LS3TITME
※o \& Mo Tritsiaw Whole No. 2853


WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1866.

|  | tated a moment. He had heard it said that's dropping of the table eloth; and my that boiling water was eleansing. So he tater aia't half biled;' cried little Sue Fidsalded the ehimaeys, and the result was getabout a huodred different pieees to eash about a huudred different pieces to eash A slight noise in the kitchen drev the |  |
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|  | dreror |  |
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|  | I'll just step out as I am. It can't be anybody that I care for, so eariy as this |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Keith with ill suppressed mirth. Be you mistress of the hoass? <br> Keith, with dignity; 'what can I do tor |  |
| Upon our knees, we F. F. V's, for pardon humbly sue.We're coming up from Charleston, too, and all alongour shore |  |  |
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| airy on bended knee your mercy do implore A year ago, and even less, we thought your scalp to wavo | 'Nothing, I guess; marm sent me overto see if you-that is, if the mistress ofthe house would take sare of che baby |  |
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|  | while she goes shopping <br> 'No !' roared Keith, 'I've other fish to |  |
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| But Northmen fought, and Freedom lives, and you are President; Hence for your grace our perjured race their supple knees have bent. Behold the fierce fire-eaters here, as cool as northern |  |  |
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|  | some coal, said he, and he started bristy down the stairs. On the second ster hie |  |
|  |  the cellar, smashing a basket or anser,knocking over a shelf loaddd wih $p$ min |  |
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|  or fears, <br> Our women go, in weeds of woe, to move you by the |  |  |
|  | knocking over a shelf loaded with pain of knoc |  |
| Our women go, in weeds of woe, to move you by their <br> tears; <br> With unrepentant rebs they kneel, and cowards not a <br> few, | bliog to his feet, and rubbing his teand thow do women manaqe with these inter.long dresses. I I shail treak my neck w. |  |
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| MISCE玉LAN |  |  |
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|  | rice puddiag and boiled potates and Ho dead. <br> He filled a basin with riee, stirred in a |  |
| Keith. She had just finished her work |  |  |
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| Keith. She had iust finished her work for the day, everything was tidied, and she upset a vinegar bottle and a bowl of gravy in the kitehen eupboard, rummaging after a knife which was in his pocket all th | vessel into the oven. The potatoes he washed in soap suds, that they certainlymight be clean, and put them into the tes |  |
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|  | kettle because they would houl quicke |  |
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| ${ }_{a}$ knife which was in bis poeket all the <br> time. Mrs. Keith relinquished her idean of a litte season of quiet, and went on to <br> of a ittle season or quiet, and went on to set matiers in order again. Mr. Keith | when the bell rang $H_{0}$ " 11 <br> made haste to the front door |  |
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| set matiers in order again. Mr. Keith followed to oversee her-a habit some men have. | remembered it would not be just the thin. to go to the door with a frying pan in his |  |
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| 'I wish you would try to be a little more careful, Henry You do not realize howmany things I have to see to. many things I have to see to.'Humph'! said Mr. Keith, Keith, sitting dow |  |  |
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|  | 'my wife is absint, and I am the Bridqet. |  |
| never would complain of such a thing asthat : If I didn't know, I should think all the women were in slavery.' | Mrs. Mudge sailed into the parior which was darkened to exclude the sun, and without stopping to look at her seat, suik intu$\qquad$ |  |
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|  | the frying pan on the sofa.'Jupiter,' cried Mr. Keith, you've dove |  |
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|  | Her face grew dark She was atour to Hyinto a passion, but eonatrolled herselt, cum | curne |
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| Tetly. 'I have long watted to visit my | haughtily and left the house. Keith returned to the kitchen a hith- |  |
|  | erestfallen, for Mrs Madqe waw a laty be fore whom he desired to look particalar. |  |
|  |  | Si.ue, and sthi. erocieued, Mr. Colfiar |
|  | well. |  |
|  | looked in. The burat rice had hopped all |  |
|  | and the pudidin was not done He henutthe door upon the ruin in disgust, and |  |
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|  |  | at |
|  | boiled to a perfect jelly. And just as he <br> made the discovery there was a sharp pea <br> at the doar bell 'Creation! there's that |  |
|  |  | Its tierexvementet |
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|  | At the door he found Mr and Mrs Fi : |  |
| only wished she could be be there invisibie, | My dear Mr. Keith! hom do you do? cried Mrs. Fidget. 'We were in town and | to know toxe they are not |
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|  | thought we d just is Mrs. Keith? |  |
| ing the kitchen; 'I'll wash the dishes first, | She's gone away,' said Keith ruefully wondering what he should feed them on; walk in, do; I am the housekeeper to | re |
| l'll put one of Mary's dresses on to |  |  |
|  |  | teau of truth and good buman natur |
| mble he suceeeded in rekiodling it, and |  |  |
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|  | Don't put yourself out I bey? |  |
|  |  | lums, and apples that these eyes ever |
| , | 'Put myself out, indeed!' cried Keith, |  |
|  | retreating to the kitchen. 'Good gracioss! <br> what shall I do? I'd give a hundred dol | anywhere.' <br> Lake City appears to have charmed |
|  | lars if Mary mas only here. Where shall I begin? |  |
| women do make aboot work. Why, Icould wash all the dishes in the neighbor- |  |  |
|  | on a cloth-the very one he had wiped | The regioa of whiot it is ithe eentre, with |
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| deuce take it! I wish there was no |  |  |
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|  |  | ninety the ordinary fry |
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| dose of medicine. With the late Doctor Cbapman, of Philadelphia, the pleasantry Was as certain as the opportanity. Even in extremis it would come out of hiw.in extremis it would come out of him.cart, driven furiously, was about to rum him down. The baker reined ap suddenly, and just in time to save the Dostor, who instantly took off his hat, and bering politely, exclaimed, 'You are the best Gred man in town.' <br> A little boy in Wisconsin was belog put to bed the other night atbout dark when he ohjected to going so early. His mother told him the chickens went to bed early and he must do so too. Ther little fellow said he would if his mother would do as the old hens did-go to bed firet, then coax the chickens to come. <br> There were two soldiers from this county in Grant's army, lying beneath their blankets looking up at the stars in a Virginia sky Says Jack 'What made you go into the army, Tom ?' 'Well,' replied Tom, 'I had no wife, and I love war. What 'I had no wife, and I love war. What made you go to the war, Jack?' 'Well,' he replied' 'I had a wife, and I loved peace, so I went to war?' <br> A United States revenue officer the ottrer day reeeived the following 'noat:' <br> 'To Mr. Milikin.-I hev bin sellin chesnuts by the kwart to sum of the nabers and the boys says I shel be prosecutid if I don't have a lisens or get my ehesnuts stamped onto. How mueh have I to pay for sellin a fu ebesnuts?' <br> At a church collection for missions, the preacher said: 'My ehristian brethren, let me caution those of you who put in buttons not to break off the eyes. It spoils them for use, and they, will not pass among the heathen for eoins. |
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Bushifes coultaz


