

FIRESIDE MISCELLANY.

AN ARTLESS LOVER.

I know I'm "horrid ugly," Jane, You scarcely need have stated That interesting fact again, Because it's antiquated, And—putting flattery on the shelf—I tell you, Jane, sincerely, I think you're pretty plain yourself, Although I love you dearly.

A LOVER'S STRATEGY.

A good story is related of a wealthy London banker, who is very good natured but inclined to be a little fast in his views of life. He had in his employ a favorite clerk, a young man about twenty one, remarkably handsome, modest and intellectual.

The banker, on Sunday afternoon, nobody expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his family at his suburban villa; as the conversation of the young man was so clever, it could not but be of advantage to his children.

I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful young daughter of nineteen years, but that may always be understood in any English family that have known wedded life long enough.

"I cannot make out what is the matter with my clerk," said the banker to a confere who was in the back office with him after the youth had brought in some papers.

"In love? bah! He is modest and propriety itself."

"I tell you it is a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter, who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would."

"Oh, the haughty old fool; my clerk is as good as his daughter, and he hangs to him. Thank you for the hint."

As soon as banker No. 2 had disappeared, the young clerk was called in. "So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affections; that's the secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before?"

The youth was silent. "Well, my boy, I pity you; but I give you a word of advice. If the daughter is fair, she is worth running a risk for. Look here: there are two hundred pounds, and two months' leave of absence. Run away with the girl! Bah! don't look so stupid. I did the same before you, and it didn't hurt me."

The clerk fell upon his marrow-bones and was upon the eve of making a clean breast of it, when the old man arose and left precipitately, to avoid a scene.

The young man considered, and acted, and the consequence was that the next day week there was no young lady at the dinner table of the banker at the country seat.

A note, however, was found on her dressing table, conveying the customary prayer of forgiveness, and one enclosed from the young clerk, stating that, by leaving the banker had meant to give a hint in regard to his daughter, and was unable to give his public consent owing to appearances, he had acted on the suggestion, and ere his "father-in-law" had received the letter he would be his son-in-law.

The pill was bitter, and the joke a terrible one against him; but the banker was a good natured man, and later on, when he had recovered from the indignity, he took the bull by the horns at last, and openly declared that he was aware at the time who his clerk was going to marry with.

BURIED ALIVE.

About a month ago, says the Marysville Appeal, the lower portion of the Second District was thrown into a state of excitement about the mysterious circumstances under which a young lady of that locality, and very well connected, had been buried, and yet no definite information could be gathered to authorize publication in the papers.

Since that time, however, we have been enabled to obtain the following facts: The young lady, whose name is unnecessary to mention, upon returning from early mass on a Sunday morning, was suddenly taken ill of disease of the heart, and, as was supposed at the time, was suffocated to death, owing to her unusual fleshiness.

The death of this young lady in the bloom of life, caused much sympathy in the neighborhood, and her funeral, which took place in the evening of the day of her death, attracted a large concourse of people.

But the report goes on to say, that on that same evening, the sexton of the grave yard, having some business to attend to in town left his son of mature age, in charge of the keys, with the instructions to close the gates at the usual hour, after making his round through the cemetery, in order that no visitor might be accidentally confined inside.

About dusk, the sexton's son, while going his round, passing near the tomb in which the young lady had been buried, heard low, heartrending moanings coming from behind the marble slab.

The spectacle was too horrible to describe. Her face and body were in a terrible state of distortion, her hair torn from the roots. In the terrible convulsions which had preceded her death she had literally harrowed her beautiful face with her nails, and her clenched fists in contact with her foaming lips showed the traces of her teeth.

We will not relate the terrible impressions which this awful circumstance produced on the minds present, for it can be more readily imagined than described. The coffin and tomb were closed once more; this time forever, upon the victim of fortune, and the story went out, but indefinitely, as we have already remarked. It is due to the family of the deceased to say that they deny the statements as noted above, but as the facts have become street rumor, we have thought proper to give them as they have been given to us.

