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THE WEDDING FEE.

BY R. M. STREETER.

One morning fifty years ago,
When apple trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spell-bound with the perfume rare,
Upon a farm-horse large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-browned youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies,
But bluer were the maiden's eyes;
The dew-drops on the grass were bright,
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath the long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid.
Adown the shoulders brown and bare
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair.
Where almost strangled with the spray,
The sun a willing sufferer lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen,
And with his features all aglow
The happy fellow told her so.
And she without the least surprise
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes,
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man;
And with a joy but rarely known,
She drew that dear face to her own,
And by her bridal bonnet hid,
I cannot tell you what she did.

So on they rode until among
The new-born leaves with dew-drops hung,
The parsonage arrayed in white,
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.
Then with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do?" he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?"
And glancing down, his eyes surveyed
The pillow-case before him laid,
Whose contents, reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joys for them.

The maiden answered, "Let us wait;
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halting the more than willing steed.

Down from the horse the bridegroom sprang;
The latchless gate behind him swung;
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought all the household, pale with fright;
And there with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The parson met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And as the parson nods, he leans
Far o'er the window sill and yells:
"Come in! He says he'll take the beans!"

Oh! how she jumped! With one glad bound!
She and the bean-bag reached the ground;
Then clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious product of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day,
When man and wife they rode away;
But happier this chorus still,
Which echoed thro' the woodland scenes:
"God bless the priest of Whitinsville!
God bless the man who took the beans!"

CLUBS FOR EDITORS.

'Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?'

'Send it to the editor, of course.'

'But what are you going to send it to the editor for?'

'Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper.'

The mother came near fainting, but recovered herself sufficiently to ask,

'But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?'

'Well, I don't know,' replied the urchin, 'unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their papers. I suppose there are plenty of such mean people.'

That boy stands a chance for the Presidency, if he lives.

☞ In an article on the habits of the fly the New York Tribune ably says:—'Great care has to be taken in eating huckleberries, because nothing pleases a fly so much as to be mistaken for one, and if he can be baked in a cake and pass himself off on the unwary as a currant, he dies without a regret.'—N. Y.

☞ He was carving at dinner, relates the Germantown Telegraph, and thought he must talk to the ascetic looking angel on his right. 'How do you like Beethoven?' he said at a venture. 'Well cooked,' said she, [illegible] in the business at hand. Thus does a casual remark often prove unexpected knowledge.

☞ [illegible] we never know how much we love those we try to solve. To a man who has tried to talk sense to his mother-in-law, [illegible] after his [illegible] to a fly.

THE HUSBAND OUTWITTED;

OR,

Two Can Play at that Game.

A week at the watering place, and most of the time each day spent in the company of Mr. Manwell, the gentleman Miss Elsworth's old friend, Ned Whittaker, had introduced to her one morning on the piazza. She had sailed with him, had strolled with him, or ridden with him alone the shores on the moonlight evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing-rooms.

Miss Elsworth was not a flirt, who distributed her liking among many gentlemen, and she had found her ideal well nigh realized in Mr. Manwell. Only the evening before, their talk had withdrawn itself from general topics, which to each other had been congenial, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness, she had encouraged an approach to that personal sort of conversation which relates to love and matrimony.

And now to find Mr. Manwell, this morning, with his coat off and smith's apron on, engaged in mending a lock! He was doing it publicly. The lock was on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza, where the fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading.

His back was toward her as she approached, leaning on the arm of her friend Annie West. She recognized him, looking intently at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near, and then stepped and spoke to him.

'Do you like that sort of work, Mr. Manwell?'

'I do, Miss Elsworth. I believe I am a natural mechanic.'

'It appears odd to see you doing this.'

'It is my trade,' he replied, rising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blanched a little. 'Your trade?' she said faintly.

'My trade, Miss Elsworth. The proprietor said the lock needed mending, and I told him I could mend it for him.

The party of girls came along just then. After wondering at Mr. Manwell awhile, and laughing at him, they proposed a ride. There were three carriages among them all; these would take the party.

Ned Whittaker here joined them.

'What the duce are you about here? he exclaimed to Mr. Manwell. 'Ah,' he added, as the latter turned and glanced at him; 'but while you are here you might as well enjoy yourself.'

