

The Sandpiper.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reached their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Send black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my flitting song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loud storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter wilt thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—Ozma Theater.

The Enchanted Flute.

Long, long ago, when the great Xerxes
Was king, there lived in the confines of
Persia a shepherd whose name was Ahmed,
and who, besides being well to do in
this world, boasted a handsome face and
figure. He was by nature of a bold and
spirited temperament, but solitude had
engendered a melancholy that lent a vein
of poetry to his character.

Near to the pastures wherein he tended
his flocks, there was a wood of dense
growth and of evil repute. All shunned
it as the abode of Genii, and the birth-
place of the evil spirit, whom the Pers-
ians name Shitan; but the soul of Ah-
med was troubled by no such fears. Af-
ter his herds were safely penned, he used
to stroll through the gloomy avenues of
the forest, to where a mimic fountain dis-
coursed sweet music to the invisible nymphs
and dryads of its solitudes. There he
would sit in calm enjoyment, watching
the sport of the water, and breathing
plaintive airs upon a pipe, which he had
made from the bough of a neighboring
tree.

One day, however, he lost his flute,
and therefore, when he reached his accu-
stomed spot, and sat and mused in silence,
he fell asleep, and dreamed a dream.
In fancy he was transported to a dell
in the midst of the wood, in the centre
rose a mound, whereon there grew a tree
tall and straight, but of peculiar appear-
ance, the leaves being blood-red. While
he was contemplating upon this circum-
stance, a voice from the mound com-
manded him to cut from the tree a branch,
and to fashion a pipe therefrom; but as he
endeavored to accomplish this, the scene
faded from his gaze, and lo! he was in a
room, in a palatial mansion, the like of
which he had never seen before. Gorge-
ous tapestries depended from the wall; couch-
es of azure silk and glistening silver were
placed here and there in lavish profusion;
while columns of lapis lazuli, infinitely
pleasing to the eye, supported a vast
roof of turquoise, intersected with diamond
stars.

In the midst of all this beauty, there
reclined upon a *fauvel*, heaped with
down, a maiden of irresistible loveliness,
seemingly wrapped in slumber. And he
dreamed that he played upon his pipe, and
that the maiden arose; and with the sound
of a rejoicing multitude in his ears he
awoke.

To say that Ahmed was not disturbed
by this vision would be false, the more so
that he remembered having seen in his
rambles through the woods, such a dell
as was presented to him in his dream.
With this idea in his head, he returned
home, but resolved to devote the morrow
to a search for the mysterious tree.

With the rising of the sun he was astir,
and soon reached the wood, where he
wandered for many hours in fruitless
quest. At last, however, he stopped to rest
his wearied frame, and began abstractedly
to pluck some twigs from a tree that
grew out of a mound close by. To his in-
tense horror he found that the ends drop-
ped blood. A second time he pulled a
sapling, when a hollow voice from below
warned him to desist from such wanton
cruelty, but bade him, as in his dream,
fashion a flute from the branch which he
held in his hand.

It was the grave of the valiant but un-
fortunate Selim, a neighboring prince,
who had been basely murdered by his
rivals to the hand of the beautiful Njalee.
The javelins with which he had
been transfixed had
taken root, and the blood had flowed
from his body.

To explain matters more fully to our
young readers, we must retrace our foot-
steps.

About five years previous to the date of
our story, all Persia was ringing with the
loves of Prince Selim and the lovely
Njalee, the beloved daughter of a rich
and powerful monarch. Their espousal
was to have taken place on the festival of
the Fatted Calf, for which preparations
were already being made; but the prince
was waylaid and assassinated in a wood.
His murderers did not long survive him,
for the vengeance of the gods overtook
them as it does all evil-doers.

The grief of the beautiful Njalee was
dreadful to witness, and in pity an amiable
goddess threw her into a deep sleep from
which she could not be awakened. In
vain the king, her father, offered im-
mense rewards to any one who should
arouse her; in vain the sages came with
their wisdom, the dervishes with their
prayers, and magicians with their astro-
abes. Many were the trials made, and
many were the failures.

Such was the position of affairs at the
times our story opens.

