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THE SUN AND THE ROSE.

BY ALICE CARY.

The sun who smiles wherever he goes
  Till the flowers all smile again,
Fell in love one day with a bashful rose
  That had been a bud till then.

So he pushed back the folds of the soft green hood
  That covered her modest grace,
And kissed her as only a lover could,
  Till the crimson burned in her face.

But woe for the day when his golden hair
  Tangled her heart in a net,
And woe for the night of dark despair,
  When her cheek with tears was wet!

For she loved him as only a maiden could,
  And he left her crushed and weak
Striving in vain with her faded hood
  To cover her guilty cheek.

DEAF SMITH, THE SPY.

Despite the cloud that hangs over the closing days of Sam Houston's life, I have always entertained a strong admiration for the hero of San Jacinto. I am fully conscious of his weaknesses; some of which are quite glaring, but he had a certain pluck, a Jacksonian stubbornness, which commanded even the respect of his enemies.

There is an incident of Sam Houston's career that is not generally known, but which brings out as prominently as any act of his life, that sterling courage to which I refer, and also at the same time brings into notice one of the most extraordinary men of whom I ever heard—who is the person known as Deaf Smith, the Texas Spy, and intimate friend of Sam Houston.

At the time Texas succeeded in establishing her independence, the constitution provided that Austin should be the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept; but the provision was inserted giving the President discretionary power to remove it temporarily, to some safe point in case of danger from the inroad of a foreign enemy, or the power of a sudden insurrection.

About two years after the Texas revolution, the war-like Comanches became so daring as to commit several outrages in the sight of the Capital itself, whereupon Houston considered the condition of matters warranted his availing himself of the provisions already mentioned.

He resided at that time at Washington, on the Brazos, from which he dispatched a messenger, with an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the records to that place, which he announced to be the seat of government pro tempore.

This produced the most intense excitement in Austin. The hotel keepers, grocers, boarding houses and gambling saloons foresaw irretrivable ruin. They gathered together and bitterly denounced the proposed "outrages." Gradually the muttering took shape, until, despite the constitutional warranty for the step, it was resolved that the thing should not be done.

A mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the neighborhood was called and the most fiery and incendiary speeches were made. When the feelings of all were worked up to the proper pitch, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the execution of the mandate by armed resistance.

A company of armed men was organized on the spot. At their head was placed one of the most noted duelists in the country. He had achieved quite a fame during the war just closed, and was unquestionably a brave man, and as unprincipled as he was desperate. He was a man of considerable consequence, and it was with no little pride that he took charge of the men, who unanimously called upon him to be their leader.

So noted was Colonel Morton that a great many were convinced that when General Houston learned that he was the chosen head of this determind band he would hasten at once to retrace his ground and to recall the offending command. But they greatly mistook the mettle of the old hero.

Colonel Morton, puffed up with his "brief authority," declared that if the President did succeed in removing the records by power of overwhelming numbers, he would hunt him down like a wolf, and slay him wherever he found him, whether on the streets or in his bed. He went so far as to send him a letter to this effect, and here is the identical answer he received:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall instantly come and take them, and if Colonel Morton can kill me he is welcome to my ear caps.
SAM HOUSTON."

On the reception of this answer the excitement became greater than ever. The guard was doubled around the State House, and picked sentinels were stationed along the road to the capital, the military paraded from morning till night, and a caucus of the ringleaders was held in the City Hall. Everything threatened a coming storm.

Thus matters stood for several days, when the caucus at the City Hall was startled by the sudden arrival of a stranger among them.

He did not knock at the door nor attempt to ask admission there, but climbed, unnoticed, with the celerity of a monkey, a small oak which stood beside the wall, and without a word of warning sprang through a lofty window, and landed in the very room where the caucus was assembled.

The stranger was clad in buckskin, carried a long and heavy rifle in his hand, and wore at the button of his suspenders an immense bowie knife, and held in his leather belt a couple of enormous pistols. He was very tall, thin, and straight as an arrow, and as lithe and supple as a panther, with a swarthy complexion, long jet black hair, a rigid, iron-like countenance, eyes of glittering blackness, and as piercing as the point of a stiletto.

His sudden appearance among them was so startling that they instinctively grasped their arms.

"Who are you that comes among gentlemen uninvited?" thundered Colonel Morton, staring at him ferociously.

The stranger turned his black eyes upon him, and stared at him, but the only answer he made was by placing his fingers upon his lips.

