## A Bashful Man's Troubles.

S MY object is only to give a specimen A of the numerous predicaments that incessantly beset me the moment I appear in ladies' society, I shall merely speak of those that befell me at the only dinner in Paris to which I was invited.

Though laden with introductory letters I never delivered but one.

I pass by the various efforts I made before I could muster sufficient resolution to deliver O-, the letter that procured for me, and a friend who came with me, the dinner in question. I pass by too, my trepidation at the everlasting peal at which the door-bell responded to my timid touch. I pass by also, several minor blunders, such as asking the porter to direct us to "la chambre de Madame-meaning, of course, her drawing room. Suffice it to say that my less nervous companion, dictionary in hand, boldly led the way; that having traversed a goodly number of courts and stairs we at length arrived safely at an ante-room, where stood a servant before a pair of folding doors, which he threw wide open, and announced us by a pair of names that we

never should have recognized as our own,

had we met them elsewhere.

Already agitated, and perspiring with nervous trepidation, this ostentatious mode of entrance, so different from the republican simplicity to which I was accustomed, was the finishing blow to my courage. 1 slunk silently behind my unabashed companion, endeavoring to muster sufficient resolution to control the tremor that shook me like an ague fit. Madame O---rose to receive us; and, as we approached her it became necessary for me to deploy from behind my friend. But in so doing, I did notice a large pet dog who comfortably stretched on a red velvet cushion, lay napping beside his mistress, directly in my path. On I went, anxious only to get through the introductory ceremonies as soon as possible, and then seek some remote corner where,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot, I might escape all notice or remark."

But truly says the proverb, "Man proposes but the Gods dispose;" and very unfortunate were their dispositions for my intention. As I hastened on, all glowing with confusion, and begun my bow, I stumbled over the detested pet, and was suddenly precipitated head foremost, like an ancient battering ram, into the lap of an elegant young lady, whom the Fates would have sitting in that particular spot. In my headlong career, I overturned a countryman of my own, who was seated next to her, balancing himself on the two-hind legs of his chair. To save himself, he instantly grasped the back of her chair, and his weight at her rear, acting at the same time that I was hurled at her in front, decided all hesitation, and over we all rolled together, the chairs uppermost. The vile cur, who had been at the bottom of the whole mischief taking advantage of the opportunity, now attacked me in the rear, in a highly effective manner, and receiving a hearty kick in return, added his infernal howling to the chorus of dismay that now filled the apartment.-Happily the female sufferer in the melee, engressed all the sympathy and attention of the company, but I well knew that in the short time which had elapsed since I entered the room, I had made three mortal enemies, of a lady, a man and a dog.

For my own part, as soon as I had extracted myself from the terrible erash, I retreated into the most remote and obscure corner, there to hide behind the guests my overwhelming mortification.

The call to dinner seemed to offer relief to my embarrassment, for I hoped that would engross every one's attention, which now I was sure, must be occupied with my awkwardness.

Following the company into the diningroom, I saw each plate contained a card, on which was written the name of the guest who was to occupy that place. Every one seemed to find his own place, as if my magic; but for me-four or five times did I make the circuit of the table, looking in vain for mine. Indeed, I might have continued running about unnoticed, among the crowd of servanls, all dinner time, had not Madame O---'s eye at length detected me as I circled round and round with hysterically increasing rapidity, eyes dim with confusion, and a clammy perspiration oozing from every pore; guided to my proper place I sunk into my chair, exhausted with mortification. Here again I found myself embarrassed with my hat, which, having observed that all retained in their hands in the drawing-room, I still grasped with desperate tenacity. This I at length disposed of, as I thought at the time, with wonderful ingenuity, for I bung it by the brim between my knees, spreading my handkerchief over its open cavity.

My seat was next a young lady, whom of course, I was expected to entertain. I en tertain! Wofully, indeed, had I already entertained the company, but I found mymyself infinitely better to entertain the company on masse than singulatim.

The ordinary routine of French dinner now commenced. Soup and bouillte, fish, fowl and flesh, while a regular series of servants appeared each instant at our el- ly, to himself. bows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different dishes and many kinds of wine, of the execrable vegetable had splattered ter over their ludicrous blunder.

all under strings of names that gave me spairing at length of understanding the servants, or of being understood by them. I abandoned myself to a desperate compli- ed within it. ance, saying only, "oui," and accepting everything that was offered me, eating, meanwhile, with most heroic application.

Thus matters went on, till in an evil moment, my fair neighbor, weary of my taciturnity, at length berself began a conversation by asking how I was pleased with the opera?

