

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD." BUCHANAN.

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JOS PRINVING-Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

THE DEATH OF FLOWERS.

BY WM. CULLEN BEYANT. The melanoholy days are come, The saddest of the year, Of wailing winds and naked woods, And meadows brown and sear. Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, The withered leaves lie dead; The withered leaves lie dead; They rustle to the eddying gust, And to the rabbit's tread. The robin and the wron are flown, And from the shrubs the jay, And from the wood-top calls the crow, Through all the gloomy day.

vield his faith.

that single day.

most impregnable.

tention elsewhere.

with rage and shame.

The great court of the castle was early

thrown open for the vassals as they as-

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers That lately sprang and stood In brighter light and softer airs, A benttone sittemend 2 they are all in their graves; The gentle race of flower Are lying in their lowly beds, With the fair and good of ours. The rain is falling where they lie, But the cold November rain Calls not, from out the gloomy earth. The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, They perished long ago, And brier rose and the orchis died, Amid the summer glow ; at on the hill the golden rod, And the aster in the wood, And yellow sunflower by the brook In autumn beauty stood, Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, As falls the plague on men, And the brightness of their smile was gone, From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day And still such days will come To call the squirrel and the bee From out their winter home; From out their winter home; When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, Though all the trees are still, And twinkle in the smoky light The waters of the rill; The south wind searches for the flowers Whose fragrance late he bore, And sighs to find them in the wood And by the streams no more.

And when I think of one who in Her youthful beauty died, The fair meek blossom that grew up And faded by my side; In the cold moist earth we laid her, When the forest cast the les when the forest cast the leaf, And we wept that one so lovely Should have a life so brief; Yet not unmeet it was that one, Like that young friend of ours, So gentle and so beautiful, Should perish with the flowers.

"LET ME."

I ne'er on that lip for a moment have gazed, But a thousand temptations beset me; And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you raised, -How delightful 'twould be if you'd---let me

Then be not so angry for what I have done, Nor say that you've sworn to forget me: They were buds of temptation too pouting to shun, And I thought you could not but-let me.

When your lips with a quiver came close to my

cheek, Oh, think how bewitching it met me; And plain as the eye of a Venus could speak, Your eyes seemed to say you would—let me.

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain ;

Though the peasant's son and noble's from the trunk. Here he stopped a ! "It is enough !- take her. By heaven, daughter might be freely together as fos- moment and coolly formed his plan. There false man, I might have known that no ter brother and sister, who could suppose was no other course than to advance bold- blood of mine could have sought to mingle following, says the New York Sunday Mercury, no take a bit of cheese about an inch square, ly upon the rotten branch, without any itself with a peasant race. Aye! bring They were now sixteen, and just arrived support over head, and to return in the forward young Albert. He shall have the at a knowledge of the truth. The woman's same manner. He stepped lightly and very boon he asked this morning. Stop ! nature of Lilien first perceived it, and her nervously forward. His eye was fixed upon he is not your son; I have been told that

reserve, her absence from their usual place the silver arrow, as it glittered before you adopted him.' of meeting, and above all her tone as she him, loosely hanging to the branch with 'He is not my uttered the words, 'We are sixteen,' con- nothing between it and the torrent but an many years since,' Melchoir replied. veyed it also to Albert's mind. Though hundred feet of air. It was reached and yet unworn in the world's 'ways, and in the youth's hand. Had he moved on Summon the chaplain hither.' trembling with the delicious consciousness without stopping, the decayed wood might of a first love, she had sufficient pride of have borne its burthen a little longer, but married. ancestorial birth to feel that they must the unavoidable pause in grasping the shaft meet no more. But Albert was more brought his whole weight for an instant hopeful. He too saw the barrier between upon a particular point. The branch found she was not his daughter, and mar-them, but he also knew the power of an cracked. He threw the arrow at the ried to a chance-born, who felt it no disinvincible energy, and resolved never to Count's feet just as the bough broke from

It was several days since they had last the abyss. A cry of terror burst from the seen each other, and both looked eagerly crowd. forward to a grand fete which the Count In that dreadful moment, when his solid New let this merry making cease. Away ! was preparing to give his dependents .- | support gave way, the youth's daring cool- | all of you.'

