

FIRESIDE MISCELLANY.

ROAD TO SPRING.

Well, Spring, you've come at last, have you? The post has your bin a stult in Old Winter's...

Well, as I was saying, your cum at last with you. "Bamy Breath" a blowing from the Northwest—

Now you can see Every body's Kora and things. How all been fed out! Now look at our Kritters will be?

Luk at them shepe a lien in The fence corners a watin sun ov— Yes! they've bin a watin sun ov—

Now luk at them sheps as has bin A follerin them Katal wat boy bin Stated with ha!

See the shepas A lens on the fens to equale! Luk at them mity eyes a "lauging pendant!"

But now you can We feel yer cheerin' presence when we Git round onto the south side of the barn.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL. A STORY FOR THE TIMES. "All full, sir! but I guess you'll manage to a suit for the next fifty miles!"

Mr. Smith, the spruce young conductor on the Central Railway cars, ushered in a decrepid, shabbily attired old man, who leaned wearily on his staff.

The long, dimly lighted car was full; every seat was occupied; hand boxes and carpet bags were held in their own laps, and there was not a single chance for the new comer to be accommodated.

A couple of score of faces lifted themselves to glance at the old man's face, as he moved slowly and painfully down the narrow aisle.

There were many well active looking, hearty young men in the car, but none of the number felt disposed to renounce his soft, comfortable seat to the shabby old traveler.

In this enlightened century, it is a notorious fact that the aged meet with slights and incivilities, to say nothing of positive unkindness, which would have put the barbarous nations of old to shame.

Fitz James Eustace, a young exquisite, who was escorting his cousin, Isabel Winchester, to Nahant, drew down his mouth until the ends of his copper colored moustache rested upon the tip of his well starched dickey and remarked to the lady by his side.

"Heavily, Mr. Smith is insulting us! Why cannot he find a place for that specimen in the second class car?"

"A flush, perhaps of pride, perhaps of anger, mounted to the white forehead of Miss Winchester. She put up her hand as though to check the speaker, and said in a subdued voice.

"Fitz James, will you give that gentleman your seat?"

"My dear Isabel! Why I would not vacate my place by your side for a kingdom! Let the old fellow stand in it! It won't change his appearance, I'll be bound."

"Then I will trouble you to rise a moment. I prefer the other side of the seat; allow me to pass, if you please."

Fitz James never thought of disputing the will of his imperious cousin, and he stood up to let her go out. But instead of taking the seat which her escort had occupied, the lady walked straight on until she had reached the side of the neglected old gentleman.

"Sir, will you have the goodness to take the seat which I have vacated? I have ridden since early this morning, and am really wearied with sitting so long; pray oblige me."

The old man's face brightened, and he cast a grateful look into the dark eyes of the handsome lady.

"But, madam, you must be weary; I cannot accept it." She made an impatient gesture. Miss Winchester was accustomed always to have her own way.

"No, sir; I am well, young and strong; I should be ashamed to sit while a man of your age and health remained standing."

"Thank you! Your kindness is well timed and not thrown away, I venture to tell you. I shall accept your offer with gratitude."

So saying, the old gentleman sank into the vacant seat, with a well satisfied expression of contentment; but Fitz James expressed his unbounded contempt for his neighbor by drawing his ample raglan closely around him, and striking nearer to the side of the car. The stranger looked at him with quiet scorn.

"You need not trouble yourself to slip through the window, young man," said he in a voice of irony.

Fitz James was thoroughly disgusted; he could not endure such vulgar association. So he arose quickly, and striding over his companion, made his way into the smoking car.

Miss Winchester's sacrifice had been witnessed by all in the carriage, and a dozen seats were offered her by a dozen polite and officious young gentlemen, but she declined them all by a motion of the head, and stoic leaning against the side of the vehicle.

The train flew onward—the old gentleman meanwhile disposing himself for a comfortable nap, which he was shortly enjoying.

Sometime before midnight the lights of Boston gleamed through the darkness; another moment, and the train thundered into the depot.

Our old gentleman arose, shook himself, it grasped his valise, and came over to the side of Miss Winchester.

