

Ever Present.

The sun of yesterday is set—
Forever set to time and me;
Yet of its warmth and of its light,
Something I feel and something see.

The flower of yesterday is not—
Its faded leaves are scattered wide;
Yet of its perfume do I breathe,
Still does its beauty stir my pride.

The friend of yesterday is dead—
On yonder hill his grave doth lie;
Yet there are moments when I feel
His presence as of old, draw nigh.

A part of what has been remains:
The essence of what is gone
Are ever present to my sense:
Though left, I am not yet forlorn.

In thought, in feeling, and in love,
Things do not perish, though they pass;
The form is shattered to the glass,
But only broken in the glass.

Sun, friend, and flower have each become
A part of my immortal part;
They are not lost, but evermore
Shine, live, and bloom within my heart.

SMITH'S NEW CLERK.

Jenkins met Smith, his senior partner, at the depot, who had been absent on a business tour.

"How's business?" inquired the latter.

"All right; got a new clerk."

"Got a new clerk, eh? Where's Jones?"

"Discharged him. An idle, extravagant dog!"

"True enough, and the new one won't do any better. Drinking, gambling, late hours and fast hours—that's the way with them all."

And Smith groaned.

Jenkins' eyes twinkled. He well knew the peculiarities of his good-hearted, but eccentric bachelor partner.

"Well, the new clerk don't drink nor gamble, I'm certain of that, and has thus far been very industrious and attentive."

"Thus far? Oh, yes. Wait a month. New uniforms sweep clean."

"Oh, well, if the new clerk don't suit you, I can send the new clerk adrift, that's all. I only took her—ah!—the new clerk on trial."

Mr. Smith stared at his partner.

"I suppose the new clerk has a name?" he remarked dryly.

"Oh, yes. Her, that is to say, the new clerk's name is Gardner. But here we are."

As was his usual custom, Mr. Smith went through the store, past the array of clerks on either side the counter, without glancing to the right or left. But when he reached his private office, at the further end, he looked through the glass door, which was so situated that he could see all that was going on in the store.

As his eye fell on the occupant of a desk near the door, he started.

"What's that?" he said, turning sharply upon his partner, who had followed him.

Jenkins gazed very composedly upon the slender form, whose graceful head was bent intently over a ledger that lay open upon the desk.

"That? Why that's the new clerk," Smith rubbed his eyes, and looked again.

"Why, it's a woman!" he exclaimed, with an air of incredulity and horror.

"I should say it was," said Jenkins, coolly, and a confoundedly pretty one at that."

Smith gave his partner a look of virtuous indignation.

"Mr. Jenkins, this is no place for a woman!"

"Ain't? Now it strikes me that she fits the place very nicely."

"The proper place for a woman is the sanctuary of home."

This was a pet observation of Mr. Smith's which he had read somewhere, and which he considered as a clincher in such an argument.

"But suppose she hasn't any?"

This was a poser, and in his efforts to surmount it, Mr. Smith got excited.

"Hasn't any? Why, sir, she must—she ought to have one."

"Very true. In fact so confident am I on this point that I have thought of offering her mine—or at least to share it with her."

"Mr. Jenkins, this is not a fit subject for jest!"

"It's a serious matter, I know; so, on the whole, perhaps I'd better think it over a while longer. Besides, there's no knowing if she would accept my offer, together with the incumbrance that goes with it."

"Jenkins," returned Smith severely, "will you cease trifling and attend to the business in hand? This woman must go."

"Very well; you told me you wanted a clerk that would be faithful and industrious; that didn't spend his salary, and all he could steal, on fast horses and faster women, and I got you one. It's an easy matter to send her off."

"Of course it is," rejoined Smith, brightening at the suggestion. "Just tell her she don't exactly suit, and that we shan't need her after to-day."

"But she does suit—me; and if you are not suited, all you have got to do is to tell her so."

"You hired her."

"And for that reason, I won't discharge her without some good cause."

"No matter," returned Smith, with an air of indifference. "I can discharge her; I think I am equal to that much."

Jenkins, who had left the room, put his head back a moment later.

"Bet you a hundred dollars you don't do it."

With this parting shot, he disappeared.

Now Smith had a nervous horror of women, as his partner well knew—especially of young women—and never spoke of one if he could help it.

And it became a man, he would have known what to say, and experienced no difficulty in saying it, but a woman was quite another thing.

But his partner's last words had touched his pride, and summoning all his resolution, he opened the door and walked in.

