# Volume 12, Anmber 50.

# Select Poetry.

#### SNOW FLAKES.

" Hark! the wild north wind is frolicking, Mid the leaves that lie so low, And I'm watching, I'm watching, For the first falling of the snow."

The clouds look dark and threat'ning, And chilling winds does blow; Yet to me ther's something cheering, In the soft pure flakes of snow,

I love to see them dancing, So lightly in the air. On every side they're glancing, There's naught so pure and fair,

They bid us seek for happiness Around the home fireside : Where busy hands, and loving hearts, Make the moments swiftly glide;

Then our quiet winter evenings, When seated round the hearth; With books,-or music ringing, Hearts filled with joy and mirth ;-

So none of us feel lonely, But all rare comfort take; And watch with joy each falling Of the soft pure snow-flake.

Thanks! to our Great Creator, Who all our wants provide; Oh! may we all remember Him, Around that home fireside. BERTHA.

# Miscellaneous.

## THE THREE HOMES,

## The Magic of Kindness.

It has been an uncommonly warm and sultry day, and as the cool air of evening swent onward and fanned the brows of the heated laborers, they, one and all, thanked do you mean to give me any? heaven that the toil of the day was over .-But to none among the homeward bound did to three whose baskets of tools borne over think you needed it after so hot a day.' their shoulders, denoted them carpenters,-

possible to be.

soon returned with her.

that's a good boy, and we'll have supper.

Tam so tired, Mary, that I'd rather do making him so. without supper,' said Yates throwing himself

as she hurried to light the fire, more than bit.' one piece of crockery was broken, which had for the time, been put in the wrong place.

Where have you been ? inquired Yates. "Just next door to see poor Mrs. Brown's Mrs. Yates entered. sick babv.'

chimed in a voungster.

and here the mother boxed the ears of the able.

went Mrs. Yates to prepare the supper. The children became cross and sleepy, and when ten was at last ready, she had to go up stairs and put them to bed, then returning, swalmust go and wash:

'Wash I, exclaimed the husband in astonishment, I thought you were to do that vesterday."

Well so I meant : but Mrs. Brown came in and prevented me. And now I must clean thing to put on.'

'So it seems,' said Yates, sureastically, 'So it seems-indeed!' she cried, angrily, 'I suppose you expect me to keep as clean set about without any delay. and neat as if I kept twenty servants.

earlier days of our wedded life."

he could not find at his own.

Meanwhile Jones passed through his trim neat. little garden, entered his pretty cottage home. But the next moment his wife entered, and ' Well,' said she, with a sigh, 'this is and setting down his basket, seated himself he knew his home again for her own dress Thanksgiving day. It dont' seem like old

Well, my dear, and if I did not, there ed contentented at home.

dust on them, and you know I hate dust .- | ry as already gained, and great was her dis- fairy golden hair floating like glory on her his ill-suppressed emotions. And here-Lord bless me if your dirty bas- appointment on the following evening. Yates shoulders, and her little foot making music ket ain't set down on the clean wax cloth - went to the public house. The next more as she moved about the house. But even What is the use of my being a slave if this is king she took her way to Mrs. Field's cot- then there was a hectic flush on her cheek, the way you act?

But, Nell, I'm so tired.'

'Tired, forsooth, and don't you think that get tired working about all day as I do?' home, though it was pleasant to look at, was as mine does. verv uncomfortable.

Mrs. Jones was a conscientions and industrious woman, and she esteemed it her duty to work hard for her husband and children. worship interfered with her duties as a wife evening, and when it is ended you shall have name and family. and mother. The latter demanded her house another. should be a home, the former that it should be an idol, and she bowed unresistingly down to the image she had herself set up, without once suspecting that the magic word 'home' was in her keeping but an empty sound. Her hu-band, when his hours of labor was over, felt as if he had fairly won a happy evening but he was ever offending against her rules a public house, where he was an object of And thus, though Mrs. Jones was considered a better wife than Mrs. Yntes, they both, by very different means accomplished one end, of driving from their homes domesticated hus-

Fields too had gained, his home; a neat little cottage, like those of his fellow workmen. Within, all was clean and neat, and as orderly as the gambols of the children would permit, and the wife who advanced to could wish to rest upon.

