and check them until I sent back and got orders to charge and capture the whole lot." "Well suppose a brigade should move down on you in battle line?" "I'd order a charge, split the column in two, and whip both halves in detail." At midnight the brave captain was relieved from further duty on pickets. He was very indignant and considerably puzzled, but after thinking the matter over for a while he said to a brother officer—"Say, I've struck it! Old Rich was afraid my company might gobble the whole Confederate army and throw him out of a summer's job! If that ain't selfishness then I'd like to know what is?"

A SHY young man of Scotland for fourteen years had wooed the lassie of his heart. One night Jamie, for that was the young man's name, called to see Jennie, and there was a terrible look about his eyes—just as there is sometimes when they've made up their minds to pop the question. And Jamie came up and sat down by the fire just as he had done every Tuesday and Friday night for fourteen years, and he talked of the weather, and the cattle, and the crops, and the stock market, I was going to say—but no, they didn't talk about that. And finally, Jamie said:—"I've known you for a long time." "Yes, Jamie," she said. "And—I've thought I'd always like to know you, Jennie." "Y-e-s—Jamie." "And so I've bought—a lot—Jennie." "Y-e-s—J-a-m-i-e." "So—that—when—" "Yes—Jamie—yes." "We're dead we can lay our bones together." The fool had gone and bought a lot in a graveyard, but Jennie was not discouraged. She knew her man well—after fourteen years she ought to—and so she said gently: "Jamie." "Yes, Jennie." "Don't you think t'would be better to lay our bones together while we're yet alive?"

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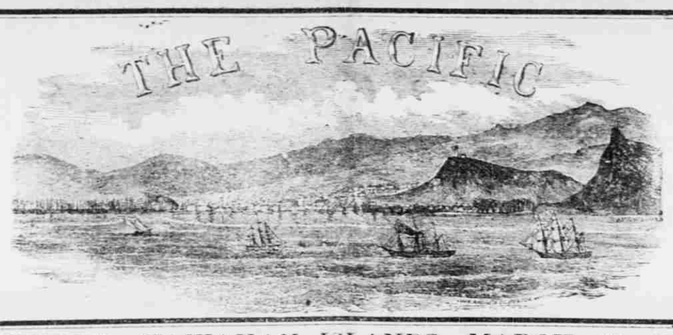

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