

From My Arm-Chair.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE, Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree.

UNDER A CLOUD.

"Did you ever see a sadder face?" It was the remark of a lady to her friend, as Mrs. Loring passed her window. Mrs. Loring had ridden out for the first time for months; not now of her own choice, but in obedience to the solicitation of a friend, and the positive command of her physician.

objections," was the firm answer. "The doctor says that you are injuring your health, and must go out. So get yourself ready."

"Beautiful children!" Mrs. Loring still gazed on the portraits. "And all taken in a year. Oh how did you keep your heart from breaking?"

"FOR THE FAIR SEX. Baby and the Mirror. My baby-boy sat on the floor. His big blue eyes were full of wonder. For he had never seen before That baby in the mirror door—

Notwithstanding these attacks, Fashion sits securely on her ancient throne, hating the whole world for her empire and all the inhabitants thereof for her subjects.—New York Herald.

Men Who Lace. In this country a few men wear corsets, and seem to like them. Gottschalk, the pianist, and equally celebrated as a beau, always had on a corset. The male corset-wearers are those who take their coats to the up-town tailor, whose advertisement may be found almost any morning in the Ledger (Philadelphia).

A New Order. The other day, after a strapping young man had sold a load of corn and potatoes on the market, and had taken his team to a hotel barn to "feed," it became known to the men around the barn that he was very desirous of joining some secret society in town.

An Unprofitable Boarder. Mine host is not usually, like Ar mado, ill at reckoning, but he does sometimes meet his master. A soft-looking stranger inquired at a Portland hotel what they charged for board, and was told that he would be lodged and boarded for \$10 a week.