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Fun and other Luxuries.

SOME THINGS SEEN ON THE CARS.

Mail Train East.
Ma. Enroute—Allow me to introduce myself—Nicolous Nighstade is my name, sir. I don't know how I received this name unless it was because I "came by night" and cert...

DRIFTING BOAT.

It had floated away from the shore and bay. An empty and a broken boat. But that boat would go down. The morning sun shined on the side. And the night fell and dark. Yet ever on with the wind and tide, Drifted that battered bark.

Choice Literature.

HOW WE TOOK A BOARDER.

Our house is quite large one, and, besides those apartments which we occupy ourselves, we have a little room on the second floor, which we never use and very seldom enter.

THE SABBATH.

Sidney Smith pronounces the following sonnet one of the most beautiful in the English language. With silent awe I hail the sacred morn, Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still. A soothing calm on every breeze is borne. A graver murmur gurgles from the hill.

MY FIRST LOVE.

That I was in love was a fact that did not admit of a shadow of doubt. I departed myself like a person in love, I talked like a person in love. I looked and felt like a person in love.

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THE EDITOR OF THE JAMESTOWN DEMOCRAT.

Down to Cincinnati this spring "a rat" and being a little green in city life, and a little tired of loafing about the...

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The sleeves reached to the tips of my fingers, hiding entirely from view the luxuriant pair of white silk gloves, which I had all...

I say that I must have looked ugly at that moment. "So that as it may, I thought that I was looking splendidly; I thought the figure I cut was an honor to the name of Brown, and I was proud of it; proud as I walked up to Janet's window and peered carefully through the lattice that was to bear her to my side. Everything was silent about the house. Fate was surely with us. Fanny had been bribed into service. As I stood there, I could see her little figure sit there in the window, the window, and how I blessed her—blessed her from the very bottom of my heart, for her kindness.

At last Janet commenced descending the ladder, and as she did so the moon crowded in out of sight and a bright black cloud, the heavens above us, our moonlight moon looked upon as fixed. Three steps more upon the ladder's rounds, and Janet's dainty little feet would stand upon terra firma my own. The steps were taken, and the better for moment, for by the presence of my blue broad cloth, before we looked up to the window, both with upraised hands to catch a small bundle of clothing that Fanny was to throw down to us, and which she had packed in a blue broad cloth.

"Be quiet, Fan," whispered Janet, as her sister appeared at the window and the posed the bundle above our heads. "Be quiet, Fan, for heaven's sake, and drop it quickly!"

But Fanny still stood there, swaying backward and forward the huge bundle, without heeding Janet's earnest entreaty. "Do, do throw it, Fanny dear! Do have some mercy on me! What if father should know of this? What if he should see it?"

"La, give her, Fan; don't plague your sister, she's in a hurry!" called a voice at that moment from the closed blinds at the parlor window, which belonged to none other than Dr. Stoddard.

"Drive her the things; and tell the boys to carry out a bag of coal, a cheese, some water and butter to the cart. Janet must have a setting out. Only be still about it, Fan."

For a moment we were petrified upon the spot. I thought I should sink to the ground. What should we do—run, faint, cry, evaporate or go mad? While we stood un-occupied, two huge mattresses fell at our feet from the window followed as once by sheets, pillow cases, table cloths and sundry articles necessary to the setting up of a respectable housekeeping establishment.

"Mother, mother, don't one of these new covers belong to Janet?" called Charles Stoddard, from one part of the house.

"Yes, yes, and a bolster, and a pair of nice pillows too. Carry 'em right out of the front door," was the answer.

"Whose horse have you, Jason?" asked the doctor, pushing up the blind. "Your father's?"

"Yes, yes, sir, I stammered.

"Humph! didn't you know better than that? that old grey isn't worth a button to get. Why didn't you come up to my barn and get my black mare?" Sam, Sam, hurry away straight to the barn and harness black mare for Jason, for he's going to ride."

"No, ma'am," faltered Jason, moving a step or two from me.

"Well, that's good for nothing. And as a matter of fact, if you had a horse in the house, either! Can you make some white bread and bacon, and some brown bread and cheese do, Jason? It's all we have."

"Yes, ma'am," I said meekly, stepping out as I could a little further from Janet.

"Look, father and mother, quick, now the moon is out, and see Jason's new coat and hat!" called Fan, from the window. Her merry voice, trembling with suppressed laughter, rang in the ears of the doctor. "Father—just look at the length of its tails!"

"Just give me my glasses, wife," said the doctor. "Is it a new one, Jason?"

"Yes, father, new, I said, giving an eager look in the direction of the window. "Well," drawled the doctor, eyeing me slyly, "that coat is handsome!"