"Who are you? Speak, or I'll run you through?" shouted Morton, driven to fury by the cool, contemptuous gaze of the other, who now took his finger from his lips and placed it upon his knife.

The exasperated Colonel drew back his dagger, and was advancing upon the stranger, when several interposed and held him back.

"Let him alone, Morton. Don't you see he is crazy?"

At this juncture Judge Webb stepped forward and spoke to the stranger in a kindly, respectful manner.

"My good friend, I suppose you have made a mistake. This is a private meeting, to which none but members are admitted.

The stranger did not seem to understand the words, but he did the conciliatory manner. His iron features relaxed somewhat, and stepping to a table where were implements of writing, he took up a pen and rapidly traced the words, "I am deaf!"

He then held up the paper to the spectators as a natural apology to his seeming discourtesy.

"Will you be kind enough to inform us what your business is with this meeting?"

The stranger answered this question by handing a letter to the Judge, whose superscription was "to the Citizens of Austin." The seal was broken and it was read aloud:

"Fellow Citizens:—Though in error and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three more days to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision.
SAM HOUSTON."

After the letter was read, the deaf man waited a few moments for a reply, and turned to leave the Hall. At this moment Col. Morton interposed with a lowering brow, and beckoned him to the table. The stranger obeyed. Col. Morton wrote:

"You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago; are you brave enough to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger instantly penned the reply:

"I am at your service."

The Colonel again wrote:

"Who will be your second?"

This was the answer:

"I am too generous to seek an advantage, and too brave to fear one on the part of others, I therefore never need the aid of a second!"

Morton wrote:

"Name your terms."

The stranger wrote without a moment's hesitation:

"Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; distance, a hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time."

The last sentence was not calculated to soothe the feelings of the irritated Colonel, and he compressed his lips as he read it.

The next moment the stranger strode across the floor and disappeared through the window in the same manner he had entered.

"Is it possible that you are going to fight that man?" exclaimed Judge Webb. "He is a mute, if not a maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," said the Colonel, with a smile. "That mute is a hero whose fame stands in the records of a dozen battles and almost as many bloody duels. Besides, he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think the President will retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know him then? Who is he?" asked several.

"Deaf Smith."

"Impossible! It cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," replied Judge Webb.

"There again your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Smith's death is a mere fiction, gotten up by Houston for the purpose of saving his friend from the vengeance of several Texans, on whose conduct he had acted the part of a spy. I learned the artifice a year ago."

"Then you are a madman yourself, Colonel. Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has been known to have brought down ravens in their flight, and has picked off Comanches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred yards."

The thing is settled. I fancy I can do a little of that business myself."

"But for God's sake," persisted the Judge, becoming excited, "I don't want you to be murdered."

"Who is going to be?" asked the Colonel, as he coolly smoked his cigar and smiled in his usual way.

"Why you, if you undertake to fight Deaf Smith—"

"This thing is all arranged, as I said a few moments ago, and I wouldn't back out if I was certain to be shot; for what is death to dishonor?"

Such was the absurd sentiment in Texas at the time, and such, we fear, is too prevalent among civilized nations.

Toward evening a large crowd assembled at the place appointed for the meeting and so reckless were the people regarding the issue at stake—a human life, perhaps two—that there were all manner of jokes, and not a few laid wagers upon the result.

At length, as the sun sank below the horizon, the two mortal antagonists approached on the open space and stood back to back. At the waving of a handkerchief they began pacing off from each other, both stepping exactly together, as if they were keeping time to the tap of a drum. They completed the distance at the same instant, when they wheeled so as to face each other and fire as soon as possible.

As they were separated by a considerable distance, they raised their rifles and paused a moment to take aim. The pause was long enough for the crowd to glance from one to the other, and note the expression of their faces. Colonel Morton was calm and smiling; but the smile was a murderous one—far more terrible than the severest scowl could be. Deaf Smith, however, was as rigid and passionless as ever. His profile might have been supposed to have been cut in stone, so expressionless was it. The former was attired in the finest broadcloth, and the other in a smoke-tinted leather.

The next instant both rifles exploded simultaneously. Colonel Morton gave a smothered shriek, sprang forward, and fell to the ground—dead. Deaf Smith stood unmoved, and began reloading his rifle, which being done he turned away and disappeared in the adjoining forest.

Three days after, Gen. Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten other men, made their appearance in Austin, and without further opposition removed the State papers.