Upon putting the pipe which he had
cut from his lips, it discoursed such sad,
sweet music that Ahmed was moved to
tears, as were all who afterwards listened
to its melancholy but melodious strains.
Seemingly now possessed of a strange
restlessness, Ahmed left his flocks and
herds, and traveled about the country,
playing upon his pipe, often receiving
considerable sums of money from his
fascinated audiences.

At length he arrived at the court of the
great King Aradak, the father of the lovely
but unfortunate Njalee; and upon as-
suring him that he was a hakim of renown,
he obtained permission to attempt the
cure of the princess. Disdaining even the
semblance of preparation, Ahmed an-

nounced himself to be in readiness, and
was escorted to the presence of the slum-
bering princess. After dismissing every-
one, he took up the pipe, and from his
breast, he took softly his lips, from his
breast, and put it to his lips. For a mo-
ment there was silence, and then the voice
of the murdered Selim stole from it. At
the first sound the fair Njalee awoke, and
was clasped in the arms of her parent.

The kingly Aradak, now half-distracted
with joy, loaded the simple shepherd
with honors. He would fain, in the ex-
uberance of his spirits, have divided his
kingdom and his wealth; for had he not,
he said, regained a treasure more precious
than the whole of his possessions?

Ahmed would have declined all these
favours, and returned to his herds.
The king, however, insisted upon con-
ferring upon him the honor of being chief
hakim, which the shepherd declined with
every expression of gratitude. Indeed,
he was entirely ignorant of the art of
medicine, although he dared not hint as
much to the king.

But for the one circumstance Ahmed
would have wished himself back in his
native solitudes. He had fallen pas-
sionately in love with the Princess Njalee,
and, although astonished at his own pre-
sumption, persuaded himself that he was
not indifferent to her. Unluckily for
him, the cure of the princess ran like
wildfire through the city, and in a very
short space of time a multitude of sick
people presented themselves at the
palace gates. They were desperate cases,
having been pronounced incurable by all
hakim exorcists, and conjurers in Persia.
The king, noticing the crowd, and feel-
ing elated that he had in his court a hak-
im of such skill, commanded Ahmed to
cure them all.

Ahmed's heart sank within him, but
he feigned indifference, and answered
that a much harder task were necessary
to call for any exhibition of his power.

The king opened his eyes in amaze-
ment, but said nothing—which, perhaps,
was the best thing he could do. He was,
however, determined to be still more sur-
prised, for Ahmed ordered all the pa-
tients to be ushered into one of the rooms
in the palace, and a gigantic fire lit.
When it had flared and blazed to a
white heat, he requested the king to with-
draw and leave him alone with the sick
people. The king left the room, but re-
mained outside, peeping in at the door,
which stood ajar.

No sooner was he gone than Ahmed
assembled all the diseased around the
hearth, and whilst the heat radiated
from the glowing furnace, he addressed
them in the following words:

"My friends it will be difficult, indeed
for me to cure such a multitude of per-
sons in a moment of time. There exists
but one remedy which is to the purpose,
and that is to pick out the most afflicted
among you, and to burn him in the fire.
When his body is entirely consumed, I
will mix a portion of his ashes with some
liquid, and the remainder shall drink it
and be cured."

When he had ceased, the patients eyed
each other, as much as to say, "Whose
case is the worst?" for there was not one
among them who, for the whole wealth of
Persia, would have confessed that he was
the greatest sufferer.

In the meantime, Ahmed questioned
each one of them, beginning with the one
nearest the fire.

"My dear fellow," said he, "how pale
you look! You are in the last stage of
consumption. I think death would be
agreeable to you."
"Oh—oh—but, illustrious Hakim," in-
terrupted the patient, in a voice trem-
bling with fear, "that's—the heat of the
fire. The fresh air, I think, would revive
me."

"So saying, he arose and withdrew; and
when the king asked him why he had left,
he answered that he was entirely cured.
Ahmed now came to the second, and,
after looking at him for a short time,
shook his head, mournfully.

"My good fellow," he exclaimed, "you
can never recover. You look so yellow
and ghastly, I think—"

"What do you think I must be burnt?"
"By all means," replied Ahmed. "You
are but a shadow, and your legs cannot
last much longer."

