

A Little Boy's Pocket.

Do you know what's in my pottet?
Such a lot of treasure in it!
Listen now, while I bedin it!
Such a lot of songs to hold,
And every sin dat's in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet
A beauty shell—I picked it up;
And here's the handle of a tup
That somebody had broke at tea;
The shell's a hole in it you see;
Nobody knows dat I dot it,
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball too, in my pottet,
And here's my pennies, one, two, free,
That Aunt Mary gave to me;
To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,
When I'm out walking with the maid;
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I ve dot it.

Here's some new slings in my pottet!
Here's my lead, and here's my string,
And once I had an iron ring,
But through a hole it lost one day;
And this is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sin in a pottet,
Have it mended when you've dot it.

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

From an Old Magazine.

"Thou dost not admire that picture, Giulio?" said the great painter, Tiziano Vecelli, of Venice to his favorite pupil, Giulio Mantoni.

"Si, si, signor; but whose portrait is it? When was it painted? and where has it been until now?"

"Thou dost not ask who painted it. Hast no curiosity, hast no wish to learn this?"

"Curiosity enough, as thou well knowest, signor, to prove my descent from Eve, whose falling that way lost a paradise to Adam. But I need not ask who painted this, for there is only one who can paint thus. There is only one pencil which can blend such beautiful coloring with such free drawing. Signor maestro, if thou couldst have thy pictures unrecognized, thou must even hang them with the painting to the wall."

"Flattery, Giulio—rank flattery! But I believe thou meanest what thou sayest. As to this portrait?"

"Ay, signor, whose likeness is it?"

"As thou art anxious to know, my Giulio, and often playest a trick upon thy master, methinks I shall not tell thee. Thou mayest look grave if thou wilt, but I shall not tell thee now. Call my gondolier; the day is pleasant and they shall row me across the Lido. Addio, addio!"

The painter went on his way across the lagoon and smiled as one smiles at a lucky thought or a successful speculation. The musings were pleasant and as he lay "at listless length" within the canopy of his gondola they found such utterance as this:

"He is a good youth, and hath a proper love for art; he is studious, too, gentle in manner, affectionate, and with a warm heart. My Beatrice is a tender dove, and it will be well if she can find a shelter in his breast. How he gazed upon the picture! If he admire the original only half as much, the train will soon be in flames. He is a goodly youth." And with such thoughts did Titian take council on his brief and pleasant voyage to the Lido.

Meanwhile the pupil employed himself in looking at the portrait more minutely than he heretofore had done. The renewed and closer examination confirmed his original opinion of its excellence, not alone as a work of art, but as the representation of a character of feminine loveliness more attractive than he had yet beheld in Venice. The portrait represented a beautiful girl just in the spring of youth, bearing aloft in her hands a massive casket, and pausing, as it were, in her onward progress, to cast a smile upon the beholder—like a sudden sunburst! The face was one of exquisite beauty, but the naive and cheerful expression, the hearty joyousness, the guileless and trusting eloquence of aspect, formed a part of intellectual loveliness far greater than usually accompanies mere beauty of features. For—though to say so would be treason against the majesty of that sex whom we generalize as "fair"—I fear it is but too true that the perfection of personal and mental beauty do not often meet in one. Yet, even now do I remember to have met that union.

The young artist admired the portrait for some time and then fell into a meditative humor—a thing unusual for him, for, though he was a Spaniard, he was a youth of quick imagination and lively temperament, and it is not the want of such to anticipate the contemplative thoughts which they believe belong to the maturer season of manhood. The youth thought and thought and thought until, when Titian returned, he found his pupil seated opposite the portrait, with his pencil in his hand and his head downward drooping—even as in his mood of poetic thought I have seen that of Wordsworth, the great master of the lyre. Titian came near, but Giulio did not stir; nearer still, and Giulio was breathing heavily; close to him and touched his shoulder. The youth up-started! He had fallen asleep before the portrait!

Oh, what a very unlover-like accident! But a siesta is a treasure to the Spaniard, and the day way dull, and it was weary-some to be alone, and, if the truth must be told, Giulio, who had all a painter's eye for beauty, had been up half the preceding night, serenading a beautiful *dama*, whose bright eyes had fascinated him one evening as he passed beneath the windows of her father's palace.