'Well, Carrie,' cried Fields, gaily, ' here I am, tired and hungry, wanting my supper-

Why if you behave yourself I will,' she replied in the same tone, and it is all ready the evening breeze seem mere refreshing, than you might as well have it, now. I should

At length the comfortable though frugal At the entrance of the village where they meal was ended; and the children put to bed, lived, Jones, Yates and Fields separated each and then the little wife came gaily down to seek his own dwelling. stairs. Fields was weary, and had placed his There was not a cleaner or neater abode feet upon a chair, but no frown darkened Carin Bell Air than that awaiting the reception rie's brow at the sight. On the contrary, she of Jones. Not a speck of dust dimmed the advanced good humoredly to his side, and brilliance of the windows: every article of inquired if she should go on with the book furniture was polished till it shone like a she had been reading the previous evening, mirror: fresh flowers breathed forth their or if he would rather that while she worked. fragrance from the chimney piece; a spotless But the pleasure of listening to an interesting cloth covered the little supper table, and Mrs. book was far greater to the weary man than Jones and the children was neat as it was that of hearing the village gossin, and so Car-

rie read on till bed time. Far different the scene which awaited Time passed on, and with it Mrs. Yates Yates; his house was in disorder and his grew more careless and fond of gossip, Mrs. wife absent. The last named evil was, how- Jones a more devoted house slave, and their ever, soon remedied, for one of the children husbands as a necessary consequence grew was dispatched in quest of his mether, who more attached to ale house company; while Carrie Fields pursued the even tenor of her But time and good intentions on both sides some embarressment. 'Finding no one an-You here, already, Bill?' she exclaimed, way, contented, neat and cheerful, and goodrushing in breathlessly, in a dim dirty gown, tempered; her house a haven of peace and 'I had no idea it was so late. Light a fire, happiness, to which her husband ever return-

Oue day Carrie was busily engaged in weeding her little garden, when Mrs. Yates 'Are you! Well then, I'll make it :' and passed by, and seeing her, paused to chat a

'You have not seen the new cloak Fields bought me on my birth day,' said Carrie. 'No, I've not, but I'll come in now,' and

Off went the child in a crying fit, and off 'your husband has the same wages as mine.' much of his money at the public house."

'No, he never enters it.' come him and keep him company."

wash, for neither I nor the children have a self-convinced. She said little to Mrs. Eields, Both had been disappointed—and now the but bidding her soon 'good-live' sped home, old couple were the solitary tenants of that resolving as she went that if her husband's old New-England farm-house. reformation depended on her, it should be The deacon went mechanically about his

No, Mary, said her huseand, gravely, 'I men returned to Bell Air; Fields jesting on der, and after seeing that they were comfort- mon you.' form no such extravegant notions; all I ask the way, for his heart was light, the others lable, he returned to the old kitchen. By this is that the hours I'm working to earn our dull and weary, for they were exhausted by time the good wife had prepared a breakfast, bread,may be spent by you in a manner more their day's work, and had no bright home- and a genial fire of walnut was diffusing its profitable than gossiping; and so let me find thoughts to cheer them. At length Yates heat through the apartment, a quiet and orderly house on my return, and parted from his companions and sauntered. The old couple sat down to breakfast, afa companion such as you used to be in the slowly home ward, knowing that however ter a blessing by the farmer, but the meal late he might be, he was always too soon. - passed off in silence. It was followed by a But the affectionate tone of the last words At last he reached his home, but stood still fervent prayer and the reading of a portion exercised no softening influence on the roused in astonishment at the scene before him, al- of the Scripture. After this, they adjourned spirit of the indignant wife, and a quarrel en- most doubting whether he had not entered to the sitting-room, where a good fire was sued, which ended in Yates taking his hat the wrong door. The room was swept and burning, and where the dame assumed her and finding a public house the comfort which dusted, and every thing was put in its prop- knitting, one of those incomprehensible pieces

was a matter that amid all her reformation times at all. We used to have a house full with which in happier days, she had wont to others hand and supreme delight beaming like of all things to be married, if I could be running. If there is a hungry one give him O Jones, you never wiped your feet when she had quite overlooked. But those she of company, frolicsome young folks and you came in, was his wife's salutation when had effected sufficed for the time, for, pleased cheerful old company—and now we are all she entered the room.

