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The Seasons.

Spring am I, too soft of heart
Much to speak ere I depart;
Ask the Summer-tide to prove
The abundance of my love.

Summer looked-for-long am I,
Much shall change, or ere I die;
Prithee, take it not amiss,
Though I weary thee with bliss.

Laden Autumn, here I stand,
Worn of heart, and weak of hand;
Say the word that sets me free;
Nought but rest seems good to me.

Ah! shall Winter mend your case?
Set your teeth the wind to face:
Beat the snow, tread down the frost!
All is gained when all is lost.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

I WILL WALK WITH YOU.

Vesey Welles stood upon the hearth-rug in the long, low drawing-room, awaiting the coming of her guests. Ordinarily she might be a trifle pale—quiet, possibly—though with depths quickly stirred by the dropping of a careless stone. To-night she was flushed, tremulous, excited.

"By the way," said her father, pausing at the door as he passed through the hall, "I met that young minister—Hayes, you know—this morning, and asked him up to dinner."

"But I don't know," responded Vesey, as he passed on, her eyes growing wider and wider in dismay: "I don't know him at all. And to-night of all nights!" she half-sobbed, pulling at the flowers in the porcelain vase before her, until the one red rose dropped all its petals at her feet.

It was to be the last of the pleasant evenings that had brightened all the winter. Darrel Winslow and his mother were coming to dine with them once more before going home. They had been boarding at the hotel just above, two or three months. Vesey had built so many hopes upon this evening. But now—

She was fastening a bunch of daphne—sweet-scented, velvet-leafed—into her belt, when Paul entered the room. "Passing fair!" he said to himself, at a glimpse of the bent head.

"The Rev. Paul Hayes!" announced the servant. She turned quickly, not catching the name, hearing only the sound of feet and the opening of the door. But the flush upon her face was not for him.

"I—I am Miss Welles," with rather unnecessary frankness. "My father will be down in a moment. He was unusually late from town to-night."

"But haughty and cold," Paul added mentally, as he turned away to meet her father.

Then, at last, Mrs. Winslow and Darrel came.

"Who is this man?" looked out of Darrel's eyes.

"And you really go home to-morrow?" Vesey said, sitting down beside Mrs. Winslow.

"Yes. There is nothing to wait for now; and Darrel does not care to stay. The opera season is over, you know."

So it was for the gayeties of the town he had lingered week after week, she thought, with a sudden sinking of the heart. Oh, how blind she had been! His careless laugh came across the room just then, as if to mock her.

"You'll not come back before another season?" She could not hide the pain that quivered in her voice.

"No," she replied, simply, "I suppose not."

The gentlemen joined them.

Vesey was thinking how pleasant she had hoped it would be, with only Darrel and his mother here—they four around the fire in the twilight, Darrel by her—of the words she had thought he would speak. There was a ring hanging upon his watch-chain. It fitted her finger. He had tried it once in jest.

She turned away from him to Paul. And yet what should she say? What do people say to ministers? she asked herself helplessly. And to young ministers above all? Oh if he had not come! If he would only go! If they would all go, and leave her alone with her disappointment.

How she passed that long dinner hour she never knew. She talked of trivial things, as we all do, though beneath the outward calm our very souls are seething. When they were back in the drawing-room, and the others fell into the quiet, desultory chat that follows a dinner, she alone could not be still. Her cold hands refused to lie quietly in her lap, as shapely white hands should. Her feet beat an impatient waltz under her gown. She glanced at Darrel. He had thrown himself back in an easy chair, his hands under his head. There was no feverish glitter in his eye. He yawned furtively. She pushed her chair back. "How stupid we are! It's the fire, I think. It always dulls everybody but itself. Will not some one sing or play?" And she sat down herself before the piano.

She struck a quick, sharp chord. "I could dance to-night!" She had forgotten the young minister and his probable prejudices. He caught a glimpse, just then, of the flushed intense face. But in an instant with the minor chord that followed, it changed. Tears rushed into her eyes. Her back was to the others. Only Paul saw the sudden saddening of the face, the fall of the wet eye-lids.

"Such wonderful spirits!" exclaimed Mrs. Winslow. "So light-hearted Vesey always is!"

"Ah!" responded Paul. But he fell into a revery.

Darrel leaned over her. "What has come to you?"

"How? Why?" She did not pause in her playing.

"You're simply glorious now. You hardly need a crown."

Her hands went wrong. A quick clash—a discord—then she went on. She was growing strong; equal to the strife. There is nothing so deathless as a woman's pride. It had risen at last. Her hands flashed over the keys, throwing off sparks of the wildest, gayest music.