Mr. Manwell excused himself from joining the party, and they all went away, leaving him to complete his work.

Miss Elsworth left him without a word at parting.

'It is well,' he muttered to himself. 'If she cannot take me as I am she is not worthy of me. The woman that marries me must take me for myself.'

He stood and looked after her until she had disappeared. She did not once turn to look back.

He gave his shoulders a shrug, compressed his lips, uttered a cynical 'humph!' and turned to finish his work.

'Let it be so,' he muttered, when he was through, and was putting on his coat. 'I thought, perhaps, I had found a woman after my own heart. But let it be so. Amidst the world of wealth and fashion, she, too, has lost her soul Let her go. He avoided her thereafter. He did not seek to catch her eye for a bow of recognition. When she entered the drawing-room where he was, he would go out by another way. But he was more than ever in the company of Ned Whittaker. Ned, in passing to and tro between Miss Elsworth and him, served still as a sort of link between them.

'You are a cynical fellow,' said Ned, one day. 'Why don't you take people as they are? You will find good enough in them.'

'But they won't take me as I am: that is the trouble.'

'Pooh! You see, yourself, that she allows no other suitors to accompany her Don't you see that she is alone, or with the girls most of the time?'

'Her heart is full of vanity.'

'Pshaw! she is trained to luxurious notions, that's all.'

Manwell's trunk was awaiting him and the stage, outside on the piazza, at the time this conversation was going on. On the trunk were his initials, 'G. M.' Miss Elsworth, passing that way, saw the initials—not by chance, for she had been very busy scrutinizing the trunks that lay together in a pile—and when she saw the initials, she started and turned pale. She recovered herself, and withdrew with her companions a little way, and then stood still and watched. Soon Manwell came out with Ned, upon the piazza. He chanced to turn his eyes toward her, and their eyes met—met for the first time since she had left him while he was at work upon the lock. She did not turn away her eyes. She bowed. He approached her, and bid her good-by.

What the conversation was that ensued between the two, when they were left alone, by means of Ned's ingenuity in spiriting away the rest of the company, is unknown, save the following.

'But I am a locksmith,' said Manwell.

'No matter.'

'Are you willing to live the life of one who, with his hands, earns his daily bread?'

'I am willing to undergo anything to be with you. I have suffered enough.—During these last few days, I have learned what it is to despair of being mated to the one I love.'

'But your mother—your father?'

'Unless I am willing to leave them for your sake, I am not worthy of you.'

'But for the love of wealth, position, and the surroundings of refinement.'

'Do not say any more. I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am weary of being without you.'

'Would you be willing to become my wife this day, this hour? Your father and mother might put obstacles in your way!'

'I am willing this hour—this minute. They still think you are wealthy—as I did.'

'Come, then, we will go our way with Ned, and become before the world what we are now in spirit—husband and wife; and then, at once, we will take the cars for the home I have for you—a home which, though lowly, you will make happy.'

'Whither you go I will go.'

'They were married in a quiet way, in the little watering place chapel, with the wicked Ned conniving at the mischief—the next train sped them to the city.

'I will show you to the shop where I work,' said Manwell, when the carriage, which they took at the depot, had drawn up before one of a long line of brownstone houses, in a splendid part of the city.

'What do you mean?' she demanded, as she accompanied her husband up the broad steps at the door.

'Mean,' he replied, 'that this is the home, and this is the workshop.'

And he led her in, and, among other rooms to which he conducted his wife, was one fitted up as a workshop, where as he said, he was accustomed to indulge his love for mechanical work, after having, he assured her, regularly served his time at learning a trade.

Mrs. Manwell stared at him intently.

'This is your house?' she asked.

'Yes, madam.'

'And you are not poor, but rich?'

'You speak the truth, Mrs. Manwell.'

'And why did you play this jest upon me?'

'To see whether you really loved me for my own sake.'

'Ah, pretty indeed!' And suppose *you* do not love *me*?'

'But I do.'

'Humph!'

So there was a little family quarrel on the spot.

'Now invite your father and mother to come and see us,' said Manwell, after the clouds had somewhat cleared away.

