

MANNERS.

I'm often quite sorry about it,
And feel that it's terribly sad,
But though I live long beyond manhood,
My manners, I'm sure, will be bad.

MUSINGS.

If life were naught but sunshine
Would love be half so sweet?
If bliss were all unbroken
Would pleasure be less fleet?

KATE'S ADVENTURE.

I am Kate. Of course I can tell my own adventures a great deal better than any one can tell them for me. That stands to nature. I'm not a practical writer, and I don't know how to produce what the fashionable authors call "grand pen-effects," but I believe I can make you understand how it was, and that is all that is necessary.

don't belong to any particular season of the year."
As I turned away—I did not notice it at the time, but it came back afterward, as things do come back, like a sudden flash across the dark shield of memory—a man who was lounging on the steps looked hard at me.

That was my adventure. And Col. Hay has long since forgiven me that unkind description of him. In fact—this is quite private and confidential, mind—we are to be married soon, and I am going with him to Florida, to try the effects of a southern climate on his health. That is all. Isn't it enough?

ENGLISH RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

We hear a great deal at home about the annoyance of the compartment system of railway carriages, but it has its advantages. Each compartment opens independently of the others, and so a train is unloaded very rapidly. There is nothing whatever of the annoying delay that we have in getting in and out at stations. It is all done at once and without confusion.

CARLYLE'S OLD HOUSE.

A correspondent of a Glasgow paper has been to Chelsea, and finding Carlyle's old house "standing empty, very dismal looking, rather dilapidated, ticketed to be let or to be sold," breaks out into the following exclamation: "Will Scotchmen allow this to continue—will they allow to go to wreck and ruin this house, in which for seven and forty years he lived?"

HERE WILL WE DRAW THE LINE.—"A Nebraska widow with twenty-one children is advertising for a husband." There is great virtue in printers' ink; it has brought fortunes to men and women; but we don't believe a double advertisement, inserted next to roasting matter every day for six months would bring a husband to a widow with twenty-one children—unless the latter are kept in the background, or underground, or somewhere. We dislike to go back on advertising, but the line must be drawn somewhere.

FEMALE DESPERADO.

Who Saved Three Men From Being Lynched.

Broncho Lou was a well-known frontier character in the recent history of Colorado. A woman of perhaps 25, with considerable pretensions to beauty, she could yet be as fierce as a fiend in her ferocity, or as gentle as a lamb, or as soft as an angel in her devotion to those she liked.

A hue and cry was again raised, stimulated by the offer of a heavy reward by the town authorities, and it was not long before the trail of the fugitives was discovered, marked as it was by a number of fresh outrages. Not a ranch or small settlement near which they had passed but had suffered at their hands, and the pursuing party constantly received large accessions until it formed quite a respectable company.

"Law sakes alive! Is that the way you make soda water?" said a green country girl to the clerk in Fuller's drug store in Newman, the other day, as he gave her her first drink of soda water.

THE LONG NAIL MAN.

Why the man with the long finger-nail was not killed by the first gun at Fort Sumpter, and as for that matter, why he was ever born, is something we shall not attempt to explain. Every nail on every finger but one is carefully trimmed. This one is allowed to grow until it looks like the claw of a beast.

HOW THE BATTLE HYMN WAS WRITTEN.

"It was in the first year of the war," writes Miss Maud Howe, in her biography of her mother, Julia Ward Howe, "that Dr. and Mrs. Howe, Gov. and Mrs. Andrew and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Whipple made their memorable journey to Washington."

THE BALLET DANCERS.

Where They Come From, and How are Trained.

"One, two, three, four. Then you did it right. Six, seven, eight."
"You—Miss Brown, you're rather late."
So on went the performance, the singing of the professor being extensively interlarded with ejaculations, some very forcible, until, out of breath, the ballet-master descended from the box upon which he had perched himself.