"Good-night! and good-bye, it must be," he said, detaining her hand when they separated. "We shall take the early train."

The flush had died out of her face She looked worn and tired. Upon the whole he was not sorry he had decided to go.

"Good-bye," she said quietly.

"You'll come and make us that visit in the summer, Vesey?"

"I don't know. Perhaps so."

"Of course you will."

"To be sure," added Darrel. "I shall come for you myself."

They were gone at last. She turned away.

"But Mr. Hayes! Vesey!"

She had forgotten his existence.

"I'm afraid I am rude." And she put out her hand. "Good-night; but indeed I may confess now that I have a wretched headache, and—and—" That was all she said. The play was over.

The spring and early summer wore away. One letter came from Darrel. A letter such as he might have sent to any chance acquaintance, full of hints of gay doings here and there—nothing more. One little note Vesey wrote his mother, to say she could not make the promised visit. Darrel had said nothing in his letter of coming for her. "And tell Darrel"—at the close of her note—"that I am saving any amount of gossip against writing him some day." But the "some day" never came. Absence, like a strong light, brings out hidden defects, and Vesey knew now that he was a man selfish and vain, who had played with her heart. He had held it in his hand, weighed and measured it and her, and had cast both aside as worthless. She thought of it with burning cheeks.

With another winter came the Winslow's. If she had dreaded it, if she had feared for herself, would it have been strange? But the spell was broken. Looking back, she wondered.

Outwardly the old intimacy was resumed. Darrel came and went as he had come and gone the year before. But to Vesey it was only a shell—a hollow, heartless thing that never had been friendship, and could never now be love. Paul, plodding along day after day in the round of his duties, saw—as though a great way off—Vesey and Darrel flying up and down the icy streets to the tinkle of silver bells.

One night, Vesey, glowing in crimson, with white chrysanthemums in her hair, passed through the hall. The outer door was open wide. Paul stood outside. The wind, raw and wet with the breath of the sea, caught at her hair—at the silken ruffles of her dress.

"Oh, is it you? But you are coming in?"

She little knew how her words tempted him—how the vision tempted him, as she paused with clasped hands under the gas-light, and with the warm, bright room beyond.

"I cannot, I am waiting for your father. There is a family at the lower end of the town starv——"

The words choked him. "Thank you, not to-night," he said. He had longed to meet her again, like this—alone and face to face. But her light manner, her dainty dress, angered him to-night. He had come from such a different scene. Only a woman of the world, after all, he thought. And yet so sweet, so bitterly sweet, he owned, when he had turned away and plunged into the cold and darkness. Darrel was waiting for her in the drawing-room.

"You're like a poem to-night, in all that ruby-red—like an Eastern song."

"Thank you," Vesey said, dreamily.

"I couldn't imagine you in gray," he went on, half to himself, or in anything sombre, or worn, or poor" He had begun to study the girl in earnest now. "Yes, you are made for the rarest and best, Vesey; to shine in satin and diamonds."

"Is that *all?*" she asked wistfully.

"All? Is not that enough? It would satisfy most women."

But to-night it did not satisfy her.

Down at the beginning of the long street was a black, low-browed house, like many others here, with a shop in the lower story, or, more properly, two, since one window was occupied by a watchmaker, and the other displayed pins, needles, spools of cotton, and such small wares. Above were two or three rooms with slanting sides, where a deformed girl—a pitiful object to look at—lived with her mother, earning enough by sewing to put bread into their mouths and scanty covering upon their backs—no more. Vesey employed them; from pity mostly, since her work could have been better done elsewhere. She stepped out of the sleigh here at dusk one night, and ran up the stairs, a roll of work in her hand. She had to wait a moment, so she sat and talked with the girl, who was young like herself, and yet not like herself at all. It made her happier in the happy lot that had sometimes wearied her. It made her thankful for her strong, young life, which she had never named among her blessings, and it shot a gleam of pleasure through the girl's dark days.

It was a poor room, with paper torn, and soiled, and of many patterns, upon the walls; with the bare boards of the floor yawning, rising and falling uneasily; with the dim light struggling through uncurtained windows that peered from under the eaves like eyes from overhanging brows. A low voice in a continuous murmur fell upon Vesey's ear. It seemed to come from the next room.

"What is that?"

"That 'm?" The girl's pale face grew bright. "It's the minister, Mr. Hayes. He comes and prays with mother, now she's sick."

