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FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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Now And Ever.

Ask what you will, my own and only love;
For, to love's service true,
Your least wish sways me as from worlds above,
And I yield all to you,
Who are the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

—Yet some things e'en to thee I cannot yield!
As that one gift, by which
On the still morning in the woodside field,
Thou made'st existence rich,
Who wast the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

We had talk'd long; and then a silence came;
And in the topmost firs
To his nest the white dove floated like a flame;
And my lips closed on hers
Who was the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

Since when my heart lies by her heart—nor now
Could I twixt hers and mine,
Nor the most love-skill'd angel choose,—So thou
In vain wouldst ask for thine!
—Who art the only She,
And, in one girl, all womanhood to me.

Old Loves.

Louise, have you forgotten yet
The corner of the flowery land—
The ancient garden where we met,
My hand that trembled in your hand?
Our lips found words scarce sweet enough,
As low beneath the willow trees
We sat. Have you forgotten, love?
Do you remember, Love Louise?

Marie, have you forgotten yet
The loving barter that we made—
The rings we changed, the suns that set,
The wood full-filled of song and shade?
The fountains that were musical,
By many an ancient trysting-tree?
Marie, have you forgotten all—
Do you remember, Love Marie?

Christine, have you forgotten yet
Your room, with scent and roses gay,
My garret, near the sky 'twas set,
The April hours, the nights of May,
The clear, calm nights; the stars above,
That whispered—they were fairest seen
With no cloud veil—remember, love,
Do you remember, Love Christine?

Louise is married; and,—well-a-day!—
Marie a sadder road has ta'en;
And pale Christine has passed away,
In Southern suns to flower again.
Ah, me, for one and all of us!
Marie, Christine, Louise forget;
Our bower of love is ruinous,
And I alone remember yet.

At the Window.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine!
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,
Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a flower,
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Can not a flower, a flower, be mine?
Rose, rose and clematis,
Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,
Kiss, kiss—And out of her bower
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,
Dropped, a flower.

JOHN HARLOW'S CHOICE.

There was a young lawyer by the name of John Harlow in New York. He told his partner that he wanted to go home for a week. He said he wanted to see his father and the boys, and his sister, but that he especially wanted to ride old Bob to the brook once more, and to milk Cherry again, just to see how it felt to be a farmer's boy.

"John," said the old lawyer, "be sure you fix up a match with some of those country girls; no man is fit for anything till he is well married, and you are now able with economy to support a wife. Mind you get one of those country girls. These paste and powder people here aren't fit for a young man who wants a woman."

The next morning John had a letter from his sister. Part of it ran about thus:—

"I've concluded, old fellow, that if you don't marry you'll dry up and turn to parchment. I'm going to bring home with me the smartest girl I know. Of course she don't know what I am up to, but you must prepare to capitulate."

In the old home they were looking for the son. The family proper consisted of the father, good Deacon Harlow, John's two brothers, ten and twelve years old, and Huldah, the "help." This last was the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who was a poor and hopeless rheumatic, and most of the daughter's hard earnings went to eke out the scanty subsistence at home. Aunt Judith, the sister of John's mother, "looked after" the household affairs of her brother-in-law, by coming over once a week and helping Huldah darn and mend and make, and by giving Huldah such advice as her inexperience was supposed to require. But now Deacon Harlow's daughter had left her husband to eat his turkey alone in Boston, and had brought her two children home to receive the paternal blessing. Not that Mrs. Amanda Holmes had the paternal blessing chiefly in view in her trip. She had brought with her a very dear friend, Miss Janet Dunton, the accomplished teacher in the Mt. Parnassus Female Seminary. Why Miss Janet Dunton came to the country with her friend, she could hardly have told. Not a word had Mrs. Holmes spoken to her on the subject of the matrimonial scheme. She would have resented any allusion to such a subject. She would have repelled any insinuation that she had ever dreamed that marriage was desirable under any conceivable circumstances. She often declared, sentimentally, that she was wedded to her books, and loved her leisure, and was determined to be an old maid. And all the time this sincere Christian girl was dying to confer herself upon some worthy man of congenial tastes; which meant, in her case, just what it did in John Harlow's,—some one who could admire her attainments.

Mrs. Holmes and her friend had arrived twenty-four hours ahead of John, and the daughter of the house had already installed herself as temporary mistress by thoughtlessly upsetting, reversing, and turning inside out, all the good Huldah's most cherished arrangements. All the plans for the annual festival that wise and practical Huldah had entertained were vetoed, without a thought that this young girl had been for a year and a half in actual authority in the house, and might have some feeling of wrong in having a guest of a week overturn her plans for the next month. But Mrs. Holmes was not one of the kind to think of that. Huldah was hired and paid, and she never dreamed that hired people could have any interests in their work or their home other than their pay and their food. But Huldah was patient, though she confessed that she had a feeling that she had been rudely "trampled all over." I suspect she had a good cry at the end of the first day. I cannot affirm it, except from a general knowledge of women.