"They are strong enough to run
through," returned the man; whereupon
he slipped out of the room and was con-
gratulated by the king upon being cured
so soon.

Ahmed approached the third, and said
sadly:

"Alas, my friend, you are on the verge
of the tomb. If we were to put you on
the fire, your pain would be over, and the
rest could be cured."

"Yes; but, Hakim," "I am not so bad
as that. I shall recover."

"Villain!" said Ahmed, in a great pas-
sion, "what do you do here, then? Have
you come only to mock me? Be off, or
I'll fling you out of the door, and when
asked by the king why he was going, he
explained that his health was comple-
tely restored.

In a similar manner Ahmed question-
ed the remainder of the invalids, who
disappeared so fast, one after another,
that the king was literally astounded.
There was not one who was willing to be
burnt for the sake of his companions,
and they fled because the fire seemed to
be the impersonation of Hades itself.

When the last patient was out of sight
King Aradak embraced Ahmed in a
transport of admiration, vowed that he
and such a miracle of a physician should
never be separated, and offered him the
hand of the lovely Njalee and a slice of
his wide domains if he would but prom-
ise never to leave the kingdom.

This, as may be imagined, Ahmed
very readily did, and soon after his es-
pousal with the princess took place amid
great magnificence.

Continuing the Show.

Every body has heard the old story of
the silent man who, riding over a bridge,
asked his servant if he liked eggs, to
which the servant answered yes. Noth-
ing more passed till the next year when,
riding over the same bridge, he turned to
his servant and said: "How!" "Poach-
ed, sir," was the immediate answer. This
story has just been thrown into the shade
in Italy. When Pompeii was destroyed
by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A.
D. 79, a theatrical representation, as
everybody knows, was going on in the
Amphitheater. A certain Langini hav-
ing got permission to open a theater in

the ruins of the ancient city announces
the opening night in the following ad-
vertisement:

"After a lapse of more than eighteen
hundred years the theater of this city
will be reopened with 'La Figlia del
Reggimento.' I solicit a continuance of
the favor bestowed on my predecessor,
Marcus Quintus Martius, and beg to as-
sure the public that I shall make every
effort to equal the rare qualities he dis-
played during his management."

The Song-Sparrow.

Birds of the doo-side! warbling clear
In the sprouting or fading year,
Well art thou named, from thy own sweet
lay

Piped from palling or naked spray,
As the smile of the sun breaks through
Chill gray clouds that curtain the blue.

Even when February bleak
Smiles with his frost the traveller's cheek,
While the air has no touch of spring,
Bird of promise we hear thee sing,
Long ere the first rathe blossom wakes,
Long ere the earliest leaf-breaks.

April passes and May steals by;
June leads in the sultry July;
Sweet are the woodnotes, loud and sweet,
Heard from the robin's and hang-bird's seat
Thou, as the green months glide away,
Singest with them as gaily as they.

August comes and the melon and maize;
Bask and swell in his fiery blaze;
Swallows gather and southward bound,
Whirl like a whirl-blast round and round,
Thrush and robin their songs forget,
Thou art cheerfully warbling yet.

Later still, when the sumac spray
Reddens to crimson day by day,
When in the orchard, one by one,
Apples drop in the ripening sun,
They who pile them beneath the trees
Heard thy lay in the autumn breeze.

Come November, sullen and grim,
Spanking with frost the ruyvet's brim,
Harsh, hoarse winds from the woodland tear
Each brown leaf that is clinging there,
Still art thou singing amid the blast,
"Soon is the dearest season past."

Only when Christmas snow storms make
Smooth white levels of river and lake,
Sifting the light snow all day long,
Only then do we miss thy song,
Sure to hear it again, when the sun
Climbs the sun to a higher noon.

Late when the sorrowing south wind brought
Tidings of battles fiercely fought,
Tidings of host in war array,
Marking with graves their bloody way,
Still wert thou singing near my door,
"Soon is the stormiest season o'er."

Even thus sing cheerfully on,
Bird of Hope! as in ages gone,
Sing of springtime and summer shades,
Autumn's pomp when the summer fades,
Storms that blow from the conquering sun,
Peace by enduring valor won.