But his courage failed him as he came opposite the desk where she sat, and he passed by, glancing sideways at the unconscious occupant, who did not lift her head as he approached.

After speaking to a clerk at the further end of the room, he walked slowly back to where the young lady sat, and who, as he passed by the desk, raised a pair of soft blue eyes, shooting a swift bewildering glance in Smith's that he felt to the toe of his boot.

"Miss—Miss—" he stammered.

"My name is Georgiana," said the

young lady, smiling. "Some call me George for short."

"Well, Miss George—Georgiana, I'm afraid that you will find your situation rather unpleasant."

"Not at all, sir. On the contrary, I find it very pleasant and comfortable."

"Ahem!—but I fear you will hardly be equal to the discharge of its duties."

"I hope I will. If you will run your eyes over the balance sheet you will find everything correct."

With desperate hope that there would be something amiss, Smith did so, but was disappointed.

"I hope you have no fault to find?" said the clerk, rather anxiously, on perceiving that he hesitated.

"You are a woman!"

Here, whether abashed by the sudden display of dimples in the pink cheeks, that grew still more pink at his rather unnecessary assertion, Smith came to an abrupt pause.

At this the smiling face settled into an expression of demure gravity.

"I must plead guilty to the charge of being a woman. But though it may be a misfortune, it can scarcely be called a fault; at any rate, it is one for which I am not answerable."

"You misunderstand me, ma'am. What I meant to say was, that there are certain duties connected with our office, such as opening the store, going to the postoffice, etc., which you cannot very well perform."

"I assure you, sir, that I shall like nothing better than an occasional walk in the open air. And as to opening the store, and sweeping and dusting, I don't know why it should be harder to perform that office for a store than for a house."

"I claim no consideration for my sex," resumed the young lady, casting a reproachful glance at the perplexed countenance of her employer, "but I ask, in common justice, if I perform my duties satisfactorily, 'but I am not to discharge me simply because I am a woman!'"

Muttering a disclaimer of some kind, he hardly knew what, Smith beat a sudden retreat to his own room, assuming a bold front as he met his partner's inquiring eye, but with an outward consciousness that he had been totally routed by the enemy.

"Going?" said Jenkins, with nonchalance most provoking.

"Well, no, not to-day. What the—d—I am you grinning at?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," responded Jenkins, throwing himself back in his chair and regarding intently a fly upon the ceiling.

"What I was going to remark was," resumed Smith, with quite an unnecessary assumption of dignity, "that I have concluded to let the young lady remain until I can find some situation for her more in accordance with her sex."

"Very kind and considerate in you," said Jenkins, dryly, "especially taking into view that she does her work better than any clerk we ever had, and for less pay, too."

Smith was by no means the ogre he seemed. Aside from his prejudice, he was a sensible, kind-hearted man. Georgiana was not called upon to open store or run errands, though she offered to do both. Curious to relate, as days and weeks passed, Smith's repugnance to her presence not only vanished with them, but he began to regard it with positive pleasure.

He used often to look through the glass door, watching the graceful poise of the head and the motions of the deft little fingers as they glided over the paper, until at last curious fancies seemed to creep through his brain, and he began to indulge in glowing dreams of how wonderful such a little woman as that would brighten up his lonely and cheerless home.

But he determined to proceed cautiously. He had it. His housekeeper was about to leave; he would offer Miss Gardner the situation—and then?

Having formed this resolution, his next step was to request the young lady's presence in his private office, a summons that was promptly obeyed.

"Miss Gardner, don't you think the situation as housekeeper in a quiet home, like mine for instance, would be preferable to your situation here?"

"Perhaps, in some respects it might," said Georgiana, coloring at this abrupt inquiry, and the look which accompanied it.

Was the old gentleman about to make her an offer?

But his next word relieved her of this apprehension.

"My housekeeper is soon to leave me, and I should be very glad to have you supply her place."

Georgiana's cheeks grew red, and her mouth dimpled with the smiles that she strove vainly to suppress.

"You are very kind, sir, but the fact is, Mr. Jenkins has spoken to me first."

"Yes, sir. He asked me to be his housekeeper, and I told him I would."

"But, my child, Mr. Jenkins is a young man—it would not be proper for you to keep house for him. Now with me it is different."

And Georgiana inwardly agreed with him. In fact, there was all the difference in the world to her.

"But he asked me to be his wife as well as housekeeper."

"O-o-o-h!"

Smith's first feeling was that of intense astonishment, his next of quite as strong chagrin. But it all ended in an emotion of thankfulness that he had not committed himself.