Giulio Mantoni had been Titian's pupil for some six months previous to the incident of the portrait and the slumber. Without any introduction he had come

but had paid a large sum for the privilege of instruction. After a time his gentle manners, his love for the art and his rapid progress in it had so far won upon Titian—a lone and widowed man—as to make him solicit that Giulio should become an inmate of his house. Titian was a solitary for his son was a wild youth, who had left Venice for Cyprus in the suite of the admiral, and his daughter Beatrice was in a convent in the Friuli, of which one of his relatives was a lady principal. Giulio Mantoni accepted the invitation, and for three months preceding the day on which this slight tale commences he had been in Titian's affectionate, kind and obedient as a son. He was so skillful with his pencil, too, that Titian was reminded by his skill and enthusiasm of what his own son had been at the same age. Some thirty years before.

Some days passed on and the portrait still remained in Titian's studio. Giulio often looked at it but never spoke of it, and Titian did not err when he thought that there was a meaning in his silence.

But the grand festival day of Venice was at hand. This was Ascension Day, of which the Doge performed the annual ceremony of signifying the maritime power of the signory by casting a golden ring into the waters of the Adriatic. The custom was, at this proud celebration, for Venice to send out her population of all degrees, and it was certain at such times the fairest daughters of Venice never were absent.

The short voyage of the Doge from the quay of the ducal palace to the boundary of Lido and Malamocco was always performed on this occasion in a stately vessel called the Bucentaur, a galley said to be of equal antiquity with these maritime nuptials. This magnificent vessel always bore a freight of some importance; besides the Doge, the council, the chief officers of state and the admiral of the port (who acted as pilot, and was bound by oath to bring the vessel back to her harborage in the arsenal), it bore the ambassadors from the various countries in alliance with the republic. Sometimes, besides the *nobilissimi* and the state officials, it bore citizens of worth, and at times the Doge was glad to see by his side the great painter, Tiziano Vecelli, whose pencil could confer such immortality as earth is proud of, and whose works reflected more fame upon Venice than Venice in all her glory could bestow upon him.

Giulio, with others of his age, followed in the procession, for it was a scene of matchless beauty and magnificence, well worthy the attention of a painter's mind and eye. The Bucentaur was swept on in a stately manner by the rowers, and Giulio's light gondola came near it, within full view of the gallant company beneath its gorgeous canopy of crimson damask, richly embroidered with gold. To Giulio's amaze, Titian had by his side a young lady, and when she turned her face for a moment, Giulio saw to his surprise and delight that she was the fair original of the portrait.

The ceremonial went on, and Andrea Gritti, the Doge, wedded the sea (an unstable and fickle mistress) with the accustomed words, "We wed thee with this, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty." The moment these words were uttered, and the ring cast into the sea, it was strewn with flowers and fragrant herbs, in the fanciful idea that thus the bride was crowned.

The pageant ended, Giulio speeded to Titian's house. He found the great artist before the easel, busied, as usual, in some work for immortality. They spoke on various subjects, but Titian made no mention of the young signora, of whom Giulio had just one glance. At last Giulio said that he had seen Titian on the deck of the Bucentaur; but this, though it challenged Titian's allusion to the lady, drew no remark from him about her, so that, at last, Giulio ventured to say that he thought the signora much resembled the portrait which he had admired from the moment it first met his view.

"Admire it, Signor Giulio Mantoni? Fall asleep before it in excess of admiration! Well, well, thou needest not blush. 'Tis my daughter Beatrice, whom thou shalt meet anon. But signor, if thou shouldst admire her, or if thou shouldst not, it would be well for thee to take thy siesta ere thou meetest her. Women, as thou knowest, like not cavaliers who are drowsy. Nay, I have not told her that. She saw thee, and asked who thou wert, and I told her Giulio; but not that thou didst gaze thyself to sleep before her portrait. Now, let us within. Thou wilt like my gentle Beatrice. She reminds me of what her fair and loving mother was."

And Giulio did very much like Beatrice Vecelli, who, in turn, admired the manly beauty and chivalrous bearing of the Spaniard. Admired?—alas, that is a word all too weak. Woman scarcely knows a medium, in her intercourse with our sex between the coldest indifference and the warmest love. Long before she knew it Beatrice was deeply and devotedly attached to Giulio. Her father saw this, and did not check it; he already loved Giulio Mantoni as a son, and cheerily anticipated that, in the natural course of time and circumstance, he would become so—with the consent of Beatrice.

Very much did Giulio admire the loveliness, the grace, the innocence of Beatrice Vecelli, but he did not love her with more than a brother's love. To do him justice he was all unconscious of the feelings which his attentive kindness had awakened in her gentle heart. He read to her and talked with her as if she were his own dear sister; and she made the too common mistake of thinking that these general courtesies, made most kind through the sauvy of his manner, had a particular application. So, the signora was in love!

