

**Humor and Miscellany.**

**DOMESTIC ECONOMY.**

Said Higgins to his wife one day,  
"We've nothing left to eat;  
If things go on in this queer way,  
We'd best make both ends meet."

His dame replied, in words discreet,  
"We're not so badly fed,  
If we can make but one end meet,  
And make the other bread."

**CHANGING HUSBANDS.**

A. two ladies were coming out of one of our fashionable churches the first Sunday, they saw how or other had the misfortune to change husbands; a mistake which, as both parties were going the same way, was not in the least discovered. Each of the ladies, as soon as she had got her gentleman by the arm, naturally began to talk with all her might, in order to make up for the silence she had been obliged to maintain in church.

Mrs. A., addressing Mr. B., began—  
"My dear, what made you get a sleep in the middle of the sermon? I am greatly ashamed of your conduct."

"My conduct, my dear?" said Mr. B.; "I'm sure I didn't get a sleep."

"Not get a sleep! How can you tell such a fib, and on a Sunday, too! Didn't I have to jog you half a dozen times before I could wake you?"

"By no means, I haven't been a sleep to day, my dear. Surely your thoughts must have been strangely wandering from the purpose of worship, to have taken such a fancy into your head. What made you imagine I was a sleep?"

"Imagine sir! there is no imagination in the case; it is all matter of fact. Why, man alive, you snored so loud as to wake up half the congregation; then you began to talk in your sleep; and if I had not waked you up just as I did, I don't know what would have been the consequence. My dear, I am really shocked at you."

"At me! I'd have you know, Mrs. B."

"Mrs. B! Who is Mrs. B? Why the man is crazy. Let me tell you, Mr. A., this conduct is very unbecoming. Yes, Mr. A., I will just inform—"

"Who the devil is Mr. A.? Why, Mrs. B., you must be crazy instead of me."

By this time the gentleman and lady began to mutually suspicious of the soundness of one another's intellects; and looking in each other's faces to confirm their suspicions, they at the same time discovered that each had the wrong partner.

In the meantime, Mrs. B., before she had got fairly over the threshold of the church, affectionately pressing the arm of Mr. A., began—  
"My dear, what a beautiful bonnet Mrs. Twitchell has got. Did you notice it?"

"No, I did not," replied Mr. A.; "but dare say it must be handsome, since you commend it; I always rely upon your taste, you know. By the by, my dear, what are you going to have for dinner?"

"Why, a piece of roast mutton." "Roast mutton!" exclaimed Mr. A., turning up his nose; "I'd as lief eat a piece of tom-cat. I never could endure roast mutton; the only decent way of cooking mutton is to boil it, and set it on the table with plenty of drawn butter and parsley."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. B. somewhat contemptuously; "where did you learn all this knowledge of cookery, my dear?"

"Where did I learn it? Why, have not I always told you never to roast mutton? I am surprised you should be so obstinate."

"And I am surprised you should mention the subject now; it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it."

"The first time?" "It is, indeed; but we won't discuss about a piece of mutton, in the street. Oh, what a charming bonnet that was of Mrs. Twitchell's. I do wish, my dear, you would get me just such a one."

"Certainly, if you insist upon it. But where are you going? This is not our house!"

"With that Mrs. B. gave the bell a violent pull, and while waiting for the servant, she chanced to look round,

and just then discovered that she had got the wrong man; and he also perceived that he had got the wrong woman. They of course gave a mutual exclamation of surprise, and began to look about them for their legitimate partners, when up came the other odd couple. A hearty laugh now ensued; mutual apologies took place, and each lady departed with her husband to her own home. But the different parties it is said, were not a little chagrined at the expense of their particular follies, which took place in the conversation above related.

**"I LOVE YOU."**

Who do you suppose said it?  
No. She was very beautiful, with her cheeks of rosy hue, and the curling auburn tresses that the wind sports gallantly; but she did not say it. Not that bright creature by whose side stands a lover looking so tenderly into those glorious eyes; nor yet the dimpled babe, with cherub face lifted to the more mature but not less innocently sweet features with the holy light of mother glorifying every smile.

Then who do you suppose said it?  
Wrong again. Not that newly-wedded husband whose home for a few fleeting months he has aptly called heaven—full of smiles and tenderness, and oft-repeated vows flitting like birds of paradise in rainbow plumage—where a pretty, white-robed being with girlish, matronly air, glides about the neat kitchen, making with her own hands the snowy bread.

Where, when the odious shade is closed, he can come home with bounding heart, and sitting with her hand in his, rove with a pair of brown eyes over his "Daisy," every little while stooping to match a kiss from the red lips so close to his cheek. Although he whispers many times of love, yet this "I love you" was not spoken then and there.

A tired woman sits lushing to sleep her nestling babe. Beauty once made that face radiant, perhaps, but all that beauty has gone now. The blue eye is dim and faded—the whole expression is sorrowful—the pale brow covered with lines of care. Perhaps with that far-off look of hers, she sees three little graves, green with many summers. Her home is very humble—all day she has toiled, and the fainting spirit almost surrenders to fatigue, the downcast eyes trembling in tears—she "I love you" was not spoken then and there.

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who exact every attention as a duty, how much would it cost you to make your home thus beautiful with all its cares? I tell you one word of love will loosen great burdens from the shoulders of the toiling woman you call wife. Try it. Go home some night, and look upon her with eyes of long ago. For one little moment think how great trials she took into her heart when she married you. Then tenderly clasp her hand, as she looks with wonder-opened eyes, say to her in a low and steady voice, not carelessly nor sportively, but earnestly—  
"I love you."  
Trust me, it will be to her, and to you both, "better than diamonds."  
—Evening Post.

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**Close of the 13th Volume.**

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HARPER & BROS., Publishers,  
FRANKLIN SQUARE N. Y. Nov. 1, 1856.

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EDITED BY  
**S. M. Bigelow, and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.**

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J. W. SEBASTIAN, C. S. JONES,  
C. SMITH,  
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