When John drove up in the buggy that the boys had taken to the depot for him, his first care was to shake hands with the deacon, who was glad to see him, but could not forbear expressing a hope that he would shave that hair off his upper lip." Then John greeted his sister cordially, and was presented to Miss Dunton. Instead of sitting down, he pushed right on into the kitchen, where Huldah, in a calico frock and a clean white apron, was baking biscuit for tea. She had been a schoolmate of his, and he took her hand cordially as she stood there, with the bright western sun half-glorifying her head and face.

"Why, Huldah, how you've grown!" was his first word of greeting. He meant more than he said, for though she was not handsome, she had grown exceeding comely as she developed into a woman.

"Undignified as ever!" said Amanda, as she returned to the sitting-room.

The next day the ladies could get no good out of John Harlow. He got up early and milked the cow. He cut wood and carried it in for Huldah. He rode old Bob to the brook for water. He did everything that he had been accustomed to do when a boy, finding as much pleasure in forgetting that he was a man, as he had once found in hoping to be a man. The two boys enjoyed his society greatly, and his father was delighted to see that he had retained his interest in the farm-life.

John was not insensible to Janet Dunton's charms. She could talk fluently about all the authors most in vogue, and the effect of her fluency was really dazzling to a man. John was infatuated with the idea of marrying a wife of such attainments. How she would dazzle his friends! How the Governor would like to talk to her! How she would shine in his parlors! How she would delight people as she gave them tea and talk at the same time. John was in love with her as he would have been in love with a new tea-urn or a rare book. During that week he talked and walked and rode in the sleigh with Miss Dunton, and had made up his mind that he would carry this brilliant prize to New York. But, with lawyer-like caution, he thought he would put off the committal as long as possible. If his heart had been in his attentions the caution would not have been worth much. Caution is a good break-water against vanity; but it isn't worth much against the spring tide of love, as John Harlow soon found.

For toward the end of the week he began to feel a warmer feeling for Miss Janet. I do not think that John was seriously in love with Miss Dunton. If he had been, he would have found some means of communicating with her. A thousand spies with sleepless eyes all round their heads cannot keep a man from telling his love somehow, if he really have a love to tell.

He observed often during the week that Huldah was depressed. He could not exactly account for it, until he noticed something in his sister's behavior toward her that awakened his suspicion. As soon as opportunity offered he inquired of Huldah, affecting at the same time to know something about it.

"I don't want to complain of your sister to you, Mr. Harlow——"

"Phew! call me John, and as for my sister, I know her faults better than you do. Go on, please."

"Well, it's only that she told me that Miss Dunton, wasn't used to eating at the same table with *servants*, and when one of the boys told your father, he was mad and came to me, and said, 'Huldah, you must eat when the rest do. If you stay away from the table on account of these city snobs I'll make a fuss on the spot.' So to avoid a fuss I have kept on going to the table."

John was greatly vexed with this. He was a chivalrous fellow, and he knew how such a remark must wound a person who had never learned that domestic service had anything degrading in it. And the result was just the opposite of what his sister hoped. John paid more attention to Huldah Manners because she was the victim of oppression.

But, sitting in the old "best room," in the dark, while the ladies were getting ready, and trying to devise a way by which he might get an opportunity to speak with Miss Dunton alone, it occurred to him that she was at that time in the sitting-room waiting for his sister. To step out to where she was, and present the case in a few words, would not be difficult, and it might all be settled before his sister came down stairs. The Fates were against him, however. For just as he was about to act upon his thought, he heard Amanda Holmes's abundant dresses sweeping down the stairway. He could not help hearing the conversation that followed:—

"You see, Janet, I got up this trip to-night to keep John from spending the evening in the kitchen. He hasn't a bit of dignity, and would spend the evening romping with the children and talking to Huldah if he took it into his head."

"Well," said Janet, "one can overlook everything in a man of your brother's culture. But what a queer way your country servants have of pushing themselves. Wouldn't I make them know their places?"

And all this was said with the kitchen door open, and with the intention of wounding Huldah.

John's castles tumbled. The erudite wife alongside the silver tea-urn faded out of sight rapidly. If knowledge could not give a touch of humane regard for the feeling of a poor girl toiling dutifully and self-denying to support her family, of what account was it?

Two minutes before he was about to give his life to Janet Dunton. Now there was a gulf wider than the world between them. He slipped out of the best room by the outside door and came in through the kitchen. The neighbor's sleigh that was to call for them was already at the door and John begged them to excuse him. He had set his heart on helping Huldah make mince-pies, as he used to help his mother when a boy. His sister was in despair, but she did not say much. She told John that it was time he was getting over his queer freaks. And the sleigh drove off.