The question was put at an unlucky instant; I was just raising a large morsel of potato to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! It was hot as burning lava. What could I do! The lady's eyes were fixed on me, awaiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in flames. In vain I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were straining from their sockets.

She regarded my grimaces with such an expression of amazement as one would naturally have, under the circumstances, who was ignorant of their cause. My mouth was now flayed with the burning mass-to think of swallowing it seemed like facing certain death, so, quietly abandoning the point, I opened my mouth to its utmost, and out dropped the infernal firebrand upon

Not the slightest tendency to a smile visibly ruffled the countenance of my fair companion. She soothingly condoled with me, on misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till I began to forget even my own blunders, and even ventured to hope, nay to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of my calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no one call himself happy before death," said Solan; and he said wisely. My cup was not yet full. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I were fond of "chow fleur," I verily took it the world. to be the French for custard pudding, and and so high was my panegyric of it, that my place was soon bountifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the "chau fleur" had vanished along with it. But that remained bodily, and I gazed in despair on the mass that loomed up like Vesuvius before me, and my heart died within me.

I could almost as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, but ashamed to confess my mistake, I struggled manfully on against the diaboliccompound. I endeavor ed to sap the heap at its base; and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth, to inhume as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. It happened at this juncture that in the earnestness and rapidity of my exertions to despatch the task before me, my plate somehow got over the edge of the table, and as Heaned forward in my desperate work, I tilted it up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under it, and a great portion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat.

The plate instantly righted itself, and as glanced my eye around the table and saw that no one had noticed my disaster. I inwardly congratulated myself that the nanseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolving not to be detected, I hastily rolled my handkorchief together with all its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, and I sought out what I considered a safe resting place for my hat, which I dared not carry longer in my hand, and threw a piece of paper into the crown to hide the culiflower from view should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat to look into mine.

On my return to the parlor I chanced to be again seated by my lady companion of the dinner table. Our conversation was mutually resumed and we were in the midst of an animated talk, when a huge spider was seen running like a race horse, un her arm. "Take it off, take it off!" she shricked in terrified tones, that attracted the attention of the whole company. I was always afraid of spiders-so to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my handkerehief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already running over her temple with rapid

Gracions goodness! I had forgotten the cauliflower which now plastered over her face like a poultice, effectually killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady, while the steamlets of melted butter glided gently down her beautiful neck and bosom.

"Mon Dieu! Mon dieu!" gasped the astonished fair one. "Mon Dieu!" was echoed from every mouth.

"Have you cut your head?" enquired one. "No! No !-the spider, the spider-Monsieur has crushed the spider !

"What a quantity of entrails !" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconscious-

Well might be be astonished. The spray

her dress from head to foot. For myself, not the remotest idea of their nature. De- the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket but much of its contents remain-

> "What a monster it must have been," exclaimed a young lady as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel plight; "I declare, I should think it had been living on cauliflower."

At that moment I felt some one touch me, and turning, I saw the friend who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whisper-

Already half dead with confusion at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white garments, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. had been sitting upon the fated pocket and had crushed out the liquid butter and the soft paste like vegetable, which had daubed and dripped down, till it seemed as if I was actually dissolving in my panta-

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat, but before I could reach it a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sacr-r-e! Sacr-r-e!" rolling like a watchman's rattle, mingled with other epithets and names that an angry Frenchman never spares, were heard rising like a flerce tempest without the door.

Suddenly there was a pause, a gurgling, choking sound, and then the storm of wrath broke out with renewed fury. I seized my hat and opened the door and

the whole matter was at once explained. We had exchanged hats! and there he tood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his

cheeks, blinding his eyes filling his mouth, hair moustache, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle!

There he stood astride, like the Collossus at Rhodes, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms held drooping out from his body and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pore.

I staid no longer, but retaining his hat I rushed from the scene, jumped into a cab and arriving home, buried myself, in the solitude of my lodgings, forever from

## A Country Couple.

THE Cincinnati Times tells a story of a green young couple from Ripely Co., Ohio, who were "doing the exposition."

At last the "gall," whose name appeared to be Jerusha, intimated to Rube that she was suffering for a drink of water, and he not caring a "continental darn" for expenses, started in search of some place where water could be found. Observing one of Babcock's fire extinguishers-of which there were a goodly number in the building charged ready in case of fire-he broke for it under the impression that it was a hydrant.

"Here, Rusha," said he, "is one of them tarnal new-fangled city notions, where we can get a drink."

"Why, Rube, what is that?"

"That? Why that's a hydrant of course. You can't fool me on any of your patent notions, I'm posted; I've been to town afore, I have!'

