A Penitent's Prayer.

You kissed me at the gate, last night And mother heard the smack; She says it's nunghty to do so, So please to take it back.

I can not see what barm there is In such a thing -can you? But mother seems so very wroth, Please take it back-now do

It seems to me quite patural For the lips to meet that way; But mother says it's very wrong, So take it back, I pray.

And, come to think of it, I'm sure

That several times 'twas done; So now, to make it right, be sure And take tack every one. I would not have you think it's me;

I do not care a mita; But mother's so particular Please take them back to-night,

Church Music.

Boft through the rich illumined panes, All down the ninle the sunlight rains And sets in red and purple stains.

And mid this glory from the skies, We hear the organ-voice arise, Its wings the waking spirit tries.

It flutters, but it can not some Oh? heavenly music, let us pour Our woes, our joys, in thee once more.

All wilt thou take. Thou mak'st no choice Hearts that complain, hearts that retoice. Find thee their all-revealing voice. All, all the soul's unattered things

Now soft-as when, for Israel's King, Young David swept his sweet barp-string; Now loud -as angels antheming.

Oh! tell what myriau heads are bent, Oh! tell what myriad hearts repent.

Thou bearest on thy mighty wings

Up; up until the arched roof rings;

He will look down. He will relent. It dies. The last low strain departs. With deep "Amen" the warm tear starts. The peace of Eden fills our hearts.

---TOM DUFFAN'S DAUGHTER,

-Good Words.

Tom Duffan's cabinet-pictures are charming bits of painting; but you would cease to wonder how he caught fend you?" such delicate home-touches if you saw studio, and both parlor and pictures durss! It's just dreadful." are the better for the habit.

One bright morning in the winter of 1872 he had got his easel into a comfortable light between the blazing fire and the window, and was busily painting. them he sung softly to himself the favorite tenor song of his favorite opera. dreadful!" But the singing always stopped when the reading began; and so politics and personals, murders and music, dramas and divorces, kept continually interrupting the musical despair of "Ah! che la morte ognora."

But even a morning paper is not universally interesting, and, in the very middle of an elaborate criticism on tragedy and Edwin Booth, the parlor door partially opened, and a lovelier picture than any ever Tom Duffan painted stood in the aperture-a piquant, brown-eved girl, in a morning gown of cloud of wavy-black hair falling around

"Mamma, if any thing on earth can I should like to know whether crimps or carls are most becoming with my new seal-skin set."

"Ask papa." poor live girl, it does not interest him." "Because, Kitty, you never will dress

"Because, papa, I must dress fashionably. It is not my fault if artists don't know the fashions. Can't I have mama for about half an hour?"

** When she has finished this criticism of Edwin Booth. Come in, Kitty; it will do you good to hear it."

"Thank you, no, papa; I am going to Booth's myself to-night, and I prefer to do my own criticism." Then Kitty disappeared, Mrs. Duffan skipped a good deal of criticism, and Tom got back to his "Ah! che la morte ognora" much quicker than the column of printed matter warranted.

"See here." "Tickets for Booth's?"

"Parquette seats, middle aisle: ! know them. Jack always does get just what you will marry, Kitty?"

about the same numbers." "Jack? You don't mean to say that Jack Warner sent them?"

Kitty nodded and laughed in a way that implied half a dozen different views," things.

"But I thought that you had positively refused him, Kitty P"

only be dear friends, and so on."

men enjoy burning." new-fashioned way of being 'off' and kind or another."

daughter. Papa has no hair to crimp saluta ion from some third party. and no braids to make. Here are all

the hair-pins ready, mamma, and I will home?" tell you about Sarah Cooper's engagement and the ridiculous new dresses in hand the long tresses, and Kitty rat- flowers, and the new-comer was gone. your holiday."

was just as bright and bewitching a Max Raymond. to see: and Tom Duffan thought so, as but if Kitty was not for him, then he went very sweetly to the Peak, and two ere he could bear his bride to poverty ness in the air which should be guardshe tripped up to the great chair in sincerely hoped Max might win her. days afterward Max Raymond, stray- and bliss.

subjects, for a "good-by" kiss.

little more natural."

you little fraud!"

them. What do they look like?" "Frights, Miss Kitty."

