The Lehigh Register

Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by Haines & Diefenderfer.

At \$1 50 per annum, payable'in advance, and \$2 00 if not paid until the end of the year .-No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

. OFFICE in Hamilton street, two doors west of the German Reformed Church, directly opposite Moser's Drug Store.

Letters on business must be POST PAID otherwise they will not be attended to.

JOB PRINTING.

Having recently added a large assortment of fushionable and most modern styles of type, we are prepared to execute, at short notice, all kinds of Book, Job and Fancy Printing.

Poetical.

TEMPT ME NOT TO DRINK AGAIN

O tempt me not to drink again For I have drunk too deep ere now,
'Till reason fled my raging brain,
And beast was branded on my brow.

How of't for me the goblet's bring.
Hath sparkled with ambrosial wine,
Whilst 'neath its surface, dark and grim, Despair would whisper thou art mine.

Away : accursed thing, away, I cannot longer bear the rod, Which all endure who, 'lured astray,

Have bowed them to the drunkard's god,

Long years have pass'd since first I fell A victim to this wily foe; What I have suffered none can tell; How long, also too many knew.

Three boys upon the deep now roam,
The eldest scarcely yet a score,
They fled a drunken father's home, And may perchance return no more.

Two sleep beside their mother's grave, The happiest of the five; And one remains for me to save; If yet my daughter be alive.

I saw her, 'tis not long ago,
Her brow, though placid, plainly bore
The impress of some hidden woe,
Where hope angelic beamed before.

Full well I know the secret grief, Which prays upon her breaking heart, And what alone can bring relief, And bid'en now despair depart.

Then tempt me not to drink again. For I have drunk too deep ere now, 'Till reason fled my raging brain,
And beast was branded on my brow.

NETTA CLAY;

THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

BY ELLA FARMAN.

"I have no mother, for she died When I was very young:
But her memory still around my heart, Like morning mists has hung.

'Mamma, Netta has broken a salver full of coffee cups. I wish she could be punished for such carelessness,' exclaimed Lena Clay, a richly dressed girl of sixteen summers, as she entered the parlor one morning.

'The careless thing!' said the beautiful Mrs. Clay, 'I don't know what to do with her. It's an absolute waste to have her in the

'Clara,' and her husband, a noble looking man, spoke sternly, 'Clara I cannot hear you speak thus of my child, remember. You should keep another servant girl if you wish the work done properly. Annetta is young and unac-

customed to work.'
'Mr. Clay,' and the wife's black eyes sparkled, 'Mr. Clay, when I became your wife I supposed that I could manage the household as I chose. But I find I was quite mistaken .-That ugly child of yours wishes to manage me and Lena both. She is perfectly disrespectful. No mother can see her only child thus treated. of a frame—the face of her dead mother. But you will not permit me to manage her at you would do it yourself.'

I never saw a child act as Netta does,' said Lena petishly. 'She acts very strange. I let | glory. her do the ironing last night, and she came up about twelve, just as I came home from the party, and sat down on the floor and began to cry and made such a noise, so I just rose and gave her a whipping, which silenced her .- little girl-Netta-to cheer his loneliness. Then she began to read in that old Bible, and I never can sleep with a light in the room.' She will have to sleep in the garret after this. But I punished her this morning,' and the little imperious beauty laughed gaily.

breakfast in silence. As he left the room he said to himself, 'I can endure this no longer; Clara is my wife, to be sure, but Annetta is

He paused at the kitchen door and well he might. Upon the cold, hard floor, with her golden head resting in a chair, lay his daughter Netta. She had been weeping, for the traces of tears were on her colorless cheeks; but she was calm now, save the quick beating in the veins of her low, meek brow, and tremulous quivering of her sweet childish lins. Her small hands reddened by toil, were carelessly clasped together, and a small red book lay amid the folds of her plain calico dress.

Netta sprang up affrighted as she heard the door pushed open, and her checks glowed crimson as she hid the book in her pocket. But as she saw it was her father, her cheeks paled again and the tears gushed into her eyes. A tear trembled in the father's eye as he saw the worn features of the fair girlish face, and the thinness of the slender form attired in a coarse, ill-fitting costume. 'Netta,' said he kindly as small head with its masses of the golden curls, ambrose.'

THE BUSHA

A PANILY JOURNAL --- HEUTHAL IN POLITIUS.

