

# The Rapides Gazette.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

ALEXANDRIA, PARISH OF RAPIDES, LA.

August 30, 1873

## Miscellaneous Selections.

JONES.

There was a man and he lived in Jones—  
Which Jones is a country of red hills and stones,  
And he lived pretty much by getting of loans,  
And his miter was nothing but skin and bones,  
And his hogs were as fat as his corn-pods,  
And he'd 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man—and his name was also Jones—  
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones,  
For he couldn't make nothin' but yellowish cotton,  
And little of that, and his fences were rotten,  
And what little corn he had that was boughten,  
And he couldn't get a living from the land.

And he longer he swore the madder he got,  
And he roared and he walked to his stable lot,  
And he hollered to Tom to come there and hitch  
For to emigrate somewhere where land was rich,  
And to quit raising corks-burrs, thistles and such,  
And wasting their time on barren land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,  
Protecting that folks were mighty big fools  
That 'nd stay in Georgia their lifetime on  
Just scratching a living, when all of them  
ought  
Get places in Texas, where cotton would sprout,  
By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he drove by a house where a man named  
Brown  
Lived, near the edge of the town,  
And he bawled Brown for to buy his place,  
And said that seeing as money was scarce,  
And seeing the sheriff were hard to please,  
Two dollars more would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,  
And Jones he bought him a wagon and tent,  
And loaded his corn, and his women and truck,  
And moved to Texas, which it took  
His entire pile, while Tom he had to  
Go to get some and get him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones farm,  
And he rolled up his breeches and based his arm,  
And he picked all the rocks from off'n  
the ground,  
And he rooted up and plowed it down,  
And sowed his corn and wheat in the land.

He sowed his corn and wheat in the land,  
And he sowed his corn and wheat in the land,  
And he sowed his corn and wheat in the land,  
And he sowed his corn and wheat in the land,  
And he sowed his corn and wheat in the land,  
And he sowed his corn and wheat in the land.

And there was Jones, standing out at the fence,  
He had 'n' his hat on, and his miter, nor tux,  
For he had left Texas afoot and come  
To Georgia to see if he couldn't get some  
Employment, and he was looking as hum-  
ble as if he had never owned any land.

But Brown he asked him in, and he set  
him down to his breakfast, and he said,  
And when he filled himself and the foot,  
Brown looked at him sharp and rose and swore,  
That "whether man's land was rich or poor,  
That was made in the man that there was in  
the land."  
—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

## THE WEDDING AT DULUTH.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

I have been at Duluth for a month,  
now, watching the movements of a little  
feminine humming-bird. Her name is  
Fanny. She has been the pet of her old  
bachelor cousin ever since she tottered  
about, and said "tuzzen" when she ad-  
dressed me; and the very first person who  
ran to meet me when I walked up from  
the old wharf on the river through the  
elm-skirted avenue to Duluth, was my  
young humming-bird, now seventeen.  
She hastened on before everybody in the  
beautiful summer evening, and when the  
family had greeted me, took quiet posses-  
sion of me; drawing me to my side  
in the old shaded portico, and leaning her  
head with its bright auburn curls against  
my shoulder, intent, she declared upon  
"a good talk." She was really fascinat-  
ing at that moment, with the crimson of  
sunset lighting up her red cheeks, and  
lips all smiles; and Duluth and all was  
bright with home and welcome.

I soon found that Fanny was, or ap-  
peared to be, amusing herself with two  
young friends of hers of the opposite sex;  
and I have varied my tranquil perusal of  
Montaigne and other favorites, on an old  
"rustic seat" in the arched porch, with  
the lawn, by means of the little comedy  
she is now playing before me. I like such  
diversions, for I am a little—a very little  
—alone in the world. I am not unsappy;  
for life is not all roses, smiles, and sun-  
shine, neither is it all gloom and vanity  
and vexation of spirit in my eyes. I keep  
my sympathies too fresh for that, and  
take too much interest in the happiness of  
those I love.

I am putting down my notes from day  
to day. Fanny has negatived the Mon-  
taigne and rusticated programme almost  
completely. "What a little witch she is!"  
She is certainly a beauty, and constantly  
suggests a resemblance to a rosebud. Her  
cheeks are red, her lips are red—the  
very little ears, peeping out from  
her ringlets, are rosy. She has very  
large blue eyes, bright at one moment  
and then as soft as velvet. And she is  
all the time laughing, teasing people,  
and running about like a child. Her  
feet are small, clad in macaroon  
slippers with large pink rosettes, and  
secured by black bands crossed over the in-  
side. Her name is not Fanny Warren,  
and she is not the daughter of my good  
cousin Henry Warren, proprietor of "Du-  
luth." She is Fanny Kincade, a connec-  
tion, and is on a long visit.

