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A COMMON STORY.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL.

From the New York Mercury.

It was all done by a pair of jet earrings. Jennie Kirk was the prettiest girl in the village, or, for that matter, in the country. As pink and white, as fresh and peach-like as nature could make her. Eyes, brown, large and lustrous; hair, fine and abundant; features, regularly chiseled. Only six inches of looking-glass had Jennie; but she was perfectly aware of her beauty, and anxious to set it off. She did not dare to tell her mother that she had sold a calico frock for a pair of long, jet earrings, but she was determined to show her finery; and though the afternoon was closing in rain, she wrapped her cloak about her and went tripping up the muddy street to see Mary Heaton.

Just as she reached the blacksmith's door, Will Loughlin stepped out to meet her. He was a great shambling fellow, who made fierce love to Jennie, and when she laughed at him, railed and stormed at her. He came up to her with a look in which admiration was curiously blended with anger; and lounging by her side, commenced abruptly:

"Have you made up your mind yet to treat me better, Jennie?"

"I have to find out yet in what manner I am treating you badly," retorted Jennie, boldly.

"How! Ain't you kept me dangling after you these six months?"

"No, I ain't!" answered Jennie, angrily. "I only wish that you'd just leave me alone."

"Well, I shan't, then."

"I guess you will," cried Jennie, disdainfully. "It is likely that I will. A great, rough——"

"None of that!" exclaimed the man savagely, and seizing her hard by the wrist. "It is likely, and you will, and you shall. I won't take no for an answer."

There was something so ferocious in his look that Jennie felt a thrill of positive fear. It must be owned, also, that she had spied Harry Bectil walking behind them, and had a coquettish desire to attract; and as Loughlin seized her, Jennie cried out, loudly:

"Save me! O, Mr. Bectil, help me!"

Harry started—saw a girl struggling in a man's grasp, and with one long stride, came up to Loughlin with a sharp—"what the devil are you doing there?" and then it was all done in a moment. The man answered with an impudent sneer, but had not time to finish it, when Harry knocked him down. And there he was, on the instant, converted from an every day young man, going home to his dinner, into a knight of romance, with the villain prostrate at his feet, and the distressed damsel clinging to him in a fright.

What was to be done next? Harry looked down at the little figure beside him curiously, and saw such a pretty little face—its lovely eyes swimming in tears, and turning shyly from him. Involuntarily he drew the plump hand, resting on his arm, closer to him.

"You must let me see you home in safety," he said.

"My home is here," murmured Jennie, pointing toward a little gate. "Good night, Mr. Bectil. I am very much obliged to you."

"Good night," muttered Harry, mechanically, and standing aghast.

The little unpainted house with its creeper, the narrow walk, the rude gate, were all familiar. This was the house of Mrs. Kirk; and Harry had rescued his washerwoman's daughter. He was no snob. He would have interfered as readily in behalf of the poorest and ugliest woman in the neighborhood; but he was more disappointed than he would have cared to acknowledge, to find so much beauty so hopelessly before him.

While he stood there:

"If you have seen Miss Kirk in safety," said a sarcastic voice behind him, "perhaps you will get into the carriage."

Harry turned quickly. A handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of fine bays, had driven up behind him, and two ladies sat in this barouche smiling at him—his mother and Dora Beryot. Harry reddened to the temples and sprang into the carriage. His mother and Miss Beryot eyed him curiously; but with true woman's tact, forebore to question him. The conversation drifted to other matters; and before they had reached home, Harry had forgotten his disappointment, as well as the cause of it, together.

Not so, Jennie. Harry was the first gentleman who had ever spoken to her, and her silly little heart fluttered when she recalled his tone, and the soft difference of his manner, so different from the lounging boorishness of Tom Hays or Dick Lawton. She was well read in sentimental literature, and quite aware that rich young gentlemen were in the habit of marrying poor girls like herself for their beauty. Therefore, why not Harry Bectil, when such a pretty girl as Jennie Kirk was in question? She watched from her window, and she watched the postman also, if he should prefer to write.

Poor silly little Jennie! The man in the moon was not further from her than Harry Bectil's thoughts, just then. Harry did not even look her way, though he drove past the house every morning on his way to the station.

