

Nothing will enforce the Sunday laws like a smart rainstorm.

A scolding woman, like a train conductor, is pretty much on the rail.

Don't get in debt to a shoemaker, if you would call your "sole your own."

"Oh," she said, "I think soda water is soda lions." He took the hint and soda dime on the harvest field of love.

An exchange says Pennsylvania Dutch girls make good preserves; but it does not say how much sugar you take to a pound of girl.

Shanks curtly observes that it is time for Roscoe Conkling to curl himself up into a very small heap and get under his epitaph. Nuffod!

A child asked, after gazing earnestly at a man who was bald, but had heavy side whiskers: "His head was put on upside down, wasn't it?"

The Iberville South is in favor of Wiltz and Moncreur for Governor and Lieutenant Governor, and for the reelection of Jannel as Auditor.

The Carroll Conservative says the fellow who wants to know what will bring out the hair should get married. It is wrong to hint at Bro Hyams that way.

An auctioneer was endeavoring to sell a fowling-piece, and failing to get a bid, a bystander who had read the papers said: "Blow in the muzzle, and it will go off."

The Feliciana Sentinel says: The Natchitoches Vindicator has hoisted the name of Louis A. Wiltz for Governor. A better Democrat is not to be found in Louisiana.

The Natchitoches Vindicator argues that New Orleans is entitled to the governorship this year, and strongly supports the Hon. Louis A. Wiltz for the Democratic nomination.

"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if—" "If what?" he anxiously asked. "If I could get a box big enough for the purpose."

It was intimated that while Sprague had that shot-gun pointed at him, Mr. Conkling, as was to be expected in the State of Roger Williams, became for a few minutes a Quaker.

General Sherman is quoted as saying that the only war he would like to undertake is one against Mexico, to make her take back Arizona and New Mexico. We are willing—if Sherman will do all the fighting himself.

The richest man in Florida, who owns one hundred and fifty thousand cattle, lives a recluse in a shanty which has no fireplace or chimney. He sells his cattle in Cuba, seldom sees men, and hides his money in cans in his land.

A courtmartial at Warsaw has condemned two peasants to four years hard labor in the Siberian mines for opposing the demarcation of their plots of land, and six others to various terms of exile or imprisonment for the same offense.

The Texarkana Visitor says a young man named Moon, at Pine Bluff, Ark., had himself circumcised the other day and embraced the Jewish faith, but the pretty little Hebrew girl that he wanted to marry went back on him and married one of her own tribe.

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the Sugar Planter intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had seen him frequently so hurried in his mind that he would cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

To Classical Student—You ask: "If Atlas supported the world, what supported Atlas?" The question, dear sir, has often been asked; but never satisfactorily answered. We are of opinion that Atlas married a rich wife, and was supported by his father-in-law.

Two gentlemen slept in a very close room. The window was apparently stuck fast. A pane was broken to let in the air, and then another, when they both felt better and went to sleep. In the morning they discovered that they had broken two panes of an old fashioned bookcase.

Ben Franklin, of revolutionary fame, frightened his father terribly by telling him that he had swallowed some cephalopods mollusks. When the old gentleman found that Ben had applied big words to oysters that he had been eating, he got a shingle and taught him the beauty of simple language.

Three girls of the Methodist persuasion, having met together, concluded to pray for the welfare of their lovers; but the first one had not got far along in her petition when it was discovered that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises were at once terminated. This did not happen in Baton Rouge, but suspicion points to the sweet recesses around Plaquemine.

When the Philadelphia papers got the news of the shooting of Dixon, the telegram was dated Jackson, Michigan, and Yazoo City, in the same State, was described as the place of the tragedy. They had very little to say about the matter, of course. The next day, however, they got the locality right, and then they went for the Mississippi bulldozers with a vengeance.

Grant, in his remarks to the Viceroy of Trentin, paid the very highest possible compliment to the Confederate soldiers, when he said: "The soldiers of the Southern armies have shown themselves by all odds the best part of the Southern population. Our armies were not mercenary on either side, and no people are more peaceable in civil life than those who have seen war. They know what war is."

DYING.

Kiss me once more as you used to do. Fold me again to your heart; Let me know one moment of perfect peace My darling, ere we part.

I have loved you dearly! More than life! Was the love I have to you, And I would not shrink from the valley dark,

If you were going too. But I go alone thron' the darkness way; Oh, cannot you keep me here, My darling, just for a little while? Only another year?

Ah, but you tell me not to grieve, But, darling, you're weeping, too— And what do you think I will care for heaven,

When I know I'm leaving you. It is growing darker—lift me up, Once more to let me see the light, And my darling's face that I love so well; Kiss me again—good night!

For the Louisiana Capitolian. RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO E. C. CLARKE.

BY A LADY FRIEND.