—Bryant

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

How appearances are never certain.

The most remarkable instance of ap-
pearances being altogether opposed to
facts is contained in a true incident which
befell Prasca Loupovloff, the heroic Rus-
sian girl who traveled on foot from Si-
beria to St. Petersburg for the purpose
of soliciting the pardon of her exiled
parents from the hands of the Emperor,
upon which noble proof of a daughter's
love the tale of "Elizabeth; or, The Ex-
iles of Siberia," is founded.

She chanced to arrive at nightfall in
a town the name of which she never could
learn exactly, and knocking at the door
of the first door she came to, it was open-
ed by an old man of a most forbidding
countenance. He rudely inquired what
she wanted, and when she asked for a
night's lodging, shut the door in her face.

An instant after he called her back and
said she might come in if she pleased.
Prasca felt rather sorry that glad that he
had changed his mind, and the sight of
his wife, an old woman even more un-
pleasant-looking than himself, did not
make her feel more comfortable. The
room they were sitting in was large and
gloomy, lighted only by pieces of pine
wood, smelling strongly of turpentine.

These were stuck into the wall in sev-
eral places, and gave an uncertain, flicker-
ing light, that to the mind of Prasca, had
something in it awful and unearthly.
Her hosts bade her sit down, and before
they offered her as much as a crust of
bread began to cross-examine her as to
where she came from, where she was go-
ing to, and what money she had for her
journey.

"I have eighty brass kopeks," she said,
"that were given me at Kamonichieff."

And she felt at the moment how will-
ingly would she have given the whole
sum to be out of their hands.

"That can not be," said the old wo-
man; "eighty kopeks to go from Siberia
to St. Petersburg! You must have gold
or notes."

"Indeed, I tell you the truth," said
the poor girl; "and if you please, you
may see my purse."

Upon this they gave her a few potatoes,
and told her to lie down in her clothes
on a sort of platform over the stove,
where Russian peasants, who are too poor
to have beds, often pass the night. She
did so taking precaution, however, to leave
her bag on the floor, that it might be seen
she had no fear of being searched.

She could not sleep, but lay still, listening
to what was going forward. To her ex-
treme terror she first heard the old wo-
man carefully bolt the door and fasten the
bars of the window-shutter; then her hus-
band said in whisper:

"No one saw her come in; we can do
what we please."

After a few minutes, during which she
concluded they were examining the con-
tents of her bag, he again said:

"This is all nonsense. She must have
money. Did you not see an oil-skin bag
tied round her neck?"

And presently the old woman climbed
up the side of the stove, and Prasca saw
her dreadful eyes peering at her as she
lay. Fearing they would murder her
she begged for mercy, and showed the
little purses with the kopeks and passport,
entreating them to leave the passport only,
and take all the rest. To this the old
woman made no answer, but felt in her
pockets, pulled off her boots, examined her
dress from head to foot, and at last went
down again without hurting her. Prasca
heard nothing more till, some time after,
the deep breathing of her host and hostess
assured her they were both asleep, and
overcome by fatigue she fell asleep also.

When she awoke it was broad daylight
and the old woman was up and cooking;
and the first words she heard were to bid
her come and have some *stchi* with them
before she continued her journey. *Stchi*
is a sort of soup made of salt meat and
sour cabbage, on which the Russian peas-
ants live almost entirely.

The old man brought a jug of kras, or
beer made from the grain of rye, out of
the cellar, and they both pressed her to
sit down with them to breakfast. The
terrors of the night appeared like a dream
till the old woman herself alluded to
what had happened.
"I wanted to find out," she said,
"whether you were an honest girl or
whether you had been telling us lies. We
are quite satisfied about you now."
In spite of the change in their behav-
ior Prasca felt no regret at quitting their
house. She got out of the town as quick-
ly as she could, and after some time she
sat down under a tree, and had the curi-
osity to count the money in her bag.
When what was her surprise when in-
stead of eighty kopeks, she found 120!
The strange old couple had added forty
more!

Items of Interest.

Buzz sauce—Honey.
A fat office—the soap boiler's.
The early angler catches the worm and
a cold.