Devoted to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c.

VOLUME IX.

the matter.'

ALLENTOWN, PA., AUGUST 1, 1855.

cold rain.'

NUMBER 43.

Netta, are you sick?' A low moan was her only reply. Then he said again, 'Netta, my child, you are pale and sick. Tell me what is

Then the fair fragile girl looked up at him with those deep blue eyes, half veiled by droop-

ing eye lashes, those deep blue eyes so like those of her dead mother's, which had been so often uplifted to his. Then she wound her thin white arms, about his neck, and said in a low trembling tone, 'No, papa, I don't think I'm sick, but I am so weak that I can scarcely stand on my feet. Oh, papa,' and she sobbed

After a moment's silence, Mr. Clay said, ' Go up into one of the parlors and lie down on the lounge. Do as I tell you, Netta hereafter.' 'Yes, papa,' said Netta, at the same time

shivering with terror, 'but don't tell me to go there! She will beat me if I do.'

Beat you, Netta! Who will beat you darling ?' asked he tenderly. Netta hesitated a moment and then said

tremblingly- They said they would beat me to death, even if I told you of it. But Mrs. Clay, mamma, I mean, and Lena whip me cruelly every day.'

What for, Netta?' said he in a calm tone though his eyes flashed fiercely.

'I don't know, papa,' she replied childishly; vesterday I went into the parlor to look at my mamma's picture, and then Miss Lena came in and boxed my ears hard; and told me to go out ; and Miss Lena's mother came in and told me never to come up there again. But oh, I did want to see mamma's picture so bad, and before I thought I told Miss Lena it was my papa's parlor, and that I had a better right there than she had, and then they whipped me and shut me up in the cellar closet.'

The red blood rushed in a flery tide to Mr Clay's checks, but he restrained himself and said calmly, ' You should have told me of this before, Netta.'.

'Don't blame me for it, papa,' said Netta imploringly. 'They would have killed me, and besides I didnt think you would care. Miss Lena said you didn't care anything about me, now that you had married her handsome moth-

er. And I thought you did'nt papa, for you never come and talk with me as you used to .-There has nt been anybody to love me since mamma died, has there ?' and the blue eyes uplifted to his were very earnest.

The father gazed mournfully down on the pale sweet child he held in his arms, and as he remembered all his neglect of her for two years. he almost shuddered. And in that moment of silence the image of his dead wife seemed to raise up from the far country grave in which he had laid her, and stand before him. And the dead blue eyes, just like those of the child, gazing up at him, had a saddened look lingering in their depths, and the dead lips wore a reproachful expression, and a spirit voice seemed to say in low upbraiding tones, 'Hast thou forgotten the pale child I left as an only remembrance?' The father sighed as the sad vision faded away and he bore the pale little Netta up by the glowing fire on a pillowy lounge, where plied she. she could see a sweet, girlish face gleaming out

As Netta laid there in the luxurious stillness, all, Mr. Clay, and I should be very grateful if the soft eyes in the picture seemed like angel eyes, and the red lips wore a scraph smile, and the golden hair seemed like a crown of

> 'Albert Clay was only twenty-two when he married a gentle girl with winning ways. . Ten summers Annetta Lee blessed him with her love, and then faded from earth, leaving one

Two years he lived alone in his stately mansolved to marry some lovely, amiable woman, to be a mother to his little girl who was ten During Lena's speech, Mr. Clay's eyes had | years old. After carefully studying the characflashed more than once, and he finished the ter of his female acquaintances, he found none among them so gentle and amiable, so sympathizing with him, the wealthy widower, so idolizing his motherless daughter, as the beautiful widow, Clara Appleton. And her only daughter-Miss Lena-a beautiful girl of fourteen, loved Netta so dearly-always with her at her school, never happy away from her -oh, it was all so fascinating that the rich Mr. Clay married Mrs. Appleton, and took her and Lena from their small cottage to his stately

mansion. For a few months the utmost deference was paid to Mr. Clay's slightest wishes, and little Netta was petted more than ever; she was always richly dressed and kept in the parlors, and when visitors paid fashionable calls, the beautiful Miss Clara would point to her and Lena and say-'My two darling daughters! especially when Mr. Clay was present. All went on as well as marriage bells, and Mr. Clay congratulated himself on possessing suffla cient sense to have selected such a lovely wife from the multitude of maidens, ladies, and disconsolate widows, and scheming daughters who | girl, I suppose; pity for a girl out in this he went up to her and laid his hand on that had crowded his path 'thick as leaves in val- storm.'