with unwonted comfort her husband remain- alone—alone.

fears of the last two days,

rie, only go on in the way you have begun, her last home-but God's will be done.' 'You are indeed a very industrious wife; and before long your husband will sit at Nell; yet even as he spoke he sighed, for his home of an evening as happy and contented alive.'

wiping away the tears.

To be sure I do, said Carrie gaily, and

'Thank you,' and Mrs. Yates departed pleaded the mother. Carrie looked after her a moment, and then calling her back exclaimed:

to put on a clean gown before evening. of propriety, and therefore betook himself to had proved a prophet, and at the end of a vear or two both seemed reformed, and were

> Meanwhile months came and went, and brought no spell upon their wings for Jones' happiness. One evening there liad been the en. usual display of great anger for little sins, turned to leave the house.

tage as any couple in Bell Air.

'And now, observed Mrs. Jones, drily, I meet him was as neat a person as the eye everything in a mess, you are going to the ing, and the roads are in a bad condition. public house to spend your money.'

'To Yates', replied his wife, contemptu-

choose a dirty house like that," 4 Mrs. Yates does not keep a dirty house now; it is as neat and clean as any one need to see, and what is more she lets her husband the deacon shook his head.

after her husband had left the house. Yet time to do so, as long as I have a house over peace, quietness and good temper, conscience my head."

Mrs. Jones took counsel of none save her part the habits which had grown upon her luxuriant black moustache. until they almost seemed a part of herself.brought back the peace and happiness which ed with pleasure, and herself most happy in the tables which was ready to mirror them; Thanksgiving turkey from burning. for the neatest cottage in Bell Air became one of its cheerful and best loved homes.

#### THANESCIVING DAY A Sketch from Real Life.

At five o'clock on Thanskiving morning, Deacon Wilson arose as was his wont. No holiday made any change in his house. Yet he no longer sprang from his bed with the 'Upon my word it is a pretty cloak; I alacrity which changed duty to pleasure; he 'Mother has been gone ever since two,' wish I could afford such a one,' said Mrs. arose because imperious necessity commanded Yates. And how nice you have everything it. There were the cattle to be feel and wa-'You abominable story-teller, take that;' around you. I wish I could be so comfort- tered, and the poultry to receive the same attention; and there was, moreover, a fire to 'And why should you not?' said Carrie, be built in the huge old kitchen fire place. For the deacon had no servant or help-"Ah! but your husband does not spend so er, and in the grey winter of his life, the whole burthen of managing his place had fallen on his shoulders. Fortunately they were 'And yet when they were both married, broad and strong-fortunately his constitulowed her own meal hastily, and putting a- every body said mine was the best match, be- tion was good, his spirits elastic, and his piside the dirty plates, declared that, she now cause Yates was the steadiest man. I can't ety sincere, for his burthens and trials were think how you manage to keep him at home. indeed weighty. He had been comparative-By making it neat, clean and comfortable by right he was now in embaressed circumby letting him find his supper waiting for stances. He had looked forward to the time him, and his wife and children ready to wel- when a son should relieve him of the most laborious of his toils, while a daughter per-Mrs. Yates stood for a moment silent and formed the same kind office for his wife .-

morning labors; he drove the cattle to the That evening at the usual hour the three water tank; he supplied them with fresh fod-

er place, the supper ready and the children of female industry which seem to have neither beginning or end.