For an hour afterwards John romped with his sister's children and told stories to the boys and talked to his father. When a man has barely escaped going over a precipice he does not like to think too much about it. John did not.

At last the little children went to bed. The old gentleman grew sleepy, and retired. The boys went into the sitting-room and went to sleep, one on the lounge and one on the floor. Huldah was just ready to begin her pies. She was deeply hurt, but John succeeded in making her more cheerful. He rolled up his sleeves and went to rolling out the pastry. He thought he had never seen a sweeter picture than the young girl in clean dress and apron, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows. There was a statuesque perfection in her well-rounded arms. The heat of the fire had flushed her face a little, and she was laughing merrily at John's awkward blunders in pie-making. John was delighted, he hardly knew why. In fixing a pie-crust his fingers touched hers, and he started as if he had touched a galvanic battery. He looked at Huldah, and saw a half-painful expression on her flushed face.

For the first time it occurred to him that Huldah Manners had excited in him a feeling a thousand times deeper than anything he had felt toward Janet, who seemed to be now in another world. For the first time he realized that he had been more in love with Huldah than with Janet all the time. Why not marry her? And then he remembered what the Governor had said about marrying a woman's heart and not her head.

He put on his hat and walked out,—out, out, into the darkness, the drizzling rain, and the slush of melting snow, fighting a fierce battle. All his pride and all his cowardly vanity were on one side, all the irresistible torrents of his love on the other. He walked away into the dark wood-pasture, trying to cool his brow, trying to think, and (would you believe it?) trying to pray, for it was a great struggle, and in any great struggle a true soul always finds something very like prayer in his heart.

The feeling of love may exist without attracting the attention of its possessor. It had never occurred to John that he could love or marry Huldah. Thus the passion had grown all the more powerful for not being observed, and now the unseen fire had at a flash appeared as an all-consuming one.

Turning back he stood without the window, in the shadow, and looking through the glass at the trim young girl at work with her pies. In the modest, restful face he read the story of a heart that had carried great burdens patiently and nobly. What a glorious picture she was of warmth and light, framed in darkness. To his heart, at that moment, all the light and warmth of the world centred in Huldah. All the world besides was loneliness and darkness and drizzle and slush. His fear of his sister and of his friends seemed base and cowardly. And the more he looked at this vision of the night, this revelation of peace and love and light, the more he was determined to possess it. You will call him precipitate. But when all a man's nobility is on one side and all his meanness on the other, why hesitate? Besides, John Harlow had done more thinking in that half-hour than most men do in a month.

The vision had vanished from the window and he went in and sat down. She had by this time, put in the last pie, and was sitting with her head on her hand. The candle flickered and went out, and there was only the weird and ruddy firelight. I cannot tell you what words passed between John and the surprised Huldah, who had thought him already betrothed to Miss Dunton. I cannot tell what was said in the light of that fire; I don't suppose Huldah could tell that story herself.

Huldah asked that he should not say anything about it till his sister was gone. Of course John saw that she asked it for his sake. But his own cowardice was glad of the shelter.

Next day a brother of John's (whom I forgot to mention before) came home from college. Mrs. Holmes' husband arrived unexpectedly. Aunt Judith, with her family, came over at dinner-time, so that there was a large and merry party. Two hearts, at least, joined in the deacon's thanksgiving before dinner with much fervor.

At the table the dinner was much admired.

"Huldah," said Janet Dunton, "I like your pies. I wish I could hire you to go to Boston. Our cook never does so well."

John saw this well-aimed shaft hidden under this compliment, and all his manhood rallied. As soon as he could be sure of himself he said:—

"You cannot have Huldah; she is already engaged."

"How's that?" said Aunt Judith.

"O! I've secured her services," said John.

"What?" said Mrs. Holmes, "engaged your—your—your help before you engaged a wife?"

"Not at all," said John; "engaged my help and my wife in one. I hope that Huldah Manners will be Huldah Harlow by Christmas."

The Deacon dropped his knife and fork and dropped his lower jaw, and stared. "What! How! What did you say, John?"

"I say, father, that this good girl Huldah is to be my wife."

"John," gasped the old man, getting to his feet and reaching his hand across the table, "you've got plenty of sense if you do wear a moustache! God bless you, my boy; there ain't no better woman here nor in New York nor anywhere than Huldah. God bless you both. I was afraid you'd take a different road, though."

"Hurrah for our Huldah and our John," said George Harlow, the college boy, and his brothers joined him. Even the little Holmes children hurrahed.

Sagacity of a Dog.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* tells this story of a sagacious dog: A horse attached to an express wagon was running away, and went tearing through Friend street amid the shouting of men, yelling of boys, and screaming of women, while "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart" were barking at his heels. As the runaway horse passed a stable a large sized, spotted dog of the mastiff and coach-horse breed dashed out of the stable, and without uttering a sound, made for the runaway horse half way down the street. On coming up with him, the dog "Spot"—for that, I learned, is the name of the noble creature—seized the reins that had fallen to the ground, and, after tugging, pulling, twitching, and jerking with great earnestness, he succeeded in bringing to a standstill the runaway horse, and held him quiet until the owner of the team came up.