Broadway. They had not gone far when Jack dream. said, anxiously, "You haven't thought night, Kitty, I am afraid?"

"Why, no, Jack. I don't see how I an Commissioner or a Clerk of the be the old radiant, careless Kitty. Treasury, or something of that kind. You know I won't marry a literary man asked Tom Duffan; "you cut ---'s clear on that subject, Jack."

"I know all about farming, Kitty, if that would do." "But I suppose if you were a farm- rett backed him up handsomely."

er, we should have to live in the country. I am sure that would not do." Jack did not see how the city and the sighed, and was silent.

Kitty answered the sigh. "No use in bothering about me, Jack. You ought to be very glad I have been so honest. Some girls would have 'risked you,' and in a week you'd have been just as miserable

"You don't dislike me, Kitty?" "Not at all. I think you are first-

"It is my profession, then?"

"Exactly." "Now, what has it ever done to of-

"Nothing yet, and I don't mean it the room he painted in; for Tom has a ever shall. You see, I know Will Huthabit of turning his wife's parlor into a ton's wife; and what that woman en-

"Now, Kitty!" "It is, Jack. Will reads all his fine to listen to some new poem, rushes away from the dinner table to jot down His cheery little wife-pretty enough, what he calls 'an idea,' is always point- Max took her. in spite of her thirty-seven years-was ing out 'splendid passages' to her, and reading the interesting items in the keeps her working just like a slave change, for Tom was of that order of a great-"

"But she thoroughly enjoys it." has quite spoiled her. Lucy used to be pany; now, you might just as well

mope round with a book." "Kitty, I'd promise upon my honorat the altar, if you like-never to bother you with any thing I write; never tosay a word about my profession."

"No, no, sir! Then you would soon be finding some one else to bother, perhaps some blonde, sentimental, intelscarlet opera flannel, and a perfect lectual 'friend.' What is the use of turning a good-natured little thing like me into a hateful dog in the manger? I am not naturally able to appreciate interest you that is not in a newspaper, you, but if you were mine, I should snarl and bark and bite at any other woman who was."

Jack liked this unchristian sentiment very much indeed. He squeezed Kitty's "If I was a picture, of course papa hand and looked so gratefully into her would know; but seeing I am only a face that she was forced to pretend he ruined her glove.

"I'll buy you boxes full, Kitty; and, darling, I am not very poor; I am quite sure I could make plenty of money for

"Jack, I did not want to speak about noney; because, if a girl does not go into raptures about being willing to live tion. on crusts and dress in calicoes for love, people say she's mercenary. Well, then, I am mercenary. I want silk dresses and decent dinners and matinees, and I'm fond of having thing regular; it's a habit of mine to like them all the time. Now I know literary people have spasms of riches, and then spasms of poverty. Artists are "Well, Kitty child, what do you just the same. I have tried poverty occasionally, and found its uses less desirable that some people tell us they

> "Have you decided yet whom and "No sareasm, Jack. I shall marry

the first good honest fellow that loves me and has a steady business, and who will take me every summer to see

"To see views?" "Yes. I am sick to death of fire gop" scenery and mountains, 'scarped and "Now, papa, you know you are jok-"Of course I did, mamma-told him jagged and rifted,' and all other kinds. ing; you always go to the Peak." in the nicest kind of way that we must I've seen so many grand landscapes, I never want to see another. I want to stay side this summer, Kitty. I wish my lit-"Then why did he send these tick- at the Branch or the Springs, and have the daughter to have her whim for nice dresses and a hop every night. once." It is my opinion that both moths and lonely place, where all my toilettes are occasion for, papa. I don't want either in regard to the value of the horse in- was in the highest spirits. They strug "Well, Kitty, I don't understand this soul to speak to but famous men of one rah Cooper is at the Branch, with her following took place:

Did you take me from papa simply to were now among the little crush that ronized by her. And Jack and his drove horses. "No; I thought perhaps you might theater, and whatever he meant to say want to make Mrs. Warner jealous, but Bought one.

