

Business Cards.

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Poet's Corner.

Census or Non-Census? The census, it is said, embraces seventeen million women. Who wouldn't be a census—Prudence Paver. Just think of it—seventeen millions, Respondent with multiplied charms! A host of adorable woman. Rushing right into your arms! Coming one after another, There are such a mass of snow, Myriads hurrying up to be kissed, And waiting for others to go.

Miscellaneous.

GRACIE'S GIFT. Grace Fairford stood at her chamber window among her geraniums, looking forth with eyes which saw not, so blinded were they with angry tears. Behind her on the dressing table, tossed down in bitter contempt, lay her Christmas gift—a pair of high gloves, marked *Gracie's*, but stiff and heavy as a cobbler's apron. A lace collar, imitation Montion—market value twenty-five cents, intrinsic value nothing; and a set of malachite jewelry bearing the unmistakable imprint of a dollar.

Teaching, she said. "I know just enough to be aware of my ignorance." Writing I can't even bear to write a letter. No faint, no faded, no dogged determination, "if the worst comes to the worst, thank heaven, I can cook. So much for being the child of a minister too poor to hire servants. And reversing Daniel Webster's encouragement to young men, there's always room up stairs, there's always room down stairs for women."

And are there not under it some curls held in unaccustomed imprisonment? I do not think I would confine them so. All graceful things should have liberty. Gracie blushed red as a rose. So he had penetrated her silly artifice, and was laughing at her for it. "I was so young," she faltered, deploringly, dropping her eyes to her plate. "Yes, I see," he rejoined kindly. "Your little attempt at disguise was very honest and ingenious, but, fortunately, in this case it was entirely unnecessary."

It was not till the ceremony was over, and the company thronged up with congratulations, that she beheld the hard grey eyes of Aunt Charlotte and the sorrowfully beautiful ones of Viva fixed upon her in bitter hate. Like a flash, she understood it all—that this Mr. Ralph Brooke, whose housekeeper and niece she had become, was the identical "Uncle Ralph" of her relatives' great expectations; and dreading she scarcely knew not what from their angry surmise, she instinctively drew closer to her new husband.

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Gracie was deeply touched by his delicate kindness. She could only reply by catching the withered hand and bedewing it with grateful tears. "I don't know, Pop," said James, "I never have done it."

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A Green One on His Travels.

Col. Jim had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its ways; but Col. Jack was from the black settlements of the State, had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city. These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York. Col. Jack, to see the sights, and Col. Jim, to guard his unsophistication from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night and sailed in the morning. Arrived in New York, Col. Jack said:

"I have heard tell of carriages all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along." They stepped out on the sidewalk, and Col. Jim called a stylish baronche. Col. Jack said: "No, sir! None of your cheap John-turn-outs for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't any object."

Down stairs, where the Christmas holly is mingled with white bridal blossoms, the guests are beginning to assemble, and in one short hour she will have given to another all that love can give—herself. Presently there is a knock upon the chamber door, and the busy maidens are interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Brooke. "One moment, Gracie," he says, pausing just within the threshold. "Some relatives of mine—some you never have heard of—have come to try me a visit."

Gracie wondered who the visitors could be, and even fretted a little on their importance coming. But when she went down into the parlor and took her place before the minister, she forgot them entirely. It was not till the ceremony was over, and the company thronged up with congratulations, that she beheld the hard grey eyes of Aunt Charlotte and the sorrowfully beautiful ones of Viva fixed upon her in bitter hate.

Fisk used to often tell about his first mistake in life. Said the Colonel, "When I was a little boy on the Vermont farm, my father took me up to the stable one day, where a row of cows stood in the stable."

"I don't know, Pop," said James, "I never have done it." "Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning, I'll give you this bright dollar," said his father, putting him on the head, while he held the silver dollar before his eyes. "That's right, James; you did it splendidly, and now I find you do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning all winter."

Ben. Franklin vs. Beer Drinking.

The following from Franklin's Autobiography, giving his experience in London among beer drinkers, can be read with profit by printers of the present day. "I now began to think of laying by some money. The printing house of Watts, near Lincoln's Inn-Fields, being as still more considerable one than that in which I worked, it was probable I might find it more advantageous to be employed there. I offered myself and was accepted; and in this house I continued during the remainder of my stay in London."

"On my entrance, I worked as pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work almost as hard as the water in the street. I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see by this and many other examples, that the *American* printers, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone."

Size of Nails. The following table will show you one of the length of the various sizes, and the number of nails in a pound. They are graded from 3-penny up to 20-penny. The first column gives the number, the second the length in inches, and the third the number per pound.

Table with 5 columns: Number, Length in inches, Nails per pound, and two additional columns. Rows include 3-penny, 4-penny, 5-penny, 6-penny, 7-penny, 8-penny, 10-penny, 12-penny, and 20-penny.

It was before the war, Dinal was a free nigger. But he bought and paid for himself, and having come North and being employed as cook in a family living not a thousand miles from Broadway, making money, concluded his worldly life. Sambo, her husband, meeting an old fellow at the Old Mass in Virginia.

With the help of her generous employer, Dinal succeeded, and Sambo came on and set up business. In other cases elude came after a while and her matrimonial sky. Sambo was to go to a meeting at which she would be the attraction. Her husband, meeting an old fellow at the Old Mass in Virginia.

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