

Poetry.

LOVE FLOWERS.

Oh! who was watching when Love came in... The scarf was torn from his laughing eyes... The wreath of flowers his head went round...

A SERMON.

"Only a flower," the rich man said... When he trod it down in his careless walk... And tenderly held the broken stalk...

Miscellaneous.

There is no subject upon which the human mind can dwell that is invested with such wide and varied interest... What is it? This question has been asked billions of times...

Gentle words.

There is a magic power in gentle words, the potency of which few men know so fully as wholly to resist... Would you have your home cheerful, hallowed spot, within which may be found that happiness and peace...

Male Milliners.

In Paris there are now nine mantua-makers and six milliners of the masculine persuasion, each of whom is at the head of a large establishment... They are all gentlemen of unusually refined manners and luxurious habits...

BETSEY BOBBETT.

My! but Mrs. Betsey Bobbett was a spry little widow... She walked as though she were moved by a spring... especially if "Squire Wilkins" happened to be passing her house...

"No, I don't like the looks of Squire Wilkins, no how," he said one evening... as he leaned back in his chair at the end of the sofa... "Them deep up-down wrinkles 'round his eyes are enough for me..."

"Get your rule and come right over along with me; there's nobody at home to-day, and we'll have full possession ourselves..."

"Now, I don't wish to inebriate, but I verily believe that Ira Josephus, the said bachelor brother, had been all through Rose Cottage, just trying how badly he could tumble together the contents, and what a suspicion he could cast upon that little housekeeper, Betsey Bobbett..."

"Or," he continued, "it is pleasant to sit in the dormer window, and watch the moon and stars, and see the clouds in all his evangelical majesty... One knows how to vally a friend at such a time; and he rolled up his eyes and marked on leisurely while he sighed..."

"That's so," said Ira, thinking that he ought to say something to show himself an appreciative listener... "I've not planned yet how I'll have my upper rooms divided off; I want them to be airy and cozy, and comfortable, and best his round, white orb up to the ceiling, thinking that as he looked like a poet whose eyes were in a fine frenzy rolling..."

"No, I believe not; I ate a hearty supper this evening," said the "Squire." "Now, nobody would guess what a naughty thing old Brother Ira did in her absence... He thought and thought and scratched his head over the problem, and his lower jaw fell, and for two days he pondered sorrowfully over this dilemma..."

One day Betsey was going over to her cousin's to a quilting, and Ira was to keep house and have the tea-kettle boiling at five o'clock in the evening... "Now, nobody would guess what a naughty thing old Brother Ira did in her absence... He thought and thought and scratched his head over the problem, and his lower jaw fell, and for two days he pondered sorrowfully over this dilemma..."

Up his cozy quarters and see Betty's smiles lavished upon another...

"Poor fellow, he arraigned himself, and while under this indictment he said: 'Now, Ira Josephus Barnabas, you know very well that you are a vicious mortal that ever lived... something must be done. You don't want to be set adrift and be compelled to try the realities of a cruel world that always was hard on orphans and poor folk...'"

"Ira often dwelt with pathos on the fact of his being an orphan... He was not a very tender orphan, being in his forty-seventh year; but that is the way of old people, they know how to cry one day, and by-gone sorrow that through their lives..."

"The Squire came in and began shoving his room through the house very courteously... When they were up-stairs Ira looked at the watch, and he arched his eyebrows up until his skinny-looking forehead lay all in deep furrows plowed horizontally..."

"The next evening, just after dusk, the Squire called on Betsey as usual... He had not intended stopping long, but he had to see how Ira managed to keep his sweet potatoes all winter—he'd never had luck keeping his, somehow..."

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vice; there serves only as a manumission of which Russia is proud.

"The largest bell weighed 190 tons, and is true in tone and wonderful in its position of mass... The Chinese have an aptitude for the manufacture of bells, and enjoy a celebrity which was undisturbed until the last century..."

"Chevalier Van Eleweyk calls Belgium the 'classic land of bells' with perfect justice... The bells of Belgium have had as associated with them a strange and deep significance, in addition to their intrinsic value..."

"The progress of savings banks in this country is truly astonishing... The average yearly deposit of each depositor is \$200..."

"Byron had not damaged his body by strong drinks, but his terror of getting fat was so great, that he reduced his diet to the absolute point of starvation..."

"The deadliest foe to man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement... Every man is born with a certain quota of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be expended..."

"The power of money is on the whole over-estimated... The greatest things which have been done for the world have been done by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small means..."

"The chief Editor's Duties... Says the Milwaukee Sentinel: The young man who is fitting himself for a journalistic career asks us if the chief editor's position is difficult..."

"Land Culture Per Man... The New Bedford 'Mercury' publishes some interesting statistics as to the amount of land cultivated by agriculturists in the following different States, showing unmistakably the want of a surplus of arable land in the States as a whole..."

Growth of Savings Banks.

"Of all the money schemes proposed for the amelioration of the working classes, there have been none more successful than savings banks... The system in New York State received its impetus, as stated in a very interesting address from Surveyor Keys, in a letter from Patrick Colquhoun, of London, to Thomas Eddy, in 1816..."

"The first of these banks originated in Scotland and next in England, and from there they were transplanted to the United States... Boston has the credit of being the first actual savings bank, under the name of 'The Provident Institution for Savings in the Town of Boston'..."

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Youths' Column.

"THE BELL GLASS BOTTLE.—'Good-bye, darling; be a good little girl,'" said Fanny Lee's mother as she kissed her... Fanny was in high spirits; it was a bright winter morning, and she was going to make a visit at grandma's...

"There were windows south and west, letting in a flood of sunlight, and giving a beautiful view of the snow-covered landscape... Fanny had not been in the country in winter since she could remember..."

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Varieties.

"A good name will outlast all riches... Better is a portion in a wife than a wife... Baden-Baden still flourishes despite the closing of its famous gambling hall..."

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