Two months had passed by since the return of Beatrice to her father's house, and during this time the young maiden, flushed with her growing passion (innocent as

it was deep), and buoyed up by the hopes which her youth and sex might well be excused for forming, and drank, in draughts of delight (for hope is the Hebe of mortality and pours from a golden vase!) which made her happy hearted beyond what she had ever been before. Then it was that her father completed that picture which has been known as a *ch. f-d'œuvre* in portraiture, which the pencil of the painter and the burn of the engraver have multiplied through the world. And during all this time which passed on happily for Giulio also, he was not in love with Beatrice.

They sat together now, in the month of July, with a delicious breeze sweeping up the Adriatic and fanning the curtains of the room like the sails of some rapid bark. It was now midday, and all was calm in Venice as in other cities at the hour of midnight, for the heat of the room kept even the gondolierie within doors. But it was cool in the room in which Beatrice and Giulio were sitting, for the long blinds had been drawn down, excluding the sunshine and admitting the breeze. She had been singing, and it was from the flush of her cheek and the tenderness of her tone as she closed the *adENZA* that Giulio now first surmised what might be the nature of her feelings towards him. This was the song:

Oh, sue not though for fortune's dower
With lordly pomp to gild thy fate,
Nor ask of cold, ambitious power,
To crown thee with a haughty state!
Seek not for conquest to entwine
Enslanguined laurels in the hair,
But listen to this lay of mine,
This orison, this ardent prayer
Of "love me, love me!"

Oh, if the noontide of thy heart
With sorrow were o'ercast,
If grief had done its deadliest part
Till joy were of the past,
How gently 'mid such gloom would fall
The brilliancy of hope's joy-shine,
When thought on thought would still recall
When first fond lips were pressed to thine,
With "love me, love me!"

The song had ceased, it was a simple melody, but there was a startling expression of earnestness in it which struck to Giulio's heart. For a brief space he sat in silence, and then thus spoke to the beautiful cantatrice:

"Lay aside the mandarin, dear Beatrice, and let us talk. You have never inquired who or what I am. I consider you as my sister, and it is not well that you should be in ignorance of this."

"Nay," said Beatrice, with a smile and a blush, "I will not own you as a brother, and I will have no unravelling of mysteries. Let me sing this barcarole."

"Beatrice," said he, with a grave air and earnest tone that suddenly chilled her mirth; "Beatrice, this is the time, for your sake as for my own, to have the mystery unraveled, if it be worth the name of mystery. I am not quite what I appear; in a word, I am of the royal house of Spain; my mother was the daughter of a noble of Almaine; my father the Emperor Charles. To avoid a marriage of his choice, heart and hand being plighted to a lady-love of my own, I fled from Spain and became a pupil of your father's as much from love of the art as to give my leisure pleasant occupation."

But he spoke to ears which heard him not, for ere he had concluded Beatrice was in a swoon. She was speedily recovered and thus earnestly spoke to him:

"I did not know—I could not—that you had a prince beneath our humble roof; but whatever you are you must quit Venice. It was but yesternight I heard at the *riddotto* at Signor Barberigo's that the provveditor had an order to arrest a Spanish prince who was disguised and concealed in Venice, I heard it by the merest chance, as I stood near two nobili who were talking together, and that the arrest was to be made to-morrow. You must fly, signor; it neither suits your safety nor your honor that you remain here. Venice wars with the Emperor Charles; my father, the most honored citizen of Venice, has been distinguished by the emperor, and the suspicion of having wittingly harbored you would only be equaled by the misery of your capture here."

Giulio, or, as he should rather be called Prince Anthony of Leon, seemed astonished at this intelligence.

"And whither can I fly?" demanded he, seeking counsel in this hour of peril from Beatrice.

"You named—you spoke of—you have me to whom your faith is plighted; she must ill deserve it if she will not shelter you."

"You speak wisely, Beatrice," said the prince; "it is the daughter of Storza, Duke of Milan, and with him, albeit he is but a cold friend of my house, nor has he much cause to be otherwise, I shall find safety. And you, Beatrice?"

"Of me—nothing—not a word now, not a thought hereafter. Here," added she, tearing off a necklace, "here, if you want the means wherewith to reach Milan, take this; I have no more need of costly ornament."

This offer was declined, for the prince had jewels with him more than sufficient to pay all charges. He saw the urgent necessity of speedy flight, penned a hasty billet of leave and gratitude to Titian, and then returned to greet Beatrice with a farewell. He did not mark that her lips were pale as death and her eyes glazed, and her cheek and brow as stoned. Her hand scarcely trembled when he pressed it, and gently as one would embrace a sleeping child, he kissed her fair, cold brow. He was gone!