Such had been an immemorial custom in ness did not fail him. With a nervous the barony, and one that he had hardly effort, that snapped the rotten bough clear the story. When the nurse gave her own Upon these occasions, feats of wrestling and archery throughout the day, succeeded by dancing in the great hall of the bridge, crossed it, and picking the arrow

castle, amused the people, and delighted not unfrequently the surly Count himself. from the ground, whence no one had The morning of the festival dawned, and thought of removing it, placed it in the neither the Countess Lilien or the young Count's hands. minstrel peasant imagined that their re-The peasants broke into shouts of trispective fates were crowded together within umph. Even the Count's harsh features

wore a smile of admiration as he said : 'Now, gallant boy, ask the boon.' Albert looked steadily at the young

sembled from every part of the barony.-Countess until she shivered under his gaze. It was the only place near by that was He stepped forward and offered to take her shed to his face with apoplectic fulness, he adapted for such occasions. From the hand within his own. Trembling with dropped his arm and wavered a moment, walls of the castle itself, a long smooth recent excitement, and conscious of nothing plat of ground stretched even to the verge but the movements of one, so miraculously of one of those tremulous gorges so com- preserved to her love, she yielded to the mon in that broken country. It was a only impulse of her heart and kneeled with fissure between two portions of the same him at her father's feet.

hill, running sheer down for a hundred Count Rudolin whitened with rage at feet, until where a mountain torrent dashed this presumptuous act. A storm of pasfiercely along over its rock floor. The sion swept into his heart, and almost burst width of this fearful chasm was not more the frame that was unable to contain it. than thirty feet, and the two edges were For a few moments his retainers looked to when it has missed the target, should find also the water in which she has cooked connected by a light movable bridge.— see him go into convulsions, as had often its mark in the archer's heart. Let the This was the only defence of the castle on happened when anything roused his un- body be removed. Yet why do I command to boil the water. It is infinitely amusing that side, and there, at least, made it al- governable fury. At last he spoke a few words in a hoarse, stammering hiss. The sport commenced, but Albert took ' Bind and dungeon the madman ! On

no part, and looked carelessly on the scene. with your sports, simple fools !' Almost his entire attention was directed Without noticing Lilien he walked hurtowards the young Countess, in watching riedly to the castle, the silver arrow yet in for a stray look, in receiving a chance his hands. In his joy at its recovery he smile, and more than once her shy innohad vowed not to part with it throughout cent glance, resting on him for a moment, sent the blood thrilling swiftly through was a dungeon.

his veins. He busied himself for some time, until a strange scene called his at-In the evening the great hall of the castle was brilliantly illuminated and There was a singular unskilfulness in thrown open for dancing. Count Rudolin

'He is not my son. I adopted him

. Then in the Fiend's name let them wed. In a few minutes they were duly

· Melchoir, I have interrupted your story -I will finish it for you. Count Rudolin

honor to mingle his poor blood with that the tree with a crashing noise and fell down of a traitor's daughter. And the betrayed man soon worthily punished the traitor.---Mark that part of the story, false Melchoir.

" . My Lord Count has not quite finished dared to interrupt, though his taste was from the tree, he sprang forward as far as child to the lady, she took another child not in merry makings for the poor. Per- possible into the air. His only hope was in exchange. And that child is Albert, haps he endured it less unwillingly, be- to catch the bridge a few feet on one side whom you, noble Count, unthinking of cause the jovial unthinking tenantry in his descent, and he barely succeeded. Providence, in your haste have married to would endure a year of oppression more His fingers just closed upon the rail, and my daughter. See ! upon his arm is the readily, after a single day of pleasure .-- though the sudden shock in falling nearly arrow which belongs to the House of swung him away, life depended upon his Rudolin.' There was indeed a faint, grasp, and he steadily maintained it for a straight mark which bore some similitude second. Then he lightly leaped upon the to an arrow.

The whole frame of Count Rudolin seemed torn with silent yet terrible emotion. There was no joy at recovering his lost son manifested in his working features, but shame at the degradation of his race in that marriage, and rage against him who had caused it. He tottered up

to Melchoir and raised his arm, while his white lips whispered, 'My blood is joined to yours, traitor !' The blood suddenly then fell heavily to the ground. The shaft which he had held loosely in his hand, was pointed upwards, and transfixed his body as its whole weight pressed suddenly upon it. He stirred once and died.