The writer was so impressed with the remarkable sagacity of the dog that he went to the stable and made particular inquiry about Spot. Here he got the information that this sagacious creature had saved the stable from burning once or twice by waking up the watchman who sleeps in the counting room. It seems that Spot is left as sentinel to watch the premises and give the alarm in case any of the horses get cast in their stalls, or get loose in the night. Upon one occasion when a fire took in one of the stalls, and was smouldering amidst some damp straw, Spot awoke the watchman, who, on casting his eye down the stable and listening, could not perceive any horse loose or cast. The watchman returned to his bunk, and soon fell asleep again; and again "Spot" awoke him, and on casting his eye down the stable, he discovered smoke issuing from one of the stalls. Seizing a couple of buckets of water and dashing it on the burning straw, the fire was extinguished without giving any further alarm, and thus, by the remarkable sagacity of this noble creature, a large conflagration was prevented, and perhaps the lives of many valuable horses saved.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE.—A correspondent writing of the seige of Paris, says: Men with their eyes fixed on the ground, and muttering to themselves, sheer monomaniacs, are walking to and fro like caged tigers from the bridge to the Luxembourg Garden, only pausing every now and then to shake their fist at the stars. It is very droll, I know, all this, but I again entreat you of your charity, you ladies and gentleman who are some thousands of miles away, to have pity on us poor fellows who are "within range." Ever and anon a splinter strikes a madman, and his corpse lies there for the living to stumble over till it comes to their turn. Madness has brought these wretches out of their cellars, and it will keep most of them there in the air until they die. Death shirks some of them, or dallies with them catfashion by sending them, as a preparatory to its summons, some frightful or tormenting wound. One fellow was within four feet of a shell when the bustle of it was over he was still seen standing erect. In point of fact no single scrap of iron had touched him, but the flame had simply burned his eyes out, and he stood sightless and flayed. There arose, when this was seen, a great cry of wildest despair from the crowd, whom horror had at first frozen into statues, but a greater horror had congealed into men.

THE VERY LAST.—Chicago's last sensation is the case of a young man who killed himself to allow a younger brother to marry a girl whom both loved, but who loved but one. The name of the two brothers is Zook—John, the disappointed elder, and Ezra, the successful younger. The girl's name is Maria Stoker, whose person seems to be more attractive than her name. Both families are farmers, living near Farmington, Ill., where John, who was 27 years old, had a good character. Finding it impossible to bear the pangs of love—the pangs of disappointed love—the unfortunate suicide forsook his home for the Lake city famous for its sentimental journeys, where he wandered around for a day or two, then hired a room at a hotel, took poison, and was found dying by the attendants a few moments afterwards.

IT SEEMS that seals have a Greenwood. A naturalist, recently in Japan, narrates how he discovered a hospital and cemetery for the tribe in a lonely spot in Aniwa Bay. It is a long, low point, composed of great rounded rocks and drifted shingle. Here, sheltered by the granite boulders and concealed by coarse grass and reeds, come the seals, whether old or sick, from all the neighboring waters, to seek a refuge from their fellows and to breathe their last in peace. The marks of their huge bodies may be traced in the dead, soiled, flattened herbage.

A PITTSBURGH (Pa.) paper of recent date contains this advertisement: "Three young ladies of Allegheny wish to engage three young gentlemen to take them to the lecture this winter. Car fare and tickets furnished, and refreshments at the homes of the ladies afterward."

TO-MORROW.—A French barber's sign read thus: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it is always "to-morrow."

A Scrap From Burmah.

In the happy days when Karhathan Parah was King of the Burmese, a potter formed in his heart an evil plot against the prosperity of his neighbor, a wealthy washerman who lived in the same village. The envious potter, bent on injuring his good neighbor, went to the palace of the king and thus addressed him:

"O, illustrious prince! is it not well known in the mountains and valleys of our land that all the calamities which have come so severely and suddenly upon your kingdom of late years, have arisen from the fact that your majesty has no longer the charm of a white elephant, since the unfortunate death of the lucky white elephant which belonged to your father, who now reposes in rapture in the seventh heaven of the blessed immortals? Do you not know, O king, that the elephant which now carries you is but a common black beast, which brings only black luck to us? Having, therefore, your prosperity and glory at heart, O king, and kissing the dust from your golden feet, I venture to propose the following plan to your majesty: There is a washerman in this city of extraordinary skill in washing or dyeing white everything brought to him, however black it may be, and however difficult to make white and beautiful. Let now, my lord the king consider well the word of his servant, and bid this skillful washerman to wash your elephant white, so that the white days of prosperity may once more dawn upon your blessed majesty and on the realm."