'No, but I'll be bound there's plenty of was Mrs. Yates. She looked upon the victo- old eyes, like an angel of light; with her but a quivering lip that betrayed the force of tage to communicate to her the hopes and like the red upon the maple leaf in autumn. When the January snows lay deep upon the 'You must not be flown hearted, said Car- hills, and in the hollows, we carried her to . You forget that you have another child

' Do you really think so I' said Mrs. Yates, bitterly. 'There is one living somewhere, who has brought disgrace upon our namewho has forgotten his parents and his God: now I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll lend you who has drunk deep of the cup of iniquity, But she perceived not how her spirit of house- a book; read a little of it to Mr. Yates of an and who has brought ruin and wee upon his

'Do not speak so harshly of poor William,' of our house.'

Why should I not! Was be not insensible to kindness-steeled against affection ! Whatever you do Mrs. Yates don't forget Did he not scatter my hard earnings to the care for us then !'

'God will care for us,' answered the old woman, raising her eyes reverently to heav-

The old man made no reply, for his utterwhen Jones, weary of the share that fell up- ance was choked. At that moment the old on himself, pushed back the chair, and rising, clock that stood in the corner, struck the prodigal's return was enough to compensate hour of nine. The deadon arose.

'It is time to harness up old Dobbin,' said suppose because you are not allowed to make he for we have a long way to ride to meet-Their preparations were soon made, and 'No, replied he quietly, I am going down the old couple, poorly but decently attired, sallied forth to their public devotion. The services ended, the dencon and his wife, as ously. Truly you have a good taste to they issued from church, were kindly greeted by many old friends and neighbors, more than one of whom pressed them to come and partake of their Thanksgiving cheer. But

live in peace and quietness and good temper.' Many thanks, friend,' he said, ' but Peace, quietness and good temper. How since I have been a householder I have kept these words echoed in Mrs. Jones' ears long my Thanksgiving at home, and I shall con-

whispered to her, were not to be found in | So they rode home together. While the her dwelling. There was an error somewhere deacon drove up to the barn to put up his and she had always been used to ascribe it horse, the old lady opened, the back door, wholly to her husband, but could it be pos- which was always on the latch, and entered sible that it existed as much, perhaps more, the kitchen. As shedld so, she started back. A stranger was seated by the kitchen fire. who rose on her entrance. He was a tall, own heart and conscience, but in the end stalwart man dressed in a rough suit, with a they guided her aright, though painful indeed | a broad-leafed hat, his countenance embrownwere the efforts made to follow their dictates | ed by exposure to the sun and wind, and his and much it cost her to sacrifice even in upper lip almost concealed by a heavy and

'Good morning, ma'am,' said he with swered my knocks, I took the liberty of walkseemed to have deserted their dwelling, and ing in. I believe I owe you no apology, for at length the faces within grew as bright as I have officiated as turn-spit, and saved your

'I am very much obliged to you, I,m sure.' answered the old lady pulling of her mittens. But did you not want to see me or the

'Both of you,' answered the stranger.-

' You have a sôn, I believe.'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Wilson, with hesitation, and dasting down her eyes.

'Thave seen him lately.' 'Where?' inquired the mother, with in creased agitation.

' In California.'

' Was he doing well !' 'Admirably. Mother! mother!' added. impetuously throwing back his hat, ' don't you know me-don't you know your Will-

He rushed into his mother's arms and was clasped to her beating heart, while the tears streamed freely from the eves of both. After the first passionate greeting was over, the young man asked-

· Where is sister Emmy? 'Gone l'answered the mother as her tears'

flowed forth anew. William sank into a seat, and hiding his face in his hands, wept bitterly. The mother did not attempt to check him. She knew those tears were precious.

'And my father l' asked the young man, when he had gained his composure. He is well. But you had better retire

for a while. Go to your old room, my son, it is just as you left it, and wait until fl sum-

overjoyed mother went about the preparations for dinner, and when the table was neatly set, every dish in its place, and the she summoned the old man. He made his appearance at once, and took his seat. Glancing round the table, he asked-

What is this, wife t you have set plates for

in unexpectedly." 'There is little danger-hope, I mean, of

that,' answered the deacon sadly. At this juncture, Mrs. Wilson, with a mys-It was answered by the appearance of the