"Madam," he said, "you have made an old and feeble man's journey tolerable; will you not tell him your name and place of abode?"

She smiled, waived all thanks, and gave him her card. He bowed and left her, just as Fitz James appeared to escort her from the car; but getting through the crowd was no easy matter for the fuss and bustle were unusual, and Isabel noticed that several uniformed companies filled the space in front of the depot.

Cries of "Hurrah for General Sutherland!" "Three cheers for the hero of Mexico!" rent the air; banners were trailed out on the fresh night breeze; flambeaux flashed, drums beat, and a long line of carriages filed up the street.

Fitz James inquired the occasion of all this tumult, and learned that it was a public welcome extended by the citizens of Boston to General Sutherland, a gentleman and veteran officer, who had distinguished himself in the late Mexican war.

"He came in this train," said a bystander. "Is it possible, sir, that you did not discover him?—a sickly looking old man, dressed in threadbare gray and carrying a large black valise—he has just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which has troubled him ever since his last campaign."

Those vile Mexican night vapors, and sleeping on the cold ground, undermined his constitution, but he is a fine old fellow yet."

Miss Winchester thought he must be; she had heard much of his gallant daring, but Fitz James was the picture of silent mortification.

Miss Winchester and her cousin stopped at the American House, and early the next morning, before the lady had finished dressing, a servant brought up a note bearing her address.

Isabel tore it open, and here fell out two cards of invitation to a ball to be held at the Revere that evening, in honor of Gen. Sutherland.

One card bore the name of Fitz James the other was directed to herself. She had no acquaintances in Boston, consequently the invitation must have been sent at the instance of Gen. Sutherland himself.

Fitz James was surprised and humiliated at this mark of distinction, for he could realize that the invitation had been extended to him solely to save his cousin's feelings. But, notwithstanding this, he wished to accept it, if only to have an opportunity of excusing his yesterday's impoliteness to the great man.

The journey to Nahant was deferred for one day; and early that evening the cousins were at the Revere, where a brilliant coterie had already assembled.

Gen. Sutherland, reclining on an arm chair at the head of the great drawing room, receiving his friends as they passed by, one giving place to another; but when Isabel was presented, he detained her hand to say:

"Please sit down on this ottoman at my side; I have a relative here to whom I wish to present you."

It was not long before a singularly handsome young man came up to the General, smiling a friendly welcome, and the veteran, turning to Isabel, said: "Miss Winchester, allow me to present to you my son, Alfred Sutherland, who is very grateful for the kindness which you last evening bestowed upon his father."

Whenever I see a young person voluntarily render respect to the aged, I am constrained to admire him or her, as a relic of the good old politeness which reigned over show and heartlessness when I was a lad. It is all hollow ceremony now, my dear; and if the old man cannot stand without assistance, he is thrown down and trodden upon. But there is a march, or my ears deceive me; Alfred, do you need a further hint, or must your rheumatic old father set you an example of courtesy?"

The young man started and colored, for he had been gazing so intently on the rare beauty of Miss Winchester, that he had forgotten time and place.

"If Miss Winchester will permit me," he said, offering his arm; and in a moment after they were lost in a throng of promenaders.

Mr. Sutherland seemed bent on showing his gratitude to the lady for the kindness she had rendered his father, for he scarcely quitted her side during the evening; and at the end of the week he followed her to Nahant, where he continued for two months, the petulant of Fitz James, and the enemy of all the fops who aspired to the hand and fortune of the beautiful Miss Winchester.

Fitz James Eustace had long been his cousin's tutor, and it was with ill concealed chagrin that he now saw himself thrown into the shade by the son of that "wretched specimen," who ought to have found a place out of all decent people's company.

Early in the New Year there was a marriage ceremony performed in the old South Church, and Alfred Sutherland was the groom and Isabel Winchester the bride. An elegant house on Beacon street received the young couple, for Alfred is engaged in business in Boston, and every year the hale old General comes down from his house in Nahant to visit his children.