BULLY FOR LIZZIE—Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes thus of the woman's rights prospect 20 years hence: "Twenty years! Why, I expect to be walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem by that time, talking with Noah, Moses and Aaron about the flood, the Pharaohs, the journey through the Red Sea and the Wilderness. We shall be holding conventions by that time on the banks of the Jordan with Eve, Sarah, Rebecca, Huldah, Debora, Miriam, Ruth, Naomi, Sheba and Phebe, Tryphena and Typhosa, and all the strong minded women, honorably mentioned in sacred history. Do you know that I have vowed never to go disfranchised into the Kingdom of Heaven? In the meantime, I propose to discuss sanitary and sumptuary laws, finance and free trade, religion and railroads, education and elections in the councils of American republic. Twenty years! Why, every white male in the nation will be tied to an apron string by that time, while all the poets and philosophers will be writing essays on 'The Sphere of Man'."

A typographical mistake of a "6" for an "h" made a paper say: "A locomotive ran over a cow and cut her into calves."

A widower went to Manchester, N. H., one day recently, buried his wife; and left town with a new-made bride on the day following.

A Texas paper says that though "courting can still go on, getting married is played out," there being no one authorized to perform the ceremony.

BUSINESS MEN, worn by care and sedentary habits, often suffer from constipation of the bowels, until the evil consequences of such a condition are realized in extreme debility, nervousness and prostration of the vital energies of the system; and it may be safely asserted that a majority of the female sex are little better than invalids, from the same cause; but by simply using Dr. Walker's VEGETABLE PINKETTES, this natural aperient and tonic brings back the vigor and buoyancy of health.

ABOUT WOMEN.

—Reader did you ever enjoy the ecstatic bliss of courting? If not, then get a little gal-an-try.

—It's proposed to put married men in uniform to keep them from flirting with innocent young ladies.

—Doctor, whenever I lean my head on my arm in this way, it pains me terribly. What shall I do? "Stop leaning your head on your arm in that way, madam."

—"My dear," said a rural wife to her husband, on his return from town, what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets in the city? "The ladies faces, my love."

One of our artists has recently painted a picture of Patience—a shopkeeper waiting upon ladies who don't know exactly what they want, but expect to before the season is over.

—If a lady wants to touch the feelings of a gentleman in a tender spot let her sit—with deliberate carelessness if she can continue so to do—upon his new silk hat. Simultaneously with its crush will be the emotions of its terrified owner.

—A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was one of the few—such a jewel of a Christian—you cannot find his equal, you well know. To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart: "I'll bet I will."

—When may young ladies be said to be economical? When they resort to tight lacing to prevent waist-fatness.

—The New York Commercial says the first question that disturbed man was the "woman question," and thinks it bids fair to be the last.

—The following is going around as a domestic drama: Scene I—Mother in the cellar splitting wood. Scene II—Daughter in the parlor singing to Clarence Fitzoodle the pathetic ballad "Who will care for Mother Now?"

—A new-made widow went lately to a life insurance office to receive the amount of a policy on her husband's life, which had providentially been made payable to her. The President thought it only proper to condole with her on her bereavement. "I am truly sorry madam, to hear of your loss."

—A burly looking female of unmis takable Celtic origin was arraigned before Judge Becker a short time since for some ordinary offence. While nature had munificently endowed her with health and physical strength, the question of good looks had been neglected in the haste with which she had been prepared for the world.

—A Rio de Janeiro correspondent of the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail says that the feature of the carnival which made the most impression on him was "the unusual number of very plump women foaming over the tops of their dresses."

—A philosopher once thanked a lady who had been singing to a party for an hour, by saying, "Madam, you have wasted our time charmingly."

—"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love."

—"And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave diggers."

—Beautiful extract—A beautiful young lady just helped out of a mud hole.

—"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, on his return from business, "have you seen the beautiful set of walnut furniture which the Smiths have bought?" "No, my love, but I have seen the bill, and that satisfies me."