Fanny came out to my seat this morn-  
ing, and evidently designed conversation.  
So I closed my book, smiled, made room  
for her, and said:

"Well, my child, what have you done  
with Mr. Middleton?"

Mr. Thomas Middleton being an elegant  
young gentleman from the city of B—  
who has now been two or three weeks at  
Duluth, endeavoring to capture our  
little bird, whom he met in town during  
the winter.

Fanny's reply to my question was vi-  
cious, but not to the point.

"You are just the same ridiculous, ab-  
surd darling old thing that you always  
were," said the maiden, "and I do believe  
you are growing bald."

"What in the world has that to do  
with—"

"You are growing old and smart!" ex-  
claimed Fanny. "All bald people are  
smart. But, oh! how glad I am to see  
you. Now, give me an account of your-  
self, your dear old cousin—tell me every-  
thing; tell me—"

"No, I thank you, madam. I re-  
sponded, 'I prefer hearing first all about  
yourself. But, no; you are growing up,  
and will not confide in me as you did  
once.'"  
"Growing up? I am not growing up  
for you! I never will. What shall I  
confide in?"  
"Your love affairs, of course."  
Fanny shook her head.

"I haven't any love affairs, cousin. It's  
terrible, but I haven't!"  
I shook my head in turn.

"That is impossible, Fanny. Have I  
no eyes? I have been at Duluth long  
enough to see that Mr. Tom Middleton  
and my favorite Harry Warren are crazy  
about you."

At the name of Harry Warren Fanny  
flushed a little, but immediately replied  
with a laugh.

"How absurd for me to think of Har-  
ry as—in that way! Why, he's my  
brother."

"He is no relation to you—or very dis-  
tant."  
"Well, near or far, relation or not,  
Harry cares nothing for me, and I care  
nothing for him. I never lay eyes on him  
—he's down at that horrid old sawmill all  
day long—and so let us talk about some-  
thing else, cousin!"

Willingly; but we are not to have  
the opportunity. Here comes Mr. Mid-  
dleton.

I did not take notice whether Fanny  
was pleased or otherwise with the inter-  
ruption; I was absorbed in contemplation  
of the approaching visitor. Mr. Tom  
Middleton was a handsome young gentle-  
man, though his face might have been  
considered a little effeminate. This fact,  
however, did not assort ill with the rest  
of his appearance. He was a most elean-  
t young man. His hands were white and  
soft, his feet were small and cased in the  
finest and most delicate French boots; he  
held a kid glove in one hand, and dangled  
a light whalebone cane in the other; his  
necktie was a wonder, his hair was  
curled—he was an Adonis, half-natural,  
half-fashioned by the best city tailor.

The young gentleman's countenance  
was illumined by a gentle smile as he ap-  
proached. He fixed his eyes with modest  
ardor upon Fanny; and with a polite bow,  
inquired in reference to my health this  
morning.

I looked at Fanny. She was blushing a  
little, as when I uttered the name of Har-  
ry Warren. What was it?

I do not know which it is. When I ask  
Fanny she simply responds that I am the  
most ridiculous and absurd of all the old  
cousins that ever existed, and that it is  
neither.

This, I am convinced, is a fib; and, with  
all her fine and excellent traits, Miss Fanny  
is not above this reprehensible and immor-  
tal method of defending herself. Indeed, I  
begin to think my little pet is develop-  
ing an immense genius for flirting. She  
has a way of looking over her shoulder  
while she is singing at the piano, and di-  
recting the most languishing glances at  
tender portions of the song toward her  
admirer, Mr. Middleton, as he leans in a  
graceful attitude upon the instrument be-  
side her; and, last night, I saw the young  
witch standing on the portico in the moon-  
light, gazing down, pulling a rose apart  
leaf by leaf, and listening with an air of  
modest confusion to Mr. Tom Middleton.

When the maiden was about to dart off  
to bed, I stopped her for a moment in the  
passage, and drew her aside.

"Did he—propose?" I whispered.

Fanny placed her lips close to my ear—  
pursed up her mouth—whispered, "No—  
o—o!" and bursting into a ringing laugh,  
led me to bed. I imitated her, except that  
I did not run, and shaking my head, I  
found myself muttering:

"Woman, woman!—and girls especial-  
ly—who can understand you? Not I!"