The scales that will weigh a grain of dust
are in the Philadelphia Mint.
The coal production of China is reck-
oned at 3,000,000 tons annually.

Twenty-nine ferries connect New York
city with Long Island and New Jersey.
It is said the ladies of the upper class
in some parts of South America chew
tobacco.

The Alaska waters contain more salmon
than all the other waters in the known
world.

The hairpin crop of this country equals
\$10,000,000 annually. The early crop is
sown in beds.

The number of individuals entitled to
wear the cross of the French legion of
honor is about 57,000.

There are no fewer than 14,000 washer-
women at work on the banks of the Man-
zanaras, in Spain.

A good man will be doing good where-
soever he is. His trade is a compound of
charity and justice.

While out hunting near Knoxville,
Tenn., a pack of hounds attacked a flock
of sheep, and killed twenty five of them.

In selecting a husband at seventeen,
a woman desires good looks; at twenty-five,
good habits and at thirty, the man's
heart.

It is little troubles that wear the heart
out. It is easier to throw a bombshell
a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

Emperor William gets along with four
and a half fingers on his right hand.
Half of his forefinger he blew off nearly
sixty years ago.

S. Berkeley Hazeltine, of Bakersfield,
Mass., aged eighty-eight, has been elec-
ted town clerk fifty-eight times, and for
the last thirty years not a vote has been
cast against him.

A young lady who is doing the Alps
reports progress to her guardian: "I
tried yesterday to climb the Matterhorn;
didn't near reach the top. It is absurdly
high—everything in this country—
please send me \$—"

A newly arrived Chinaman has only
twenty-five letters of the English alpha-
bet to learn, he is well acquainted with
T.—Cincinnati Saturday Night. He is
also sure to have Cue in his head.

"So there's another rupture on Mount
Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she
put down the paper and put up her spec-
s. "The paper tells about the bursting lath-
er running down the mountain, but it
don't tell how it got on here."

"Vat a monster language," says a
Frenchman. "Here I read in ze news-
papers zat a man commit a murder, who
was committed for trial and zen commit-
ted himself to a reportair. No wonder
everything in America is done by commit-
tee."

The duelling pistols used by Aaron Burr
in his duel with Alexander Hamilton are
said to be in the possession of a citizen of
Louisville. They were left to him by his
uncle, an army officer, who himself pur-
chased them from Burr for \$500. It is
asserted that they have been used in
eleven duels.

A powerful bar magnet, in connection
with a Grove battery, has been success-
fully used in London in extracting a chip
of steel from the eye of a mechanic.
When the magnet was four inches from
the eye, the chip of steel sprang from the
lens where it had been lodged to the inner
surface of the cornea, whence it was re-
moved without much difficulty.

An Ohio stumper, while making a
speech, paused in the midst of it and ex-
claimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do
you think?" Instantly a man rose in the
assembly, and with one eye partially
closed, with a strong Scotch brogue, re-
plied: "I think, sir, I do indeed, sir I
think if you and I were to stump the
country together we would tell more lies
than any other two men in the country,
sir, and I'd not say a word myself during
the whole time, sir!"

Quarrels, like thunder-storms, would
end in sunshine if it were not for the
determination to have the last word. If
you are scolded or criticised just bite
your lips and keep still, and it will soon
be over; but if you retort you are in
"for three years or the war." Many a
man who purs himself in torrents of
rain for five minutes, and then breaks
out into the sunshine of good temper
again will settle down into a three days'
dismal drizzle if he is weak enough to
insist on having that last word.

An exhibition of the phonograph was
advertised as a part of a benefit perform-
ance in the Grand Opera House, San
Francisco. Sol Smith Russell made an
address explanatory of Edison's invention
and then a box was placed on a table.
Russell turned a crank, and from the box
came talk in tones like those of various
public men well known in the city. The
audience soon discovered that an actor,
concealed under the table, was giving im-
itations. Almost a riot ensued, the people
refusing to view the deception as a good
joke.