"Why, Max, when did you get tion."

"To-day's steamer." Then there attractive enough, for Mrs. Duffan took the rustle of dresses, and perfume of time, you deserve your own way about you had him? A .- Well, he rose 25 the scenes of his Excellency Thomas

out of crimps would have said it was that was altogether new to her; his ought to be ashamed of yourself! If A CLERGYMAN in Quebec recently brated personages—they are scarcely worth the trouble of putting it in; and keen searching gray eyes claimed what men know a thing past ordinary, they seized a bride as the security for the more-and it is more than ever a the face was worth the hair, and the she could neither understand nor with- must blab it, either with a look, or a non-payment of his fee. It was in vain glimpse that I shall present, in concludhair was worth the exquisite hat and hold. She became suddenly silent and word, or a letter; I shouldn't wonder that husband called him the parsonifi- ing this brief paper, of a distinguished the rich seal-skins and the tantalizing thoughtful; and Jack, who was learned if Kitty told you to-night she was going cation of meanness, and spoke about statesman and patriot of Massachusetts. effects of glancing silk and beaut ful in love lore, saw in a moment that Kit- to the Branch, and asked you for a \$500 the difficulty attending the progress of colors. Depend upon it, Kitty Duffan ty had fallen in love with his friend check-serve you right, too."

take to studying Harper's Bazar for ter than might have been expected. ing. Max talked, and she listened; her life. "Natural? Jehoshaphat! Go away, Max gave opinions and she endorsed

toward the bustle and the light of that past and present were all mingled out conditions and without hostages. like the waving shadows of a wonderful

She was in love's land for about three any better of you decision last Friday hours; then she had to come back into the cold frosty air, the veritable streets, and the unmistakable stone houses. But can, unless you could become an Indi- it was hardest of all to come back and every hour. Kitty's importance gave "Well, pussy, what of the play?"

under any possible circumstances. I'm criticism short this morning. Now fere. "Results were all men had to do what is yours?"

was Shakspeare's, and Booth and Bar-"Very fine criticism indeed, Kitty. I wish Booth and Barrett could hear it." farm could be brought to terms; so he death now. Good night, papa; good went into rhapsodies of wonder and ad-

> the morning." "What's the matter with Kitty, mother?"

"Jack Warner, I expect." "Hum! I don't think so." "Men don't know every thing, Tom." "They don't know any thing about

women; their best efforts in that line are only guesses at truth." "Go to bed, Tom Duffan; you are getting prosy and ridiculous. Kitty ful."

will explain herself in the morning." she daily grew more and more inexplicable. She began to read: Max hand. brought the books and she read them. She began to practice: Max liked music, and wanted to sing with her. She stopped crimping her hair: Max said articles to her, wakes her up at nights it was unnatural and inartistic. She went to scientific lectures and astronomical lectures and literary societies:

copying his manuscripts and cutting men who love to put their hearts and newspapers to pieces. Oh, it is just necks under a pretty woman's foot. He had been so long used to Kitty domiant, to Kitty sareastic, to Kitty will-"Yes, that is such a shame. Will ful, to Kitty absolute, that he could not

understand the new Kitty. real nice; a jolly, stylish girl. Before "I do not think our little girl is quite she was married she was splendid com- well, mother," he said one day, after I wish Jack Warner was at home." studying his daughter reading the Enlymion without a yawn.

"Tom, if you can't 'think' to better purpose, you had better go on painting. Kitty is in love."

"First time I ever saw love make a woman studious and sensible."

was pleating for Kitty's dress, while Tom Duffan accompanied the new-born | beautiful place eight miles from the thought with his favorite melody.

Thus the winter passed quickly and try. Would be go and see them?" happily away. Greatly to Kitty's deand his writings; and the two went to wondering. housekeeping in what Kitty called "a large dry-goods box." The merry little wedding was the last event of a late spring, and when it was over, the summer quarters were an imperative ques-

"I really don't know what to do, mother," said Tom. "Kitty vowed she would not go to the Peak this year, and I scarcely know how to get along

"Oh, Kitty will go. Max Raymond has quarters at the hotel lower down. "Oh, oh! I'll tease the little puss."

