FIRESIDE MISCELLANY.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dress enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember
Your heart thro' their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption,
Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Contempt enough shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flight of fairy fancy ethereal,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material,
That really good housewives are made.

Generous enough to be kind hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

Humorous Sayings and Doings.

—A stranger in Boston, desiring to be shown the way to South Boston, accosted an Irishman, who at once replied: "Take Harrison avenue along wid ye, mind that! turn South Boston bridge over, do you mind that? *ye're just there, now!*"

—"My son," said a man of doubtful morals, putting his hand on the head of a young urchin, "I believe Satan has got hold of you" "I believe so too," the urchin replied.

—An Iowa paper in order to be even with a cotemporary who told a marvelous pin story, vouches for the truth of the statement that a lady in that village, when quite a child, accidentally run a splinter into the thumb of her left hand, and was astonished the other day by having a saw-log ten feet long and twenty-three inches in circumferance, jump from her heel.

—"John," said a master to his apprentice, as he was about starting on a short journey, "you must occupy my place while I am absent." "Thank you, sir," demurely replied John, "I'd rather sleep with the boys."

—A gentleman standing in a crowd felt the pressure of two feminine feet upon his patent leathers. At first the sensation was delightful; but soon the pressure began to feel the least bit uncomfortable. "Madame," he gently suggested, "you are standing on my feet." "Your feet sir?" "Yes, madame." "Goodness! beg your pardon, sir; I thought I was standing on a block of wood; they are quite large, sir!" "Quite; but you covered 'em, madame."

—An Irishman recently said: "What a waste of money to be buyin mate when you know the half of it is bone, while you can spind it for whishky that hasn't a bone in it, at all."

—A promising young shaver of five or six years was reading his lesson at school, one day, in that deliberate manner for which urchins of that age are somewhat remarkable. As he proceeded with the task he came upon the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out; "Keep—thy—tongue—from—evil—and—thy—lips—from—girls."

—A stump speaker exclaimed: "I know no North, no South, no East, no West, fellow citizens!" "Then," exclaimed an old farmer in the crowd, "it's time you went to school and larnt jography."

—"Has the gall got fits?" asked an old farmer, who had paused to see a young lady go through with her calisthenic exercises, in the garden. "No," replied the staid servant girl, "that's jiminy-nastics." "So?" said the farmer in a pitying tone. "Poor thing! how long's she had em?"

—An irritable man having been disappointed in his boots, threatened to chaw up the shoemaker, but compromised by drinking a cobbler.

—The science of velocipede riding is mostly compromised in a few words: You straddle, paddle and then skedaddle.

—Mr. Smith says the only thing he can pay these times is his addresses to the ladies, and these he never allows to get overdue.

—An Irishman being asked why he refused to pay a doctor's bill, said: "Sure he didn't give me anything but some emetics, and divil a one would lay on me stummick."

—Why are your nose and chin always at variance? Because words are continually passing between them.

—In order to amuse the children on a Sabbath, a lady was engaged in reading from the Bible the story of David and Goliah, and, coming to that passage in which Goliah so boastingly and defiantly dared the young stripling, a little chap, almost in his first trowsers, said: "Sister, skip that! skip that! he's blowing! I want to know who licked!"

—If brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always "murmuring" about?

—"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from his doorsteps. "Cos he sends me to take it," answered the urchin.

—"Where are you going?" asked a gentleman of an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Then I should like to go with you, for I never saw one yet."

—In a town not far from Green Bay, a funeral had been appointed to take place at two o'clock. In the course of the forenoon the clergyman received a request from the funeral party to the effect that they hoped he would make the funeral an hour earlier than that proposed, as they wished to go to the circus in the afternoon.

—John tells a story of Thompson and Rogers, two married men, wandering home late one night, stopping at what Thompson supposed to be his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily, when a window was opened and a lady inquired what was wanted? "Madam," inquired Mr. T., "isn't this Mr. T—Thompson's house?" "No," replied the lady; "this is the house of Mr. Rogers." "Well," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, "Mrs. T—T—Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door, and pick out Rogers, for Thompson wants to go home."

—An irrepressible boy of five years, who was always compelled to keep quiet on Sunday, having grown weary toward the close of a Sabbath day, frankly but honestly approached his excellent but rather strict father, and gravely said: "Pa, let's have some spiritual fun." This was too much, not only for the gravity but for the strictness of the father, and for once "let nater caper" till bed time.