Never say, however, that there is not a Fate in these matters. Harry, on one fine morning, was too late for the train. He had been pelting Dora Beryot with vine-leaves, and his mother was too well satisfied with the flirtation to remind him of the time. Consequently, he reached the station, just as the picnic train was moving off. Harry sprang to the rear platform, saw that the car was full of loud-laughing damsels, in white, and attempted to pass through to the smoking car. Midway, a pair of beautiful brown eyes met his, with unmistakable recognition in their glance. The beautiful eyes belonged to one of the prettiest little girls he had ever seen. She was as pink and white as anything on ivory, and marvelously set off by her white frock and green wreath.

Harry stopped a moment, puzzling where he had seen her. The pretty mouth quivered, and the brown eyes said as plain as eyes could speak, "O! aren't you coming here?"

Harry lifted his hat, and went to her.

"Miss Kirk, is it not. Are you quite over your fright, and may I sit beside you?"

"O! la! yes!" fluttered Jennie, "I mean I wasn't frightened, that is, not much—only I lost——"

"Well, lost what?" asked Harry, who had seated himself, smiling at her tragic little face.

"O, nothing," said Jennie, subsiding into shyness again.

"Lost nothing! Come, now, you don't expect me to believe that, Miss Jennie."

"Well, only one of my jet earrings; I had just bought them."

The shadow that came over the childish face told how very keenly she had felt the loss.

"Poor little thing!" said Harry; yet more amused, and glancing at the perfect little pink ears. "That must have been my fault. I must make the loss good."

"O, no!" answered Jennie, earnestly. "It was Will Loughlin's doings."

"Will Loughlin! O, I remember our villain. Pray, Miss Jennie, since we are talking of him, why did I knock that man down?"

Jennie blushed crimson.

"Not that I insist on knowing," pursued Harry, "only it is a satisfaction, when you do such a thing, to know why."

"How funny you are, Mr. Bectil," said Jennie, much embarrassed.

"How queer you are, Miss Kirk," retorted Harry. "Do you know I begin to suspect?"

If Jennie had blushed crimson, now she was scarlet.

"And if my suspicions are correct, I shall dislike him very much," continued Harry, gravely, though I cannot blame him. I am very much of his mind, too."

"La! how can you say such things!" said Jennie.

"What things?" asked Harry, looking innocent. "I am sure I don't know what I have said."

Jennie giggled and blushed.

"Where are you going?" asked Harry, next.

Jennie's eyes opened wide.

They were going, where were they not going?

Harry smiled, and said, involuntarily:

"I wish I was going too."

"Can't you go?" said Jennie, quickly. "It would be so nice."

"It would be so nice, would it?" repeated Harry, musing. Nothing would have looked more distasteful to him than such a picnic an hour ago; but now he told himself that there was no reason why he should not take a holiday, and that he ought to go, if only to see that this beautiful, childish creature was safe among these boors.

"Will you go?" asked Jennie, who had not the smallest idea of pretending indifference.

"But you have no luncheon," said Harry despairingly.

"You may have part of mine."

"I don't believe there is enough," said Harry.

"O, there is," protested Jennie.

"Show me the basket; let me see," said Harry, pretending to peep into it.

Harry's hand touched hers, as she held the basket. Her soft cheek brushed his, as she bent her head, also; and they both laughed, and Jennie blushed. Harry had never seen anybody so lovely. The color in her cheeks was as pink as the lining of a sea shell.

As for Jennie, she was, as you may say, translated out of herself. She had never seen anybody that looked so handsome as Harry Bectil. He had such white hands and such lovely shirt studs. He made the other men look so coarse and ugly; and he was in love with her. The other girls, who looked on in envious astonishment as he found her the shadiest seat, and threw himself at her feet, could not but acknowledge that. And he would take no luncheon that she did not give him; eating it from her fingers, and laughing the while. Dangerous picnicking, Mr. Bectil. But Harry declared he had never spent so jolly a day, and as soon as he reached town, bought a pair of earrings at the first jeweler's, which he put in his pocket with a smile, saying to himself:

"Pretty little ears!"