'I will,' she replied, 'I will. But first you must go with me to see them, and pacify them in view of what we have done.'

'Very well.'

In a few days they started out in the carriage on their errand. Mrs. Manwell gave the directions to the driver, and her husband could not help expressing his wonder at the increasing squalor of the neighborhood through which they rode. The carriage drew up before a miserable-looking tenement house and stopped.

'Where the deuce are you taking me?' asked Manwell, looking sharply at his wife.

'Come and see,' she replied, as she proceed to step from the carriage.

'Here, wait,' he exclaimed, after his first hesitancy, 'let me get out first and help you out. What does this mean?'

'Follow me,' was her reply.

She led him up stairs—up, up, through throngs, and dirt, and smells to the fourth story. Here she opened the door without knocking, and the two entered. The woman was dressed neatly, and so were the children, but they were all dressed very poorly, in keeping with the place. The man was clad more carelessly, and even more poorly. On his head he kept his hat, which, certainly, was full half a dozen years old.

'My husband, Mr. Manwell, my father and mother, brothers and sisters,' said she, introducing all parties.

Manwell stood and stared, without speaking.

'Ask their pardon, George,' said Mrs. Manwell, 'for running away with me.'

'Who are they?'

'Have I not told you; didn't I introduce you?'

'Who were those at the watering-place?'

'Some wealthy people, who had seen me at the milliner's where I sewed for a livelihood—served my trade George—and fancied my appearance, dressed me up, and took me there with them.'

'You jest.'

'Do I? Do I, indeed? These people seemed to recognize me as a daughter and a sister. Just indeed! You will find that out.'

'You are too cultivated, too tasteful, too fine-featured!'

'All this,' said she, 'a milliner may be, or a sewing-girl. Look for yourself among the class. Is it not true? All that we girls need is dress.'

Manwell lifted his fist and dashed it through the air. He ground his teeth, and, turning away, left the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

His wife took off her hat and cloak, and flung herself down at a table, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The door opened again, and Manwell put in his head.

'You have deceived me,' he said; 'but come, you are my wife: I will try and bear it.'

She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

'Your wife, am I?' she exclaimed, 'and doomed to live with one who does not love her, but was in love with her circumstances! No, sir; you may go: I will not live a wife unloved for myself—you must take me thus, or I will stay. Still—I can work.'

He closed the door and retired down stairs in five minutes, clenching his hands and his teeth as he went.

'The horrible disgrace of it,' he muttered. 'The derision that will be my lot. And then to marry such a girl.'

But at the door he tarried. He had to struggle with himself all alone. Suddenly he turned and dashed impetuously up the stairs, flung open the door of the room, seized his wife in his arms and clasped her to his heart.

'My wife,' he whispered in her ear, such you are and ever shall be, before God and before the world.'

'Now I begin to think that you love me,' she said, smiling in his face. 'You do love me? You really think you do, George?'

He clasped her more tightly to him.

'Come, then,' said she, 'though of such parents as these, poor as they are, I should not feel ashamed—yet they are not my parents, but have only played a part in which I have instructed them.—Shake hands with them, George, they are worthy people.'

And he did shake hands with them, and, what is more, he helped them.

A merry party was gathered that evening at Manwell's house, a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Manwell, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth, and young lady acquaintances of the watering-place, and Ned Whittaker. Ned never was in better spirits, nor, let it be stated, were *Mr.* and *Mrs.* Elsworth, who forgave their daughter and her husband without hesitation.

'I say, George,' said Ned, whispering in his ear, two can play at that game, can't they?'

Manwell took Ned's jeering very soberly.

'Yes,' said he, after a few moments of thoughfulness, and the experience has taught me a lesson. What fools the pride of wealth makes us all. I thought she ought to have taken me, regardless of my circumstanceess for myself alone and without hesitation even. And yet, when she tested me, I myself, was found wanting. Shall we ever learn to disregard a person's occupation, and look only at the character and the soul?'

Ned shrugged his shoulders, dubiously.

'I think I have learned the lesson,' Manwell added.

AN EYE TO ECONOMY.