Rusha, whose confidence in her "fellah" elicited our unqualified admiration, took all he said as being gospel, but seemingly puzzled, nevertheless,

"Why, Reuben," says she, "how do you drink out of this jimerack consarn?"

"Just take hold of that brass consarn," (indicating the nozzle,) and put it in your mouth, and I'll show you a sight by gin-

Rush did as directed. Applying the nozzel to the capacious orifice in her frontispiece, she awaited events, nor did she wait long, for Rube, turning on the cock, Rusha uttered a scream, and with spitting and sputtering, and making wry faces, Rauben saw more signs than he had ever dreamed

At length Rush got her mouth cleared. "Thunder and Mars, Rube! what on earth do you call that stuff? Why, it's bitterer than gall !"

"Oh, pshaw ! you're green, Rusha. Why that's Ohio river water. It's not near as good as the water in your dad's wellnot by a long chalk. But it's the only kind city folks has. Let me show you how to drink it."

So saying, Rube opened what nature had intened for a mouth, but what would have answered for a model for a traveling cellar door, and putting in the nozzel there, gave the cock another turn and took one swallow when he, too cavorted, and tore around as though a hornet had mistaken his mouth for its nest.

"Wol, gal, I'll be gosh almigty goll darned! May I be eternally flabbergasted and cut into bits, if that ain't the rottenest, tarnalest, ornarist, stinking water I ever did tast: Tell you what it is Rusha, that's some of the new kind of water city folks have got to drinking. Sulphur water they call it. I always heard them tell that it tasted like rotton eggs, and no mistake. Let's go to the hotel, Rusha, for I begin to feel squeamish, in my inwards."

So saying, Rube and Rusha walked off. while the large number of visitors witnessing the scene, were making the building shake, and bursting their sides with laugh-

# SUNDAY READING.

## Christian Temperance.

A few years ago, two men were caught in the rapids above Niagara Falls. They were being hurled on to destruction. The end of a rope was thrown out. One of them seized it, but the other caught hold of a floating log. The first was drawn to the shore; the other, in a few moments, passed with the log over the falls.

So we look at two men endeavoring to save themselves from the rapids of a tertible appetite. One of them seizes upon the rope of Christian faith, that is fastened in beaven, and is saved. The other depends merely upon the uncertain purposes and resolutions that he has made, and appetite sweeps him on to ruin.

He who would successfully struggle with temptation and appetite, and he who would work successfully as the savior of the degraded, must not only add patience to his temperance, but also godliness to his pa-

The madness of appetite is like the demoniac of the Gadarenes. You may bind it with the fetters of laws, and pledges, and resolutions, and they may all be broken. You cannot bind intemperance, "no, not with chains." You cannot tame it with constant watching. Christ must come near and bid the fiend "Come out of him;" changing his heart with divine love, ere he can be seen "clothed, and in his right mind."-Caline Fisk,

### Home Conversation.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books : and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see people who are the life of every company they enter, dull silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious but excellent mental training in lively social argument. Cultivate to the utmost all the graces of home conversation.

# Beautiful Illustration.

An English minister, named Toller, was preaching from the text, "Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me. In commencing his discourse, he said: "I can convey the meaning of this passage so that every one may understand it by relating what took place within my own family within a few days. One of my children had committed a fault, for which I thought it my duty to chastise him. I called him to me, explained to him the evil of what he had done. and told him how grieved I was that I must punish him for it. He heard me in silence and then rushed into my arms, and burst into tears, I could sooner have cut off my arm, than have then struck him for his fault; he had taken hold of my strength and made peace with me."

The following eloquent passage is from the pen of the lamented Albert Barnes :

"A whole family in Heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy! No father, or mother, nor son, nor daughter is away. In the world below they were united in faith and love and peace and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they ascend together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walk hand in hand; and, as a family, have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is hereafter to be no more separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. Never in heaven is that family to move along in the slow procession, nor in the habitiments of woe to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that in His mercy every family may

# Flying for Refuge.

There was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tenderhearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, while the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird, that I may devour it." Now, will that gentle, kindhearted man take the poor little creature that puts its trust in him, out of his bosom, and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well, then if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think He will ever deliver you up to your deadly foe? No never!

Faith joined with prayer maketh it more forcible, but humility coupled with it maketh it beneficial and effectual.

No prayer can tie the will of God unto us, except first of all we renounce and conquer our own wills.

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Cures all Chronic Coughs, and Coughs and Colds, more effectually than any other remedy.

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Builds up Constitutions broken down from Mineral or Mercurial Poisons.

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Cures Scald Head, Salt Rheum and Tetter. DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

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Removes Syphills or the diseases it entails most effectually and speedily than any and all other remedies combined.