"You will do nothing of the kind, duce her to marry a writer." Tom, unless you want to go to Cape May or the Branch. They both imagine their motives undiscovered; but you just let Kitty know that you even suspect them, and she won't stir a step in your direction."

pretty lawn suit on, and a Japanese fan in her hand. "Lawn and fans, Kitty," said Tom: "time to leave the city. Shall we go to the Branch, or Sarate-

"But I am going with you to the sea-

snobby little husband and her extravagenerally gathers in the vestibule of a learned lady are at Saratoga. I don't Q .- Never bought any yourself? A .-

> "Where must we go, then?" "Well, I suppose we might as wel-

But if Kitty had any such intentions, the parson held to his bond. The bride- by this moderate weather into leaving life-size picture as any one could desire It gave him a moment's bitter pang; Max Raymond changed them. Kitty groom had to give security for \$1.25 off their belt buckles. There is a damp-

which he was smoking and planning Yet he could not have told whether he ing up the hills with his fishing rod, was most pleased or angry when he saw strayed upon Tom Duffan, sketching "I declare, Kitty! Turn round, will Max Raymond coolly negotiate a change Max did a great deal of fishing that you! Yes, I declare you are dressed of seats with the gentleman on Kitty's summer, and at the end of it Tom in excellent taste. All the effects are right hand, and take posses ion of Kit- Duffan's pretty daughter was inextrica good. I wouldn't have believed it." ty's eyes and ears and heart. But there bly caught. She had no will but Max's "Complimentary, papa. But 'I told is a great deal of human nature in man, will, and no way but his way. She had you so.' You just quit the antique, and and Jack behaved, upon the whole, bet- promised him never to marry any one wards grew famous-a young gentlebut him; she had vowed she would

All these obligations without a shadow them; Max decided, and she submitted. or a doubt from the prudent little body. "I appeal to Jack, just look It was not Jack's Kitty at all. He was Yet she knew nothing of Max's family citable man of politics and scientist in at the women in that picture of papa's, quite relieved when she turned around or antecedents; she had taken his ap- the light of a lover; but Jefferson was, with the white sheets draped about in her old piquant way and snubbed pearance and manners, and her father's in his early years, a very inflammable But to Kitty it was a wonderful even. his friendship, as guarantee sufficient. "Of course they do. Now, papa." ing-those grand old Romans walking She remembered that Jack, that first under his own hand-in his letters pub-"You two young barbarians!" shout on and off the stage, the music playing, night in the theater, had said some- lished by his literary executor in his cream I pound of sugar and ed Tom, in a fit of laughter; for Jack the people applauding, and the calm thing about studying law togther; and "life"—a most amusing account of his butter; boil and mash fine 2 pounds of liver Regulator. and Kitty were out in the clear frosty stately man on her right hand explain- with these items, and the satisfactory air by this time, with the fresh wind at ing this and that, and looking into her fact that he always had plenty of money, William and Mary College. Nothing into the butter and sugar; add five well their backs, and their faces steadily set eyes in such a delicious, perplexing way Kitty had given her whole heart, with-

Nor would she mar the placid measure of her content by questioning; it was enough that her father and mother were satisfied with her choice. When they returned to the city, congratulations, presents, and preparations filled her back a great deal of her old dictatorial way. In the matter of toilettes she would not suffer even Max to interwith," she said; "every thing was in-"Oh, I don't know, papa. The play artistic to them but a few yards of linen and a straight petticoat."