I begin to fancy that I have the clue  
to Fanny's "views and intentions." I think  
she has made up her mind to become  
Mrs.—Tom Middleton.

Before narrating the events of this even-  
ing, however—which events have brought  
me to the conclusion in question—I will  
first say that Fanny has, in the most  
shameless manner, acknowledged that she  
told me a fib in reference to the scene up-  
on the moonlit portico. She made  
her confession in the most penitent way;  
declared that she was ashamed of herself;  
but she had forgotten, she said, that it  
was her dear, ridiculous old cousin who  
asked the question; she never had con-  
cealed anything from me—and yes—Mr.  
Middleton had been good enough to ex-  
press his sentiments—and she believed  
he had asked her—if she would not—

There, the young lady began to blush;  
then she burst out laughing, and leaning  
her head upon my shoulder, looked up at  
me with her roguish, wicked eyes, and  
said in a whisper:

"I said—'No!'"  
"It was not 'no' that you said," I re-  
plied. "I observed the young gentleman  
when he came in; he was sad, but not  
hopeless; and this morning at breakfast  
he ate, as usual, the whole wing of a  
bird!"

"I do declare you are too bad!" was  
Miss Fanny's vivacious rejoinder; "you  
are always laughing at Mr. Middleton,  
and making fun of him—and I do believe  
—yes! I do—that you are trying to make  
me prefer—somebody else!"

"Harry? Well, I should."

"And I do not like his big hands, per-  
haps; and he has no cane or kid gloves."  
"Absurd! But Mr. Middleton is the  
most agreeable—you know he is."

"And therefore you said 'No!' It was  
not that abrupt monosyllable that you  
uttered, my dear—was it now?"

"Well—that is—"

looked to as a source of profit, and, in-  
deed, as I have said, has proved the main  
pecuniary resource of the family. It has  
been managed entirely by Harry, who is  
just twenty-one, and I don't think I have  
ever known a finer fellow. He is tall,  
stalwart, with short, shaggy chestnut  
hair, frank hazel eyes, full of honesty and  
determination too, and is silent, hard-  
working and earnest. The most mark-  
ing trait in Harry is a cool independence. He  
enters a room with a firm, composed,  
and stalwart tread, looks everybody  
straight in the eyes, smiles slightly, sits  
down and opens a book, and all with an  
air which I like extremely: the air of a  
man who works hard, has come in to rest,  
has nothing on his conscience, is pleased  
in a quiet way with everything—and  
would like to have his supper—and go to  
bed! Sometimes I see Harry looking out  
from beneath the wide straw hat which  
covers his shaggy chestnut curls and sun-  
burned forehead at Fanny. But you read  
little in his glance. I know him to be  
in love with her, but he has never spoken  
a word of love to her, I am very sure.

A short walk brought us to the saw-  
mill, and the scene which met our view  
was worth the walk.

All the preceding day and throughout  
the night a torrent of rain had fallen, and  
a small stream, which was dammed up by  
a rude dyke, and so furnished water-  
power to turn the mill-wheel, was rushing  
on in the wildest and most furious  
manner that can be imagined.

When we approached the spot where  
half a dozen of the hired hands were  
working with Harry to save the dam, the  
stream was roaring in a hoarse and most  
threatening style. Instead of decreasing,  
it freshened, and that gathering increas-  
ing strength with every passing moment.  
The surges lashed the fabric at the dam,  
which shook and seemed about to give way.  
At one point now, and then at another part  
was torn away; the waters gushed  
through the gap, tearing it wider and  
deeper, and it required the utmost exer-  
tions of the men, laboring with pick and  
ax, up to their waists in the water, to  
hold the torrent at bay and save the dam.

Harry was "in command" of the squad,  
and you could easily see that it was his  
hand that guided the pick and the rough  
workmen looked to him as the natural  
master. His costume was not of the draw-  
ing-room description. He was up to his  
middle in the water, ax in hand, and had  
on neither coat, waistcoat, nor hat. His  
arms were naked to the shoulder, and his  
water had been dashed over him until his  
face and hair were drenched. Tall, mus-  
cular, cool, directing everything, and fill-  
ing up, very breech in the dam as rapidly  
as it was made, Harry was the genius of  
the scene, and the master of all around  
him—to the very water, it seemed.

Twice he was swept from his feet and  
disappeared beneath the current; once a  
timber struck him, and the lookers on ut-  
tered a terrified scream. An hour passed  
in this conflict, and then the dam was  
saved. The water had begun to fall, and  
the young man came out and walked  
up the bank to the spot  
where everybody was standing.