But after a while there began to be a change. Mrs. Clay and Lena did not always wear sweet smiles, and the itonation of their voices were not always the softest; and somehow Netta was not as joyous as she had been at first, her face was paler and sadder, and she was more plainly dressed, and not so much in the parlors. Thus matters went on and Mr. Clay never saw his motherless girl save in the kitchen, and he seldom went there, his mind was so occupied by business cares and his beautiful bride, and for a long while he did not notice her absence. But when Clara and Lena both openly abused her, his fatherly feelings were touched, and the old love for his child awoke, and at last he saw his mistake in marrying, but too late. Yet he determined that they should not abuse the only child of his first wife.

It was a chilly, rainy day, and everything looked dismal and cheerless in the city. Clara and Lena sat in their rich bourdoir where a blazing fire glowed redly in the grate and made it warm and cozy. Netta was there, too, for Mr. Clay laid down strict orders, and they did not lare disobey them by sending her into the kitchen, and now she wore as costly robes as Miss Lena did, and was provided with books and teachers.

Netta was reading a richly bound book-Eliza Cook's Poems. For she in her loneliness had found a deep love for all that was beautiful, and poetry to her was as stars are to mariners far out on the pathless sea. Netta had altered much in two months. There was a soft light in her eye, a rosy flush on her cheek, and the wearied, toil-worn look had vanished; but the smile on her lips was always sada

Mrs. Clay, in a brocade dressing robe was lying on a sofa, reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and weeping over the misfortunes of Eliza-for Mrs. Clay had one of those peculiarly formed heads which could sympathize with all popular

Lena sat in a richly cushioned rocking chair busy with her patterns, zephyr worsted and

But she soon threw it down, pertulently exclaiming, ' There, I can do nothing more until I have two more skeins of that particular scarlet. and two more of that lighted azure. What shall I do? I ought to finish it for the Ladies' Fair.

'I dont know what you will do! Where did you select ?' asked the mother, looking up from her reading.

'At one of the further shops on Broadway,' replied Lena. 'I must have some more imme diately some way.

'You will have to go, Annetta,' said Mrs. Clay, 'the girls are all busy down stairs and cannot be spared, and Lena's health is too delicate to think of her going out in such stormy weather, and the worsted must be had immediately.

book and looked out on the cheerless street, and up at the leaden sky from which the rain came steadily down, and not one lady predestrian to her carnest voice would be heard-'Oh, mothbe seen on the street. 'Ah, it rains so fast, into one of the gorgeous parlors, and laid her and it will be such hard walking, mother,' re-

'Nonsense, it is nothing for a stout healthy girl like you,' said Mrs. Clay, without looking rains hard. Come after me, my own papa, I from her book.

'Why not wait until papa comes home; he will get them for you,' said Netta pleadingly.

'You indolent thing!' exclaimed Lena imperiously. 'Go get them quick : I cannot wait till night. Don't sit there hesitating.'

Netta cast a shivering glance at the stormy sky-but she knew it would be useless to remonstrate, for her father was not there. As she rose, Mrs. Clay handed her a thin brocha shawl and a common bonnet. Netta glanced sion with Netta and his widowed heart. But at them and said. 'Oh don't send me out so after a long communion with himself, he re- thinly clad. It is very cold. Let me wear my cloak.

'Hush girl,' imperiously said Mrs. Clay 'to humor you would take half my husband's in-

come. 'I wonder papa does have half as much for her as he does,' said Lena.

'He is my own papa,' said Netta calmly. and he loves me as much as he does those he shelters beneath his roof.'

Mrs. Clay sprung to her feet in a passion exclaiming. You saucy thing! How dare you speak disrespectfully of me or Lena! Go on your errand immediately; and the thinly clad motherless girl was sent out into the rain to perform a trifling errand which required her to go to the other end of Broadway; and the step-mother and step-sister sat in their luxurious boudoir, reveling in sumptuous elegance.