Max sighed over the flounces and flutings and lace and ribbons, and talked about "unadorned beauty;" and "I wish they could; but I am tired to then, when Kitty exhibited results, night, mamma. I'll talk for twenty in miration. Kitty was very triumphant in those days, but a little drop of mortification was in store for her. She was exhibiting all her pretty things one day to a friend, whose congratulations found their climax in the following statement

"Really, Kitty, a most beautiful wardrobe! and such an extraordinary piece of luck for such a little scatterbrain as you! Why, they say that Mr. Raymond's last book is just wonder-

" Mr. Raymond's last book!" And But Kitty did not explain herself, and Kitty let the satin-lined morocco-case, with all its ruby treasures, fall from her

"Why, haven't you read it, dear? S elever, and all that, dear." Kitty had tact enough to turn the conversation; but just as soon as her visitor had gone, she faced her mother,

with blazing eyes and cheeks, and said, "What is Max's business-a lawyer?" "Gracious, Kitty! What's the mat-

44 Yes. " and things?"

Kitty thought profoundly for a few moments, and then said, "I thought so. conclude that she gave Mr. Thomas to Manahan. In the lining of the vest

" What for?" "Only a little matter I should like to have out with him; but it will keep.' Jack, however, went South without visiting New York, and when he returned, pretty Kitty Duffan had been the northward" and proposing schemes was missing from one of the packages. Mrs. Max Raymond for two years. His for the future, unconnected with his The money was found. It was after-"They are uncommon symptoms; first visit was to Tom Duffan's parlornevertheless, Kitty's in love. Poor studio. He was painting and singing and chatting to his wife as usual. It bler, the beloved and respected Treas- keepers, it being his custom to remain was so like old times that Jack's eyes "Max Raymond;" and the mother filled at the memory when he asked dropped her eyes upon the ruffle she where and how was Mrs. Raymond. "Oh, the Professor had bought a

city. Kitty and he preferred the coun-Certainly Jack would go. To tell the light, before its close Jack found the truth, he was curious to see what other by the saddest experiences, that "kiss- been suffering from general debility.

blonde, sentimental, intellectual miracles matrimony had wrought upon ing goes by favor." friend," who could appreciate both him Kitty. So he went, and came back

ner, the next day, "how does the Pro- ed by Belinda, Tom Jefferson, as he fessor get along with that foolish, ig- was called by his friends, betook him-

norant little wife of his?"

" What did she say?"

social regeneration?"" " What then ?"

is a labor of love." "Well. I never!" "Nor I either."-Harper's Bazar.

An Expert on Horses.

you had better keep me out of tempta- years ago.

Q .- Nine years ago? A-Yes, sir. Q .-- Never sold any, did you? A .-Sold that one.

a rich man toward the new Jerusalem; Young ladies should not be deceived

GREA AMERICANS IN LOVE.

How Some of Our Illustrious Men Became Victims of the Tender Passion-Thomas Jefferson's Courtship. [From the Detroit Free Press.]

There was another victim to the tender passion in those days, who afterman who eventually became President effects; then your women will look a For once Kitty did not do all the talk- love him, and only him, to the end of of the United States, "apostle of Democracy" and "sage of Monticello"-Mr. Thomas Jefferson. It is hard to contemplate this calm, collected, unexand mother's respectful admission of young gentleman. We are not left to a cupful at a time. It should be eaten conjecture on this subject. We have love affairs when he was a student at potatoes; beat the potatoes by degrees more rollicking, gay, even extravagant- beaten eggs, a wine glass full each of ly comic could be imagined than cer- wine and brandy, and one of rose water, tain passages in these epistles-notably 2 teaspoonfuls of mixed spices, and 4 that in which he describes at length and pint of cream, and bake in a crust, in detail how Satan came through a hole in the roof while he was asleep and your stale bread into a pudding-pail taking the form of a rat stole his "gem- and cover with sweet milk; set it by my worked garters." His fair enslaver the stove to warm and soften; then to

Virginia, which office he too was to pail, as it needs room to rise. hold. He is nervously fearful that STEAMING VS. BOILING .- Potatoes