Melchoir solemnly waved back the peasants as they crowded around the body

' It is true, then, that this fatal arrow, Lord here, and you, Lilien, are mistress as before.'

IF In an interior town in old Connecticut, lives an odd character named Ben Hayden. Ben has some good points, but he will run his face when and where he the day. The only reward of its restorer can, and never pay. In the same town lives Mr. Jacob Bond who keeps the store at the corner. Ben had a score there, but to get his pay was more than Mr. B. was equal to. One day Ben made his appearance with a bag and a wheelbarrow.

THE ABRAHAM LAUDAMUS. in this way, but I have been in many, and THE WEEKLY That there is considerable human nature in the seen little difference. One is expected to one can deny. It comes to us from a devotee in one and a teaspoonful of comfiture. The little

We praise thee, O Abe! We acknowledge thes to be sound on the goose. All Yankee-land doth worship thee, everlasting old joker. To thee all office-seekers cry aloud, "Flunkey-dom," and all the powers therein. To thee Stanton and Welles continually do cry, "Bully, bully, bully boy with a glass oge." Washington and Illinois are full of thy majesty and thy praise.

The giorious company of Political Generals praise thee. The goodly fellowship of Postmasters praise thee. The noble army of Contractors praise thee. The mighty Republican institutions throughout all Columbia do acknowledge thee. The father of infinite proclamations, thine admir-able, true and only policy. Also Brevet Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, the comforter.

The conforter. Thou art the King of Bail Splitters, O Abe! Thou art the everlasting son of the late Mr. Lin-

coln. When thou lookest upon thee to run for the Pres-idency and deliver the Union, thou didst humble thyself to stand upon the "Chicago Platform"' When thou didst overcome the sharpness of elec-tion, thou didst open the White House kitchen to all baliavars

all believers. Thou sittest at the right hand of "Uncle Sam in the glory of the Capital." We believe that thou shalt not come to be re-

elected. Nevertheless we pray thee help thy servants whom thou hast kept from "Jeff. Davis" and "Foreign Intervention." Make us to be remem-bered with thy favorites in office everlasting. O Abe! Save thy people and bless thy parasites! Govern them and increase their salaries forever! Day by day we puff thee. And we exalt thy name forever in the daily pa-ners. elected.

vers. Vouchsafe, O Abe! to keep us this day without a

change of Generals. O Abe! have merey upon the army of the Po-O Abe! let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is

ot in Wadsworth. O Abe! for thee have I voted, let me never be drafted !

How the French Economize.

There are few American families who know exactly the expenses of a year; they all know probably that it costs about so many hundred or thousand dollars on the whole. But every European family, knows the expense of every year, of every month, day or hour-the exact cost of It is like lighting another man's candle morsel they eat, of every drop they drink. Every German and French housewife knows not only how much the meat, potatoes and bread of any meal have cost, but them, and the coal or wood she has burned in this hall ? Albert of Rudolin, thou art to an American to observe such a menage. In Paris there is no aqueduct, the foun-

and the water is sold by barrels and pails full to water carriers, who supply families at so much a galion. In a house of five stories there are two families on each floor, making ten who ascend the same staircase, promptly attended to. up which all articles for family use must be carried. It is a rule that water, coal and all heavy articles must be taken up before noon, as about that time the con-

of the city churches, and we publish it without com- shop windows are also lined with jars of We praise thee, O Abe! We acknowledge thee to two or the sold in quantities of

only receptagies for the glorious company of Political Generals praise oloves, nutmeg and similar spices have no cloves, nutmeg and similar spices have they

'Drafted !' exclaimed Orson, 'Cotton drafted ?' 'Yes,' replied Valentine, 'they are try-

ing to find a Substitute for it in England.' -Vanity Fair.