But his disappointment could not have rankled very deeply, for he attended the wedding; viewing with smiling tranquility the ceremony that transformed his new clerk into the happy wife of his fortunate partner, Jenkins.

Prerogatives.

Louisville rejoices in the possession of a precocious four-year-oldster, who, being placed in a closet by his father the other day for disobedience of paternal authority, instead of crying, put his wits to work to get out. Calling to his father to come in and see what he had found, the unsuspecting father-in-law walked in, while the four-year-old slipped out and quickly turned the key, leaving him to sweat it out. Presently the youngest called to his pa to know if he was hot in there; nor did he let his prisoner out until he replied in the affirmative.

Curious and Scientific.

A few drops of ammonia taken in water will check excessive perspiration.

The film of a soap bubble about to burst is only about three-fourths of the millionth of an inch in thickness.

The Swiss papers describe looking glasses laid over with gold, which reflect sixteen times as powerfully as the common quicksilver mirrors.

RESEARCHES in Chinese archives show that the architect who designed and the engineer who built the Great Wall were women.

A SPRING of water, resembling in taste the best seltzer, has been discovered in Santa Clara county, California.

ALL of the lower animals, and most of the insects, as far as investigations have been pushed, appear to have limbs on the right side invariably stronger than their fellows on the opposite side. Physiologists have not yet been able to give a satisfactory solution of the problem.

THE preservation of timber by the use of creosote, or the dead oil of coal tar, is claimed by some to be the most practicable and effective method yet devised for that purpose. The contrivances which appear to be the best for this object are those that deliver the oil into the furnace in the form of a spray or vapor, by means of a jet of steam or blast of hot air.

THE decomposition of paste may be prevented by adding to it a small quantity of carbolic acid. In the same way, the disagreeable smell which glue has may be prevented. If a few drops of the solution be added to ink or mastic, they will not mold. For whitewash, especially when used in cellars and such places, the addition of one ounce of carbolic acid to a gallon will prevent mold and disagreeable odors.

IN view of the alarming paragraphs current at this time of the year concerning persons who are said to have died from drinking or bathing in cold water "while overheated," it is well for the public to know that the danger in such cases arises from doing either of the things in question after the body has begun to cool. When a man is in a great heat he may take a cold plunge or draught with comparative impunity. The peril lies in waiting to "cool off a little" before indulging in either luxury.

A CANADIAN inventor has lately obtained a patent for an ingenious process by which tools, after being first fashioned of wrought iron, may be converted into steel. This is accomplished by immersing the articles into a bath of molten cast-iron, free from sulphur or phosphorus, and charged with carbon to its utmost capacity. The size of the implement and the degree of hardness required govern the time it is to remain in the bath.

A SAMPLE of the baked heart of the Agave Americana has been received at the Internal Revenue Bureau. This is a plant from which a liquor known as mescal is produced, and grows abundantly in the Territories. Application has been made for permission to use it in the manufacture of spirits, and this specimen will be fermented and distilled in the office of internal revenue for the purpose of determining its spirit-producing capacity.

CAPTAIN OTIS F. HAMBLIN, of Nantucket, recently found in the sperm whale, which he killed near the Galapagos Islands, a harpoon belonging to the ship *Catawba*, of Nantucket, lost twenty years ago.

A WRITER in *Harper's Weekly* says: "A duck found in the interior of New Zealand is said to differ from other ducks in not exhibiting any solicitude for the safety of its young. Captain Hutton, an eminent naturalist, thinks that this supports the Darwinian theory, as the ducks belong to a genus peculiar to New Zealand, where there were no destructive animals previous to the arrival of man, and in which genus, therefore, instinctive fear has not been developed; indeed, the absence of fear is said to be a peculiar characteristic of the animals of New Zealand."

A CLOSE FIT.

In the neighboring village of B—, writes a Western correspondent, lived an old gentleman of the name of Newberry, whose fault-finding propensities had won for him the cognomen of "Old Growler." Across the way lived another Newbury (spelled with a u), who enjoyed getting off a joke at the expense of his grumbling neighbor. One morning a stranger came into the store of Newbury in search of a pair of boots. Not finding any to fit, the obliging shopkeeper informed him that maybe "Old Growler" across the way could fit him with a pair. Over the way he went, and asked, "Mr. Growler, can you fit me to a pair of boots?" The cordwainer, irate at being thus trifled with, instantly sprang to the door, and applied his own boot to the person of the offender, with such force as to effect his speedy exit from the room, at the same time mildly inquiring, "How does that pair fit?"