So you see that politeness gained a husband for one woman, and it will bring happiness to all if they will but practice it; for true politeness springs from the heart, and is the effluence of a kindly, Christian spirit, anxious to promote the well being of those with whom it comes in contact.

A STRANGE CASE. A number of our city physicians went out to Burlington yesterday, to investigate the case of a child, which, for twenty days has been in a trance. The case is pronounced one of the most remarkable that ever came under the notice of the medical faculty, and there is little wonder that it creates something of a sensation in the resort of the affair published in the Wisconsin of yesterday, we had not sufficient details to explain the case thoroughly, but are enabled to do so to day from the lips of persons who have seen the child.

A little daughter, 12 years of age, named Mina, of Christian Rausch, a German farmer, living about one and a half miles from Burlington, Racine county, in this State, had a severe attack of measles and diphtheria. She had nearly recovered from these on the 8th day of January when she called her father to her bedside and told him that she was going to sleep for a long time. She said she would look as though she was dead, and she made her father promise her that he would not bury her, which promise it may readily be supposed has been faithfully kept. Soon after making the request the child to all appearances quietly and peacefully sank into her last sleep. By all it was supposed that Mina was dead, and the body was enshrouded and placed in a coffin. After the sleep the body showed no signs of death, although the pulse and the heart ceased to perform their pulsations, and no device could show that the respiratory organs were in use. The eyes closed.

In this state Mina has lain now for twenty days without a sign of life and with no sign of death other than a sinking of the cheeks and eyes which would be natural with one who had fasted for so long a period.

Three days ago a vein was tapped and blood flowed as naturally as it would in a living person. A blister raised on the flesh precisely as it would on a living person. A neighbor of Mr. Rausch told our reporter that he pressed a finger upon the hand of the girl. Her flesh was so cold and upon taking away the finger the spot was white. In a few seconds the color came again, precisely as it would if the flesh of a living person were pressed in the same manner.

Under these circumstances it is reasonable for the parents and friends to believe that the child lies in a trance, and there is little wonder that the case is attracting so much attention among medical men. It will be watched carefully to the end, and with interest. A large number of persons have visited the house of Mr. Rausch, and all express themselves as lost in wonder and amazement at this strikingly strange affair.—Evening Wisconsin, Jan. 27.

An amorous swain declares that he has rubbed the skin from his nose by kissing her shadow on the wall. A hopeless case that.

"Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir, you generally expanded them."

COUNTRY HOMES.

A correspondent of the Willamette River uses the following language on the subject of embellishing country homes:

How often do we poor, cooped up town people think what pleasant homes we would have if we lived in the country? What grassy lawns, and shady walks, and fragrant flower beds! But we would doubtless learn that all these things require labor. We would find many plausible excuses for that lack of taste which now seems so apparent when we visit the homes of our country friends. But while we cannot feel that they are without excuse in these things, we do feel that they might be greatly remedied. Sometimes, in our country rides, we pass a farm house that seems surrounded with an atmosphere of taste and beauty. And it is not always the most expensive one. Very often it is one of the most humble. But the fences are neat, the gates are properly hung, the shade-trees are trimmed, and there is a row of flowers on each side of the walk. Wherever we look, we see the traces of effort at embellishment. And we know something of the inmates of such a home, though we have not seen one of them. When we enter that house, we expect to find neatness, intelligence, good manners and hospitality. And, I repeat, it is not necessary to be wealthy in order to have these things. The roughest walls may then be made tasteful with simple ornaments. The humblest cottage may be surrounded with beauty. Even the simple wood-cuts in Harper's Weekly may be put in rustic frames and hung on the walls with good effect. Even the wild flowers of our own woods, the honeysuckle, ocean spray, wild currant, and scores of others, may be so planted and trained as to convert the humblest door-yard into a miniature Eden. And though Eden's perfect innocence may not be there, the children who grow to manhood and womanhood in a home where the tasteful and beautiful are thus cultivated, will be quite sure to adorn their hearts with all good graces, and struggle for an inheritance in the Eden above.