What would Mrs. Bectil have said? For about that time the worthy lady built many castles in the air. It was late in the year, and her house nestled among the mountains, was lonely; and yet Dora Beryot lingered and looked down when Harry spoke to her, and blushed when he was speaking. Dora Beryot would have ten thousand a year, and was a good girl, and Dora liked Harry; and the proud mother, building on this foundation, mapped out his fortune for him as a prosperous man. Judge, then, of Mrs. Bectil's horror, Mrs. Bectil's wrath, Mrs. Bectil's rage! no words are strong enough to express her emotions when, stepping in one evening into Mrs. Kirk's open door, she heard a familiar voice say "Good-by, my pet," and saw Harry kissing Jennie Kirk.

For a moment she stood speechless. Then she stepped up to Jennie with:

"You shameless baggage!"

Jennie screamed.

"Don't be afraid," said Harry, and put his arm around her.

The movement increased the fury of Mrs. Bectil.

"You dare to brave me!" she cried, turning furiously on Harry, "and for that low creature!"

"No names, if you please," put in Mrs. Kirk, who had bustled in from an adjoining room. "We ain't quite so rich as you are, but my daughter is as good as your son."

Mrs. Bectil eyed her washerwoman with a cold, cruel contempt.

"That may be," she said, "since I find Harry in your company. I judge you are all alike. I had always supposed, Mrs. Kirk, that you were a respectable woman, but since you connive at your own daughter's disgrace and my son's—"

"Stop!" interrupted Harry, in a low, clear tone, not in the least like his own. Be careful what you say, mother. Jennie Bectil is my wife. We have been married three months."

"Married?"

Mrs. Bectil gasped out that one word, and then stood looking at them, and then she quietly walked away. Harry would have followed her; but Jennie held him with tears and prayers; and while they were still talking, came Mrs. Bectil's man with a note. It was brief and to the point:

"I will never live in the house with the wife you have chosen. I will never speak to her, never acknowledge her. I shall send you your personal effects, and as soon as the property can be sold you will receive your inheritance through my lawyer. "LUCY BECTIL."

Two hours after, a carriage drove furiously past toward the station. It contained his mother and Dora Beryot. Neither glanced toward him.

"Never mind, darling," said Jennie, who saw the look of pain on his face. "You have me, and I love you so much."

Harry kissed her, but did not answer.

He was just telling himself that he must be a man, and bravely face the consequences of his own acts, and never, never let this tender, doting creature know that he was tired of her beauty, that her ignorant prattle bored him, and that no tie bound him to her now but duty.

Poor Harry! and poor Jennie!

Mount Sinai.

Dean Stanley, years ago, pointed out the uncertainty prevalent as to the position of Mount Sinai and the course taken by the Israelites in their journey after crossing the Red Sea. To the present that uncertainty has not been removed, but some English gentlemen have subscribed a sum—though by no means sufficient—to provide an accurate survey of the Sinaitic Peninsula. Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir John Herschell and Col. Sir Henry James are entrusted with the superintendence of the fund, and with the consent of the English Government an expedition has been organized under the Director General of the Ordnance Survey. Jebel Musa and Jebel Serbal have been considered by the best authorities as possessing the clearest claims to the honor of having been the scene of the tradition of the Mosaic tables. These will be surveyed on a scale of six inches to the mile. The portion of the peninsula including the several routes to these hills from the Gulf of Suez will be mapped on a scale of one inch to the mile. The rock inscriptions on the peninsula, supposed to be the work of the Children of Israel, will, of course, be critically examined, and observations of a mineralogical, archaeological, and meteorological character are also to be made. Much interest is attached to the work, and we trust the committee will have little difficulty in raising sufficient funds to carry on the survey as fully as is proposed.

Fashion authorities announce three-cornered visiting cards.

A man in Marseilles noticed that a fly, which tasted the soup prepared by his wife for him, tumbled dead on the table. He changed plates with his wife, and the woman shortly after died.

A company of seventy Germans paraded New York the other day, none of whom had a beard less than a foot long. The captain's whiskers reached his knees.

A young man fresh from college calling on a lady, and being asked by the servant what name she should give her mistress, replied "Amicus" (the Latin for a "friend.") The girl hesitated a moment, and then asked, "What kind of a *cuss*, sir?" The young collegian then gave his name, and resolved to stick to English thereafter.

There is a steam engine in New York that runs one hundred and twenty five presses, prints fifty different newspapers, makes hoop skirts, binds books and runs a mile of shafting.

If the word "cabled" is allowed, it is probable that we shall then have people "steamboated" to Albany, "carred" to Philadelphia, "schoonered" to the oyster beds, and "slooped" through Plum Gut.