The voice ceased. She heard his step upon the stairs. It was but a second; he could not have reached the street, when a shriek came from the room he had left. The girl sat like one paralyzed. Vesey threw open the door. A swift line of light ran all adown the bed. It burst into a flame, in the midst of which the sick woman struggled. The overturned candle at her head told the story. It was an instinct—there was no time for thought—which made Vesey drag the square of carpet from the floor and press it down upon the flames. They shot out into her face. They seemed to catch away her breath. They licked her arm. They strove and fought, and well-nigh overcame—all in an instant, that seemed hours to the girl, who threw herself upon the bed, smothering the flames with her own weight.

They were conquered at last. The silent, breathless struggle was over.

"If some one would only bring a light! Oh dear! what shall I do? Don't," to the deformed girl, who shrieked and called upon her mother. Vesey had not heard the strong step springing up the stairs—the opening of the door. Some one stood beside her in a moment, lamp in hand. It was Paul.

"Is she dead?" gasped Vesey, shrinking from the bed.

He threw back the scorched blanket that hid the motionless form. "No, not dead; but I think she has fainted. Or the flames—I must go for a doctor. Stay here, if you are not afraid. Oh hush! hush!" to the frightened girl; "it is nothing, I hope. Get some water for the lady; and sprinkle her face," he said to Vesey. Then he was gone.

She did as he had told her—waiting, watching the blackened mass, she dared not touch. It was frightful, with that still, white face shining out of the darkness. Was it death? No; there was a faint quivering of the eye-lids—that first sign of returning consciousness—a feeble moan. Then Paul came. Oh! the rush of joy, of blinding tears, of sudden faintness that overpowered her when she heard his step. The grim-faced doctor behind him walked straight to the bed.

"There are no deep burns, I think," he said at length. "The blanket saved her. The shock has done more than the fire. A sponge—ah, that will do. Now some water, and some linen rags." There were none. Vesey quietly held out her dainty handkerchief. "H-m!" he said, and tore his own into strips.

"And now *you?*" He turned to Vesey.

"I have no burns." Indeed she felt no pain. The doctor raised her hand, and held it out to Paul. The sleeve was cut away from her wrist as by a jagged knife with a blackened edge. The flesh was like a flame. Paul's teeth shut tight and quick together. Something sprang into his eyes—not tears alone

Then Vesey began to tremble; and, conscious at last of the cruel pain that bit and tore her hand, she sobbed like a hurt child.

"Don't mind," she tried to say. "Don't look at me. It's only—only——" The sobs swept all her words away.

Paul bathed her hand. She remembered afterwards how tenderer than any woman's had been his touch.

"Let her cry," said the doctor, in a voice that must have been given by mistake to the grim face. "And now she'd better go home." He rose from the bed. He took the unharmed hand in his. "She's a brave girl." He looked away from her to Paul; but still he held her hand tight in his. "God bless you, child. Now go home and go to bed."

Paul lifted her into the sleigh and wrapped the robes about her.

It seemed suddenly as if they had known each other a life-time—*she* and *Paul;* as if they could never be strangers to each other again.

She held out her hand. It was the one he had bound up. He took it tenderly in both his own. "The brave, strong hand!" he said, bending over it in the darkness—"the hand that saved a life to-night."

There was to be a bazaar, to raise money for the poor. It opened the next evening. The winter had been hard and cruel, and charity—somewhat exhausted—needed a spur.

Vesey had promised to tend a booth.

"You must not think of going," her father exclaimed. Darrel—too, who foresaw a quiet hour with her alone, if she remained at home. He had something to tell—something to ask for, and a ring to give. Alas for him! He had kept his words too long. A year ago they would have been manna to her heart.

"But I am quite well," she pleaded, "except my hand; and that has ceased to pain me." Indeed her face was radiant.

So she dressed herself with quaint simplicity in something soft and gray that wrapped her like a cloud, with only the braids of her heavy hair for ornament; only her shining eyes for gems. Then she went and took her place.

The evening was half over. Darrel had been her shadow. She was tired; tired of his eyes that followed her whichever way she turned; tired of his flattering words; tired of him. He moved away at last. Then, and not until then, she saw Paul. He came straight to her.

"Are you well enough to be here?" without a word of greeting, as though they had not parted. "You frightened me with your white face just now."

"I was tired. I wanted to go home."

"Will you go now?" he asked quickly. "Are you strong enough to walk?"

"Oh yes."

"Then come."

It was strangely pleasant to be bidden; to follow meekly.

They had reached the stairs descending to the street when they met Darrel Winslow.

"Vesey! where are you going?" He scowled and nodded at Paul.

"Home."

"But it is beginning to rain, and you have no cloak. Go back and I'll get the carriage." He laid his hand upon the wrap over Paul's arm. Paul looked at Vesey. What did he read in her face?