A SCOTCH PRAYER.

"God bless this house and all within two miles ilka side this house. O bless the cow and the meal, and the kail-yard, and the muckle town o' Dumbarton. O God! bless the Scotch Greys that are in lien' in Hamilton barracks. They are brave chiefs—they are not the English whelps that dash their foot against a stone, and damn the soul o' the stone—as if a stone had a soul to be saved. O put a strong dyke between us and the wild Irish. O, Lord, preserve us frae a' witches and warlocks, and a' lang-nebbet beasts that gang through the heather. O, Lord! put a pair o' branks about the king o' France's neck—gie me the katter in my sin hand, that I may lead him about when I like, for thy name's sake—Amen!"

A SATANIC JOURNAL.

Florence, Italy, rejoices in the possession of a new paper, "*Satana*." Its contributors sign themselves "Cain," "Pluto," "The Postman of the Inferno," "The Familiar Devil," etc. This queer journal is ably edited, from a simply literary point of view. It is, of course, iconoclastic in everything and blasphemous in everything. If it escapes the probable fate of speedy suppression, it will doubtless attain a very great and gainful notoriety.

Vain Wanderings—Fifteen Months on Foot in Search of Relatives.

The readers of the *Press* will probably remember an account, some three or four months since, in which it was stated that a woman had traveled on foot from Missouri to this city in search of her relatives. She again arrived in the city on Friday, almost heart-broken, her search yet unsuccessful. About fifteen months ago her home was in Missouri. Her husband died suddenly, and, being in destitute circumstances, she determined to return to her parents, who lived in Illinois. Disposing of her few household articles, she started on foot, with two children, for her far-away destination. What hardships she endured on the way can best be imagined. One of her children (fourteen years old) died before she reached her old home. It was buried by the kindness of villagers. After ten months of weary travel she reached her old home, only to be terribly disappointed; her parents had emigrated West, probably to Minnesota, and this was all the information the neighbors could give her. With her only child the determined woman then started for Minnesota, and reached St. Paul about three months ago. Since that time she has been vainly wandering up and down the State, searching for her parents, whose name is Randolph. She happily found kind-hearted people, railroad conductors not the least portion of them, who assisted her in her journeyings. She first went out on the line of the Northern Pacific, then to Duluth, and from thence back to Southern Minnesota. While in Mankato the *Review* of that place published her story, and eventually its editor received a letter stating that a family by the name of Randolph had lately settled near Kasota, in Le Sueur county. But the unfortunate woman had gone, no one knew whither, and not until Friday, when she again visited this city, did she learn of the letter written to Mr. Wise. This was the first material intelligence she had received, and she again started out, this time with her heart full of hope.—*St. Paul Press*.

Alutian Character and Customs.

From the *Alaska Herald*.

Father Innocentius Veniaminoff, for many years a faithful missionary among the Aleuts, gives a description of their habits and characteristic traits, from which we make the following extracts:

"It is the custom of the Aleutians for the successful hunter or fisher, particularly in times of scarcity, to share his prize with all, not only taking no larger share, but often less than the others; and if he has forgotten any one in the distribution, or any one arrives too late, he shares the remainder with him. All those in need of assistance hasten to meet the returning hunters at the landing, and sit down silently by the shore. This is a sign that they ask for aid; only the infirm or orphans send persons to represent them; and the hunter divides his prize without expecting thanks of restitution. He rarely receives other than the expressive 'ach' of the recipient. If any of those on shore obtain berries or roots (which are never divided), such persons do not go to the landing, that they may not be counted among the needed. This generosity evidently comes from the heart.

"During my ten years' stay in Unalaska, not a single case of murder has happened among the Aleutians. Not an attempt to kill, no fight, nor even a considerable dispute, although I have often seen them drunk.

"It is a remarkable thing, almost unparalleled, that among 1,500 people (the minimum) in 40 years (equal to 60,000 in one year), there has not occurred a single capital crime! This is the case with the Aleutians since the introduction of Christianity.

"If any one is injured or offended, he never uses force to defend himself, and rarely complains. His only revenge is to fix on his persecutor some apt nickname, but he never will reproach him. Even when the children get into dispute among themselves (a rare occurrence) they do not fight or scold each other, but reproach each other with the shortcomings of their parents."

The Old-Fashioned Mother.

Thank God some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle, whose white jeweled hands have never felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love-light shone, and brown hair threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness, even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness when her sweet spirit was baptized in the pearly spirit of the river.