IF . If a civil word or two will render

brilliancy by what the other gains.' THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, No. 8 NORTH DUKS STREET, LANCASTER, PA. The Jobbing Department is thoroughly furalished with our and during three for the start of the start of

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NO. 46.

else.
Cheese in the same way, a bit a few inobes square for dinner. The pepper and salt are no exceptions to the three cent start are no exceptions to the three cent are no exceptions to the three per real, and stafty cents or not to be are no endown and and thy each or not to be are not all the "exclamed to the three cent are no exceptions to the three cent are no exceptions to the three per real, and stafty cents or top the publication in a continental family, where they only receptades or position, and, the search are are are not are are not are they will appreciate or position, and, the search or any description and where they word that was not been without one influence in producing the three start or the start or the publication of a multicar who have a regular income of families who have a regular income of \$600 or \$800, \$1000 or \$1500 a year. The search are not been without one influence in producing the girorous revolution in the posities of the state center and the are proven with the search are not been with the fuller, and welcome is a new ancessation which induce us or take the prior of the state center and the prior will not be less use affer the welce part or law welcome to the family certe in the state or of a not the search are not be are welcome to the state or and the search welce are not search and the search are not be are the prior will not be less use affer the publication of the state or and the search are not be are the prior will not be less use affer the publication the publication of the state or and the search welce are the state or the state or the state or and the state to an and th

from everywhere up to the moment the paper goes to press, political, miscellaneous, general and local news market re-The is decidedly the CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN

CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN THE STATE! There is scarcely a village or town in the State in which a club cannot be raised if the proper exertion be made, and surely there are few places in which one or more energetjo men cannot be found who are in favor of the dissemination of sound Democratic doctrinos, who would be willing to make the effort to raise a club. DEMOGRATS OF THE INTERIOR!

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tains of the city belong to the government,

cierge cleans the hall and stairs, and they

every dinner, supper or breakfast, of every with your own, which loses none of its

ll regret me hen, oh, let me try the transgression again, And I'll do all you wish if you-let me. ANSWER--" I'LL LET YOU." If a kiss be delightful, so tempting my lips

That a thousand soft wishes b I vow, by the nectar that Jupiter sips, On certain conditions-I'll let you.

If you swear by my charms that you'll ever be true, And that no other damsel shall get you, By the stars that roll round that summit of blue, Perhaps, sir—perhaps, sir—I'll let you.

If not urged by a passion as fleeting, as wild, That makes all the virtues forget you, That makes all the virtues forget you, it affection unsullied, soft, fervent and mild, You ask for a kiss, then, indeed, love--I'll let you

THE SILVER ARROW.

A TALE OF SAVOY.

nothing with these awkward things; they, Upon the summit of a lofty cliff in at least, will not fail.' mountainous Savoy stood the Castle of Count Rudolin, frowning grimly in the choir, 'the silver arrow is not to be used sunshine upon the peaceful cottages beon light occasions.' low. Stern, rough, and half inaccessible, it was a fair type of its lord, the last Count with fury as he spoke. of his line. And the sunny brightness, 'Remember, noble Count, that your so lavishingly poured upon it, was truly ancestor received that arrow from a dealer like the sweet influences of his young and gentle daughter. Father and child had the same name, but nothing more in common. Where sympathy is wanting there is but little intercourse, so that while he regarded his daughter solely as an heiress, his repelling roughness caused her to look upon him merely as her guardian and it in his own heart.' natural protector.

In the deep narrow valley at the foot of the hill lay an humble cottage, buried in he received the shaft and bow. the shadow of its lofty neighbor. The old cottager, Melchoir, was the minstrel and wise man of the entire barony. In those days, the offices were commonly united, and the harper who delighted high-born comed, the seer whom they revered .---Melchoir pretended to little of the latter character, except when it was forced upon him, or could be made advantageous to his interest. Albert, his adopted son, was a manly youth, deeply versed in the gay science, and yet the master of a spirit well fitted to lead in the front ranks of strife. The hand that ran so lightly over the gentle guitar, was the hardest in the contest, surest in the blow. Well worthy was he to have been a pupil of Scott's warrior minstrel, 'the jovial harper who died at Jedwood Air,'

"He broked, not he, that scoffing tongue Should tax his minstreley with wrong, Or call his song untrue; For this, when they the goblet plied, And such rude taunts had chafed his pride, The bard of Reull he slew, On Teviot's side, in fight they stood, And tuneful hands were stained with blood; Where still the thorn's white branches wave Memorial o'er his rival's grave."