And with him went the terrible determination—which in this wreck of her heart's hopes had nerved her to act this dreadful part—to simulate indifference while amid despair she felt the immortality of love. She never moved nor spoke and when at eve her father returned he found her statue-like. For weeks she lay helpless as an infant, and at last she died. Her heart was broken. She died, and with her died her father's hopes and pride. Within a month after Giulio's departure she had ceased to be. Henceforth—and

he lived to extreme old age—Titian lived but for his art; that was his wife, daughter, all to him!

Of the Prince we have no further record. The annals of Venice record not his capture, so it is presumed that he escaped. But whether he reached his lady love, whether he married her, and whether in after life, he ever paused to think upon Beatrice, is unknown; but he was kind and gentle, so it is impossible that he could have readily forgotten one so beautiful, so gentle as her.

There is no more to add. This is the whole story, so far as it can now be known, of Titian's Daughter.

"SELLS."

It would puzzle a philosopher to give an exact definition of the "sell." Nearly related to the hoax, it differs from it in being more innocent in its inception and less mischievous in its consequences. Some little ingenuity is required to concoct a happy "sell," but any one may perpetrate a hoax who is equal to "lending a lie the confidence of truth." The latter is a deliberately planned deception, oftenest attaining its end by personation or forgery or something closely akin to it; whereas a sell needs no such playing with edged tools, and may not only be unpremeditated, but even unintentional.

Many an unpremeditated sell has been perpetrated from inability to resist sudden temptation. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New York State, visited the Centennial Exhibition, sat down in a quiet corner apart from the others, to listen to a great cornet-player, and as was his wont in court, drew his gray coat about his head and ears as a protection against possible draughts. His motionless figure soon attracted attention; and the whisper ran that it was the statue of some wonderful character. The Jude's sister wickedly told those near her that they were gazing at the effigy of an Aztec priest from Mexico. The information passed from mouth to mouth, and some hundreds of people were drawn to the spot, to disperse somewhat sheepishly when the object of their curiosity, having had enough of the cornet, readjusted his coat and rose to go.

A good story is told of one Boggs, whose impertinent curiosity was proverbial throughout the country that owned him. He was on one occasion travelling on the Little Miami Railroad, alongside a solemn-looking man, who persisted in looking out of the window, and took no heed of Boggs' endeavors to enliven the journey with a little conversation. At last the brakeman or guard came round with some water, and the unsociable traveller turned round to take a drink. Seizing the chance, Boggs asked: "Going as far east as New York?"

"No," grunted the man.

"Ah!" said Boggs, "New York is dull this time of year; mebbe you're striking for Philadelphia?"

The surely one shook his head.

"Praps Cleveland's your destination?" inquired Mr. Boggs. "No?" Can't be going this roundabout way to Chicago? No reply was vouchsafed.

"Well," cried Boggs, despairingly, "I s'pose you've no objections to telling where you are going?"

"Well, sir," exclaimed the man, "I'm going for seven years!"

Then the Deputy Sheriff said he would rather not have folks talking to his prisoners, and Boggs gave in.

This puts us in mind of Mark Twain's anecdotes of Artemus Ward and a traveling bore, between whom the following amusing colloquy took place:

"Did you hear that last thing of Horace Greeley's?"

"Greeley, Greeley, Horace Greeley; who is he?" said Artemus.

Five minutes elapsed, then came:

"George Francis Train is making a good deal of disturbance over in England; do you think they will put him in prison?"

"Train, Train, George Francis Train," said Artemus, solemnly; "I never heard of him."

The tormentor tried another tack; he said: "What do you think about Grant's chance for the Presidency?"

"Grant, Grant?—Why man!" said Artemus, "you seem to know more strangers than anyone I ever saw."

The man took a walk up the car; coming back, he said: "Well, you ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

The humorist looked up and said: "Adam? What was his other name?"

The journey henceforth was made in pace.

Very nicely sold were a couple of tramps who waylaid a wealthy farmer in Louisa County, Iowa, and demanded his money or his life. Disinclined to part with either, he took to his heels. They chased him half a mile down the roughest of lanes, dashed after him through a briar-hedge and went panting across an old corn-field. Then the chased one struck for the woods, and went wizzing up a steep hill; his pursuers pressing closely behind with blood-shot eyes and shortened breath. The farmer dashed across a forty-acre stubble field, across a frozen creek through a blackberry patch down a ravine, over another hill, across a stump-field, to be run down on the road by the tramps. They overhauled him thoroughly, searched him from top to toe, to find he had not a solitary cent wherewith to reward them for their perseverance.