Dear friend, 'twas sad to see thee go, And many an eye did burn;

But, oh! 'tis sweet to feel and know That some day you'll return.

While far away from us you roam Upon the broad and briny deep, Do not forget your friends at home, As thoughts of you they'll ever keep.

Fragrant flowers will bud and bloom, Starry nights will come and go, Little birds will find their doom, Winter winds will wildly blow.

Thus will three years glide away— Weary years to hearts that beat, When on a bright and happy day, If God permits, your friends you'll meet.

Should your cross be not the lightest, Bear it firmly to the end, Should your path be not the brightest, Call on God a guide to send;

Though all earthly friends forsake thee, He will follow to the grave, I am sure he will never leave thee— One that is so true and brave.

Mr. Palmleaf's Proposal.

White and glistening, like a mammoth bridal veil, the December sun lay over all the New Hampshire hills; dark and delicate, like the tracery of lacework, the leafless woods held up their boughs against the dazzling winter sky—and the Rev. Peter Palmleaf, studying over an embryo sermon in his own especial sanctum, glanced up where a black bird was whistling in the casement and thought to himself what a lovely world the Lord had made.

When, all of a sudden, a shrill voice called through the entry: "Peter, the horse is ready."

"What horse?" asked the Rev. Mr. Palmleaf.

"Our horse, to be sure?" said Miss Paulina, his sister.

"What for?" demanded the parson, staring through his near-sighted spectacles at the door.

"To take you to Mr. Darrow's."

"Why am I going to Mr. Darrow's?" further questioned the man of theology.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Paulina, bouncing into the study with a yellow pocket handkerchief tied around her head and her sleeves rolled in a business like fashion up to her elbows. "Peter, you grow more moony and absent-minded every day of your life! Have you forgotten our discussion at the breakfast table? Why, you are going to Mr. Darrow's after a girl, to be sure!"

"A—girl!" repeated the young minister, dreamily rubbing his forehead. "Oh, I do recall something of the conversation. A hired girl."

"Yes," nodded the lady briskly. "She is going to leave Mr. Darrow's this morning because the family is so large and the work so heavy. She can't find fault with our establishment, I guess. Ask her how much wages she wants, and how old she is, and ask her if she has any followers—and be sure you bring her back, as I must have her or some person to help me before Phillinda's folks come from the city."

"But suppose she won't come," said the young minister, dubiously, fitting on the fingers of his gloves.

"Then you must make her come," said Miss Paulina, hurriedly retreating to look after a certain kettle which was noisily boiling over, at the back of the house.

And thus charged with this mission, the Rev. Peter Palmleaf got into the one horse cutter and jingled merrily away.

Mr. Darrow's farmhouse nestled under a hill, in the protecting shadow of a cluster of evergreens, with a green fence in front of it and a red barn in the rear, and a colony of doveshous at the southern sunny angle, and Mr. Darrow himself, a ruddy-faced, elderly man, with a fringe of white whiskers around his chin, was shoveling away the pearly masses of snow in front of his door.

"Eh?" said Mr. Darrow, leaning on the handle of his spade, as the bells jingled up in front of his gate and then stopped.

"How! Why it's the minister! Good morning. That there Sunday sermon of yours was a masterpiece. Me and Squire Semex—"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmleaf, leisurely alighting, and tying the horse to a post.

"But I have called on business this morning."

For Mr. Palmleaf was emphatically a man of one idea. For the time being the "hired girl" had chased all theology out of his head.

"Eh?" said Mr. Darrow; "business?"

"I've come after a young woman," said the minister.

Mr. Darrow dropped his spade in the middle of the snow-trail.

"Do you mean Dolly?" he said.

"If that's her name—yes," asserted the minister, solemnly.

"You don't mean that—it is to be an engagement?" cried Mr. Darrow.

"Well, yes, that is, if we suit each other," said Mr. Palmleaf, mildly.

"Jerusalem!" said Mr. Darrow, who had always heard that Mr. Palmleaf, like most men of genius, was an "eccentric," but had never realized it before. "Have you spoken to her?"

"Certainly not!" answered Mr. Palmleaf. "Of course I shouldn't think of

such a thing without seeing you first."

"Very straightforward of you, I'm sure," said the farmer. "But, of course, I can have no objection, if Dolly is suited. Though," and he smote one red-mittened hand upon his knee, "now I come to think of it, you've never seen Dolly."

"No!" said the minister, serenely. "But that need make no difference."

"Jerusalem!" again uttered the farmer. "It wasn't the way I used to look at things when I was a young man."

"Tastes differ," said Mr. Palmleaf, a little impatient at this lengthened discussion.

"Oh, of course you can see her," said Mr. Darrow. "She's in the dairy, skimming milk. Dolly!" raising his voice to a wild yell. "Here's the Rev. Mr. Palmleaf wants to see you! There's the door just to the left, sir."