'So you have come back at last,' he said. 'Yes, father, but not as I left you. Father, last Thanksgiving day I went into my lonely room and there falling on my knees addressed myself to Heaven, and solemuly abjured the fatal cup which had brought ruin upon me, and wee upon this once happy fam-

ilv. From that day to this I have not touched a drop. Is my probation enough? Can-'No, I do not forget it,' said the old man you now welcome back your son and bless Bless him I ves I yes! bless you, my dear

dear boy, said the old deacon, placing his trembling hand on the dark locks of the pleader. You are welcome, William, though you have come only to witness the downfall

'Not so, father,' answered the young man joyously. 'I have come back to save you -to atone for my prodigality-for all my errors. It was this hope that sustained me wind? Is it not to him that I owe the pros- in the lone heat of the Sierra Nevada, when I Mrs. Yates took both pieces of advice-she | pect of beggary and destitution | Remem- | was panting with thirst and dying of hunger put on a clean gown, and she read the book, ber the first day of February. That is the last Thoughts of home, of you and mother, and and they both answered excellently. Carrie day of grace. If the money comes not then of her who is now one of Gods angels, ena--and God knows from whence it is to come | bled me to conquer fortune. I have come -we are driven from beneath this roof-free back with a store of gold-you shall not be consideration, which he never was at home. as happy and peaceful in their neat little cot- - a pair of homeless beggars. Who will a beggar in your old age; father, we shall keep the farm.'

After this, it is unnecessary to add, that joy entered the old New-England homestead It was a chastened joy, for the shadows of the past yet mingled with the sunshine of the present, but the felicity which attended the for many sorrows .- Boston Olive Branch.

The Three Jolly Husbands. Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tayern, until being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one on retiring home should do the first thing that his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay his bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again the next morning and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, far as they related to the bill. The next morning Walker and brown were early at calling pantalooons 'pants,' or gentlemen their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began

"You see when I entered my house the candle was out; and the fire giving but a glimering light, I came near walking into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor said to me sarcasti-

"Bill, do put your foot in the batter!" "Just as you say, Maggy," said I, and without the least hesitation I put my; foot in the pot of batter, and then went to bed." Next Joe Brown told his story:

"My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping room which adjoins the kitchen, the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate thorughly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife in no pleasant tone, bawled out: -

"Do break the pudden pot!"

"No sooner said than done, I seized hold of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit, I retired to rest, and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains."

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very ong face as follows: "My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world: for I was blundering up

stairs in the dark, when she cried out: "Do break your neck, do. Tim !" "I'll be cursed if I do, Kate," said I, as I gathered myself up, "I'll sooner pay the bill." And so landlord, here's the cash for you; and this is the last time I'll ever risk

five dollars on the command of my wife. Popping the Question. Speaking of 'popping the question,' we don't know but what it would be fairly in order to 'writing in' the following from an

exchange:

Be sure before you comence cooing. Our friends T-and S-, one even- a moderately dark room, and hold them besome young ladies for whom both gentlemen | egg is good-that is, if the sibumen is still frolic one of the young ladies blew out the reddish glow, while if the egg is affected it powers." la:np, and our friends thinking this a favora- will be opaque or dark. A very few trials ble movement to make known their feelings will show the simplicity of this method. In to the fair object of their regard, moved seats Fulton and Washigton markets a man may a trunk was put up; when one of a party of at the same time, and placed themselves as be seen testing eggs at almost any time in Irish laborers observed to a companion Pat, It was with a fluttering heart that the they supposed by the lady's side, but she had the year. He has a tallow candle placed I think you should buy that trunk. "As" also moved, and the gentlemen were in real- under a counter or desk, and taking up the what should I do with it !" replied Pat, with. ity scated next to each other. As our friends eggs, three in each hand, passes rapidly be some degree of astonishment. "Pri your could not whisper without betraying their fore the candle and deposits them in another clothes in it," was his adviser's teply Pat turkey, smoking hot, waiting to be carved, whereabouts they both gently took, as they box. His practiced eye quickly perceives gazed on him with a look of supprise and thought, the soft hand of the fair charmer the least want of clearness in the eggs, and then, with that locanic elequence, which is and which after a while they ventured a suspicious ones are re-examined, and thrown peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed gentle squeeze, each was surprised to find it away or passed to a 'doubtful box.'- a -" an go naked." returned with an unmistakable pressure.— The process is so rapid that we have seen It may be well imagined that the moments | eggs inspected perfectly at the rate of one to 'I thought perhaps somebody might drop flew rapidly, in the silent interchange of mutual affection. But the rest wondered at the unusual silence of the gentlemen, one of them noislessly stepped out and suddenly returned with a light, and there sat our friends T terious expression, rang the little hand bell, and S-, most lovingly squeezing each young girl remark to her mother. "I should some part of the game which does not require summon her taidy children to their meals. in their eyes. Their consternation, and the suromy husband would die in a fortnight; then part of your dinner. If there is a dull or ecstacy of the ladies, may be imag I did not, there ad provided the provided at house.