Mr. Clay passed out of his rich store on Broadway, and walked hastily along the pavement, thickly and warmly clad in his heavy overcoat and fur cap, a large umbrella shielding him from the blinding sleet and rain. As he passed a lofty dwelling with high marble steps, he heard a moan strangely low and plaintive, and he murmured-'Some poor beggar

Then low means and sobs rose up and fell on

thought of the warm, pleasant sitting room at and velvet lounges and cushioned rocking chairs. He thought of the warm kiss with which Netta would meet him. Then like starting voices bidding him to turn back, came those plaintive moans, and in a moment he stood by the marble steps of the lofty dwelling. The girl was half sheltered by an umbrella beneath it he caught a bright gleam of gorgeous cashmere. Who could lie moaning on those marble steps robed in such rich material? He hastily tore the umbrella from the clasp of the red, stiffened fingers; but the girl a slender thing, lay with her face down on the cold white marble. She did not see the man by her side, but mouned on, Mr. Clay could hear her faint, childish voice saying-'Oh papa, come and take me home; I shall die here in this

Oh, why in those, low, touching tones was there a familiar sound, a household tone which thrilled Albert Clay's heart with a vague, indistinct sense of pain? In a moment the shivering childish form was clasped in his arms.-Then the pale, wet face, with its faint, white features met his gaze. It was his own-daughter Netta. For a moment all was dim before his eyes, and the strong man sank faintly on the marble steps where his child had laid in agony. Then he saw the parcel of worsted lying on the payement, and he comprehended it all, and he was nerved again. As he clasped Netta to his heart she opened her blue eyes on him, and as they rested on the saddened face bending tenderly over her she murmured faintly-' Is it you papa? Oh, I am glad that you have come to take me home to mamma-my angel mamma,' and a tiny arm was clasped tightly about his neck, and a golden head rested confidingly on his bosom. Netta was unconscious.

Then the father went swiftly on, merely pausing to order a physician. He hastily went up to the steps of his mansion, entered without ringing, and with his heavy over-shoes and dripping coat and hat, he entered his wife's rich boudoir and laid Netta on a sofa-

Lena and Mrs. Clay grew icy pale. They aw a pall folding tightly around their future. Here is a specimen of your love towards my child. See your work. You heartless, cruel woman,' said he sternly, as he glanced for the

first time conn them.

The dooder came, and at last Netta fell into quiet slumber, which soon changed into a oroken, troubled slumber, and her cheeks began to glow with the crimson light of fever heat. At intervals she awoke, muttering incoherent sentences. And at the red light of dawn she was raving in delirium. All day through that husbed, darkened chamber rang Netta's voice-pleading at times, then in frightful tones Netta shuddered as she shut her entrancing like those of a wounded bird; then softened down to a cadence low and mild as the flow of still waters. Then she would mean again, and er, it is so cold, and the shawl is so very thin. let me wear my cloak.' Then again she would sob with outstreched arms. 'Oh, papa, come and take me home. The wind blows and it can go no farther.'

> The mystic hour of midnight had come with its mysterious solemnity. Within Mr. Clay's mansion all was hushed. There was no light burning save in the chamber of the dying Netta.

> Netta was calmly sleeping. The hectic glow hat had flushed her cheek had utterly died away, and it was as snowy white as the pillow on which it rested. Her eyes were shut and her golden eurls lay in beautiful confusion over the pillows, and her tiny hands were clasped above her head. The father's trembling fingers lay on the pulses of one small wrist, and the doctor's on the other. 'Can she live, doctor ? eagerly asked the father.

'She is waking now,' said the doctor.

Slowly the large blue eyes unclosed; their light was as screne as the azure of an uncloud ed summer sky, and as they sought her father. a scraphic smile wreathed her lips, and the childish face shone as if angel wings were shadowing it with their divine presence. Then she said, 'I have been away, have nt I, papa?'

'No Netta' was the reply, 'you have been on the bed, and your own papa has been watch-

ing beside you.' But I have been away, she said carnestly : It was so very bright, beautiful place, where I heard sweet, low voices, and they whispered to me that it was the city of Light, where there never was any clouds or storms, and there was a long, wide golden river there, a river of flowing gold, and beautiful trees rose by it, and voices, sweet as the flow of the river's waves. whispered that they were the trees of Life .-And I saw the angels, papa, and they wore white, and they had crowns of sunlight and golden harps, with which they made music .-And I saw mamma, and she asked me, to come and live in the city of Light with her. I may go, may I not papa? Earth is dark with ably diminished. In fact, they are only seen the whole party.

his cars. He stood irresolute. The wind blew | clouds and cold with storms. You will not bid the rain and sleet harshly in his face. He me stay, will you? The city is warm and bright forever, papa,' and Netta's eyes were home, with its soft carpet and crimson curtains | gloriously bright, and her face glowed with an unearthly beauty, and strength was hers even as if angel arms upheld her.