Our concluding example relates to an affecting romance told by the *Detroit Free Press*. It was the second time that the hero of the story had accompanied the young lady home from one of those little social parties which are got up to bring fond hearts a step nearer each other. When they reached the gate, she asked him if he wouldn't come in. He said he would. Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down, and left the room to remove her things. She was hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and dropping down beside the young man, said: "I always did say that if a

poor but respectable young man fell in love with Sarah, he should have my consent. Some mothers would sacrifice their daughter's happiness for riches, but I am not of that sort."

The young man started with alarm; he didn't know whether he liked Sarah or not; he hadn't dreamed of marriage.

"She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother; "and whatever is for her happiness is for mine."

The young man stammered out: "I—I haven't—"

"Oh, never mind! Make no apology. I know you haven't much money; but of course you'll live with me. We'll take in boarders, and I'll be bound that we'll get along all right."

It was a bad situation. He hadn't even looked love at Sarah. "I had no idea of"—he began; when she held up her hands, saying: "I know you hadn't; but it's all right. With your wages and what the boarders bring in, we shall get along as snug as possible. All that I ask is that you be good to her; Sarah has a tender heart, and if you should be cross and ugly, it would break her down in a week."

The young man's eyes stood out like coconuts in a slop window, and he rose up and tried to say something.

"Never mind about the thanks," she cried; "I don't believe in long courtships. The eleventh of January is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

"But—but—but"—he gasped.

"There, there! I don't expect any speech in reply," she laughed. "You and Sarah settle it to-night, and I'll advertise for twelve boarders straight away. I'll try to be a model mother-in-law. I believe I'm good tempered and kind hearted, though I did once follow a young man 200 miles and shoot off the top of his head for agreeing to marry my daughter and then quitting the country." She patted him on the head and sailed out.

And now the young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or slide off the wharf. If ever a young bachelor was "sold," Sarah's young man was in that predicament.—*Chamber's Journal*.

The Borrowing Nuisance.

The greatest nuisance that the farmer has to contend with, and one which entails on him a not inconsiderable amount of loss, in time and cash, is the borrowing nuisance. Neighbor A may be a very nice man in many ways; he is sociable, chatty and agreeable. He sends over to our place and politely asks us to lone him our spade. We do not like to lone him our old, weak-backed affair, so we let him have our new one, Mr. A promising to return it the next evening, sure, as we want to use it the following day. Our plans are all laid out for work, in which the spade is to play a prominent part, and yet there is no spade to be found. One of the men is dispatched to bring the missing spade, while our other hands potter around until this and other tools are brought back. In the course of an hour the man returns minus the spade, not being able to find either the spade or Mr. A, the latter having gone to some remote part of his farm to work. We then have to alter our plans for that day's work and go to work at something else, after losing considerable time for the accommodation of Mr. A. The following morning, on going to the shed where we keep our tools, the spade is found, full of dirt and grime. We start out to work with it, only to find that some of neighbor A's men have been using it as a pry and have broken its back. We swallow the loss as best we can, and buy another spade. A nice, new briar scythe is borrowed to help in clearing a piece of new ground and get it ready for the plow. In the carelessness and hurry the scythe snatches gets badly charred in the fires of brush, while the temper in the blade is entirely destroyed. This is returned, with great sorrow being expressed that the thing has happened as it has; but never a word about replacing it with a new one. Our clean sound carriage is borrowed. It is brought back after sundown with a bolt or two missing, perhaps a spoke broken, and the whole covered with a generous sprinkling of mud. The horse-rake gets its way home with one or two teeth broken. A sharp saw and sharp chisels are borrowed, and the saw is brought into contact with nails, which does not improve either the set or the sharpness of the teeth, while the chisels usually have several suspicious nicks in them which plainly show they have been borrowed. As with the tools and implements, so it is with books, periodicals, etc. A valuable book from our library is borrowed and taken to the borrower's home, where the children, usually with unclean hands, thumb over it till it looks like anything but its former self, while there may be several leaves missing, having been taken to supply the place of less convenient paper. Periodicals are borrowed, and, if returned at all, are in a sadly dilapidated condition. Many and many a valuable book have we lost by loaning, while the broken files of our papers show that we have loaned them, too. Happily there are a few borrowers who take good care of what they borrow, and try to return it in as good order as they received it, in default of which they replace it. To such persons we take pleasure in lending, and always shall. We think our readers have had some experience with these nuisances—borrowers—and can testify to what we have written above as not being one whit overdrawn, for we could cite many other incidents similar, and, no doubt, could they.—*Practical Farmer*.

The Fairbault city council has decided to issue licenses to druggists for the sale of spirituous, vinous and malt liquors for medicinal, mechanical, and chemical purposes only. The demand for the rosy for mechanical purposes—as a lubricator, for instance—is expected to be immense.