The king, who was weak in mind, heard the potter's project with delight, and readily assented to it. He summoned the skillful washerman, whose fame was great, and thus addressed him:

"I command thee, most loyal subject thy skill in washing my elephant white, that I may enjoy white days of prosperity even as my father before me."

But the washerman, who was a shrewd man, and ready withal, suspecting the plot of the potter to ruin him by so vain a project, thus spoke to the king—

"O my lord king! that I may wash my lord's royal elephant white, a suitable washing-house must be erected, and also a pot of corresponding size must be constructed, and then I will wash your majesty's highly respected elephant white, and feel myself thrice blessed in having carried out my lord the king's wishes."

On this the king summoned the potter, and enjoined him, on pain of his royal displeasure, to construct a vast pot of sufficient dimensions to hold the royal elephant, as well as a sufficient quantity of water and other constituents for the ablution. The potter, in fear and trembling, collected an immense mass of clay, out of which he constructed a pot large enough to hold the royal elephant.

When, however, the elephant stepped into this huge pot it broke into several pieces. Another pot was made of considerable thickness by the potter, who, do as he would, could not even by his largest fires bake it thoroughly, so as to make it both compact and strong. So the unfortunate potter was in this dilemma: if he made a thin pot it was broken by the weight of the elephant, and if he made it thick enough to resist such a weight, he could not, with all his efforts get the pot sufficiently baked; and was obliged at last to give up the task as beyond his power, and to brave the royal displeasure, which consigned him to a prison for the rest of his life, and confiscated his goods.

"Plot not against thy neighbor," says the Burmese proverb, "lest thine own property suffer by the plot"—a proverb which is here well enforced.

The Steam Railroads of Massachusetts.

The following statement of the condition of the steam railroads of Massachusetts on the 30th of September, 1870, and their operations for the preceding ten months, is compiled from the returns made to the Legislature by the different corporations, through the Railroad Commissioners:

Capital stock	$97,779,377
Capital paid in	70,996,647
Debt	19,493,015
Cost of roads and equipments	85,610,918
Length of main roads in Massachusetts in miles	1,257
Length of branches	289
Total miles of road operation	2,016
Number of miles run	10,615,353
Number of passengers carried	24,721,532
Tons of freight carried	6,859,684
Total income (ten months)	20,836,627
Working expenses	14,640,196
Net earnings	6,235,431
Interest paid	1,750,600
Amount of dividends	3,571,203
Surplus Sept. 30, 1870	7,230,310
Number of men regularly employed	18,743
Number of employes killed	36
Number of passengers killed	18
Number of persons killed while waking or lying upon the track	39
Number of engines	639
Number of passenger cars	781
Number of merchandise cars	10,951

In the year ending November 30, 1867, the total income of the steam railroads was $24,539,722; working expenses, $17,342,992; net earnings, $7,196,730; surplus November 30, $5,891,078; men employed, 11,936; employees killed, 39; number of passengers, 28,126,391; passengers killed, 10; tons of freight, 7,378,083; number of engines, 652; passenger cars, 733; meachandise cars, 10,698.

In the year 1870 the following dividends were declared: Boston and Albany, 10 per cent; Boston and Lowell, 8; Boston and Maine, 10; Boston and Providence, 10; Connecticut River, 10; Eastern, 8; Fitchburg, 8; Old Colony and Newport, 6; Providence and Worcester, 10; Taunton Branch, 8; Worcester and Nashua, 10.

Deaths from Suffocation.

One of the most heart-rending of recent calamities in New York occurred in a second-story back room of the premises No. 1,497 Third-avenue, between Eighty-fifth and Eighty-sixth streets, where four persons were found dead. The person first making the discovery was Charles Muller, a baker, whose shop was on the first floor of the premises, and who, finding the family had not been astir during the day, about 6 o'clock went to look for them, opened the door, found John Loughlin, aged twenty-seven his wife Anne, aged thirty, their son Bernard, aged four, and a young woman named Susan Sands, all lying upon a bed and already cold. Upon investigation it was found that all four had lost their lives by suffocation from gas which had escaped from the pipes.

ENGLISH BANKERS ON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—Prominent bankers in London have recently written to bankers and others prominent in financial orders in Washington and elsewhere in this country, on the subject of the Alabama Claims. They say the appointment of General Schenck as minister to England had been received with much favor, and that the British Government is more disposed than heretofore to adjust the pending question, and they further assert in effect that the settlement will open the market for a large amount of the new United States bonds in the country. The prospect of an early settlement is generally regarded as favorable.

The Silver Wedding of Moses Skinner.

The following narrative will be suggestive to married folks generally:

It being twenty-five years since my first wife died, I throught I could not better celebrate the event than by having a grand silver wedding. Alas! twenty-five brief summers, and it seems but the day before yesterday since I returned from her funeral, an altered man, and told the undertaker to call round for his pay in the fall.