I did not, there ad provided the provided t

### A Tough Witness.

Prosecuting Attorney-" Mrs. Parks, state he defendant to follow any profession."

known him." "Prefessor of what."

"Of religion." "You don't understand me, Mr. Rarks. What does he do !"

"Generally what he pleases." "Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendaut follows."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant folows the crowd when they go in to drink." "Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication vill not do liere. Now state how this defend-

ant supports himself." "I saw him last night supporting himself

against a lamp-post." "May it please your honor, this witness has shown a disposition to trifle with the Court."

Judge-" Mr. Parks, state, if you know any thing about it, what the defendant's occupation is."

"Occupation did you say ?" Council-"Yes, what is his occupation ? "If I ain't mistaken, he occupies a garret

somewhere in town." ', That's all, Mr. Parks." Cross examined-" Mr. Parks, I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor

of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession in ters passing between them."

for drinking. Does he drink hard I" ever saw."

are his habits-loose or otherwise!"

for the fashion." "You can take your seat, Mr. Parks." Avoid SLANG WORDS .- 'There is no wit,' says the author of the behavior book. 'In a ady to say snooze, instead of a n 'gent,'-in saying of a man whose dress' is. old, that he looks seedy,'-and in aliuding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting inci- the following bints be useful! Brittania

she would say next. And yet she was a wo- gar. man of many good qualities; and one who boasted of having always lived in society."-The Ladies Paper.

TESTING EGGS.—There is no difficulty whatever in testing eggs. Take them into

### Cheap Advertising.

It has become quite fashionable for dealf you please, whether you have ever known ers to paint their cards upon side walks, &c. Yesterday we were amused at the handicraft "He's been a professor ever since I have of some waggish clerk, who finding a bustness card painted upon a flag stone, penciled over it in heat black captails,

IN MEMORY OF

by way of prefex. We saw a man beat at this game at Coldseer, the other day. Upon the fence, near the depot, was painted in big letters, was painted in big letters, OO TO MARKHAM'S

under which some rival had painted, IF YOU WANT TO BE SKINNED This bents the quack medicine man who

painted up, TAKE DR. HOBENSACK'S PILLS AND along camen track vender, who stuck union

der it, so as to continue sense, PREPARE TO MEET YOUR GOD. A friend at our elbow suggests that her saw in Brooklyn, the other day, a postery reading.

LECTURE TO NIGHT BY DR. CHAPIN, ander which protruded, in big red letters THE MOST SUCCESSFUL VERMIFUGE IN THE

WORLD. Gratis advertisers may as well beware of cross-readings, Detroit Advertiser.