Jean Ingelow is the daughter of an English country barber, and of a Scotch woman. Her first poems were published in 1863, and nearly two hundred thousand copies of her works have been sold.

An elderly Pennsylvania woman, with her daughter, looking at the statue of Girard in the college building, the other day, startled the bystanders by exclaiming, "La! Sally, how white he was!"

A new young millionaire has been discovered in New York. His name is Louis E. Nugent. He is the heir of the great Nugent estate, has $700,000 in cash, and is not engaged.

Henry Ward Beecher declines to make engagements to lecture during the coming season, as all his leisure time will be employed on his forthcoming "Life of Christ."

Dan Corbett bet he could jump into the Susquehanna from a bridge 40 feet above the water. He won the bet, but as his body has not been found, the stakeholders don't know what to do with the money.

Last Love.

First love is a pretty romance,
But not half so sweet as is reckoned;
And when one awakes from the trance,
There's a vast stock of bliss in a second.

And e'en should a second subside,
A lover should never despair;
The world is uncommonly wide,
And the women uncommonly fair.

The poets their raptures may tell,
Who have never been put to the test;
A first love is all very well,
But believe me, the last love's the best.

Another Clue to Sir John Franklin's Fate.

Another clue to the mystery enveloping the fate of Sir John Franklin and his fellow voyagers amid the ice-bound regions of the Artic zone seems to have been discovered. By the recent arrival from the Polar Regions of Dr. Goold, of Dublin, late and interesting intelligence is afforded respecting the search now prosecuted by Captain Hall for traces or remains of the Erebus and Terror and their crews. In August, 1867, Captain Hall was at Repulse Bay, preparing an expedition to King Williams' Land, where, from information obtained from the Esquimaux, it seems, beyond doubt, that some important records and some bodies of the Franklin Expedition are still preserved. The point to be reached was four hundred and fifty miles north of Repulse Bay, and in a country the inhabitants of which were known to be hostile to Europeans and to the Esquimaux living at Repulse Bay. It was the opinion of the latter, who are known to be King Albert's followers, that Franklin's men had been killed by King William's men. According to native information, the last six survivors of the party built a cavern or rude vault of stones, and deposited in it some documents and such articles as they had no use for, or would be an incumbrance to them in their journey southward. It is Dr. Hall's object to reach this depository, and from his well know intrepidity, energy and endurance, it may be presumed that no danger or hardships will deter him from his purpose.

It will doubtless cause a thrill of mingled joy and sorrow to learn, after all that has been done to discover the Franklin Expedition, two of its members survived to as recent a period as 1864. These were Captain Crozier and a steward of one of the lost vessels, who died near Southampton Island while endeavoring to make their way to that place, in the belief that they could there find a whaling vessel which would carry them home. Doctor Hall is confident of the identity of Crozier with one of the men so described to have perished, and has in his possession several articles that belonged to him. The fate of these two unfortunate men, who after eighteen years' wandering through Arctic regions, had so nearly reached a place within reach of civilized man, forms one of the saddest chapters in the melancholy history of the lost expedition.

Care of House Plants.

Do not remove the plants to the house until there is danger of frost, and then give them abundance of air and light. And here we will say that some of the finest plants we ever saw were kept in a south chamber, in which there was no fire, but adjoining a room which was warmed by a stove. There is generally more danger from too much heat than too little. For such plants as geraniums, petunias, fuchias, roses, oleanders, etc., a temperature from 45 to 65 degrees is abundantly warm.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle to success in window gardening lies in the dryness of the air. When houses were warmed in the old fashioned way, by fire places or wood stoves, with abundance of cracks at the windows and doors to let in fresh air, plants grew very well. And now when a few plants are kept in a kitchen window, where the air is charged with vapor from the boiling water, they often thrive with old fashioned luxuriance. How, then can we modify the parched air of our parlors and sitting rooms? One way is to keep a pan of water evaporating on our stoves and in the air chamber of our furnaces. In addition to this, provide a table for the plants as wide as the window and just the height of the window sill. Fasten a rim around the border of the table two inches high, and line the whole with zinc. Fill this space with sand and cover with moss. Set the pots on this sand and keep it always moist. If you are willing to take the trouble, set each in another one half an inch larger, and the space between with moss, which is to be kept moist. By these means, the air around the plants will be kept somewhat humid.