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from Heaven's portals shall glorify our own. When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, now the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down to the molten sun, and streaming through the western window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee lisping "Our Father." How many times, when the tempter lured us on, the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin! Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

An Anti-Civil Rights Hen.

Out in Ohio there is a hen which has subjected herself to the penalties of the civil-rights bill for making "a distinction on account of race, color, or previous condition." The other day, after hatching a brood of eight chickens, four black and four white, she deliberately went to work and pecked off the heads of the darkeys, while she still continues to manifest all of a mother's care and tenderness for the white ones.

A Clandestine Marriage.

Louisville society has had a genuine sensation—the secret marriage of a well-known young gentleman to a beautiful and accomplished young lady. The *Ledger* relates the facts of this romance in real life as follows: For some time past Mr. Russell Hancock, son of Gen. W. S. Hancock, and at present connected with the firm of S. T. Suit & Co., Main street, has been paying his addresses to Miss Lizzie, daughter of Nicholas Gwynn, Esq., a well-known Main street merchant. Mr. Gwynn objected to the attentions of Mr. Hancock, and preparations were made to send the young lady abroad for two years. Two years is an eternity to young lovers, and they determined their happiness should not be destroyed. On the 30th of April last, the young couple very quietly went to Jeffersonville and were married by Rev. Dr. Hutchinson. After the ceremony the young lady returned immediately to her father's house. One of the parties in the secret imparted it in confidence to a friend, and that friend did likewise. Mr. Hancock, finding that the secret was known, and would in all probability reach the ears of his father-in-law, wrote that gentleman a note giving the full particulars of the case. Before dispatching the note, however, he sent for his wife, and the young couple were registered at the Louisville Hotel last night. Mr. Gwynn has not yet replied to the note, but the probabilities are that he will give the young folks his blessing.

Drinking Water.

Drinking wine is a habit; so is drinking spirits, ale, cider, coffee and water. The last is thought a necessity; but to drink much is a habit. Some people drink little—not because their constitutions require less than others; it is their habit. These people never perspire so much as those who drink more. The more that is drunk, the more water passes away, or the system would suffer. As it is, the strain affects it. The skin, the kidneys, bowels, lungs, all are drawn upon. The result is, as may be naturally expected, exhaustion. For this reason, the man who drinks much water, particularly during the summer and in the hottest weather, is less able to endure fatigue. The water is of no benefit to him—that is, the excess. It must pass away, and this requires an effort of the system, which is the sweating process. Had he not used the excess of water, he would not have perspired so; it would not have been there for the system to expel. It is a habit to drink water so much; a false thirst is created. We should drink only what is needed. The habit of drinking more will soon be overcome, and the person will feel much stronger and more capable of bearing fatigue. In winter, little fluid is needed beyond what our food furnishes; in summer, some more but not much.—*Country Gentleman*.

A Word to Girls.

The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe. Just because we do love to see girls look well, as well as to live to some purpose, we would urge upon them such a course of reading and study as will confer such as no modiste can supply. A well known author once wrote a pretty essay on the power of education to beautify—that it absolutely chiseled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and pair of thick lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

Extraordinary Fishing.

The Maysville (Ky.) *Republican* has this account of fishing extraordinary: "Mr. C. J. Cheshire, during his recent trip up the Kanawha, made some experiments with nitro-glycerine as an agent for catching fish. At the Kanawha Falls he sunk a tin cartridge containing about one pound of glycerine, and connecting it with a battery, an explosion threw up a volume of water some thirty feet high. With the water was thrown up some eighty-six fish, averaging from one and a half to thirteen pounds each. The fish were not killed, being merely stunned, and were rapidly picked up by a boat at the foot of the rapids. The experiment was repeated twice, being equally successful. The prime results were that three pounds of glycerine were used, and 350 pounds of fish secured. If any of our piscatorial friends can beat this fishing we would like to hear from them."

Singular Friendship.

A doe in a public park in Louisville, Ky., has a constant and inseparable companion in a little black dog, which manifests for it the most singular affection. When the doe moves about the dog goes with it; when it lies down the dog nestles closely by its side; and continually licks, fondles, and plays with it as if it were one of its own species. And at all times this little black dog assumes the guardianship of her deerhood, and protects her against every approach. When the doe, now about one year old, was carried to the park, the dog refused to be deterred from following, and there he stays.