The Emperor of France. Faith in his star is his all-dominating conviction. Louis XI had not firmer reliance on his leaden angels than Louis Napolean "I never heard of any correspondent or let- on a certain 'lucky' penny, he got from a Norwood gipsey, representing herself as the "You said something about his propensity grand-daughter of that zingaro who foretold that Josephine would be an empress. Des. "No I think he drinks as easy as any man cribing his aquisition of that enchanted coin one day, shortly after his escape from Ham. "One more question, Mr. Parks. You have when a very disconsolate-looking man about known the defendant a long time. What town here, and being asked what he thought would become of him? he replied, he had "The one he's got on now, I think, is rath- not the smallest doubt the prediction of the er tight under the arms, and too short waisted fortune-teller would be fulfilled, that he would become Emperor of the French, the arbiter of Europe, and die by the hand of a woman? How rediculous, you exclaim. Well, is it any more so than his whole career for the last seven years would have sounded if spoken of as a thing of possibility seven years

ITEMS FOR THE LADIES. Lady readers will dent, to say that is 'rich.' All slang words should be first rubbed gently with a woolen are detestable from the lips of ladies, We cloth and sweet oil, then washed in warm suds, are always sorry to hear a young lady use such and rubbed with soft leather and whiting a word 'polking,' when she tells of having Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the engaged in a certain dance, too fashionable last. New iron should he gradually heated not long since, but happily, new is going out, first; after it has become inured with the and almost banished from the best society heat it is not likely to crack. It is a good To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Vic- plan to put new earthen ware into water and toria has prohibited the polka being danced let it heat gradually until it boils then cool in her presence. How can a genteel girl again. Brown earthen ware, particularly bring herself to say, 'Last I was polking may be toughened in this way. A handful with Mr. Bell, or 'Mr. Cope came and ask of wheat or rye bran thrown in while boiling, ed me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill- will preserve the glazing so that it will not be. sounding name is worthy of the dance. destroyed by acid or salt, Clean a brass ket-We have little tolerance for young the before using it for cooking, with salt and ladies, who, having in reality neither wit nor vinegar. The oftener carpets are shaken the humor, set up for both, and, having nothing longer they will wear. The dirt that collects of the right stock to go upon, substitutes, under them grinds out the threads. If you coarseness and impertinance (not to say im- wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them pu lence,), and try to excite laughter, and at throughly after you have eaten your last meal tract the attention of gentlemen, by talking at night. Woolen should be washed in very slang. Where do they pick it up ! From hot suds, and not rinsed.-Luckewarm water low newspapers, or from vulgar books !- shrinks woolen goods. Never allow ashes to be Surely not from low companions. We have taken up in wood or put into wood. Always heard of one of these ladies, when her collar have your matches and lamp ready for chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was of sudden alarm. Have important papers all pinned on drunk-also, that her bonnet was together, where you can lay your hands or drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When them at once in case of fire. Do not wrap disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When sub- knives and forks in woolens. Steel is injured mitting to do a thing unwillingly, she was by laying in woolens. Old bread may be brought to the scratch. Sometimes 'she did made almost as good as new by dipping the things on the sly.' She talked of a certain loaf in cold water, then putting it in the oven great vocalist 'singing like, a beast.' She be after the bread is drawn, or in, a stove and lieved it very smart and piquant to use these let it heat through. Isinglass is a most delivile expressions. It is true when at parties, cate starch for fine muslins. When boiling she always had half a dozen gentlemen about common starch, sprinkle in a little fine salt; ber, their curiosity being excited as to what it will prevent its sticking. Some use su-

> An unfortunate victim of unrequited love. igns in this lamentable strain:

"I'll throw myself into the deep bring." ocean, where mud-eels and cat-fish on my body shall riot, there soundly I'll slumber ing met at the house of an acquaintance of tween the eye and a candle or lamp. If the number, shall crawl o'er my pillow. But my beneath the rough billow, and crabs without entertained tender feelings. In a spirit of unaffected, the light will shine through with a and trisk with the mermaids—it shall, by the spirit shall wander through gay coral bowers

At an auction sale in a country town

ADVICE TO BOYS .- You are made to be two hundred per minute, or as fast as they kind and generous. If there is a boy at could be shifted from one box, to another school who has a club foot, don't let him know three at a time.—American Agriculturalist. You ever saw it. If there is a boy with rag ged cloths, don't talk about rags in his hear-

SENTIMENTAL-Mrs. Child once heard a ing. If there is a lame boy, sasign to him but I should avoid the disgrace of being an old help him get his lessons. All the school