Then Doctor P- whispered-It is the hair. wondrous beauty of death.'

All the earthly sounds were hushed, the father gazed upon his child and naurmured, 'It is the angel beauty. Heaven's gates are opening, and the glorious light bursts out in brilliant floods, shining down upon my child, lighting up the Valley and Shadow of Death.' Then earth thoughts came, and bending over and kissing Netta's half parted lips, he said, ' Is the city so beautiful that Netta must need go away and leave her papa amid the coid tempests of carth?

Then Netta's arms folded him in soft embrace, and she said, 'Papa, I must go. The angels are unfurling their wings for flight' and they whisper. 'Netta, come,' I must go, papa; mamma is beckoning and I must not linger .-Do you not hear the rustling of the angel's wings that are to bear me away. Mamma is by the gate-good bye, papa, papa,' and the upon as a perfect Adonis. little golden head dropped on his bosom, the intensely brilliant eyes shut, the long lashes lay notionless on the marble cheeks, and the arms oosened their clasp about the father's neck.

Netta was dead. In the mysterious midnight the meck spirit of the motherless girl flew up from the dim stormy earth, and the angels with starry wings bore her through the Eden gates in the city of light; and she shall go no more out forever.

That night Mr. Clay spoke stern words to lara and Lena, and sent them back to their old home; and soon a divorce would part them forever. And those guilty ones, upon whose soul the blood of the Motherless Girl rested, could not complain, for the judgment was

The next day tender, careful hands robed Netta in spotless white, and strewed pale, scented blossoms and green leaves in her coffin. and after a holy sermon the lone father bore her away from the noisy, lusty city, into the green, blooming country, and buried her by her moth er's grave, planted a moss rose by the white marble slab on which the description is:

Netta Clay. AGED TWELVE YEARS.

WE LOVED HER AND SHE DIED.

He wet the sod with tears, and ere the flowrs of another summer lit up earth with their colored radiance, he was away in the distant

His Netta sleeps there in the quiet country grave, and the blue birds sing in the locust above her grave : and the moss rose blooms on the green sods which lay on her coffin, the golden sunlight sleeps in its pink blossoms. the brook's quiet waters gush near her, and the mournful cadences hum a low dirge for the Motherless Girl who sleeps on its shores.

The Sleep of Plants. The way in which sleep is shown in the veg-

etable kingdom, is infinitely more variable than

among animals. . Man throws himself postrate: some kinds of monkeys lie on their sides; the camel places its head between its forelegs : and birds roost with their heads beneath the wing. Beyond these are few remarkable differences. But in plants there is no end to the curious and beautiful diversity which rewards the seeker in nature's mysteries. Some plants droop their leaves at night, the flat part becoming flaccid and pendulous. Others, of the kind called compound," as clover and vetches close their leaflets together in pairs, and occasionally the whole leaf drops at the same time. The three leaflets of clover bring their faces to the outside, and so form a little triangular pyramid, whose apex is the point of union between the leaflets and their stalls. Lupines, which have leaves resembling a seven fingured hand without a palm, fold together like a lady's half closed parasol. Chickweed raises its leaves so as to embrace the stem; and some species of lotus, besides many of its elegant family, the Leguminosæ, bring them together in such a way as to protect the young flower buds and the immature seed vessels from the chilly air of night. These are only a few out of the many cases which could be instanced of change of position in leaves, whilst in flowers there seems to be no limit to variation. The greater part shut the petals at night, the stalks declining one side; but there are some which roll their petals back, and curl them up like miniature volutes. The sleep of such plants is probably unaccompanied by any external change. The same may be said of Campanalas, and other bell-shaped flowers of Cruciferee, it should have been observed, are remarkably careless of repose. Their sleep never appears sound or even constant, for many successive nights, they seem restless, and in the morning always look dozy and uncomfortable. When flowers are overblown, or the plant if an annual is near its decay, the phenomena of sleep are very consider-

in perfection when the growing powers of the plant are in full energy. Deciduous treesthat is, such as cast their leaves in autumnare in a sort of trance in the winter months .-Flowers, too, lose their sensibilities altogether, when the period of fertilization is passed, as may readily be seen by inspecting a field of daisies carly in the morning, before the dew is off the grass. The overblown one will be found wide open; those in the younger stages all crimson tipped and sound asleep.