"Deaf Smith, as I remarked before, was one of the most extraordinary men ever known in the West. He appeared in Texas at an early period, and resided there until his death, which occurred twenty years ago. He had many ardent friends, but nothing definite was ever learned regarding his former life. Whether he ever acquainted Houston with it was never known, for the old hero never enlightened any one as far as I can learn, upon the matter.

When Deaf Smith was questioned upon the matter, he laid his finger upon his lips, and if pressed, his dark eyes gave such a rebuke that no one dare question him further. Although deprived of the faculty of hearing, Nature, as is often the case, seemed to compensate him, by giving him an eye as keen and far-reaching as an eagle's and a smell as perfect as a raven's. He could discern Comanches so far off on the prairie that they were invisible to the eye of the most experienced rangers, and his friends declared he could scent a Mexican when miles away.

Gifted in this extraordinary manner, it will be seen that he possessed just the qualities to make him a successful spy; and his services to Houston, during the Texan war for independence, were invaluable. He generally went alone, and never failed to obtain the information desired.

He had many erratic habits. No persuasion could induce him to sleep under the roof of a house. With his blanket wrapped about him, he loved to lie out in the open air, under the star-gemmed firmament.

When not engaged as a spy, he lived by hunting, and was often absent for months on his excursions. He was a genuine son of nature, at home only when upon the prairie or in the woods, or when engaged in the thrilling excitement of the hunt, or the more fiery thrill of the clash of arms and the roar of battle.

Shut out by his infirmity from the close companionship of friends, he had made the inanimate things of earth his friends. Wherever there was water or land, barren rocks or tangled brakes of wild cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the thoroughfares of great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, base cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and exile.

THE UNIVERSAL BOARD OF EDUCATION.—The *black* board.

CURIOUS ENGLISH WILLS.

Fortunatus Dreynul, of Strasburg, commenced his will by stating that his grand-father gave him twenty-four livres when he was eight years old which in 64 years had increased to five hundred.—This last named sum Dreynul directed should be divided into five portions, and invested to the best advantage. He calculated that by the end of the century, each portion should be represented by thirteen thousand livres, and at that time the first portion was to be expended in reclaiming a morass in his native village.

A hundred years later, the next portion, increased to 1,700,000 livres, was to be used to found eighty prizes for the encouragement of husbandry. At the end of the third century, his executors would have 220,000,000 livres at their disposal, which they were to apply in establishing "Lomber houses," where honest industrious men could obtain loans without interest, and in building twelve museums, and twelve libraries in different cities, each endowed with an income of 100,000 livres for the support of fifty scholars.—At the end of the fourth century, a hundred new towns were to be built and peopled with one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants for which the testator thought the fifty milliards of livres would suffice. The last "fifth," swollen in five hundred years to 3,900 milliards of livres, was to be devoted to paying off the national debt of the testator's country, and whatever remained was to be applied in the same way for the benefit of Englishmen, "in gratitude for Newton's beautiful work, "The Universal Art of Arithmetic."

The last of the Nortons of Southwick did not bother himself with elaborate schemes, but simply left all he had to be used "unto the end of the world," for the benefit of such as were poor, hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, wounded or prisoners. The lawyers, however, ruled that such a bequest could only come from a crazy brain; a decision with which the testator, choosing the House of Parliament as his executors had no little to do.

Not very long since a clergyman left more than ten thousand pounds for the purpose of establishing a school for illegitimate children.

A Presbyterian divine left a legacy to a church in St. Ives, to provide for half a dozen bibles every year, for which six males and six females were to throw dice on Whit Tuesday, in the church, while the minister knelt at the communion table and prayed God to direct the lots to His glory.

Mr. Tuke, of Wath, near Rotterham, bequeathed one penny to every child attending his funeral (seven hundred claimed the pennies); one shilling to each poor woman in Wath; half a guinea to the ringers to strike off a peal of grand bobs as his coffin was lowered into the grave; one guinea to seven old navigators for putting him up in his grave, and only a guinea to an old woman who had tucked him up in bed every night for eleven years.

Lieutenant Colonel Nash left £50 per annum to the corporation of Bath for the benefit of the ringers of the Abbey Church, on condition of their ringing with muffled clappers, certain doleful changes, from eight in the morning till eight at night, on the anniversary of his wedding day and ringing bob majors and mirthful peals in annual commemoration of his happy release by death from domestic tyranny and wretchedness.