A PHYSICIAN of Montpellier, in France, has lately been making experiments with fowls to see what effect wine, brandy, and absinthe would have on them. They took to the liquors as naturally as could be, and soon grew very fond of them. Two months devoted to absinthe killed the strongest cock or hen; those who more wisely used brandy died at the end of four months and a half; but those who loved the rubywine lengthened out their days so as to die only at the comparatively mellow old age of ten months. It was found that under the developing power of strong drink the cocks' crests increased to three or four times their original size, and became fiery red, as the noses of old toppers come in time to bloom and blossom like the rose.

A SEAT at the London Opera House (Drury Lane) costs six dollars in gold.

The World Would be the Better for It.

If men cared less for wealth and fame
And less for battle fields and glory,
If men in human hearts a name
Sought better than in song or story;
If men instead of nursing pride
Would learn to love it and abhor it;
If more relieved
On love's guide
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the eternal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If custom, gray with age grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it—
In truth alone
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together to restore it—
If right made might
In every fight
The world would be the better for it.

Varieties.

"An, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, dear, but too much company," replied Mr. Simpkins, with a knowing wink.

WHAT is the fashion, Annie? Fashion is something that causes Betsey, who goes bareheaded all the week, when the sun is shining, to wear gloves and carry a parasol on Sunday, when it is cloudy.

"An, ladies," said an old *bon vivant*, as he opened a bottle of wine, "what is more delightful than the popping of a champagne cork?" "The popping of the question!" unanimously cried the ladies.

A SHORT time back the question was asked, "Why do men marry?" The following reply was not less singular than true: "Some young men marry for dimples, some ears, some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and the hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married, the chin not so often."

An editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux."

JOHN RANDOLPH met an enemy in the street, one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside and politely lifting his hat, "Pass on, sir."

A LADY was urged by her friends to marry a widower, and as an argument they spoke of his two beautiful children. "Children," replied the lady, "are like toothpicks—a person wants their own."

A REV. of young ladies, while crossing Mill creek, at Salem, Cal., by moonlight, thought they observed a goose swimming in the creek, and began pelting it with stones, when they were greatly astonished by hearing the aforesaid goose exclaim: "Why can't you let a fellow alone? I ain't botherin' you any."

THIS kind of literature is still popular in Missouri: "The agglutinated eyelids of McLeod, of Calumet, were first separated by an attentive nurse eighty-three years ago. Since that time they have never looked upon a rain that fer witness would equal that which spread itself over this village last week."

A COUNTRY girl went to Fond du Lac, the other day, and for the first time saw the immense appendage hung to the back of a new-fashioned dress. She took a square look at it, liked it, and determined to have one. So, going into the store, she asked the clerk to show her some of his "hump cloth." The clerk was embarrassed, but, after consulting with the proprietor, the young lady got her hump cloth and departed happy.

A LITTLE girl of five summers was the happy recipient of a velvet cloak, of which she was very proud. One day, soon after, she was discussing her dresses, their beauty, style, etc., when her mother, by way of displaying her vanity in the bud, said: "My dear, do you not know there are more important things to talk of than dresses?" Quickly she replied: "Oh, yes, mamma, velvet cloaks."

A RURAL editor tries his hand at writing a Bridge of Sighs thus:

One more potato bug
Gone to his reward,
Stepped on so tenderly,
'Cause it was best.
Poor little cater bug!
Smashed in the dust!
In thy prosperity
Business has lost.

A SIMPLE and effective mode of killing one's creditors without fear of detection has been invented in New Hampshire. It consists of writing to the intended a letter requiring an immediate answer, and inclosing a powerfully poisoned stamp for return postage. Agents who will take the patent right for States or counties where there are many mothers-in-law may realize handsome profits.

A NEVADA paper speaking of the rarity of the atmosphere at Virginia City, says that ballet dancers are frequently unable to go through their parts, and encores are impossible. Persons arriving from near the level of the sea who are at home rapid walkers, soon find themselves brought up with a round turn, and either spit blood or bleed at the nose. Little brisk walking is ever seen in the city. People do not seem to be so active as they really are, for the reason that they have been compelled to adopt a gait which if not lazy is at least leisurely. Hot weather is felt much more severely and is much more debilitating than at the sea level. When the thermometer marks eighty degrees in this elevated region the air is of much less value than it is at the sea level under the same heat. Pigeons that fly very strongly in California are almost like unledged birds when brought here. Lots of pigeons brought from California for pigeon shooting matches are often almost worthless, as being sprung upon the trap they will flutter and come to the ground before going two rods.