Of such mould were the minstrels of former days, equally ready to exalt their science with sweetness of voice or strength of arm.

The adopted mother of Albert was foster-mother to the Countess Lilien, and than that on which his life depended. thus from earliest childhood notwithstanding the disparity of their conditions an intimacy had grown up with their growth between the peasant's son and the daughand loveliest of all maidens, was not the must be the price of such fearful danger. one to think of rank, and his strange wild heart burning with poetic fire, knew it would disgrace the friendship of none, even the loftiest. And no dreams of love had yet entered into the thoughts of either. Their ages were the same, but the matured ity in years, and placed him in the rela- friends.

on which man instinctively bears to the If success was in the power of man, his but there was no trace upon that soft, fresh other sex. Their meetings had always light agile form seemed most likely to ob- skin. been frequent, almost daily, neither of tain it. It was easy to ascend the tree up This should suffice for you. I demand them dreamed of the inevitable result. - to the point where the dead limb shot off my daughter Lilien.'

anterest con l

the archers, and one that might have prowas there somewhat more composed than voked a milder man than Count Rudolin. he had shown himself a few hours before, He himself was a fine marksman, and felt but with a darker expression than common the disappointment as keenly as could the upon his countenance. unlucky competitors. At last, as each The talisman of his house was vet

seemed shooting worse than the one before grasped in his hands, as if he feared to him, he rose from his seat and starting lose it. Perhaps he thought of what young hastily forward seized a bow from a peas-Albert had gained in exchange for losing ant's hand. But even his skill was not his life. exempt from the general disgrace. The Lilien too was there, no longer quietly arrow struck the target nearer than any beautiful, but discomposed and each mobefore it, but yet at a most provoking distance from the centre. The Count shook

ment casting around vague glances, which seemed to implore assistance. Melchoir received one and obeyed the mute sign to 'Bring hither my own cross bow,' he approact her. shouted, ' and the silver arrow. I can do

' Can you save him, father Melchoir ? 'No harm of life or limb must come to Albert. I know that which can set him 'Beware, Count Rudolin,' said Melfree, and if it comes to the worst I will speak.' 'Save him, then, as he is. Can you 'And why not, meddler ?' He stamped

whom you have adopted as your own ?' · Countess Lilien, he can be relieved only by your own fall. Do you consent to

in magic, for a particular mystic purpose, the sacrifice ? Bethink you before you and the time for that has long since passed. speak.' Think, too, of the fatal caution which ac-'I need no thought. Say what you companied the gift-to use it only where know-no matter what happens to me. I life or death to the House of Rudolin was cannot be more wretched than I am now.' asked if she had been to church the preits mark, the unskilful archer should find

whole truth was known.' 'I am not the unskilful marksman whose He struck his harp ; the dancing ceased arrow can miss,' said the Count sternly, as and all gathered around the minstrel for This arrow, which had descended their attention was secured, he comhis accustomed song and tale. But when

through many generations to the heirs of menced with the recital of his story, ad-Rudolin, was delicately moulded of virgin dressing himself particularly to Count hungry as you and the elder, I think there metal. The shaft was hollow and skilful- Rudolin. lords and dames with his minstrelsy, was the repository of peasants' unwritten lore, tributed to it, was indeed a sure weapon in She died and left him but one pledge of ly ornamented with strange characters, and the hands of a good marksman. The Count their happiness. Years passed by, and for several years in cultivating a full crop examined it reverently, placed it in the the young Countess arrived just upon the of hair on his face, was called away from bow and turned to take aim. In his agiverge of womanhood, lovely as her mother bome on business some time since. While tation he did not carefully draw the bowbefore her, and blessed by all. But un- absent, an inexperienced barber spoiled string, and as he abruptly wheeled about. fortunately she loved a peasant, and this his whiskers in trimming them, which so caught in his doublet, and of course dis-charged the shaft. It whizzed swiftly Rudolin discovering she was not his