I glanced from the wet and dirty  
youth to the elegant Tom Middleton.  
The contrast was certainly striking. Harry  
was a brawny athlete, sunburned, with  
shaggy locks, coatless, bare-armed, his  
pantaloons and boots full of water. Mr.  
Middleton was irreproachable dressed;  
his boots shone, his shirt-bosom sparkled  
with a diamond, he wore kid gloves, and  
his hat was smooth and glossy. Harry  
came up, and as I was nearest, said:

"Well, cousin, the dam is all right."  
He then looked about for his hat and  
coat, put them on, and informing us that  
he was going to get some dry clothes at  
the mill, walked toward the house with a  
long swinging stride.

Fanny had not said a word to him. Did  
he notice that fact or look at his rival, Mr.  
Middleton? I do not know. But some-  
thing has followed this scene; and this I  
am about to relate.

Fanny and Mr. Middleton walked out  
upon the lawn in the beautiful moonlight  
after tea, and the rest of the family sat  
on the porch conversing.

"I am going to Colorado," said Harry,  
who was smoking.

"To Colorado?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, cousin. I have a position upon  
a new railroad offered me, and I think I  
shall accept it; in fact I have made up my  
mind."

This was said coolly, but there was the  
least perceptible alteration in the youth's  
voice.

"The truth is, I'm rusting here doing  
nothing. I have no career, and cannot  
help anybody. I shall be well paid on  
the railroad, and can send home plenty of  
money, and live the life I like besides."

A step was heard on the grass, and I  
saw the white dress of Fanny in the  
moonlight. I looked at her and saw that  
she was blushing—as to Mr. Middleton,  
he looked the picture of happiness.

"I don't believe a word of it!" ex-  
claimed Fanny, with a little tremor in her  
voice. "The idea of your going to Colo-  
rado! I should like to know what you  
would do in Colorado?"

"I should be transit man on a railroad,"  
said Harry with extreme composure.

Fanny tried to laugh, but did not suc-  
ceed.

"You know nothing in the world about  
railroads."

"That is true," returned Harry with  
his inimitable coolness; "but I have no  
doubt I shall soon learn."

"And—and—you really do think of go-  
ing so far from us—all—and by yourself?"

This time Fanny was certainly moved.  
The small hand resting confidently upon  
Mr. Middleton's arm was agitated by a  
nervous tremor. The strangest smile  
came to Harry's face—a rather bitter  
smile—but his voice was perfectly com-  
posed when he spoke.

"I ought to be able to go by myself  
and take care of myself; and intend to  
travel alone, unless I can get Mr. Mid-  
dleton to go with me."

The elegant Tom Middleton smiled in a  
gay manner, and said:

"No, I thank you! I'm not in the en-  
gineering line. I think I prefer Duluth  
to Colorado."

"You are right," said Harry quietly,  
"it is a much more agreeable place, I have  
no doubt, to those who like it."

With which words he rose, said he was  
tired, and went to his chamber, whither  
his mother followed him.

Fanny and Mr. Middleton had taken  
their seats at the other end of the portico.  
My Cousin Warren had followed  
Mrs. Warren to Harry's room. I found  
myself desirous and retired within al-  
most an hour after tea.

When, an hour afterwards, the  
bell rang for family prayer, Fanny and  
Mr. Middleton came into the  
drawing-room, and a glance at his face  
convinced me more than ever that he had  
"made his arrangements" with Fanny,  
and induced her to promise him her hand.  
She was blushing and avoided my eye.  
When she retired she did not look at me.  
Mr. Middleton was what the novel  
writers call "radiant."

This result of things has profoundly  
depressed me. Who would have be-  
lieved it! So my little humming-bird has  
fitted by the tall, stalwart sapling Harry,  
to light upon the Middleton flower! Poor,  
poor Harry! I know that he loves her,  
and he is going with the conviction that  
she is to marry his rival! Human life is  
a sad, a very sad affair. Poor Harry!

I don't think human life is such a sad  
affair after all, and when I next assume  
the tone of the author of the book of  
Ecclesiastes, I shall think my secretions  
deranged.

The last lines written in this record of  
my days at Duluth referred to scenes  
which took place one month ago. On  
the morning after the announcement by  
Harry Warren of his intention to go to  
Colorado, I heard Fanny say to him in a  
low voice as she passed him upon the  
stairs, "I want to see you—come out after  
breakfast to the rustic seat," and after  
breakfast only the young people were ob-  
served side by side, by the present histo-  
rian, on his own favorite seat, of which  
he was thus deprived.

