

POETRY.

MY COTTAGE WINDOW.

Howly and humble, these my cottage rooms, No floor upholstering or gilded walls; No velvet cushions from Paris' hand looms...

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SHABBY HAT.

"Now, John, you must give up this time to me, like a dear boy, and get yourself a nice black overcoat; I don't mean you shall ever wear that one again; it is really too bad."

kind admiring glance was directed at its contents as Mrs. F. and I walked out in the afternoon, when it became too dark to paint.

I replaced these several articles on the chair as I found them, and turning with a sigh into my studio, soon forgot my trouble and found relief in work.

Not long after a hasty breakfast on my part, Mrs. Flakewhite came into my studio, dressed to go out—wearing the same gown that she had worn on the ribbon, last year's style, that had affected me so unpleasantly a few hours before.

"Good-bye, John, dear; I am so glad you are painting so well this morning," said she. "We shall soon see somebody's name well known in this city, and will be selling all we can paint, and shall have offers of orders to any amount, and we shall have large handsome studios, and had been turned and repaired, still what with new linings and buttons, different collars and bindings to the cuffs, very little of the original garment remained, and the general result was unrecognizably shabby—and hung in up in the closet with a very determined air, indeed, that plainly told me her decision in the case was final.

of gloves and a half a dozen white handkerchiefs, with colored borders, then as many sets of plain linen collars and cuffs of different shapes—and I thought as I said these in, how employed by court-fingers were doubtless engaged in turning and trimming so as to look respectably also when household matters look into the street, and lastly, a pair of little garters—what is there in the whole range of a lady's dress, that looked at when separated from the wearer, so charms and fascinates the eyes of every man who sees a little boot or garter? Creases of use and marks of wear only add interest to the sight, and are, so to speak, the finishing touches to the picture, only that, in this instance, the picture belonging to Mrs. Flakewhite had been "finishing" too much.

On the cover of the box I laid an unsold envelope, addressed to Mrs. John Flakewhite, Present, containing the following note: "Will my dear wife accept from her husband the accompanying box and its contents, and kindly oblige her by remembering that each time she makes use of these articles, she has fairly and honestly earned them, by her habits of prudence, economy and cheerful labor, under circumstances that render these qualities truly valuable. Also, as the articles in question may wear out, this letter be preserved as a perpetual honor to her remembrance; and, should the story connected with them, which they may be sure to know, be much known, difficulties of drawing that had perplexed and hindered me for a week, vanished under the strokes of my happy pen, and that I should be glad to see the patches of color that astonished and charmed me with their excellence; half-tints of great delicacy, and difficulty placed there, as it were, by some magical power not my own, in just the right place, while deep shadows flowed boldly from my brush and increased the effect of all."

In the morning I woke early, as indeed I did nearly every hour during the night, fearing to oversleep, and at once glanced at the little table, where, all as yet, was just as I left it, and lay quietly awaiting the discovery of the box by Mrs. Flakewhite—which could not now be long delayed—when I should feel the profoundest of slumber. In a little while she moved, and seeing me, as she supposed, fast asleep, and just as I had hoped, and saw through half-closed eyelids—the light from the window, and, in the distance, I read the address to herself on the letter, and with a smile of wonder and curiosity, opened it, and I watched her read it slowly to the very end.

It is stated that a gentleman residing near Portland, Me., has found a perfect white rose growing upon one of his apple trees. The rose is of a fine and pure white color, and is of a very early season. It is said to be a new variety, and is of a very fine and pure white color, and is of a very early season. It is said to be a new variety, and is of a very fine and pure white color, and is of a very early season.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

ENGLAND has 3,500 collieries. MARK LEMON'S life was insured for \$25,000. GEORGE SAND has recently inherited \$100,000. The first prize-fight in America occurred in 1816.

A CALIFORNIA sportsman shot 2,378 quail last spring. THERE are 20,800 coopers in the United States and Canada. EACH convict in Nevada costs the State \$3,254 per annum. A THROAT-pain near Watertown, N. Y., cost nearly 50,000 lives.

THE King of Prussia has, at the garden at Babelsberg, fifty white mice, which he often watches for hours. THERE are 242 chartered Masonic Lodges in the State of Ohio, and twenty-six working under dispensation. COL. PRATT, of Prattville, N. Y., is said to have given to the poor, for charitable uses, the course of his life, \$1,000,000.

Mrs. LAWTHORNE says there will be no biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne published, in accordance with his expressed wish. LONG lace veils, slightly pointed in front, are worn with bonnets this summer, instead of the short veils which have been so popular. IT is stated that a gentleman residing near Portland, Me., has found a perfect white rose growing upon one of his apple trees.

A Knowing Horse.

DURING the early settlement of Wisconsin—the wilderness part of it, at least—was frequently employed by correspondents from abroad to search out certain sections of land and report as to their value, timber, quality of soil, etc. In discharging this duty I usually went out on horseback, using a favorite old family horse. To find the particular section described, I would first find a surveyor's "blazed line," and follow it up until I found a "corner post" where I would find the "corner trees" marked with the number of the township, range, and section of which the post was the boundary.

One occasion—a dismal, foggy day—I had gone a longer distance from home than usual, and in a part of the wilderness that was strange to me, I was making the survey, the fog came on so very thick that I dare not take my usual course of returning by a direct route, without regard to the number of the survey, but I started on the blazed line leading nearest to the required direction. Before going far I came to a bog, or marsh, which was impassable on the horse, and I was forced to go round it. After I had got on the opposite side, I could not find the line again, and, after searching some little time, I gave it up, and thought the horse had been misled by the horse and bade him go home; preferring to trust to his instinct to find the way, rather than my own judgment as to the correct direction to be taken.

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple tree—The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold, Hanging temptingly low, but he longed for a bite. "Thank you, I know if he took one it wouldn't be right."

"He would never find out if I took but just one, And they do look so good, shining out in the sun; There are hundreds and hundreds, and he would be so glad to eat one of them."

SOWING SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE sun was going down upon Florence as she sat with her mother upon the veranda, and her face was sad, though the sunlight fell full upon it.

"Why so, my child?" "Because she only uses my kindness for her own ends, and I got her off when she was in trouble with her teacher, Miss Atkins, and you know that I let Miss Atkins think that she had been helped by me, and that she should be exposed. And she has never thanked me. And I know that she says hateful things about me behind my back, and she says that she will do her best to get nothing for it but her selfishness."

were loose, mistress Tigress, and in the streets, I should not like to meet you. You'd make mischief of the boys and girls making quick."

"But there is a creature as dangerous as the tigress running loose among the children," whispered a friend at my elbow. "What is it?" "Ab," cried I, looking round with surprise in my looks. "What is it?" "The 'Just-as-I've-a-mind-to,'" said he, laughing, and leaving me very much puzzled for the moment.

"The 'Just-as-I've-a-mind-to,'" exclaimed I. "He is joking, I guess. And yet it seems to me I've heard that name before. I've got it. The 'Just-as-I've-a-mind-to' willfulness and obstinacy which leads a boy or girl to despise good counsel and to say, 'I'll do just as I have a mind to.' That's it. The 'Just-as-I've-a-mind-to' has done much mischief. I remember Will Crusty, who was sent to mill by his father with the horse and wagon. As he left the door-yard his father said: 'Will, don't ford the river to day. The water is too high. Go round by the bridge.'"

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