The great trouble in silver weddings is that you are apt to get two or three presents alike; but I flatter myself that I fixed 'em here. In the first place, Mrs. Skinner and I looked over our stock of silver ware to see what we were out of, and found that we could take about twenty-five square presents and then we invited a few children, in reference to nut-crackers, butter-knives and other small fry. I issued my invitations two weeks beforehand, to give everybody a chance to buy a present, and in addition hinted in a delicate manner what I should like each one to bring. So the invitations read very much like this:

Mrs. Charity Phlebottom and Husband
You are both asked
To Mr. and Mrs. Mose Skinner's Silver Wedding, January 17th.

. Please bring silver castor, with extra mustard jug.

Mrs. John Beezum and Husband
To Mr. and Mrs. Mose Skinner's Silver Wedding, January 17th.

. We cherish fond hope in your direction in reference to a silver teapot.

On the back of each invitation was a neat gilt scroll, enclosing the words, "Please avoid dollars stores."

To say the affair was a success, would be defrauding the dictionary. I have looked that venerable pamphlet through, but fail to find a word that meets the case. Nothing short of seven syllables and a "French roof" will do, so I gave it up.

On the arrival of the guests, I took charge of the presents with as much emotion as the value of the presents called for. A silver pen knife I received with a husky tremor in my voice, while an elegant silver teapot caused me to entirely break down with emotion. But I recovered and went through the trying ordeal with unflinching bravery. Those who didn't bring presents were told that we were not at home, which, of course, made the gathering more select. We received some very fine presents, including a share in a silver mine, a lock of gray hair streaked with a silvery beam from the moon, and some castor oil, made from a silver castor.

Then my wife and I stood up and received the silver-tongued congratulations of our guest on our happy married life. But I didn't need 'em; no, I should say not. When I see a man utterly crushed in spirit and bald-headed at the premature age of fifty, with a black eye constantly on hand, and a wife who is ready to furnish him with more black eyes at the lowest market price, I pause ere I congratulate him on matrimonial bliss. Not that I would insinuate that Mrs. Skinner is not as gentle as a dove in the olive branch business. Not at all. I simple say that in a case like this I should probably pause to the extent of a semicolon and a comma ere I congratulated him.

Volcanic Eruptions in Mexico.

The telegraph reports a destructive eruption of the volcano of Cherubusco, in Mexico, and the probability that the great peak of Orizaba will break forth. The former volcano is situated about sixty miles south of the City of, Mexico, at the end of the valley, and is one of numerous volcanic peaks which dominate the grand amphitheatre of mountains surrounding the valley of the capital; but it is of inferior elevation to some of its neighbors of the Sierra Madre, like Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, which rise respectively 17,720 and 15,705 feet above the level of the sea. None of the three peaks just named have been in violent eruption during two centuries, through Popocatepetl often emits smoke, and Orizaba, situated in a lower latitude, has been quiet for more than three centuries. A gradual elevation of the country has been steadily going on, in common with that of the whole Pacific American coast, and at intervals of fifty or 100 years some great eruption takes place. In 1756 the volcano of Jorullo burst suddenly from the midst of a cultivated plain or table-land, and in a few weeks attained a heigth of over 4,000 feet. Within the past year the peak of Colima, only ninety miles from the northern coast of Mexico, burst into flame, and is still pouring forth masses of rock, but no lava. Now Cherubuco has broken its rest of many generations. It must present a grand sight from the capital, but the villages about its base whose property has been destroyed will find no consolation in this. The remarkable exemption of California from earthquake shocks during the past year, may possibly be due to the opening of rents in Mexico.

THE KNOXVILLE (Tenn.) *Chronicle* of the 14th instant tells of an adventure as thrilling and improbable as any that has ever adorned the pages of the most sensational story writer. A short time since a drover, stopping for the night at an inn in the mountains near the dividing line of Tennessee and north Carolina, had his suspicions aroused by the rough appearance of several ill-looking men who were about the premises. Therefore he carefully examined his room before retiring, and was horrified by finding concealed under his bed the body of a man, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The drover took up the body of the murdered man, placed it carefully in the bed, covered it up, and took his position behind the door to wait the result. About midnight the door was softly opened, and five men, armed with huge knives, entered the room and stealthily approached the bedside. The drover did not remain to watch further proceedings, but quietly slipped out of the door, and made the best of his way from the murderous den. The next morning he raised a force and returned to the inn, where the party succeeded in capturing four of the gang. As incredible as this story appears, the *Chronicle* vouches for its truth on the authority of a responsible gentleman, and gives the name of the drover who was the hero of the adventure, and who is well known in Jefferson county.

CONSIDERABLE CARE is necessary to keep vegetables that are wanted for producing seed, through winter. Beets, turnips cabbage and carrots wanted for this purpose must not be allowed to be frozen; neither is it safe to keep them in a warm place, where the stems and leaves will push into growth. A cool and dry cellar is the best position for such plants, although, if sufficient care is given, and the soil is dry, they may be buried in the garden.