We read of these follies of the after- strain, fill the cups with the mixtures, wards famous man with a certain skim off carefully all froth from the amused interest, and they seem to surface, put them in a flat stewpan with bring the Sage of Monticello and "apos- boiling water to half the height of the tle of Democracy" a great deal nearer cups, put the stewpan with live coals to us. He is a man like ourselves, not on its cover over a slow fire for 15 mina mere historic figure. He is not writ- utes. The water should only bubble "dancing with Belinda in the Apollo" cool n the water, wipe the cups off and -that famous room in the Raleigh Tav- serve. ern where the youth grown to manhood was to organize, through the committee A Miser Starves Himself to of correspondence, resistance to the ter? He is a scientist, a professor, and British crown. He is a boy, and is in-1763, and he courts and sighs, and tries of general debility, superinduced by to capture his pretty little sweetheart— starvation. About one year ago Mar-

"Writes books and magazine articles as pious, it is said, as she was beautiful ahan was admitted to the Church Home and, like his friend George Washing- as a pauper, his clothing being torn captured. There is much reason to him. The dirty clothing was precious Jefferson "the slipper"-sending him were packages of money, which were strain about his prospects; planning a charged the employe of the institution afterwards married Mr. Jacquelin Am- large sums of money to boarding-house urer of Virginia, and it is a somewhat at one a short time, and leave without discarded Washington, was united to made Brown's Hotel, in North High Mr. Edward Ambler, brother of the Street, his home, but had gentleman who married Miss Rebecca nied himself nourishment. Dr. Burwell, who discarded Jefferson! The Houck, who was called after dit majores of that epoch were unfor- the miser had breathed his last, gave

Another coincidence between the the miser's effects .- Batimore Amerimatrimonial fates of Washington and can. "Really, dear," says Mrs. Jack War- Jefferson was to present itself. Rejectself to law and politics, seeking in dus-"Get along with her? Why, he ty tomes and political aspiration some numerously awarded at the Centennial couldn't get along without her! She salve for his grievous wound. The day in Philadalphia that they indicate nothsorts his papers, makes his notes and came, however, when Cupid again assert quotations, answers his letters, copies ed his sway. Jefferson made the achis manuscripts, swears by all he thinks quaintance of a beautiful young widow termine rank in excellence. These unand says and does, through thick and -Mr. Jefferson's "friend" being a certhin, by day and night. It's wonder- tain Martha Skelton (the Martha being ful, by Jove! I felt spiteful enough to an additional coincidence), a wealthy remind her that she had once vowed young dame of "The Forest" in Charles that nothing on earth should ever in- City. This young heiress he bore off York Tribune, "as to say they are the from every competitor. All his accomplishments were used to that end, his portant qualities." "She turned round in her old saucy wit, badinage, fiddle-playing and lovmanner, and answered, 'Jack Warner, er-like ardor. At last he succeeded, AINE have been sold during the last twenty you are as dark as ever. I did not mar- and a great wedding took place at years, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the best hair-dressing in the ry the writer, I married the man.' Then "The Forest" on a night of winter, the I said, 'I suppose all this study and huge log fires driving away with their Here Kitty, entering the room, reading and writing is your offering blaze the chill of January, the same stopped the conversation. She had a toward the advancement of sicence and month in which Washington had married his fair widow, Martha. On the next day the groom and his bride set "She laughed in a very provoking out in their coach for Monticello, then way, and said, 'Dark again, Jack; it in process of erection on a spur of the Blue Ridge. At "Blenheim," the house of Col. Carter, near the mountain, they were caught by a snow-storm, forced to leave their coach and compelled to continue their journey on horseback, In the case of Roe vs. Elmendorf and floundering through deep snow-drifts. "Why do moths fly around a candle? And you know paps will go to some of the case of noe vs. Emmendering through deep show-dring.

