

## HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

IT may be funny, but I've done it.—I've got a rib and a baby. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; it wasn't because I didn't like the critters—for if I was behind a fence, looking thro' a knot-hole, I could not look long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I started away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up, so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars and it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable.—I concluded to shin up the door-post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed.

"Now," says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out." And cuddling down under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft-shell crabs and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when some body knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap," again. I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of gals outside. Then Lib sings out:—

"Jack, are you there?"

"Yes," says I.

Then came a roar of laughter.

"Let us in," said she.

"I won't," said I; "can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Are you abed?" says she.

"I am," says I.

"Get out," says she.

"I won't," says I.

Then came another laugh.

By thunder! I began to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" cried I. "Can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with one of you—I won't, so you may clear out!"

And throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently I heard a still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said:

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are there."

Oh, mercy! what a pickle! Think of me, in bed, all covered with muffs, shawls, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door, waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I would have fainted on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet ware and ribbons in a hurry. Smash went millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls will peep—and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door and found myself among the women.

"O, my leghorn!" cried one. "My dear, darling winter velvet!" cried another; and they pitched in—pulled me this way, and that, boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal, her name was—put her arms right around my neck, and kissed me on the lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her one as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got the taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Caesar to the Fourth of July.

"Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"

"Yes, I will," said I.

I did do it, and had another smack at the gate.

After that we took a kinder turtledove after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day, the sun was setting behind a distant hen-roost, the bull-frogs were commencing their evening songs, and polly-wogs, in their native mud-puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night, and Sal and myself sat upon antiquated back-log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters and grunting pigs; and now and then the music of a jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks, and heavily laden with the delicious odors of hen-roosts and pig-styes.

The last lingering rays of the setting sun glancing from the buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot-hole in a hog-pen, full in Sal's face, dyeing her hair an orange peel hue, showing off my thread-bare coat to a bad advan-

tage; one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back; she was toying with my auburn locks of jet black hue; she was almost gone, and I was almost ditto. She looked like a grass-hopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a cod-fish ball.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?"

The raised her eyes heavenward, and clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe-strings to her palate, said: "Yes."

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks, every night how we would enter the room to be married till we got so we could walk as gracefully as a pair of Muscovy ducks.

The night, the company, and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we went through the hall. We were just entering the parlor door, when down I came kerslap on the oil-cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimere, right under my coat-tail. It was too late to back out; so clasping my hand over it, we marched in and were spliced, and taking a seat, I watched the kissing the bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh, horror! a little six year old imp had crawled behind me and pulled my shirt through my pants, and pinned it to a chair, so that when I jumped up I displayed to the astonished multitude a trifle more white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there my troubles ended. Good-night.

## Badgering a Voter.

"YOU'RE a Roman Catholic?"

"Am I?" said the fellow.

"Are you not?" demanded the agent.

"You say I am," was the answer.

"Come, sir, answer. What's your religion?"

"The true religion."

"What religion is that?"

"My religion."

"And what's your religion?"

"My mother's religion."

"And what's your mother's religion?"

"She tuk whisky in her tay."

"Come, now, I'll find you out—cunning as you are," said the agent, piqued into an encounter of wit with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd: "You bless yourself, don't you?"

"When I'm done with you, I think I ought."

"What place of worship do you go to?"

"The most convainant."

"But of what persuasion are you of?"

"My persuasion is that you won't find it out."

"What is your belief?"

"My belief is that you are puzzled."

"Do you confess?"

"Not to you."

"Come, now I have you. Who would you send for if you were likely to die?"

"Dr. Growlin."

"Not for the priest?"

"I must first get a messenger."

"Confound your quibbling! Tell me then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions, I mean?"

"They are the same as my landlord's."

"And what are your landlord's opinions?"

"Faix! his opinions are that I won't pay him the last half year's rent, and I am of the same opinion myself."

A roar of laughter followed this answer, and dumbfounded the agent for a time, but, angered at the successful quibbling of the sturdy and wily fellow before him he at last declared, with much severity of manner, that he must have a direct reply.

"I insist, sir, on your answering at once, are you a Roman Catholic?"

"I am," said the fellow.

"And could you not have said so at once?" demanded the officer.

"You never axed me," returned the other.

"I did!" said the officer.

"Indade you didn't. You said I was a great many things, but you never axed me—you was drivin' cross words and crooked questions at me, and I gave answers to match them; for sure I thought it was manners to cut out my behavior on your own pattern."

A love that is never reciprocated—Neuralgic affection.

## Gratified Curiosity.

A WELL known citizen of Hartford, Ct., a few days ago, had taken his seat in the afternoon train for Providence, when a small waxen-faced, elderly man, having the appearance of a well-to-do farmer, came into the car looking for a seat. The gentleman good-naturedly made room for him by his side, and the old man looked him over from head to foot.