THE WIFE.—It is a-tomishin' to see how well a man may live on a small income who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week than others on sixteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but his wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as his neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. Her neighbor has a neat, capable, and industrious wife and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would not be changed. No Nicholas, the diver, is there to restore the treasure. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about her love and devotion.

A Western paper has the following advertisement: "Wants a situation, a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to act as a pastor to a small Evangelical church or as a local preacher. He would have no objection to form a small but select class of interesting young ladies to instruct in the higher branches. To a dentist, or chiropodist he would be invaluable, as he can do almost anything. Would board with a family, if decidedly pious. For further particulars, inquire of Col. Buffalo, at Brown's saloon."

SELF RESPECT and Self-Dependence Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; be without place or power while others beg their way upwards; bear the pain of disappointed hopes while others gain theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course grown gray with unblestened honor, bless God and die.

There are two eminent physicians in New York—one says lunch in the middle of the day and the other says nav. An old doctor used to say, "eat when you are hungry, drink when you are dry, keep your feet warm, your head cool, lie straight in bed and bid defiance to the physicians."

A Mr. Wust was recently married in the city. The wife probably chose the Wust person in all her acquaintance for a husband.

THE difference between a young lady and a night-cap: One is born to wed and the other is worn to bed.

ACCORDING to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

LITTLE girls believe in a man in the moon; young ladies believe in a man in the honeymoon.

MARRIED IN FUN BUT WEDDED IN EARNEST.

The Montpelier (Vt.) Journal says that, not a thousand miles from White River Junction, a serio comic affair occurred, which made the parties to the joke laugh out of the other side of their mouths. A correspondent, who describes the affair, says: They have got up the funniest snarl across the river that you ever heard of. At a party last week, at one ———, after exhausting the ordinary games, and wanting something new, mock marriages were proposed. Accordingly names were drawn by lots, and four couples stood up to be married. The ceremony was performed, and they were duly pronounced man and wife, by the laws of the State and before these witnesses. Afterward they ascertained the man officiating was a Justice of the Peace, and the parties were legally married. They were in the greatest alarm about it that ever was. One of them, Professor ——— of T—— Seminary, expects a lady up from below in about a fortnight to marry him, and nearly every one involved is expecting to be married right away; one other gentleman to a lady below, and they feel like death. They have searched all the law books and consulted authorities far and near, and everything only proves the knot still tighter. The Justice has been fined \$50 for each couple. He says he is from another county and cannot do business here, and supposed the marriage not to be legal. It is certainly a funny scrape, and made still funnier by the fact that all the parties belong to the "upper ten." The best opinion is that they are legally married; and can only be divorced by the Legislature.

FISHING FOR MICE.—Several years since, writes a correspondent, my cousin, Miss ———, used to keep a district school. Among those who attended it was a little boy of, perhaps, four years of age, but too young to speak plain.

One day, while the others were at their studies, he got possession of a pin and string. He bent the pin into the form of a fish hook, tied the string to it, and put on it a small piece of cheese. He had seen a mouse come through a hole in the corner of the hearth, and set himself to bob for it as though it had been a fish. He was observed, and asked by the teacher what he was doing.

"Fishing for a mouse," was the reply. As this pastime was not allowed in school hours the teacher, by way of punishment, ordered him to continue bobbing for the mouse.

So the little fellow sat, as grave as a Judge, bobbing away, until soon the mouse took a strong hold of the cheese and the boy, giving a sudden pull sprang into the middle of the room and swinging the mouse round his head, astonished the whole school with the exclamation: "I thwar, I've got 'im!"

The gravity of the school could not be maintained by the sedate teacher for some time.

DEFINITIONS OF BIBLE TERMS.—A day's journey was thirty-three and one fifth miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet, nearly a cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly a hand's breadth is equal to three and five eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A shekel of silver was about fifty cents. A shekel of gold was \$8 00. A talent of silver was \$538 32. A talent of gold was \$13,809. A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents. A perch was one cent. A mite was one cent. A homer contains 74 gallons and five pints. A nepha, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints. A bin was one gallon and two pints. A firkin was seven pints. An omer was six pints. A cab was three pints. A log was one-half pint.