"You are better than there is any others, a witness was called to testify Jefferson was in despair, but the bride 20 stamp for circ slars. E. M. Bodine, Indianap's, Ind. thrown sway, and where there is not a soul to speak to but famous men of one rah Cooper is at the Branch, with her following took place:

| Manual Cooper is at the Branch of the wall of the value of the horse in the was in the highest spirits. They strug gled out up the mountain roads for gled out up the mountain roads for rah Cooper is at the Branch, with her following took place: eight weary miles, through a snow-Q .- Did I understand you to say you shrouded landscape, and only arrived IVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS! on' with a lover at the same time. Jack couldn't help laughing; butthey gant toilettes; I'm not going to be pat- had dealt in horses? A .- No, sir, I after night to find all cold, dark and cheerless. But this did not abate the gayety of the beautiful young bride. like to devote a few moments to papa's was cut in two by a downright hearty I'm afraid I couldn't help it. 1 think Q .- When was that? A .- About nine ter-a fire was soon kindled in a little

pavilion-they found some wine and biscuits behind some old law books on the shelves, and hour after hour of the cold winter night was spent in song and

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

sweet milk, 12 teaspoonfuls of baking-

COFFEE CAKE .- 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup of strained coffee, 1 cup of molasses, 3 eggs well permanently as beaten, 1 pound of raisins, 2 cups of

flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. BAKED RICE PUDDING .- To 1 quart of well sweetened milk, flavored with nutmeg, add 3 tablespoonfuls of rice; bake slowly 4 or 5 hours, and add to it as it bakes, another quart of milk, half

SWEET POTATO PUDDING .- Beat to a

BOILED BREAD PUDDING .- Crumb -to whom he constantly refers in these a quart of milk add 3 well beaten eggs. letters-was Miss Rebecca Burwell, the | 2 cup of sugar, and as much fruit as daughter of a gentleman of Gloucester. He writes about her to his friend, John boiling water, and do not allow it to deflect. It is mild, and suits me better than more active Page, Esq., afterwards Governor of stop boiling till done. Do not fill the remedian."

somebody will discover who his sweet- and all vegetables, in place of boiling heart is; so, after the fashion of the should be cooked by steam, else they time, he bestows upon her a name ex- must be more or less water-soaked. tracted from the dictionary of love, The simplest and cheapest steamer is Belinda. Every fair one then was easily had by having a steamer made \$15 for \$5 NASON & CO., 111 NASSAU St. N. Y. Chloe, or Dapline, or Florella; Miss Bur- to fit the large iron kettle that every well was Belinda. But Belinda, the kitchen has. When stewing fruit, put suitor fears, is far too plain. His se- it in an earthen dish; set dish and all crets will be penetrated, his movements in the steamer. The fruit then does not watched, his love discovered. There- waste its flavor as when stewed with fore he translates Belinda into Latin, water. Steam puddings, instead of SAMPLE of our Fine Photographs FREE and calls the young lady Campana-in boiling, if you would retain the flavor. die-"Bell-in-Day!" Greek letters were COFFEE CUSTARDS .- For 6 cups, also occasionally employed to wrap up measure out 4 cupfuls of sour milk, put \$25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 11 Dey-st. N.Y. from profane glances the dear one's it in a basin with I capful of very strong name, and it was even written back- coffee, add five yelks of eggs and one ward in Greek, and becomes Adnileb! ounce and a half sugar, mix well and

Death. Dr. Thomas J. Manahan died in disputably in love in this good year of Brown's Hotel on Wednesday evening MONEY and respectable for either sex. AGENTS ton, fails. The young lady will not be and so filthy that it had to be taken from Jordan and sound for the sound of the so KIDDER'S PASTILLES. adrift the most unhappy of lovers—for we soon find him writing in the saddest instead of a grateful acknowledgement, sail-boat voyage to Europe, and a re- who delivered him the money with hav- \$60 A WEEK MALE OR FEMALE. No capt dear "Compana-in die!" This lady ward discovered that Manahan owed notable fact that Miss Mary Cary, who paying his bills. Recently Manahan YOUNG MEN WANTED to learn Telegraphy

Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organ Declared Best at the Centennial. Medals and diplomas have been so ing as to the comparative merits of exhibits. The Judges' Reports alone deequivocally assign to the Mason & Hamlin Organs "the first rank in the several requisites of such instruments," which "is as much," says the New best reed organs exhibited, in all im-

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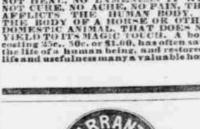
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