In 1834, a loyal citizen, one Henry Barton, devised certain shops and houses for people to live in, rent free, so long as they devoutly prayed for the wholesome estate of Henry VI. King of England, and his heirs, Kings of England, so long as they should live, and for the souls of the King and his heirs after death.

A German troubled how to dispose of his money bequeathed it to a man whom he detested, upon the condition that he always wore thin, white linen clothes, without any extra underclothing.

A Mr. Sargeant, of Leicester, sought to improve the habits of his bed-loving nephews by putting the following clause in the will: "As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in the morning, and as I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business or taking exercise in the open air, from five to eight o'clock every morning from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from seven to nine o'clock in the morning from 10th of October, to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning. This is to be done for some years, the first seven years to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness; but the task must be made up when they are well, and if not, they shall not receive any share of my property!"

Married men have often bound their widows over to keep their weeds under pain of forfeiting their fortunes, but they have not often confessed to feeling secure on that point, like Withipol, of Walthamstow, who left certain lands to his helpmate, "trusting—yea, I may say, as I think—assuring myself that she will marry no ma for fear to meet with so evil a husband as I have been.

Old Governor Blacket contented himself with requesting his dear wife, as she has been troubled with one old fool, not to think of marrying another!—a request the lady probably complied with by marrying a young one at the first opportunity.

We have heard of testators bequeathing land they never owned and money they never possessed, but never heard of one performing such a feat as the Queen of England was credited with by a lecturer. This worthy, expiating upon the wonders of the Mississippi, enlarged upon the discovery of De Soto's iron coffin, containing a golden trumpet "given him by Queen Victoria." A startled auditor exclaimed: "Why she wasn't born by two hundred years!" "I don't care if she wasn't," retorted the undismayed lecturer; "I reckon she could leave it in her will!"

PRIZE-FIGHTING IN THE EAST—A BUFFALO AND A TIGER IN COMBAT.

A correspondent of the London *Standard*, writing from Hong Kong, on October 12, describes one of the entertainments supplied by the Maharajah of Singapore to the Grand Duke Alexis, in honor of the visit of the latter to the island. He says: After luncheon the party proceeded to witness a fight between a buffalo and a tiger. Those who had never seen a combat of this kind would have been inclined to bet freely on the latter, but the natives said that the chances were in her favor of the buffalo, and, indeed, that the tiger was never known to win. The arena in which the animals were to fight was of an oval form, some fifty feet long by about twenty wide, in an enclosure of bamboo poles, fifteen feet high, firmly driven into the ground and strongly fastened together. Similar poles laid across the top, formed the roof. The whole structure had the appearance of a gigantic cage. A platform built outside enabled the more distinguished visitors to have a good view of the interior from a safe distance through the spaces between the poles, while the general public crowded round the cage as close as their respect for the claws of the tiger would allow. The buffalo was confined to one end of the cage by a canvass curtain stretched across the arena; the tiger was inclosed at the other extremity by poles placed across from one wall to the other. When the fight was to begin the curtains were withdrawn, the poles were removed, and the animals were for the first time seen by the spectators. The buffalo stood for some moments at his end of the cage looking with little apparent interest toward his foe. The tiger was sitting on his haunches, seemingly unconscious of the presence of his formidable adversary, his attention being attracted by the crowd outside. After waiting for some time, the buffalo seemed to think he might as well make a closer inspection, and slowly and deliberately walked to the other end. The tiger was now clearly aware of his presence, for he turned his head over his shoulder, and watched the approach of the buffalo with evident anxiety. His eye glared, but he did not move a muscle. The buffalo was almost near enough to touch him with his muzzle. But at length and before the Buffalo made any sign of attacking him he jumped up and galloped off as fast his legs would carry him round the cage. The buffalo followed, and jammed him against the wall with his horns. The tiger, in return, gave the buffalo one scratch on the neck and another over the eye, just as a cat might do, and then fell, apparently dead. But his breathing betrayed him; he was only shamming. No one seemed to understand this better than the buffalo, who stood close by, and kept his eye on him, but disdained to touch him while he was down. For some time the two animals maintained their respective positions, till at length the public began to be impatient. They stirred up the tiger with a pole, but that was of no use; then they tried crackers, and for some time they succeeded no better. It was not till a bundle was thrown close to the tiger's nose that he got thoroughly roused. But he had evidently no intention of fighting. He again ran around the cage, was again pursued by his relentless enemy and severely gored, and once more sank to the ground. This process was repeated several times, always with the same result—the tiger would not fight the buffalo, and the buffalo could not kill the tiger. At length the men on the roof lowered a rope with a noose in the end, in which they caught up the tiger, by one of his hind legs, and while he was hanging the buffalo completely finished him. But the Grand Duke was spared the pain of witnessing the latter part of the spectacle, as he left when the tiger counterfeited death for the second time. The natives were right—the tiger fights unwillingly when he cannot surprise his enemy. But the Rajah had taken unusual pains to make the combat as equal as possible, for the tiger was a very savage one, while the buffalo, but two days before, had been quietly drawing a cart along the road."