"Going to Providence?" he said at length.

"No, sir," the stranger answered, politely; "I stop at Andover."

"I want to know! I belong out that way myself. Expect to stay long?"

"Only over night sir."

"Did you calculate to put up at the tavern?"

"No, sir; I expect to stop with Mr. Skinner."

"What, Job Skinner's? Deacon Job—lives in a little brown house on the old pike? Or maybe it's his brother's? was it Tim Skinner's—Square Tim's—where you was goin'?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, smiling; "it was Squire Tim's."

"Dew tell if you are goin' there to stop over night! Any connection o' his'n?"

"No, sir."

"Well, now, that's eurus! The old man ain't got into any trouble nor nothing, has he?" lowering his voice; "ain't goin' to serve a writ onto him, be ye?"

"Oh, no, nothing of that kind."

"Glad on't. No harm in askin', I suppose. I reckon Miss Skinner's some connection of yours?"

"No," said the gentleman; then seeing the amused expression on the face of two or three acquaintance in the neighboring seats, he added, in a confidential tone:

"I am going to see Squire Skinner's daughter."

"Law sakes!" said the old man; his face quivering with curiosity, "That's it, is it? I want know? Go in to see Mirandy Skinner, be ye? well, Mirandy's a nice gal—kinder hombly, and long favored, but smart to work, they say, and I guess you're about the right age for her, too. Kep' company together long?"

"I never saw her in my life, sir."

"How you talk? Somebody's gin her a recommend, I s'pose, and you're goin' clear out there to take a squint at her? wa'd I must say there's as likely gals in Andover as Mirandy Skinner. I've got a family of growed up darters myself. Never was married afore, was ye? Don't see no weed on your hat."

"I have been married about fifteen years, sir. I have a wife and five children." And then, as the long-restrained mirth of the listeners to this dialogue burst forth at the old man's open-mouthed astonishment, he hastened to explain: "I am a doctor, my good friend, and Squire Skinner called at my office this morning to request my professional services for his sick daughter."

"Wa'd now!" And the old man waddled off into the next car.

## Curious Coincidence.

Of the first seven Presidents of the United States, all but one were sixty-six years old on leaving office, having served two terms, and one of those who served but one term would have been sixty-six years of age at the end of another term. Three of the seven died on the Fourth of July, and two of them on the same day and year. Two were on the sub-committee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and these two died on the same day and year, on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just half a century from the day of the Declaration.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826.—John Adams died in his 91st year, and was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; James Madison was eight years older than James Monroe; James Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of our presidents—all Revolutionary men—ended their terms of service in the 66th year of their age.—Washington, born, February 22, 1732; inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. John Adams, born October 19, 1735; inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. Thomas Jefferson, born April 21, 1743; inaugurated 1801; term expired in the 66th year of his age. James Monroe, born April 2, 1759; inaugurated 1817; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

## A Glance at Japan.

A GLIMPSE of the humanity of Japan is seen in the following from a recent letter writer:

"The better class are a fine bold set of men. Like knights of old, they are ever ready to avenge a wrong, or even to provoke a quarrel; and with their terrible two-handed swords would be anything but contemptible antagonists in hand to hand fighting. Their manners are polished in the extreme. As a rule they are exceedingly good-natured, and have a keen sense of the ridiculous—rather too much so; for we believe that if the most dutiful son, possessed of the greatest filial piety, were to see his father dying, he could not repress a laugh if the old gentleman were to do so in at all a comical way. The Japanese ladies are almost as fair-skinned as their sisters of the West. Small but neatly—nay, sometimes faultlessly—shaped; their flowing robes displaying its own gracefulness the model that nature has adopted, and which none of the meretricious deceptions of civilization can improve upon; with pretty captivating manners, and a language musical and soft as Italian, the laughter-loving nymphs of the Rising Sun have many powerful charms. No one who has been in Japan will deny their claim to beauty.

As I was about to pass my first night in a Japanese house, I watched anxiously the preparations for sleeping. These were simple enough; a mattress in the form of a very thick quilt about seven feet long by four wide, was spread on the floor; and over it was spread an ample robe, very long and heavily padded, and provided with very large sleeves. Having put on this night dress, the sleeper covers himself with another quilt and sleeps, as if he had some year's experience in the use of a bed. But the most remarkable feature about a Japanese bed is the pillow. This is a wooden box about four inches high, eight inches long and two inches wide at the top. It has a cushion of folded papers on the upper side to rest the neck on, for the elaborate manner of dressing the hair does not permit Japanese, especially the woman, to press the head on the pillow. Every morning the uppermost paper is taken off from the cushion, thus exposing a clean surface, without the expense or trouble of washing.

## Non-Committal.

Captain Ward, of Portsmouth, was an eccentric of the first water, and one of his peculiarities was that he never gave a desired answer to a direct question.

An amusing instance of this evasive habit is related.