WHAT ARE THEY?—One day as I was returning to Tallahassee from a hunting excursion in Florida, says a recent traveler, we were rowing along the shore about sunset, when suddenly a strange, grave, and prolonged sound struck my ear. At first I thought it must be a drone, or fly of extraordinary magnitude; but seeing nothing, I questioned my guide as to what it could be. "Oh massa, dat is the fish what sings. Some call it siren, or mermaid fish, and others musico" A little way on we heard a greater chorus of these strange voices, reminding me faintly of the music of church organs. I stopped the canoe, the better to study this strange phenomenon; when at my request, my sable oarsman threw a net into the water, and soon laid at the bottom of the boat about a score of little fish, each about ten inches long, resembling the gray mullet very closely in outward form. "Dese be mairmaids, massa; but in de name of hebben, don't eat 'em." "Why not?" quoth I. "Because dey hab de lub poison." "Lub poison! and pray, what is that?" "Yes, massa, when you eat one ob dese fish you fall so deep in lub you can never get out agin." I tried to laugh my black friend out of his notion, but in vain. In spite of what he said, however, I had my musicos fried that evening, and, as I expected, found that I was none the worse for the experiment. The musician fish is white, with a few blue spots near the belly. It is about sunset when these fish begin to sing, and they continue their music during the night, imitating the grand and sonorous droning of an organ, just as it reaches your ear when you stand outside a church.

WHAT A HALF ACRE WILL DO.—A shoemaker in Jersey bought a half-acre lot. He was fond of fruit, and read the papers. The soil was wet clay and he selected fruit suitable to the climate. He built a house, and put his land in a condition to produce fruit. He had no manure but the droppings of his cattle. In his leisure, he brought from the woods bark, rotton wood, moss, and leaf mould, which he mixed with the soil three feet deep. This was done by degrees, and as fast as the ground was prepared, he planted fruit. He became so interested and successful that he retired from the cobbler's bench. I was his neighbor, and knew him intimately. His half acre supports himself and wife comfortably—almost in elegance. She had no servants, and plenty of time to cultivate flowers. Strangers inquired about their beautiful home. Isabella grapes and common currants formed the bulk of his fruit. With a better selection his income would have been greater. Others had the same success on small pieces of ground. One I knew who supported his family on an acre. Half was in grapes, the crop of which, in one season, sold for $800; and he had no bills to pay. If concentration will give, success, let us know it and practice it.—*New York Tribune.*

☞ Chicago claims to have the most valuable horse in America, "Bashaw, Jr.," for which $35,000 has lately been refused.

The TIMES costs only $3 a year.

CHANGED HER MIND.

Dicky was poor; Katy had a rich mother. Katy's mother was "down" on the measure, and Dicky was forbid the premises. Notes were exchanged through a knot hole in the high board fence which inclosed the yard. One day the old lady went out "calling," and Dicky being duly informed of the fact, called on Katy, but remained too long. The old lady returned suddenly, and there being no chance for him to escape, at the instance of Katy, Dicky popped into a closet. The old saw that Katy felt confused, and guessed that Dicky had been about; she supposed, of course, that he had made good his escape, and thinking that the young couple had agreed, perhaps to elope together, determined to be too smart for them; so she shut Katy up in the same closet where Dicky was concealed, and giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow, locked her up for the night. She didn't see Dicky.

The next morning she went to the closet to let Katy out.

"Oh, Lord!" she screamed, and could hardly get her breath for a moment. Finally:

"Ahem! Dicky, is that you?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Dicky, you must stay to breakfast."

"Couldn't, ma'am."

"Oh, but you must."

Dicky concluded to stay.

At the breakfast table the old lady spoke up and said:

"Dicky, I've been thinking a great deal about you lately."

"So I suppose, ma'am—very lately."

"You are industrious and honest, I hear."

"I never brag, ma'am."

"Well, now, upon the whole, Dicky, I think you and Katy had better get married."

A REMARKABLE MARRIAGE.—The Americus (Ga.) *Courier* relates the particulars of a case in that country, in which the bride was betrothed to three brothers, and married to two of them, which is rather remarkable. On the 6th of August, 1866, a young man was married to a young lady living a few miles from Americus, and on the same day was attacked by a congestive chill, which terminated his life on the following Saturday, the bride followed him to the grave in her wedding suit. In August 1867, another brother obtained a license to marry the young woman, but on his way home, rejoicing in the happy anticipation of making the worthy widow of his lost brother his own bride, he was caught in a heavy rain, and arrived at home with his clothing thoroughly saturated, from which he took a congestive chill the same evening, and died the evening previous to the marriage, which was to have taken place the following Sabbath. Again instead of listening to the merry ringing of the marriage bells, the death knell was heard, and a funeral procession took the place of the marriage feast. Sometime last month the third brother of the deceased procured a license, and was married to the twice bereaved lady.