A blacksmith cannot only shoe a horse himself, but he can make a horse shoe.

NAMING OF CHILDREN.

A *Chapter to Parents*: A recent writer in the *Galaxy*, says: One of the most common, foolish, and mischievous habits, is that of naming babies after historic characters, or persons who have achieved contemporaneous distinction. The smaller the chance the children have of ever achieving any resemblance to those with whose title they are crushed from the first, the greater the likelihood of the bestowal of such titles. A narrow and ignorant man, living in some rural and semicivilized region, is more inclined to call his boy, born under every disadvantage of circumstances, after some celebrated poet or scholar, than a wealthy and cultivated citizen would be on whom fatherhood had fallen. A woman to whom fate had always been unkind, whom poverty and toil have vulgarized, blindly reaches out toward the ideal by stamping her graceless and commonplace daughter with same name acquired from a popular romance. It may be said that fair names may exercise a favorable influence, and serve as models and patterns for the namesake. So they may be, if they be any similarity or concord between the two; but when there is not, when the two natures are opposite, perchance antagonistic, the heavy capital over-weighs and weakens the column. Names to be beneficial and inspiring to their bearrers, must either find or beget corresponding tendencies.

The injury William Shakespear, John Milton, George Washington, Daniel Webster, and a hundred others have done at the baptismal font, can never be reckoned. I am sure hundreds of promising and naturally clever boys have been spoiled by indiscretion of nomenclature. How can a sensitive and competent youth, with an ardent proclivity to and many inclination for literature, obey the bent of his inclination when everybody is aware that he is William Shakespeare Jones, or Smith, or Brown, or anything else? He inevitably shrinks from comparison, dreading lest his efforts, creditable as they may be, should be made contemptible thereby. Can a healthy, impulsive, warm blooded lad, with George Washington thrust upon him, be expected to accomplish anything, knowing as he must, that George Washington has always been portrayed as the most unnaturally perfect of morals? Who shall say how many retiring, cloistered natures have been embittered by discovering in their first thinking years, how ridiculous their parents had made them by styling them Napoleon Bonapart? Of course they wrote their initials, and then were perpetually mortified to hear themselves called Nota Bene Wiggins, or Take Notice Simpson. Boys bubbling over with animal spirits, and fond of adventure have doubtless been driven to vicious extremes by having John Calvin or John Knox tacked to their patronymics. The entire law of their being prevented them from imitating those ascetic theologians, and so they deliberately became profligate from contradiction and from a vague sense of the wrong that had been put upon them. I have known Melanchthoms and Wilberforces to be thieves, and Solomons and Solons to be circus clowns; and I make no question, but the former went in disgust to the opposite extreme, or that the latter were resolved to caricature the ancient sages by becoming the melancholy fools.

BOYS' NAMES.—As a general rule, people give names without knowing or caring what they signify. For the amusement of curiosity hunters we have collected a small list of names, with their definitions:

George—Husbandman.
Albert—Nobly bright.
Benjamin—The son of the right hand.
Charles—Strong and valiant.
Richard—Great heart.
Herbert—Glory of the army.
William—Helmet of resolution.
Frederick—Rich peace.
Hugh—High, lofty.
Isaac—Laughter.
Patrick—Nobleman.
Robert—Famous in council.
Edward—A truth keeper.
Edwin—Wins all hearts.
Joseph—He trusts in God.
Gilbert—Light of many.
Samuel—Called of God, answer of prayer.
Frank—Indomitable, self-will.
Henry—A hero.
Thomas—A sun god.
John—Gracious in the sight of the Lord.