As to watering and ventilating, discrimination should be used. As a general rule, water should be given copiously enough to wet the entire ball of soil; wetting simply is not enough. A daily sprinkling or syringing of the leaves is always a good thing. In ventilating, it is seldom safe, in cold weather, to open windows directly in front of the plant stand. A better way is to let in air from a window on the opposite side of the room; it will then become tempered a little before reaching the plants.

Stir the soil often with a small stick when it is dry. If insects appear, pick them off, or kill them by fumigating.—[Rural American.

A Maine girl found a $100 diamond ring while sorting rags the other day, and kept it for her honesty.

Stripes on pantaloons will be considered fashionable this winter.

Andrew Jackson was all will. Andrew Johnson is all won't.

The girl that jilted Hendricks—Indi-Anna.

Remarkable skill in imitating the wild turkey's call was the cause of a Kentuckian being shot the other day. He was game to the last.

A Strange Story.

LOST SISTERS FOUND—A CHILD STOLEN TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The Galveston *Bulletin* says: "One of the strangest incidents of domestic life that ever came under our notice occurred on Tuesday of the present week. The story is thus told: Mrs. Bowen is a widow of forty-one years old, whose husband died last year of yellow fever. Thirty years ago, being then only eleven years old, and a resident of Comanche county, Alabama, her elder sister married and removed to another portion of the same State. This marriage was unhappy. The husband was unkind. The only child of this marriage was a daughter which was stolen from school, and seems to have been reared in almost total ignorance of her family. All that we know of the child is that she is now a lady of twenty-nine years, and resides in her native State. About a year since Judge Dean, of Batts, Dean & Watson, received a letter from this lady, saying that she believed her aunt resided in Galveston, and that she desired to know of her whereabouts. After inquiring, he found the missing aunt to be Mrs. Bowen. The ladies were put in communication, and the one in Alabama assured that her mother, from whom she had been stolen, was dead.

Thus matters rested until last Tuesday, when a Mrs. Martin, at the suggestion of a mutual friend, was introduced to and visited Mrs. Bowen. During the conversation that followed it became plain that they were sisters, and that Mrs. Martin was the mother of the Alabama lady who was stolen twenty-five years since. Thus the two met and were recognized, after an absence of thirty years, with never a straw berry mark on the left arm of either. One sister had been a resident of Galveston fourteen years and the other eight. Both are happy in the meeting, and in the prospect of soon seeing the daughter of one and the niece of the other.

Josh Billings' Wit and Wisdom.

If "Josh Billings" would only consider that his wit and wisdom deserve a decent orthographical dress, he would assume, in the eyes of many of his readers, a position which he cannot attain, because of this affectation. He has made some profound philosophical remarks in the midst of a vast deal of trash. A man's keenness of insight and reflective powers are not to be despised when they reveal themselves in such sentiments as these, encrusted though they be with coarseness and slang, which we have taken the liberty of scraping off for the sake of getting at their intrinsic value:

I never bet on the man who is always telling what he would have done if he had been *there;* I have notice that this kind never get *there.*

The fear of the law here, and the law hereafter, has furnished us some very clever specimens of Christianity.

Fools don't know their strength; if they did, they would keep still.

True happiness seems to consist in wanting all that we can enjoy, and then getting all we want.

Beauty never dies; it is like truth; they both have an immortality somewhere.

Truth is radical; fiction is conservative.

If you would make yourself agreeable, wherever you go, listen to the grievances of others, but never relate your own.

Men never seem to get tired of talking of themselves, but I have heard them when I thought they *showed signs of weakness.*

Common sense is most generally despised by those who haven't got it.

Although making worship wealth, I will give them credit for one thing—they seldom mistake it for brains.

Treason is one of those stains that wash well.

Shut New England out in the cold—I should as soon think of shutting the cold out of New England.

Monuments are poor investments—the bad don't deserve them, and the good don't need them.

The best way to keep a secret is to forget it.

It isn't so much trouble to get rich, as it is to tell when we have got rich.

If a man wants to get at his actual dimensions, let him visit a grave-yard.

It is a good plan to know many people, but to let only few know you.

I don't care how much a man talks, if he will only say it in a few words.