And, in his near-sighted way, the minister stumbled into farmer Darrow's dairy, where a rosy-cheeked girl, with jet black hair, and eyes like pools of cherry wine, was skimming the cream from multitudinous milk pans into a huge stone pot.

"Young woman," said Mr. Palmleaf, turning his spectacles upon her amazed face, "do you want to engage yourself?"

"Sir?" said Dolly, her spoon coming to an abrupt standstill amid the wrinkly and leather-like folds of the cream on a particular pan.

"In other words," explained Mr. Palmleaf, "do you want a good home?"

"Indeed, sir, I never thought of such a thing," said Dolly, all in a flurry.

"How old are you?" questioned Mr. Palmleaf.

"I am eighteen," said Dolly, in some confusion.

"Have you any followers?"

"Sir!" fluttered Dolly.

"Beaux, I mean," elaborately explained the clergyman.

"Of course I haven't," said Dolly, half inclined to laugh, half to be angry.

"Then I think you'll suit me," said Mr. Palmleaf; "or, rather my sister. Our family is not large; the work is light, and Paulina is a most considerate mistress. Get your bundle."

"My—what?" said Dolly, in bewilderment.

"Your clothes, I am to take back with me immediately," said Mr. Palmleaf. "Paulina expects company. It is essential that we obtain help at once."

Dolly Darrow looked up with cheeks crimson like any rose, eyes full of deep brown sparkles, and lips around which danced a perfect galaxy of dimples.

"Wait a minute, please," said she.

"Certainly," said Mr. Palmleaf.

And he sat down on a wooden stool in the corner and fell to meditating on the "thirteenth" of his unfinished sermon, while Dolly sped up stairs three steps at a time.

"Father," cried she, flying into the presence of her parents, "the minister has mistaken me for Bridget!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Darrow.

"And he wants to hire me," said Dolly, her eyes gleaming with fun. "And I'm going. Quick—where's my hat and shawl and mufflers?"

Mrs. Darrow rose up in the majesty of her fine black silk gown and gold watch chain.

"Dorothy Darrow," said she, "you're never going to hire as a servant."

"Yes, I am," said Dolly. "It's better than private theatricals. He's so nice and absent-minded, and Paulina is a jewel! Oh, make haste, he'll be tired of waiting!"

And Dolly succeeded in carrying her point. Fifteen minutes later she had got into the cutter, with a parcel which Mr. Palmleaf stowed snugly away under the seat, and the minister drove home with secret exultation.

Miss Paulina was in the kitchen frying sausages for dinner, when Dorothy walked in, with cheeks like carnations, hair blown all over her face, and the bundle under her arm.

"How I am, Miss Palmleaf," said she.

"The hired help, at your service?"

Miss Paulina stared.

"Why, it's Dorothy," said she. "And I sent Peter after—"

"Yes, I know," said Dolly, brightly.

"But Bridget was gone, and he mistook me for her, and he has engaged me to work here. And oh, Miss Paulina, please don't deceive him. Because I am a smart little house-keeper, and I can help you just as much as any girl could. Just give me a trial, that's all."

Miss Paulina had a shrewd appreciation of a joke; her hard-features relaxed with a smile, as she stood looking down at the radiant little brunette.

"Well," said she, "I don't mind if I do."

For one month Dorothy Darrow officiated as hired girl at the parsonage. Then she came to the clergyman one day:

"Mr. Palmleaf," said she, "I am going to leave the place!"

Mr. Palmleaf looked up in amazement and dismay.

"I hope, Dolly," said he, "that neither my sister nor I have unwittingly offended you?"

"No," said Dolly, patting her little foot on the staring green leaves in the study carpet, "but, oh, Mr. Palmleaf, I have done wrong, and I earnestly beg your pardon."

"Dolly!" cried out the Reverend Peter, in mild surprise.

"Because you are so good and true," sobbed the girl. "I am not a hired girl, and I only came here for a joke, and I can't bear to think I'm de-deceiving you!"

And Dolly began to cry piteously behind the corner of her apron.

"You came here for a joke, eh?" said the minister.

"Yes," confessed Dolly, behind her apron.

"Well, then," said the minister, gently drawing her toward him, "suppose you stay in earnest?"

"Sir," faltered Dolly.

"My dear," said Mr. Palmleaf, "I have got used to you around the house. I should miss you terribly if you should leave us. Do you think I am too old to think of a blooming young wife like you?"

"Not a bit!" cried Dolly, indignantly, "old—you?"

"Do you like me a little bit?"

"A great deal," said Dolly, laughing and blushing.

"Then you will stay with me always?"

And Dolly promised that she would.

Everybody wondered how so bashful a man as the Rev. Mr. Palmleaf ever mustered courage for a proposal; but nobody knew that the "engagement" begun for a joke, turned out in sober earnest.

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