RED HAIR.

The young men and women of the present age seem to think that red hair is an ambomination in the sight of the public; and, consequently, endeavor by all manner of means to change the color to a beautiful chesnut brown or black. Even some portions of the press have standing jokes on "carroty polls;" on the stage, if they wish to introduce a very funny character, they put a red wig on him. This is not as it should be, because we have seen some red hair that was really beautiful, and in ancient times nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skilful in the fine arts; were passionately fond of red;

The Gauls, ancestors of the modern French. had the same preference, though the color isnow in disrepute by their descendants, who like black hair. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in extensive regions. The turks, for example, are fond of women who have red hair, while the modern Persians give a strong aversion to it. The inhabitants of Tripoli, who probably learned from the Turks, have their hair a red tinge by the aid of vermillion. The women of Spinde and Decan are fond of dying their hair red and yellow as the Romans did, in imitation of German hair. There is among Europeans generally a strong dislike to red hair, but in Spain, red hair is admired almost to adoration, and there is a story told of one of our naval commanders, who luxuriated in fiery locks, being idolized and caressed in consequence by the Spanish women, and looked

Wash Your own Laces.

The difficulty of getting laces washed especially out of a great city, is very great. Every lady, therefore, should know how to wash her own thread lace. If any fair lady is ignorant of his art we can teach her in a very few words. Let her first rip on the lace, carefully pick out the loose bits of thread, and roll the lace very smoothly and securely round a clean black bottle previously covered with old white linen sewed tightly on. Tack each end of thelace with a needle and thread, to keep it smooth, and bo careful in wrapping not to crumble or fold in any of the scollops or pearlings. After it is on the bottle, take some of the best sweet oil, and with a clean sponge wet the lace thoroughly to the inmost folds. Have ready, in a wash-kettle a strong lather of clear water and white castile soap. Fill the bottle with cold water to prevent its bursting; cork it well, and stand it upright in the suds, with a string round the neck secured to the cars or handle of the kettle, to prevent its knocking about and breaking while over the fire. Let it boil in the suds for an hour or more, till the lace is clean and white all through. Drain off the suds and dry it on the bottle, and roll it around a wide ribbon block or lay it in long folds, place it within a sheet of white paper, and press it in a large book for for a few days.

OLD BACHELORS.

Is there an individual belonging to this dried ap institution, that can lay his hand on his heart and say he is answering the end for which he was got up ? Is there one of them that supposes he was created for the purpose of using up woo'len manufactures, tobacco, cigais, tailors, and liverystable keepers? If he does, is soulless; and when he dies will simply be annihilated; rot into dust, and turn n time as part of the terra firma of a cabbago orchard. Man's destiny is to govern-to rule to command—to add to the numerical strength of his district, as much as circumstances and good health will allow him, and it is an undisputed fact, that every great man has in the midst of his greatness, a part of his time deroted to the culture of a wife, to the study of nedicine, as far as the disease of young children are concerned. So, ye bachelors-ye that have not withered into sapless, sinewless, hopeless selfishness-brush up the charms of mind and person that are wasting and fading, and make one grand attempt for blissful days, comfortable nights, posterity, and an honest future.

Put Two Together.

A Vermont editor advises the young ladies in tho e diggings -- and we see no reason for its not applying elsewhere -- to abandon the "good old way" of doing up matters in the courting line, and recommends this summary method: "When you have got a man to the sticking point-that is, when he proposes-don't turn away your head, or affect to blush, or refer to Pa, or ask him for more time-all these tricks are understood now-but just look him right: in the face, give him a hearty smack, and tell him to go, without delay and order the furniture."

"Ilow do you get along with your arith. metic?" asked a father of his little boy. "I have ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, abomination, justification, hallucintion, damnation, amputation, creation and adoption:

He'd do for an engineer, on a "Short line Railroad."

Voung ladies now-a-days, when they arepreparing for a walk, ought not to keep their lovers waiting as long as they used to do, for they have only to put their bonnets half on-

IJA wag, seeing a lady at a party with a. ery low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying that she out-stripped.