—A young gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a lady for some time "popped the question." The lady, in a frightened manner, said "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

—Why are young ladies like arrows? Because they never go off without a bow (beau), and they are always in a quiver till they get one.

—When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor, she means to sew in order that she may reap.

—Bonaparte is credited with having said: "A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel—the other a treasure."

—A Western editor, in commenting upon the large amount which Queen Victoria saves annually from her salary remarked, "That's a widow worth going for."

county, New York, who had a daughter afflicted by this terrible malady. He dipped her in cold water, and laid her in the sun till she straightened into place.

—A Parisian lady was informed that her husband had just died in an asylum. "Ah!" replied madame, without emotion, "misfortunes never come singly! This morning poor dog Azore was greatly troubled with indigestion."

—"How many children have I?" asked a woman of a spirit rapper. "Four." "And how many have I?" asked her husband. "Two," was the astonishing reply. Mistake somewhere.

—A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

—Ladies and Indians paint their faces. Extremes meet—civilization and barbarism.

—During a concert in the Boston Music Hall, recently, when the organist was exhibiting the full powers of the instrument, a lady was enthusiastically conversing with her neighbor about her household arrangements. She suited the tones of her voice to those of the organ. The organist made a sudden transition from "ff" to "pianissimo;" consequently the audience was somewhat amused at being informed by her, in a shout, "We fried ours in butter!"

A WIFE OF SEVEN HUSBANDS.

There is a woman in Cleveland, Ohio, who has had seven husbands within the past eight years. Within a week after the death of the first, she united her fortunes with a man who soon lost his life in a street brawl. Returning from the funeral she accepted the proposal of a third, and the next day was legally married to him; but it appears that husband No. 3 was not to man to suit her ideas, and she soon filed a bill for a divorce, which was granted to her.

A few months elapsed and No. 4 pledged himself to love, protect, and care for her. This marriage also proved unhappy for both parties, and again the courts interferred and dissolved the tie which bound them together. In May, 1867, No. 5 was smitten with her charms, and after a short courtship a priest slipped the marriage noose over his head, and he became the lord and master of her household effects. Two months they lived in peace; but at the end of that time the wife became jealous of another woman in the immediate neighborhood, and she again resorted to the courts to sever the nuptial knot, which was done. In October of the same year No. 6 presented himself and a quick marriage followed. For some reason they failed to agree, the husband insisting that he was the head of the household, and the wife denying it, so they separated, and a bill again released her of a troublesome partner.

In February, 1868, she again sought to try the bliss of married life, and united her fortunes with No. 7. This time they lived together just a year, when they concluded they had had enough of each other and separated. The wife again applied for a divorce and it was granted her, and she is now anxiously waiting for No. 8. In 1867, her daughter by adoption was a sprightly girl of fifteen summers, married a brother of her mother's husband, thus mixing up the relation question fearfully. This marriage proved an unhappy one also, and taking her mother's advice she got rid of her incubance by procuring a divorce. On the same day on which her mother was married the seventh time, she was married to her second husband, and in two months after the court interferred at her request, and left her a grass widow at the interesting age of sweet seventeen.

BEECHER ON "MEAN MEN."—In his sermon entitled "The value of deep feeling," Mr. Beecher makes the following characteristic and good hit: "I have great hope for a wicked man; slender hope for a mean one. A wicked man may be converted, and become a prominent saint. A mean man ought to be converted six or seven times, one night after the other, to give him a fair start and put him on an equality with a bold wicked man. Of a certain class of converts he says: I have known men who thought the object of conversion was to clean them as a garment is cleaned, and then when they were converted they were to be hung up in the Lord's wardrobe, the door of which was to be shut, so that no dust could get at them. A coat that is not used, the moths eat; and a Christian who is hung up so that he will not be tempted, the moths eat him; and they have poor food at that."

An editor in Alabama had some iron ore dug from his land last week made into iron, the iron into plows, and the plows running before the close of the week.

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BY OVERLAND ROUTE

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