Anybody can tell where lightning struck last, but it takes a smart man to find out where it is going to strike next time. This is one of the differences between learning and wisdom.

I have got a first rate recollection but no memory. I can recollect distinctly of losing a ten dollar bill, but can't remember where, to save my life.

There are some folks whose thoughts can't be controlled; they are like twins, they can't be had, and they can't be stopped.

All who know young Sniffkins are aware he married old Miss Blodgett for her money—that he can not touch it till she dies, and he treats her very badly on account of what he calls "unjustifiable longevity." The other day Mrs. Sniffkins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and in the presence of Sniffkins and the medical man declared her belief that she was "poisoned," and that he (Sniffkins) had done it. "I didn't do it," shouted Sniffkins, "it's all gammon, she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor—*open her* upon the spot—I'm willing."

The latest swindle is a Rochester invention. When hay is sold by the ton, a man conceals himself in the load and is weighed with it. While the load is driven to the barn of the purchaser, the man leaves his hiding place and goes back to the hay market to be sold over. The trick was not discovered until last week, though it is understood that it has been practiced for years.

How to Avoid a Bad Husband.

The following rules will teach ladies how to avoid catching a bad husband:

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in those things that she possesseth.

2. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy like, in kid gloves, cane and rings on his fingers. Beware! there is a trap!

3. Never marry a niggard or close fisted, mean, sordid man, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.

4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some women jump right into the fire with their eyes wide open.

5. Never marry a mope or a drone, or one who drawls and druggles through life one foot after another, and lets things take their chances.

6. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of meanness and wickedness.

7. Never on any account marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

9. Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.

10. Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

What is a Snob?

The essence of snobbishness and vulgarity is nothing more or less than display, designed to create in other persons' minds a belief that you are different from what you really are; better born, better bred, richer, more accomplished. On the other hand, it is the perfect truthfulness and modesty which results from the absence of desire to impose upon his companions, which makes a man a gentleman.

In canning peaches much time and labor may be saved by removing the outside peel with lye, instead of the knife. Have a pot of moderately strong lye heated to boiling; let them remain a minute or two, dip them out, and drop them imdiately into a tub of clean cold water, when the skin may be removed by rubbing with the hands.

The leaf of the plantain, the kind having the red stalk, is said to be a certain cure for the "hankering" after tobacco. Should there be any of the few who chew anxious to be cured, let them masticate a little plantain a day or two, and they will find relief.

Some time ago the royal family of Prussia were assembled in the King's parlor at Babelsberg. They were playing at questions and answers, and some one propounded the question, "Who is the happiest woman in Prussia?" It was the turn of the Crown-Princess Victoria to answer. She hesitated a moment, and then said, "You may laugh at me, but I am in dead earnest when I say that I believe I am the happiest woman in Prussia." This reply delighted the old King so much that he jumped, up, hastened to his daughter in-law and kissed her, exclaiming, "Bravo, my little daughter, bravo."

A Seminole chief has an unpronounceable name, which, when translated, means Go-to the-devil and-stay there.

A famous Indian chief in Washington Territory has buried the hatchet; but it was in the head of a trapper.

A New York paper says scarcely a night passes but some mewling baby is found in a garbage box or on a door step.

"I want to be an angel and bite Gabriel's ear off," was the remark of an ecstatic pugilist at Kit Burn's prayer meeting.

Flotow's recent marriage was hardly on the square. He procured a divorce from his sixth wife in order to marry her sister.

A rascally showman has run away with the "hairy child" of the late Barnum's Museum, and the mother is disconsolate.

Mrs. Persimmons regards with concern the increase of the cattle plague, and sympathetically wonders if her husband will escape it.

Veils are worn by ladies because they don't like to be seen blushing. They do not object to the blush, but don't like to be caught in its radiant arms.

Girls with fine heads of hair are chloroformed and cropped by burglarious Paris barbers. Pity they can't lock up their heads with the spoons over night.

Josh Billings says: "Toads are sed to be strickly virtuous, but his incessant bumming 'round of nights and keeping hid all day, has made me suspicious of the toad."

Women go to church to show their dresses, men to show their manners. One is costly, the other cheap, but neither amount to much—when the motive is scanned.

"It is a good thing to have utility and beauty combined," as the washer-woman said when she used her thirteen children for clothes-pins.