A man entered the Chicago Tribune office and left the following advertisement:

"*Personal.*—The advertiser desired to make the acquaintance of a lady of refinement and good looks, 5 feet 4½ inches high, and weighing about 136 pounds; bust measure 39 inches, waist measure 28¾ inches inches, size of boot 3¼, ditto of glove 5⅛; complexion pronounced brunette, deep hazel eyes, with a view to matrimony. Address W., 1798, Tribune office."

"Seems to me you'er mighty particular about the size and kind of wife you want," observed the advertising clerk.—"Well, perhaps I am; but you see my wife died before we had been married long, and she hadn't begun to half wear out her clothes, and her father gave her an awful sight of 'em, so it seems to me kinder like flying in the face of Providence when silk and things is so dear and the country laboring in the throes of a financial convulsion to take another mate, and let the moths break through and rust and corrupt all them duds. So I just want a wife to match them things."

JOSH BILLING'S FINE CUT.

The quickest way to beat most men in an argument iz to listen and say nothing.

The time and money spent in learning to play a game of billyards would buy a nice farm.

Don't stop seeing your luver because your friends and relations are opposed to him.

Don't marry above or below your rank for it is impossible for even luv itself to reconcile the differences.

Young man don't tell all you know on enny subjekt—unless you are under oath.

There are men whose impudence iz not offensive. If they wasn't impudent they wouldn't be enuything.

I would not like to be the last man on earth. The fust one was a failure, and I am afrade the last one will be.

As long as vice don't becum a custom the world is safe.

Very few people examine the pedigree ov a success.

'If yu don't want eneything, everybody has sumthing to lend.

☞ 'Does our constant chatter disturb you?' asked one of the three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow passenger.

'No, ma'am; I've; been married nigh on to thirty years,' was the reply.

☞ A little five-year-old of Dorchester somewhat surprised his mother a few days since with the remark:

"God is everywhere; he is all over me; and when you spank me you spank God!"

☞ A Tennessee girl told a fellow she would give him a kiss if he would catch her. She ran well till she got out of sight of the old folks, and then gave in. This shows what a Tennessee girl will do when she is hard run.

☞ Good headquarters for young men—On the shoulders of their sweetheart.

☞ What piece of carpeting becomes a gem as soon as it is finished? The gate.

PEG AND THE HARE.

One hot summer day, when Mrs. Jones had been washing all the morning, and dinner-time had come, she called Peggie, who had been rather more troublesome than common, and said to her—"Now, child, I can do without you in the house any more till tea-time; so take your dinner, and run into the wood at the back of the house, and do not come back till I ring the little bell out of the kitchen door for you. There's only some hasty pudding for your dinner, Peg, for mother has not had time to make her little girl anything else to-day."

So saying, Mrs. Jones took a saucepan off the fire, poured some pudding into a large earthenware basin (to cool it the quicker), added a spoonful of sugar, and handed the basin to Peggie. The child took it sullenly, and without thanking her mother. She was not in a good temper that morning, and was vexed at not receiving more attention. However, she dared not disobey; so out of the house she went, and into the little copse. There she sat down, setting her basin before her in the grass. Suddenly there was a rustling in the bushes, and in a moment or two, out sprang a great hare, and, quite as much surprised to see Peg as she was to see him, he remained sitting on his hind legs, and staring at her with all his might.

"Well, you are a rude thing!" said Peggie at last, glad to find fault with some one. "What did you come for? I didn't invite you to dinner."

The hare smiled. "What a droll little girl you are!" said he. "No, you did not ask me to dinner, and I am afraid I startled you somewhat; but I hope you do not mind my coming; you look rather dull, and a chat may do you good."

"Rather dull!" repeated Peg, crossly; "so would you be, if you ever had a washing day, when your mother was so busy with soap and water that she couldn't do anything for you. I would change with you in a minute, Mr. Hare, *that* I would; for your brown coat never wants putting in the tub, and you must be very happy, always doing what you like, and never having any troubles."

"I do not think you would change with me if you knew everything," said the hare, rather mournfully. "You do not know how near starving I am sometimes, or how frightened I get when men, with guns, or dogs, come after me. You cannot tell how unhappy I am when a ferret or a fox kills my poor little children, or when my mate gets caught in a snare."