☞ A San Francisco paper relates that a Nevada lawyer had as a client a man accused of murder, and that the principal witness in his favor being his wife, who was incapacitated from giving testimony by reason of her relation to him, he got the murder trial postponed, brought suit for divorce in her behalf and secured it, and then triumphantly placed her on the stand to secure the acquittal of her husband.

A Clearfield county, Pa., mother learned of her daughter's contemplated elopement, and on the night appointed for the flight she put some laudanum in the girl's tea. The latter fell asleep and did not wake up until next morning, and in the meantime Romeo got tired waiting and went home disgusted. He goes with another girl now.

HOW IS IT AT HOME.—How many little troubles of this world might be changed to joys, just as weeds may be plucked out and roses placed in their stead, did we try to have it so. Mothers, sisters, do you ever think of this? How many little trifles does your daughter perform good mother, which may seem small? but a dozen of these a day make up the many of a week and the thousands of a year, and yet you pretend to imagine they do nothing. Or, sister, how much does that older or younger one whom the natural ties of affection should make dear to you and you to them, to whom you never give even a kind word or smile or look in return for what they would consider a pleasure to do did you seem thankful. But alas! too many of us, parents, daughters and brothers alike, forget the supreme command of God to love one another—forget that the very essence of true Christianity consists in a faithful keeping together the bonds of "brotherly love."—How many of us sink deeper the arrow that already wounds the heart by the unkind word which a smile would heal in a moment—how many of us thus neglect the simplest lessons that our Heavenly Father thus designs for us, to try to attain what we imagine a nobler height by seeking to overcome what we call greater, and thus lose the priceless gem? Sweet is Christianity. Happy must be the possessor of the love of God. But, alas! too many find when it is too late that they have "imagined a vain thing," and that they have lost the key to the pearly gate by murdering the love that should have made home happy. Remember then, mothers, sisters, and brothers, that at home Christianity is in its purest element and when it fails to be visible here it is all but lost for heaven.—It is at home that the recording angel looks, and from there come the many damning proofs that may shut us out from the supernal bliss of heaven on that great day.

CHARLIE'S LETTER TO HIS SISTER.—Dear Sue—The horses is all got the epigramtic very badly. Us boys had so much fun the other day! Little Frank's hobby horse had glue runnin' out of his nose, so we knew he had it, and we took him into the bath-room, and got some of ma's fine towels and wrapped his legs up in hot water, and burned sulphur matches under his throat, and swinged his mane off, and the paint came off his legs, and the glue come unstuck, and Frank can't ride any more. Wasn't it jolly? Then the matches put us in mind of havin' a Boston fire, so we coaxed sister Sadie to give us her box of Swiss houses you brought her from Urip: and we set 'em up an touched 'em off, and let her rip. They went like blazes, and we throwed some of sis's dolls in for dead bodies, and then saved the arms and legs for trofys. But you bet we got scared when the flames went so high, so we turned on the hose, and that fool Jim Blain let the water run all over the floor and down the kitchen onto the cook's head, and she thought the pipes had busted, and run for a man to fix 'em, so ma caught us in there and the boys run home, but I got a thrashing. It didn't hurt much, cause I had on thick clothes. Our Frank is in pants. He went in last Sunday. I'v got a new girl. I don't like Jenny Bird any more, or I guess she don't like me any more, cause when I gave her a handful of peanuts she thowed 'em in my face, and I expect Jim Blain told lies about me. I'd lick him only his father keeps a candy store, and I git all the candy I want for nothin'. Your affectionate brother, CHARLES.

P. S.—Please bring me a goat.

TRANSPLANTING IN THE NIGHT.—A gentleman anxious to ascertain the effect of transplanting at night instead of by day, made an experiment, with the following results:

He transplanted ten cherry trees while in bloom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon, planting one each hour until 1 o'clock in the morning. Those transplanted during the daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those planted in the dark maintained their condition fully. He did the same with ten dwarf trees, after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during the night perfected their crop, and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these trees he removed some earth with the roots. The incident is fully vouched for; and if a few more similar experiments produce a like result, it will be a strong argument to horticulturists, etc., to do such work at night.

WHO REQUIRE MOST SLEEP.—Those who think most, require the most sleep. Time gained from unnecessary sleep is not saved, but lost. Mind and body will both suffer. Most people, however, do not think enough to make early rising particularly dangerous. It is the hard working professional man, the close student, or the man of business with many cares upon his mind is who suffers most from loss of sleep.

It is said that iron is a good tonic for debilitated young ladies. That may be so, but ironing is a better one.

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