If civilized people were ever to lapse
into the worship of animals, the cows
would certainly be their chief goddess.
What a fountain of blessing is a cow!
She is the mother of beef, the source of
butter, the original cause of cheese, to
say nothing of shoes horns, hair combs,
and upper leather. A gentle, amiable,
ever yielding creature, who has no joy in
her family affairs which she does not share
with man. We rob her of her children,
and that we may rob her of her milk, and

only care for her that the robbery may be
perpetrated.—Household Words.

The Indian or Brahmin bull, often
called the zebu, extends over southern
Asia and the Eastern Islands, is also
found in Eastern Africa, and is common
to the northwest Himalayas. They are
venerated by the Hindus, who object to
slaughtering them, but use them in har-
ness, and they will travel about thirty
miles a day. These oxen have pendulous
ears, and are distinguished by a fatty,
elevated hump upon the withers, which
sometimes weighs fifty pounds, and when
properly cooked is said to be delicious.
The flesh of the animal is not, however, so
palatable as that of the common ox.

A Song of Freedom.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl with light and delicate
limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his
slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed
hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword;
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee
Has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten
thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from
heaven;
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorer, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain, yet, while he deems
thee bound,
The links are shattered, and the prison-walls
Fall outward terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
As shouts to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies

Thy birthright was not given by human
hands;
Thou wert twin born with man. In pleasant
fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with
him.
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs,
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foe; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge.

—Bryant.

Josh Billings to the Girls.

Dear girls, are you in search of a hus-
band?

That is a pumper, and you are not re-
quested to say "yes" out loud, but are ex-
pected to throw your eyes down onto the
earth as though you wuz looking for a
pin, and reply tew the interrogatory
with a kind of draulin' sigh.

Not tew press so tender a theme until
it becomes a thorn in the flesh, we will
presume, tew avoid argument, that you
are on the lookout for something in the
mail line. Let me give you sum small
chunks or advice how tew spot yur fu-
ture husband:

1. The man who is jellous or every
little attenthun which yu get from some
other feller, you will find after yu are
married tew him he will luv himself more
than he duz yu, and what yu mistook for
sollisitude yu will discover haz changed
to indifference.

Jellus isn't a heart diseze; it is a liver
complaint.

2. A mustache is not indispensable; it is
only a little more hair, and much like
moss and other excrescences—often duz
the best on site that won't raise anything
else. Don't forget that those things
which yu admire in a fellow before mar-
riage yu will probably dislike in a hus-
band after, an a mustache will get to be
a very weak diet after a long time.

3. If husbands could be took on trial
as Irish cooks are, two-thirds of them
would probably be returned; but there
don't seem to be enny law for this. There-
fore, girls, yu will see that after yu git
a man yu have got to keep him, even if
yu lize on him. Consequently, if yu
have got enny kold vites in the house,
try him on them once and a while during
scouring season, and if he swalers them
and sez he will take some more, he is a
man who, when blue Monday kums, will
wash well.

4. Don't marry a pheller who is alius
telling how hiz mother duz things. It iz
teu hard to wean a yung one.

5. If a young man can beat you play-
ing on the pianner, and can't hear a fish
horn playing on the street without turn-
ing a summerset on account of the musick
that is in him, I say to leave him; he
might answer to tend babe, but if you set
him hoeing out in the garden, you will
find that you have got to do it yourself.

A man whose whole life lies in musick
(and not too hefty at that) ain't no better
than a seedlitz powder; but if he luv to
listen while you sing sum gentle ballad,
yu will find him mellow and not soft.
But don't marry ennybody just for one
virtew enny quicker than yu would flop
a man for just one fault.

6. It is for one of the most tuffest things
for a female to be an old maid success-
fully. A great many has tried it, and made
a bad job of it, and had a hard time.
Everybody seems to look upon old maids
as just they do upon dried herbs in the
garret—handy for sickness and, therefore,
gills, it ain't a misstake that yu shud be
willing to swop yourself oph with some
true-hearted pheller for a husband.

The swop may be a good one; but don't
swop for any man who is respecttable
just because hiz father iz. You had bet-
ter be an old maid for four thousand
years and then join the Shakers no tew
buy repentance at this price. No woman
ever made this trade who didn't get a
phool, a mean kuss or a clown for a hus-
band.

7. In digzing down into this subject, I
find the digging goes harder the further
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