AT A DANCE in a private house in a small town in Illinois, on Thursday evening, Russ Parsons, one of the guests, requested a young lady, who was sitting beside Riley Mace, to move, as he wished to speak to the latter. The lady complied, and Parsons drew his revolver and fired two shots at Mace, fatally wounding him. The murderer fled, and has not yet been arrested. There had long been a quarrel between the men.

Cincinnati used last year 18,000 gallons of water to each person.

Mark Twain on Juvenile Pugilists.

"Yes I've had a good many fights in my time," said old John Parky, tenderly manipulating his dismantled rose, "and it's kind of queer too, for when I was a boy, the old man was always telling me better. He was a good man and hated fighting. When I would come home with my nose bleeding or with my face scratched up, he used to call me out in the woodshed, and in a sorrowful and discouraged way, say, "So, Johnny, you've had another fight, hey! How many times have I got to tell ye how disgraceful and wicked it is for boys to fight? It was only yesterday that I talked to you an hour about the sin of fighting, and here you've been at it again. Who was it with this time? With Tommy Kelly, hey? Don't you know any better than to fight a boy that weighs twenty pounds more than you do, besides being two years older? Ain't ye got a spark of sense about ye? I can see plainly that you are determined to break your poor father's heart by your reckless conduct. What ails your finger? Tommy bit it! Drat the little fool! Didn't ye know enough to keep yer finger out of his mouth? Was trying to yerk his cheek off, hey? Won't ye never learn to quit fooling 'round a boy's mouth with yer fingers? You're bound to disgrace us all by such wretched behavior. You're determined never to be nobody! Did you ever hear of Isaac Watts—that wrote "Let dogs delight to bark and bite"—sticking his fingers in a boy's mouth to get 'em bit, like a fool? I'm clean discouraged with ye. Why didn't ye go for his nose, the way Jonathan Edwards, and George Washington, and Dan'l Webster used to, when they was boys! Couldn't, 'cause he had ye down! That's a pure story to tell me. It does beat all that you can't learn how Socrates and William Penn used to gouge when they was under, after the hours and hours I've spent in telling you about those great men! It seems to me some times as if I should have to give up in despair. It's an awful trial to me to have a boy that don't pay any attention to good example nor to what I say. What! You pulled out three or four handfuls of his hair! H-m! Did he squirm any? Now if you'd a give him one or two in the eye—but as I've told ye, many a time, fighting is poor business. Won't you—for your father's sake—won't you promise to try and remember that! H-m! Johnny how did it—ahem—which licked?

"You licked him! Sho! Really? Well, now, I hadn't any idea you could lick that Tommy Kelly! I don't believe John Bunyan, at ten years old, could have done it. Johnny my boy, you can't think how I hate to have you fighting every day or two. I wouldn't have had him lick you for five, no, not for ten dollars! Now sonny, go right in and wash up, and tell yer mother to put a rag on yer finger. And Johnny, don't let me hear of your fighting again!

"I never see any body so down on fighting as the old man was, but somehow he never could break me from it."

Something for our Young Readers.

Hearth and Home tells its young readers how to take a coin out of water without wetting the hand, and this is their method: Fill a plate with water to the depth of about a quarter of an inch; a coin is then placed in the water; a piece of paper is lighted, and put, while burning on the surface of the water, and covered with a tumbler. As the paper burns under the tumbler, the water will rush up under the tumbler, and leave the coin in the plate, when it may be lifted without wetting the fingers. This is a very interesting experiment, as it affords a good illustration of the expansive power of heat, and of the pressure of the atmosphere. But we will tell our young friends of a more wonderful and equally simple metnod of doing the same thing. Suppose you were required to take a coin from the bottom of a deep jar, or even a pail of water without wetting your hand, and suppose further that your naked hand was to be thrust through the water, how do you suppose it could be done? Simply by shaking a little lycopodium, (a substance that may be procured cheaply at any drug store,) over the surface of the liquid. Then plunge your hand boldly but steadily into the water and it will not wet you in the least. The cause of the water's not wetting the hand is the same in principle as that which causes the dew-drops to stand in spherical drops on the cabbage-leaf, and the water to roll off the duck's back without wetting it. By a somewhat similar power, spiders and other insects walk on the surface of water without wetting themselves, and without sinking in the liquid to any perceptible degree.