through the air and lodged in a tree, which child,projected right over the fearful fissure 'Stop !' shouted a loud voice. The already mentioned. All burried to the Count placed himself in front of the old and as delicate as when in his teens. He The trunk of the tree was only a few

feet from the narrow bridge, but where it you spoke. Speak on now what you have waking up. Looking over her mother, and one vegetable, and sometimes a salad. pushed its boughs broadly out, there was to say." nothing beneath them except the torrent "I spoke,' said Melchoir, calmly, ' of which roared under the cliff. The tree itself could be easily climbed by a hardy Lilien. The nurse who attended upon the mountaineer, but, unfortunately, the arrow Countess at her death was my wife. Sh had lodged in a dead branch, which seemed

had been angered by her lady, and had unable to bear the weight of a man. Any vowed a deep revenge, which should strike attempts from the land to loosen it, would into the very House of Rudolin. This inevitably cause it to drop into the torrent. At one glance the Count saw all the the daughter of the Countess. Her miswas done by palming off another child as hazard at an attempt to regain the arrow. tress soon died, and who was there sus-Yet as a work of magic, whose loss would

be followed by a curse, he could not bear nurse !" pected or knew more than the confidential to lose it. Rather his castle, anything What proof is there that you do not lie !' said the Count, without manifesting · Five hundred crowns,' cried he, · to the

belief or disbelief in the story. man who will place the silver arrow in my ' My own oath and the attested confeshands !' There was a wistful buzzing sion of my own wife, just before her own among his retainers, but no one stirred. ter of Count Rudolin. She, the gentlest The Count marked this and knew what kind of testimony to which you would give greater oredence. The silver arrow of 'I will grant,' he said slowly and loudly, the House of Rudolin was given to your any boon in my power and consistent with ancestor just before the birth of an heir, my honor, which he may demand.' At The child brought with him into the world these words he saw a youth at the back of an arrow distinctly marked upon his arm the crowd striving to break loose from and this has distinguished all his descenthose who would restrain him. The Count dants. You bear such a mark upon your soul of Albert naturally found itself sug- continued, ' the reward will be given by own person, and you have heard that your taining her frailer and womanly spirit. --- the hands of the Countess Lilien.' Albert child also carried this seal of its descent. This difference compensated for the equal- broke desperately from the grasp of his Look here !' He bared the fine swelling

11 S. 47 C.

'Mr. Bond, I want to buy two bushels of corn, and I want to pay you the cash

'Very well,' says B. And so they both go up stairs, and B. puts up the corn, and Ben takes it down, while Mr. B. stops to close up his windows. When he got down he saw old Ben some distance from the door, making for home.

'Halloo, Ben! You said you wanted to pay the cash for that corn." Old Ben sat down on one handle of his barrow, and cocking his head on one side, said-

'That's all true, Mr. B, I do want to pay you the cash for the corn, but I can't.'

IF As a minister of Dumblane hap pened to be one day visiting his flock, along with one of his elders, they felt extremely hungry, and on arriving at the Save him, then, as he is. Can you house of Janet ------, they asked for talk so coolly of the danger to the son some refreshments. Janet set before them everything of an eatable kind she possessed, which consisted of oat cakes and butter. This was all the poor woman had to serve her for some time to come, and she naturally felt some anxiety for its rapid disappearance. The minister began conversing pretty freely with Janet, and 'Then I will do it,' exclaimed the old vious Sunday, and, if so, whether she man. It is time, high time, that the recollected the sermon. She replied in the affirmative, and on the minister's inquiring what the text was, she said it was the text of 'The Loaves and the Fishes, and added, still noticing the rapid disappearance of the cakes and the butter, would have been fewer fragments left.'

I'LL TELL PA WHEN HE COMES HOME -A friend of ours, who had taken pride awakened the baron's wrath. The Count | chagrined him that he directed the barber to make a clean job of it by shaving whisk-

ers and mustache both off. The barber minstrel and eyed him sternly .-- | returned home in the night. Next morn-Melchoir, it was of Count Rudolin that | ing his little girl did not recognize him on

the bed, she remarked in her childish simthe noble Count Rudolin and my daughter | plicity, ' Mister, get out of here; I'll tell my Pa when he comes home.'