I stood around my cot, and I availed myself  
of my position in the drawing-room, where  
I was reading behind one of the lace cur-  
tains, to look at the pair, and to try and  
discover the nature of their interview.  
This, I regret to say, I found impossible.  
My eyes begin to suffer from age, and the  
spectacles now made strike me as wretch-  
edly inferior. In an hour Harry and  
Fanny rose, and the expression of his  
face was certainly more agitated than I  
had ever seen before. As to Fanny she  
was blushing deeply, and was unmark-  
ably bright, as though something had  
occurred which was far from being to her  
taste.

When I tried to intercept her as she  
came in—Harry having left her at the  
portico to go and attend to some of his  
farm avocations—she slipped by me,  
would not hear my voice, and disap-  
peared in her chamber, the door of which  
she closed with a bang. I forgot to say that  
during the interview upon the rustic seat,  
Mr. Middleton had been seated at the  
piano, upon which he was a really excel-  
lent performer, and amused himself play-  
ing a bar here and there from one of Fan-  
ny's operas. He smiled, I observed, in a  
confidential manner to himself, and seem-  
ed to have no uneasiness on the subject of  
the interview between Fanny and Harry.  
Had not his rival declared that he was go-  
ing away—and—

Fanny has just run in and thrown her  
arms around my neck, and burst into  
tears, and laughed, and cried again, and  
then laughed again—and departed.

Was there ever such a little witch? And  
she thought I knew nothing about it! I  
knew all about it. I listened, I eaves-  
dropped, I acted on the sly, and behaved  
generally in a most dishonorable and  
highly improper manner! It was last  
night that I was guilty of the proceeding  
here denounced, and as after all I am not  
so much ashamed of it, I shall tell how it  
happened.

Harry had made every preparation to  
go to Colorado to-day, and we were all in  
a very gloomy state of mind about it—  
Fanny, I think, the gloomiest of all. She  
would tell me nothing; had lost all her  
confidence, and remained so much of her  
time in her chamber that it was almost  
discourtesy to Mr. Middleton.

Last night occurred the denouement. It  
was about ten, and I woke from a pro-  
longed nap on my old rustic seat to hear  
voices near me.

"You must not go," said the voice of  
Fanny, in a low tone.

"I must."

"This voice was Harry's."

"It is perfectly absurd—you are going  
away—you say because, because—"

"Because I love you," came in deep,  
strong tones, and love you so much that I  
would rather die than stay here and see  
you marry another person."

"I have no intention—to do so."

The voice flattered.

"Fanny!"

This time it was Harry Warren's voice  
that I heard.

"What made you take such a foolish  
fancy?"—there was a little old maid  
at a laugh here—"I'll die quiet amidst  
the fact that the young lady's face was lean-  
ing upon Harry's breast."

There is no doubt of the result of the  
interview. Fanny has just announced  
with blushes, laughter, and tears as I  
have described, that she is engaged to  
Harry; and as she has no relative but an  
old aunt, who is devoted to her, the mar-  
riage may be regarded as already a *fait  
accompli*.

It has taken place. Mr. Tom Mid-  
dleton was not present, having departed  
from "Duluth" long since, with irate  
general observations on the character of  
"fillets." I think he did Fanny injustice.  
She only looked fascinating, and "didn't  
tell him that she wouldn't!"

The wedding at Duluth was a charming  
affair, and Fanny looked exquisite leaning  
upon the arm of her handsome and stal-  
wart Harry, who is not going to Colo-  
rado. He will do better—that is to say,  
take the management of the old Kincade

estate, which is going to rack and ruin,  
and transform it by his energy and brain  
into a home of wealth and comfort for  
Fanny.

I never saw my little humming-bird  
look prettier than when she stood by  
Harry, blushing and smiling under her  
white bridal veil and wreath. This morn-  
ing they left us on their little tour, and  
I felt the arms of Fanny around my neck  
with a pang at my heart. The very sun-  
shine seemed to go away with her—  
*Heath and Home.*

Advice to Young Ladies.

Under this interesting and suggestive  
title, a respectable and influential religious  
paper, the Boston *Congregationalist*, gives  
some wholesome truth, stated in terms  
more terse, perhaps, than courteous:

First, you are perfect idiots to go on in  
this way. Your bodies are the most beau-  
tiful of God's creation. In the Continen-  
tal galleries I always saw groups of peo-  
ple gathered about the pictures of women.  
It was not a passion; the gazers were  
just as likely to be women as men; it was  
because of the wonderful beauty of a wo-  
man's body.