MUSIC AND FLOWERS.—These are the refiners of life, and the solace of the more refined souls in their communings with their inner selves. What would this world be without their holy influence? A more frequent use of their mediumship might result better for humanity in some quarters where now only iron padlocks and stone-walls are relied on. The Michigan Lunatic Asylum is provided with a greenhouse, in which there are at all times flowers in full bloom. Some of the severest cases of insanity in men brought to the institution in irons, and manifesting the most violent symptoms of this most terrible disorder, have been suddenly calmed down to a condition bordering on sanity by the presentation of a bouquet gathered from the greenhouse. Music is known to possess the power of calming the most violent lunatic. Between music and flowers, it would appear that all cases of raving madness can be modified and ameliorated, if not thoroughly cured.

A DESCRIPTION OF CHINA.—A country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar.

An exchange says: "The surprising curative efficacy of Dr. Walker's VINEGAR BITTERS in a great variety of chronic diseases, especially those which prove obstinate, and even incurable by the ordinary treatment, cannot be explained. Nature, aided by art, has here provided a rare combination of medicinal properties, wisely adapted to the cure of diseases common to all mankind."

THE invitations to a "Hard Times Party," in Wisconsin are issued on brown paper, and the instructions to each guest are to dress in their everyday clothes and bring crackers in their pockets.

CROAKERS.

How little repining there would be among mankind, at any condition of life, if people would compare their situation with those that are worse off than themselves. But the great fault is we are forever contrasting our lot with those whom we conceive to be more agreeably situated than ourselves; this leads to murmuring and complaining. People are too prone to find fault, and to catechise each other, to find out all that is ill, and to noise it abroad, while that which is indeed good, passes like the sunshine, unheralded and noiselessly through the world.

There is a species of croakers, and their number is legion, who delight in anticipating future evil, and who pass a good share of their time in prognostications of woe and misery. We never meet with such persons that we are not forcibly reminded of Tupper's truthful and pertinent words—"Thou hast seen many troubles, travel-stained pilgrim of the world; but that which hath vexed thee most, hath been the looking for evil; and though calamities have crossed thee, and misery been heaped upon thy head, yet ills that never happened, have chiefly made thee wretched."

There is another class of croakers, who deem it a sin to laugh or minister in any way to mirth. The most common affairs of life are treated by them with the sagest concern, and their countenances are drawn down and sorrowful from long habit. Such people talk of religion as though it was a painful service, and required a sorrowful face to do it penance. "If good people," said Archbishop Usher, "would but make their goodness agreeable and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause." Why will people,

—"Since man can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to die,"

make themselves miserable by repining and croaking at everything? To be happy, says Hume, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—*Exchange.*

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—A curious discovery has just been made at Pompeii. In a house in course of excavation, an oven was found closed with an iron door, on opening which a batch of eighty one loaves, put in 1800 years ago, and now somewhat overbaked, was discovered, and even the large iron shovel with which they were neatly laid in rows. The loaves were but slightly overbaked by the lava heat, having been protected by a quantity of ashes covering the door. There is no baker's mark on the loaves; they are circular, about nine inches in diameter, rather flat, and indented (evidently with the baker's elbow) in the centre, and are slightly raised at the sides and divided by deep lines, radiating from the centre into eight segments. They are now of a deep brown color, and hard but very light. In the same shop were found 561 bronze and 52 silver coins. A mill with a great quantity of corn in excellent preservation, has also been discovered.

BOYS, when they are boys, are queer enough. How many ridiculous notions they have, and what singular desires, which in after life change and shape themselves into characteristics? Who remembers when he would have sold his birthright for a rocking horse, and his new suit of clothes for a monkey? Who forgets the sweet faced girl older than himself, against whose golden hair he leaned and wept his griefs away? Who recollects when the thought of being a circus rider appeared greater than to be President, and how jealously he watched the fellows who wore the spangled jackets, and prayed to become one of them? If memory preserves not these capacities, or something similar, the boy is lost in the man. Happy visions! they come but once and go quickly, leaving us ever to sigh for a return of what can never be again.

PURITAN COURTSHIP.—Of all women she is the most to be pitied who has a slow-paced suitor; he is worse than a retrograding one. How admirable, how prompt, how perfectly satisfactory was the conduct of the Puritan, who rode up to the door of the house where dwelt the girl of his choice, and having desired her to be called out to him, said without circumlocution:—"Rachel, the Lord hath sent me to marry thee!" When the girl answered with equal promptitude and devotedness: "The Lord's will be done!"

A HAPPY FIRESIDE.—Home is the residence, not merely of the body, but of the heart. It is the place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves—for children to love and learn, and play in—for husband and wife to toil smilingly together, and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle, to see a happy fireside.

DON'T consent to be a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

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