> IF Sidney Smith tells of a maid who used to boil the eggs very well by her master's watch, but one day he could not lend it to her because it was under repairs : so she took the time from the kitchen clock. and the eggs came up nearly raw. Why didn't you take three minutes from the clock, as you do from the watch, Mary ?' much, as the hands on the clock are so much larger ?'

IF A clergyman, in one of his sermons, exclaimed to his hearers : 'Eternity ! why, don't you know the meaning of that word ? Nor I either, hardly. It is forever and ever. and five or six everlastings atop of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and it woulden't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred years to breakfast time.'

A newspaper, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a cotemporary say: 'He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, economy merely. whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bunghole of a barrel. . A start the first and the

must be kept clean for callers in the afternoon. In every kitchen is a receptacle for water, consisting of an oblong box, containing two or more pailsfull, according to the means of the family or their ideas of cleanliness. In one corner of the box is a small portion of porous stone, which

serves as a filter. and to which is a separate faucet. The porteur brings two large pails full of water for three cents, and comes every morning. It is therefore very easy to know how much the water costs in which the dinner is boiled. RADE SALES! TRADE SALES!!

In the same kitchen is a box for coal. 1 The subscriber, having just returned from the Philadel-hia Trade Sales, offers at the lowest prices all kinds of looks, embracing LAW, FICTION, MEDICAL, HE-IOIOUS, BIOGHAPHY, MECHANCICAL and other kinds. here books will be sold at the lowest prices, as we had be advantage and were the only Bookseller from Lancas-r at the Trade Eales, and, as a consequence, we can sell wer than any other Store. A few of the Books are here sentione? which contains the quantity for which they pay forty cents, and they know exactly how many meals can be cooked with this quantity. If they have guests to dinner, they use an extra quantity of water and mentioned "," Subst block in factor in the Books a meetioned "," Subst Books and Books and Books and Bents and Bent coal, and know how many cents worth are devoted to each guest, and then of course they know if they can afford to invite anybody again !

They know exactly how much of every, article is used every day. The streets of Paris are lined with small groceries, where everything is purchased by the cent's worth, and are certainly very convenient for people who earn only a few cents per day. If a family comes into the neighborhood who does not patronize these small shop-keepers, it is considered a great in justice, and we have known them to commence a regular persecution of such a family, annoying them in every possible way. They keep coffee, burnt and ground, sugar, powdered and in lumps, tobacco. liquors, and every household article in nfinitely small quantities.

The morning meal in every French family is bread and coffee, what they call cafe au lait, and is made of equal portions of coffee and chickory placed in a biggin, upon which hot water is poured so long as it runs through black. Of this they take two spoonsful to a half pint of boiiing milk. Three or five cents worth of coffee is purchased every day, and the milkman and baker of course come every morning.

The second meal is at noon, though it is called breakfast, and is merely a lunch. eon, cold, or the remnants of yesterday' dinner. For these two no cloth is put upon the table, and all ceremony is un-

necessary. The dinner is at six, and consists of meat and seeing, as she supposed a stranger in I have seen a piece of meat, cooked without onions and garlic, and swimming in

gravy. The salad is dressed with oil and vinegar, the rule being a spoonful of vinegar to three of oil, with pepper, salt. and mustard, and also a little onion and garlic. The commencement of dinner is of course soup, as this is invaluable in every continental family. There are also soup shops, where a pint or a quart can be purchased every day, between four and six. But as often as once or twice a week they have a boiled dinner, what they call po Well, sir, I supposed that would be too au feu. In America the liquor in which meat and vegetables are boiled for such a dinner are thrown away. It must certainly contain the best juice of the meat, and be very good and nourishing. In Europe it is every drop saved and eaten. They fill an earthen pot with meat and vegetables, never omitting the onions, and let it boil away one-half. For the soup, they season it with pepper, and sometimes with sorrel, parsley, and other herbs and spices, and hicken it with vermicelli or crumbs or bread. Whether it is delicious or not, it certainly seems too good to throw away. American house-wives, who may be obliged to practice economy, can at least try it .-Children may be taught to like it, and must not be told it is an institution of

> The dessert is almost invariably, bread and cheese in winter, with a little comfiture. I do not mean to say that every family lives

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