Now, stand with me at my office win-  
dow, and see a lady pass. There goes  
one! Now, isn't that a pretty-looking  
object? A big hump, three big lumps, a  
wilderness of curls and frills, a hat-  
ing up of the dress here and there an enor-  
mous, hideous mass of hair or bark piled  
on the top of her head, surmounted by a  
little flat, ornamented by bits of lace,  
birds' tails, etc. The shop windows tell  
you all day long of the paddings, whale-  
bones and steel springs which occupy  
most of the space within the outside rig.

In the name of all the simple, average sen-  
timents which cluster about a home, I  
would ask, how is a man to fall in love  
with such a piece of compound double  
twisted, touch-me-not artificiality as you  
see in that wriggling curiosity?

Secondly, with the wasp-waist squeez-  
ing your lungs, stomach, liver, and other  
vital organs into one-half their natural  
size, how can any man of sense, who  
knows that life is made up of use, of sense,  
of service, of work, take to such a part-  
ner? He must be desperate, indeed, to  
unite himself for life to such a fettered,  
half-breathing ornament.

Thirdly, your bad dress and lack of ex-  
ercise lead to bad health, and men wisely  
fear that, instead of a helpmate, they  
would get an invalid to take care of.  
This bad health in you, just as in men,  
makes the mind as well as the body  
faded and effeminate. You have no power,  
and use big adjectives, such as "splen-  
did." No magnetism! I know you giggle  
freely, "awful," but then this don't  
deceive us; we can see through it all.

You are superficial, affected, silly; you  
have none of that womanly strength and  
warmth which are so assuring and at-  
tractive to man. Why, you become so  
childish and weak-minded that you re-  
fuse to wear decent names even, and in-  
sist upon baby names. Instead of Helen,  
Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nel-  
lie, Maggie and Lizzie. When your broth-  
ers were babies you called them Bobby,  
Dickey and Johnnie, but when they grow  
up to manhood, no more of that  
silly trash, if you get husbands, and de-  
cent names, dress in plain, neat, becoming  
garments, and talk like sensible, earnest  
sisters.

You say that the most sensible men  
are crazy after these butterflies of fashion.  
I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occa-  
sionally a man of brilliant successes may  
marry a silly, weak woman; but, as I  
have heard women say a hundred times,  
that the most sensible men choose women  
without sense, is simply absurd. Nine-  
times out of ten, the most sensible men choose  
sensible women. I grant you that, in  
company, they are very likely to chat and  
toy with these over-dressed and forward  
creatures, but they don't ask them to go  
to the altar with them.

Fourthly, among young men in the  
matrimonial market, only a small number  
are independently rich, and in America  
such very rarely make good husbands.  
But the number of those who are just be-  
ginning in life, who are filled with a noble  
ambition, who have a future, is very  
large. These are worth having. But such  
will not, they dare not, ask you to  
join them while they see you so idle, silly,  
and so gorgeously attired. Let them see  
that you are industrious, economical,  
with habits that secure your health and  
strength, that your life is earnest and real,  
and that you would be willing to begin at  
the beginning in life with the man you  
consent to marry, then marriage will be  
consent thereto, and not as now, the excep-  
tion.

Layering Shrubs.

It is often to us a subject of surprise to  
find so few persons, especially those re-  
siding in the country a distance from nur-  
series, who attempt to increase their stock  
of shrubbery by layering the branches.  
Almost every variety of shrub can be  
thus multiplied. Even among those who  
do this it is not often that the queen of  
flowers, the Rose, is thus treated. It is  
usually propagated by sticking cuttings  
from the new wood in August and nurs-  
ing carefully through the winter. By  
layering the growing branches, however,  
it is by the succeeding season a bloomer;  
and this too can be done easily, that is,  
without the use of a sash or hot bed,  
usually resorted to with the cutting. In  
laying down, take a sharp knife and slit  
the part of the branch that enters the  
ground, from one joint to another, then  
cover with two inches of soil and fasten  
down with a forked stick. Not only  
roses, but almost every kind of shrub can  
be thus propagated. And the person who  
does not know how to do this, should go  
without them all the days of his life.—  
*Germaniston Telegraph.*

Six roughs penned a Natchez reporter  
in an alley and were thinking how they  
would batter his head, when four of them  
fell into an old sewer and a woman scalded  
the other two. It does seem as if Providence  
was on the side of reporters.

## A Century Fire.