EVEN HANDED JUSTICE.—A New York paper contains the following scrap, which carries with it a most valuable moral: "A man from the interior of Pennsylvania lost his pocket book a day or two ago. A bystander saw the theft, but refused to describe the pickpocket. In explanation of his strange refusal, he asked the victim, 'Why did you charge me ten cents for a drink of water when I was in the army at Gettysburg?' There was nothing more to be said after that. The moral of this little story is this: Never refuse to do a good action whenever an opportunity is offered; there is no telling when you may need one, as in the instance narrated.

"Time at length sets all things even, And if we do but mark the hour, There never yet was human power Which could evade, if unforgiven, The patient search and vigil long, Of him who treasures up a wrong."

"How do I look, doctor?" asked a painted young lady of the family physician, "I can't tell, madam, till you uncover your face," was the crushing reply.

Humorous Sayings and Doings.

A woman's heart, like the moon, should only have one man in it. The great question of women is—how rich?

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked a vixen of her loving husband. "Till he got his wife," answered the husband calmly.

A young man rushed through the streets of Toledo, Ohio, recently, followed by a very excited German. The latter was shouting as he ran: "Bo-lees, Loles, shtop der man; he ish going mit der reever, und der ice under, for to suicide commit!" Several citizens joined in the chase, and the fugitive was captured just in time to prevent him from leaping into the half frozen river.

The Boston Post says: "The fitness of women for office will no longer be questioned. A postmistress in Pennsylvania has been caught robbing the mails."

A chap from the country, stopping at one of the hotels, sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being handed to him by the waiter, he remarked that he didn't care "but readin'" now—he'd wait till after dinner.

An Illinois paper says that a flash of lightning lately entered a school house in that State, and tore a pair of boots from a boy's feet and hurled them at the head of the master, to the great delight of the unterrified "Suckers."

The Quebec Morning Chronicle completes one of its marriage announcements with the following information: "No cards! No cake!! No wine!!!"

A fellow, who has some "music in his soul," says that the most cheerful and soothing of all fireside melodies are the blended tones of a cricker, a tea-kettle, a loving wife and a crowing baby.

The wickedest man in Utica is described as the one who courted a young lady eight years without proposing, and still fingers without coming to the point—and no prospect. John Allen is holipsed.

Miss Tucker says it is with bachelors with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

The inhabitants of a noted fever and ague district in Illinois are said to turn their "shakes" to some account. They climb into the top of a "shell bark" just as the chill comes on, and by the time the "personal earth quake" leaves them, there is not a hickory nut left on the tree.

Always catch a lady when she faints, but don't rump her hair, it makes her come to" before she is fairly ready.

"Bob," said a young fellow at a fancy fair, "you are missing all the sights on this side." "Never mind, Bill," reported Bob, "I'm sighting all the misses on the other."

A lazy fellow lying down on the grass, said: "Oh, how I do wish this was called work and was well paid!"

What is that which ties two persons and only touches one? A wedding-ring.

A bluff old farmer says: "If a man professes to serve the Lord, I like to see him do it when he measures onions, as well as when he hollers glory hallelujah."

Western papers call the strong-minded women "Knights of the Garter."

A country girl coming from the fields, being told by her poetic cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said: "Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me; I told him that every one in the town would find it out."

"Mother, I shouldn't be surprised if our Susan gets choked some day." "Why, son?" "Because John Wabblers twisted his arms around her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed him to let her go, he would have strangled her."

"My dear," said a cross-grined husband to his long-suffering wife, "do you intend to make a fool of me?" "No, my dear; nature has saved me the trouble."

There are four grades of students in the New York velociped school; the "Timid Toddlers," the "Wary Wabblers," the "Go-it-Graceful," and the "Fancy Few."

The latest name for matrimony is "committing twosome."

A baby is said to be like wheat, because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

Matrimony is hot buckwheat cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirt exulting in buttons, dreamed stockings, boot-jacks, happiness, etc. Hurrah!

An experienced old gentleman says: "All that is required for the enjoyment of love or sausages is—confidence!"