"Dear me!" said Peg, "I didn't think anything could be worse than washing-days; but I had rather have them twice a week, and hasty-pudding all the time, than to have your troubles and dangers. Come a little nearer, Mr. Hare, and take some of my dinner: I dare say you are hungry."

Thus invited, the hare approached, and the two friends greatly enjoyed their meal, over which they chattered to their hearts' content.

The hare, of course, knew nothing about returning thanks for his dinner; so, as soon as he had finished, he said good-bye, and hopped off; but Peg, as she laid her spoon in the empty bowl, reverently bent her head, and said—"Please, God, thank you for my dinner, and I am so glad that I am not a hare; and I will try to be good on washing-days."

Now, whether all this really happened, or whether Peg fell asleep unawares and dreamed it soon after she entered the copse, I leave you to judge. But it does not much matter, if, in conclusion, you will just let me whisper a word or two in your ears.

I wonder, dear little friends, if you all have not some days when, from one reason or another, it is very hard to be good and contented? If so, let me tell you what will help you. Compare your lot with that of those around you—the poor, the sick, the forsaken—and then ask God for grace to be satisfied with the lot which he has seen best to give you.—*Child's Companion.*

☞ There was a little gathering the other evening, and a lady, with the desire to chasten the conversation, asked a young man if he had never felt a deep and subtle thrill, a fullness of feeling, so to speak, that reminded him of another life. He said he had once. It was when he was in the country, and the doctor called it cholera morbus, and charged him four dollars a visit.

☞ A pious but uneducated judge closed a sentence with the following touching reproach:

"Prisoner at the bar, nature has endowed you with a good education and respectable family connections; instead of which you go prowling around the country after ducks."

☞ Why was the first of September like the transgression of Adam? It was the beginning of the Fall.

☞ Nearly all the post offices in Texas are in charge of "females." It works so well that the males now arrive and depart every hour in the day.

A PROFESSOR CONFOUNDED.

A French savant, a member of the Academy, wished to ascertain the progress of the teaching of languages at one of the English universities. Having some friends among the professors, he announced to them his visit and the object of it. His English friends determined to give the academican a high idea of these studies, and for this purpose resorted to rather extraordinary means. They choose twenty of the students best acquainted with Greek, Sanscrit, French, Spanish and so on, and ordered them to dress as peasants and go out on the road at some distance from the university to meet the stranger. He was proceeding quietly along, reflecting upon the high importance of the study of the languages, and the pleasure that he had experienced since he was upon English soil of speaking with the inhabitants, as if he were a native.

All at once a peasant, apparently, approached him, and asked him in Latin if he could render him any service; soon another accosted him in German; then a third and a fourth, and finally a whole troop of peasants addressed him in all the languages of the world. The academican was overwhelmed with astonishment, and arrived at the university full of admiration at this phenomenon. "Messieurs," said he to the English professors, "I have no further need to examine your teaching, you are unquestionably the first masters in the world; your learning has spread through all the surrounding places, and your peasants even know more of the languages than our students at Paris."

He desired to know, however, if the sign language was taught with success at the university, and accordingly they promised to present him the best of their pupils of this class. For this purpose they gave instruction to a servant of the house, one-eyed, and a little stupid, that a French gentleman was expected there, and as he was very deaf, he must speak with him only by signs. The interview takes place. On seeing the man, the savant holds up one finger, the other quickly holds up two, the savant presents three, and the domestic replied by putting his fist vigorously before the eyes of the learned academican. The latter was amazed and went before the professors, exclaiming: "Admirable! admirable! we understood each other perfectly. I said to him, there is one God; he replied two, Father and Son; I answered three, Father, Son and Spirit; and he promptly showed me his fist, as if to say the three make only one God."

The delight of the savant was complete, and he went away to make his report to his colleagues at Paris of the wonders accomplished by the teaching at Oxford.

Meanwhile the domestic arrives in his turn, red with rage. "Oh that miserable Frenchman," cries he: "he came here to insult me. He told me by his gestures that I had only one eye. I replied that I had two. He persisted in maintaining that we had only three between us. But it was well for him that he left, for I showed him the fist of an Englishman."—*Translated from "Causeries avec mes Elves," by L. Saveur.*

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

4. If you tell a little child to do something show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your command.

7. If they give way to petulence or ill temper wait till they are calm and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember a little present punishment when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be repeated.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry sor it.