A Paris letter writer who saw Victoria in that city says: "She is a little dumpy, red-faced old lady, dressed in black, and having in her eye a dull sort of gleam, which makes one involuntarily think of a lunatic asylum.

Destiny of the Earth.

It is not doubted in science that this world, after millions, possibly hundreds of millions of years, likewise will go the way of all worlds. Whether she will be carried away with the destiny of some more powerful sphere, or whether she will independently go to destruction, remains the same in respect to the final result. It is supposed that she will, through her own destructive power, burst asunder, inasmuch as her crust is growing colder, and consequently harder, so that the volcanic ventilators can no longer be kept open. We have the opinion of men of science that, most probably, according to the observed decrease of the glowing heat of fire within her, she will gradually become benumbed, chilled and stiffened, and thereby life by degrees will be extinguished, before she will have reached her final destination. We may, therefore, imagine a time when the earth, after she has unfolded her whole productive power, and mankind has attained the highest stage of development, will by little and little, on account of her increasing coldness, become uncultivable and uninhabitable—when her inhabitants will be pressed more and more together towards warmer regions, where their numbers, with the inhabitable territory, will become smaller and smaller—and finally the last human being will excavate and lay himself into the last piece of unfrozen ground to rest forever. Then there will be silence in this agitated world. No being, no animal will enliven and animate her; not even a stroke or a wave of her icy ocean will thunder and resound on her solitary coast; only the wind, which with the warmth of the air is deprived of the power of its impetuous course, will yet move feebly over these unvegetative countries. This blooming, flourishing, swarming earth will then be nothing but a desolate grave, as if it were the urn of mankind who had perished, who once labored and warred, loved and hated, sang and danced, thought and wrote, mused and philosophized, in the belief that they were working on the structure of eterulty. No hand will write her epitaph and no being in the universe will know that once she existed. The many admired creations of her artists will stare with ineffectual perseverance into the icy distance, from which no admirer will approach. The works of her great philosophers and poets will stand untouched on the dusty frames, waiting patiently for minds which have ceased to exist—their immortal fame is buried with their last reader. Will admirers and readers descend perhaps from some other star? Shall we take it as granted that another star shall inherit this lifeless earth to rescue her culture for a future greater development? As well might we believe that mankind, through the physical death of this earth, will migrate to some warmer star.

Fast Young Men.

We advise every young man, especially if he is predisposed to be "fast," to read and meditate upon the following, which we find in the *Dramatic Chronicle:*

Frugality and economy are virtues almost unknown to the young men of the present day, though in certain circumstances they lie at the foundation of all the other virtues. There is something seductive to the imagination in free-handed generosity, especially to the young; and the majority of the youth of our day would rather have the reputation of being dissipated or unprincipled, than of being penurious. Yet there are many young men so circumstanced that it is their absolute duty to pursue a course that will be likely to bring upon them the charge of "meanness." Expenditure beyond one's income or resources, is more than folly—it is, except in peculiar cases, unprincipled. There is probably no part of the world where mistaken liberality of expenditure and false generosity are not common; no place where a wise and methodical regulation of receipts and disbursements is not rare. Young men (together with many who are not young) have an idea that they make friends and admirers—that they enhance their own importance by lavish expenditure for expensive dinners and suppers, for rides, wines, liquors, oysters, and "treats" generally. There cannot be a greater mistake. The true way to increase your influence, and to obtain the respect of those whose respect is desirable, is to practice a judicious economy and save your money. This will increase the solidity of your character, improve your morals, and secure for you the highest position you are qualified for. The men on whom you waste your money on suppers and other bachelor hospitalities, think none the more of you for your mistaken generosity. They may call you a "jolly fellow," a "free-hearted fellow," "as good a fellow as ever lived," etc., but they would have a far more real respect for you if you practiced a sensible frugality, and had a loan, stocked, or something else in the shape of property, as the fruit of what you have so thoughtlessly and unprofitably squandered.

Settle While You are Young.

Think of this, my good friend, and as you have kind affections to make some good girl happy, settle yourself in life while you are young and lay up, by so doing, a stock of domestic happiness, against age or bodily decay. There are many good things in life, whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offense (but without which, by the by, they can hardly exist,) are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy in ourselves, and the cause of happiness to those who are dearest to us.—[Sir Walter Scott.

A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. A waggish friend of ours says he has known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.