One morning, four of his friends, who were aware of this trait in his character, observed the captain going to market, and after some bantering, entered into a bet as to the practicability of learning from him the price he paid for his purchase.

They accordingly settled the preliminaries, and stationing themselves at different points along a street which he must pass on his way home, awaited his coming.

Very soon the bluff old gentleman made his appearance, with several pigeons in his hand. As he approached, the first questioner accosted him with:

"Good morning, captain! What did you give for pigeons?"

Money said the captain, bluntly, as he passed up the street.

The second gentleman, a little farther on addressed him and asked:—

"How goes pigeons this morning captain?"

"They don't go at all; I carry 'em!" was the equally unsatisfactory reply.

Shortly after he met the third, who asked the time of day and inquired:—

"How much are pigeons a dozen captain?"

"Didn't get a dozen—only bought half a dozen!" said the old gentleman, still plodding on his way.

Finally, the fourth and last of the conspirators cottoned to the wary, old salt by observing, in the blandest tones:

"A fine lot of pigeons you have there captain! what did you get them for?"

"To eat," was the pertinent and emphatic rejoinder, and the captain reached home without further molestation.

REPEAT TRULY.—The difference between true and false repentance is as great as that between the running of water in the paths after a violent shower and the streams which flow forth from a living fountain.—Venn

## Honiton Lace.

THE beautiful point lace made at Honiton, in Devonshire, England, has long been famous, but its manufacture is not now confined to the town from which it takes its name, but extends over a great part of the country, and especially along the eastern and a part of the southern coast. In the early part of the present century, the lace manufacturers of Honiton employed about two thousand five hundred women and children in the town and neighboring villages. But the introduction of the bobinet machinery, about fifty or sixty years ago, greatly injured the trade, though the number of persons employed in lace making in the whole country is still estimated at from seven to eight thousand. It is a kind of household manufacture, carried on in the cottages of the poor and not in large factories. Honiton lace is produced by fixing a "pricking," viz., a perforated pattern of card board, or parchment upon a cushion called a "pillow." Pins are then inserted into the perforations of the pattern; next we have a number of little bobbins, or spindles, technically "sticks," upon which is wound the fine thread for making the work. These are thrown under and over one another among the pins, in various directions, so as to twist or interweave the requisite pattern. This is a brief description of the process; more minute details would only confuse, without making the matter more intelligible. Honiton lace has lately obtained a new celebrity in England, having been much used by her present Majesty, and the various members of the royal family, and by leaders of fashion in dress.

## Hair-Dressing in Old Times.

AT the beginning of the eighteenth century, a great change was made in the style of dressing ladies' hair. At first the change was slight. The hair was simply raised over a cushion seven or eight inches in height, and shaped like a cocoon. After a while, this headdress began to rise higher and higher. All sorts of objects were sought to be imitated in coiffures. Hence we see a lady with her hair dressed upright in the form of a lyre. Another has hers arranged like a string of cherries on a stick. A third lady luxuriates in a huge mass rolled over pads, surmounted by a double fan of lace and artificial flowers. These heads were dressed over solid cushions. An immense deal of false hair was used, and the mass cemented with a hard pomade of hog's lard and marrow, liberally used. After dressing, the whole was well powdered. As these chateaus took a long time, and were costly to arrange, it was not considered possible to remake them often; therefore one dressing usually sufficed for at least a month. Previously to any grand ball, ladies' heads were often dressed a week, and even a fortnight in advance. To have it dressed a night or two before was nothing. The lady sat up and slept in a chair in the interval, full of terror, lest during her fitful slumbers, she should damage her coiffure.—Paint and washes were in vogue. The fashion of wearing hair-powder was introduced to conceal the grayness of a certain high personage, whose name has not descended to us.

From this we can judge to what pitch the present absurd style may be carried before we come back to the plain style of a few years since.

## Rather Fast.

"I started one day with my span of greys and a load of corn to drive to Jackson, nine miles, to market, brought back twelve bags of meal and a barrel of flour. Well, just as I got cleverly shut of the town, and had about eight miles of prairie 'twixt me and Hannah. I heard a rattling noise behind me, and when I looked around there was a bounding hail-storm right upon me. I yelled at the greys and flung my chaw of tobacco at Billy, for he was the laziest and we swung along at what you Yankees call a good Hiram Woodruff pace.

I never quit yelling and they never stopped running till we struck Felderkin's Corner right where you blazed that big burr oak this morning. Then I found the storm was over, and when I looked up to see if the load was safe, there was two bushels and a half of hailstones in the hind end of my wagon, but not one of 'em on my sacks or me! Gentlemen, I had raced the edge of that hailstorm all those eight miles home. Now, it's my opinion that you couldn't do that little trick to-day with any two horses in Illinois, not if you soak their tails in turpentine the night before and touch a match to them just as you say, "Git out of this!"