PIGS LOSING THEIR TAILS.—A correspondent writes: "Grease the tails when the pigs are born, and I will guarantee that they will not come off." This may be true, and at any rate so simple a preventive is worth trying, but we much doubt its efficacy in all cases. The trouble is caused by a ring, supposed to be of a fungoid character, growing round the base of the tail. If taken in time, before it has completely girdled the tail, its growth may be checked and the tail saved. But when the ring is once around the tail, it is almost impossible to save it. Carbolic soap and glycerine, with a little carbolic acid mixed with it—say one part of carbolic acid to ten parts of glycerine—is likely to prove as efficacious as any other remedy. We have generally depended on petroleum, and we have saved some tails, and some we have not. We have never lost a tail from a thoroughbred pig, but have lost a good many from cross-bred pigs and grades. The so-called Cheshires, or Jefferson County breed, seem to be particularly liable to lose their tails, and such is the case to some extent with the Yorkshires. The black pigs, when thorough-bred, are not affected with the disease.

A SHANGHAI PAPER is translating the narrative of a Chinaman named Pin, who, having visited Europe, has written for his countrymen an account of the strange customs of the barbarians of the outer world. On board the steamer in the Red Sea he was intensely amused by the conduct of his fellow-passengers. "Some of the men's beards were much entangled, while the hair of others was loose;" but he observed that the men had good figures, while the form of the soft sex was extremely handsome. The dress of the ladies seems to have pleased him immensely; but of their manners he does not speak in flattering terms. "They turned out from their cabins early in the morning, and rested themselves on the long rattan couches on the poop, their husbands attending by their sides. After meals the husband and wife generally walked up and down the deck 100 turns or so, till they got tired; and then laid themselves down on the rattan couches on the poop alongside each other, where they began twittering like swallows in a low tone, and embraced each other's arms like mandarin ducks."

Military men have discovered a new remedy for intoxication. It is nothing more than raw potatoes, cut up into slices, and eaten without salt. An ordinary "murphy," it is said, will cure the most obstinate case inhalf an hour.

THE cotton-spinners of Bolton have conceded an advance of five per cent. on the wages of their workmen.

Dress and Health.

The *Journal of Chemistry* thus talks on things which every one thinks about daily, and some of us, it may be, more than we ought:

The tights waists, the low necks to dresses, and the high-heeled shoes are most flagrant abuses, and ought not to be longer tolerated. We shall not quarrel with the little jaunty hats of the ladies, for they are indeed pretty, and no harm results from them, as of all parts of the body the head needs the least clothing. But, to pass to the other extremity, we have to say that the detestable high heels to boots and shoes, running as they do down almost to a point, are spoiling the gait and ruining the ankle-joints of children and young misses. We are careful to order our shoemakers to remove such heels from shoes before permitting them to be brought into our dwelling. Heels of moderate height and good breadth are of great service in elevating the feet, so as to avoid direct contact with moist earth, and they also give support and afford firmness to the step. Why should Fashion push good devices to absurd extremes? We must aid in dethroning the tyrant when her decrees lead to the physical or moral injury of the race. The present fashion of leaving the neck and the upper part of the chest bare is fraught with evil consequences. It would be less objectionable in countries uniformly warm; but that our daughters, here in this frigid and changeable climate, should constantly expose to chilling winds a vital part of the body, is one of the evils of fashion which should be discountenanced by every mother, and father, and brother. No part of the dress of men is really more absurd than the hard "stove-pipe" hat so generally worn; and yet all attempts to subvert it have proved abortive. For thirty years we have worn this kind of head covering, and we like it better than any other; we have tried hard to like the low soft hats, but we cannot; and this is the experience of thousands. Absurd as the hight hat is, if it does keep the head more comfortable, it does maintain a more equable temperature, it does *feel* better, than any other form of head covering; and so let us continue to knock them against beams in attics and branches of trees. If they serve a good purpose in brushing cobwebs from the roofs of old garrets and stables, they also protect us from bad bumps, and keep our heads comfortable.

Blending Affection and Economy.

A curious change of domestic relations occurred in the town of Orange, Massachusetts, five or six years ago. Two young men, neighbors and friends, says the Boston *Traveler*, had married two young and amiable women, and each couple had lived together happily for a few years, each having one or two infant pledges of affection in the meantime vouchsafed to them. At the time spoken of—six years ago—one of these friends and his friend's wife took sick, and died within a week or two of each other. The friends during their life had secured adjoining lots in the cemetery of the town, and when the decease of the parties mentioned took place, they were buried in their respective lots, but in such a way that a monument could be erected between them.

Whether this was accidental or not, is not related. About five months after the double decease, however, the surviving male and female representatives of both houses, somewhat to the surprise of the neighbors, concluded to perpetuate the former friendship by a closer alliance; in other words they got married, and their wedding was a splendid affair. After a time—about three years ago—the united representatives of both houses concluded a joint arrangement to show their love for the dead, by erecting a splendid marble monument—the finest in the cemetery—on one of the faces of which the name, age and virtues of the dead husband were set forth, on the other face those of the deceased wife.

How to Treat Children.

A child should eat regularly and simply, but should have some variety of food. A child soon tires of one article if confined to it. Bread and milk, bread and butter,