10. On no account allow them to do at any one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances at another.

11. Teach them that the only way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, of an angry and resentful spirit.

☞ Here is the verdict of a Kansas jury: "Died of a kick in the stomach from his wife, and he never knew what hurt him."

THE OLD LADY'S PARTY DRESS.

An old lady once lived to be a hundred years old. That was not so very old, after all, for nearly all her brothers and sisters were a great deal older; but her children thought her very aged, and they invited themselves and all their uncles aunts and cousins to come together and celebrate her birthday. There was no room in the house big enough to entertain so large a company, but many great buildings were erected which would contain hundreds of people, and, as the party was to last six months, it was clear that there would be room enough for all that wanted to come.

When the day arrived the old lady was dressed in her party dress—a flowing robe, all striped with red and white and spangled with stars. She has worn this dress ever since she was born, and, at first, there was only thirteen stripes. As she grew up, however, she outgrew her dress like a good many other girls, and the dressmaker had to keep putting in stars, till there are now thirty-seven.

There was a time, some years ago, when some of the old lady's children were naughty, and, of course, unhappy, and they caught hold of their mother's beautiful dress and tore a great hole in it, not knowing what they did. It cost the old lady a great deal of money to buy enough thread and needles to mend the tear, and the dressmakers a great deal of worry and trouble to do it. But it is all mended now, and the old lady looks so beautiful that all her children come to admire her. I hope every little boy and girl who can, will go some time this year to the party, and that all the rest of their lives they will be careful to do nothing which shall either soil or tear their dear mother's dress.

What is the party called? Who is the old lady, and what is her party dress?

TO START CUTTINGS.

Cuttings of many plants can be readily started in water; and in the early spring, if you have not a green-house or hot-bed, it is the safest plan.

Fill small bottles or phials with warmish water, remove the lower leaves of the cuttings (to be sure to have a bud at the base) and put them in water; hang up the phial to the window-sash, tying a string about the mouth for this purpose. If cotton wool is put around the mouth of the phial, it will prevent the evaporation of the water and make the roots sprout more quickly by keeping up a more even temperature. Oleanders can be rooted in this manner, also heliotropes, verbenas, roses, fuchsias and all kinds of bedding-out plants.

The process is so simple that a mere child can succeed with it. As soon as the roots are an inch long, the cutting should be transplanted, taking care to spread out the tiny rootlets as they grew in the water.

Some fill up the bottle with rich earth, let it dry off for two or three days and then break the glass, and pot or plant out the cutting without disturbing its roots in the least degree. This is the most certain way of obtaining plants from cuttings.

☞ A widow of my acquaintance at the Ocean was emphatic on the horrible figure that the loveliest woman must cut while bathing. I remarked that the Queen of Love and Beauty was fabled to have sprung from the foam of the sea, and that she must have been charming.

"Oh, yes; but she had nothing on. I should look charming——" Here her speech came to sudden halt, and observing roses blooming all over her face, I said:

"I have no doubt of it," and walked away.

☞ A lady examining the handsome display of gloves and hosiery at the fair last week, wisely remarked, as her eyes rested upon a pair of ten-button kids, "Yes, they are very handsome, but one dosen't want to wear them unless she has a handsome arm."

"And likewise those," significantly added her companion, as she pointed to a pair of handsomely embroided stockings. We ask pardon, did some one say "Oh?"—*Rochester Democrat.*

☞ On the base ball grounds yesterday, says the Burlington Hawk-Eye, a red-hot ball struck the batter just where his mother used to feel for him with her slipper, and the umpire shouted "dead ball." "Dead ball!" retorted the striker struck, "if there's a live ball on the ground, that's it."

☞ Up in Rutland, Vt., a man has just had a piece of window glass more than two inches long taken from his leg, where it had been for eighteen years. It may be truly said that during that entire period he has never been absolutely free from pane.

Made a bull-sigh—The marksman who went out to Crooksmore, and shot a cow.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

☞ Why is a printer like a cripple? Because he can't get along without a stick.

☞ When does a ship of war become a ship of peace? When she has a gun out.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

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