"Let Miss Welles decide," he said in a hard, strange voice. He was trying to be calm—to keep his hands from this man who had suddenly come between them. He turned to Vesey again. His face was very pale; his eyes were full of pleading.

"Think a moment. Will you ride with him, or will you walk with me?"

She did not speak. She only smiled and laid her hand within his arm.

He would have been more than human to have kept back the triumph in his eyes.

Darrel stared; then wheeled and left them.

"But think a moment." Paul's voice grew more gentle now. "It will be a long, long road—a road that has no turn."

But still she smiled.

"A rough way perhaps, and your feet are tender."

"I will walk with you," she said.

Scribner's Monthly.

River and Harbor Bills.

The River and Harbor bill, now before Congress. appropriates, in bulk, $4,194,500, divided as follows:

Wisconsin	$253 500	North Carolina	$95,000
Michigan	310,000	South Carolina	13,000
Ohio	65 000	Texas	20,000
Illinois	150 000	Alabama	50,000
Indiana	15 000	California	200 000
Pennsylvania	10,000	Connecticut	69,000
Vermont	30,000	Massachusetts	151.000
New York	335 000		
Maryland	55,000	Total	$1,812,500

For Rivers the appropriations are as follows:

Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas Rivers, $517,000; Ohio River and Louisville Canal, $300,000; Rivers in Michigan, $353,000; Pennsylvania, $10,000; Hudson and East Rivers, New York, including Hell Gate, $290,000; Rhode Island, $92,000; Connecticut, $65,000; Massachusetts, $60,000; Maine, $208,500; Missouri, $25,000; Tennessee, $30,000; and Virginia, $115,000; making a total for River improvements of $2,061,000.

For surveys and examinations of harbors in the Northern and North-Western lakes and on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, $175,000 is appropriated. Examinations are ordered of various rivers and harbors in Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Michigan, Louisiana, Georgia, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Virginia and Vermont, and of the ship canal route from Sturgeon Bay to Lake Michigan.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT FOOD are very widely spread. Many of the lower races believe that a man partakes of the quality or characteristics of the animal of which he eats. Thus the Malay pays large sums for pieces of the tiger, in order to make him brave. For the same purpose lion's and elephant's flesh are eaten in Africa and the flesh of the black bear among our own red-skins. The craft of the serpent was very early noticed, and hence this reptile was eaten by all, or nearly all, branches of the human family. Even now it is said that its flesh is used as food in parts of Siberia, in Northern Hindostan, in China, and in Japan, in order to make the eaters wise. The serpent, too, was noted for living long, and in order to be a participant in this very much-desired quality many of the nations of antiquity in both Europe, Asia, and Africa used its flesh as a medicament in sickness. Hence, no doubt, the fact that everywhere—in the Wilderness of Sin, where Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, in the Groves of Esculapius was situated, on the banks of the Orontes, in Phœnicia, in Northern Africa, and to the present day in Abyssinia and parts of Lapland—the serpent was regarded as the healer and life-giver. In parts of Africa, along the gold coast, small harmless serpents live in the houses and are used, as they were anciently at Pella, the capital of Macedonia, as playthings for the children. Even Mahomet made it a sin to kill "genil," for he said that some of them had believed in the prophet. Hogs, it is well known, are the great enemies of these pets. Might not the antipathy of many nations, notably the Jews and Japanese, to swine have arisen to this fact?

THE RESULT of fifty-two years' newspaper labor is touchingly told in the following letter to Mr. Hilliard, of Boston, dated January, 1865, copied from a little volume edited by the daughter of the late Wm. Winston Seaton:

The parting with my old paper is painful in the extreme. But the untoward circumstances of the times had reduced it to the point of extinction, and no alternative was left me but to see it expire or to transfer to some younger men who thought that, by withdrawing it from the arena of politics and converting it into a news and business sheet, they could make it pay. I would, I confess, have preferred for it the dignity of death; but justice to a few friends around me, who had engaged me to sustain it during three years of vainly hoping for peace and better times, compelled me to part with it. Pride and hope induced me to struggle on against the difficulties which beset me, and the sacrifice of every thing I possessed; but I was at last obliged to succomb. In the high character of the friends like yourself, who have stood by the old journal in its adversity and cheered its editors by their approval and support, I find a consolation which I would not exchange for better fortune, although I end fifty-two years of labor with nothing.

A DONATION VISIT ended very oddly and somewhat disastrously at Wynantskill, N. Y., the other evening. Just as a portion of the company had retired from the dining-room to the main hall, the entire floor of the hall gave way, and some forty or fifty persons were precipitated into the cellar. A scene of great confusion followed, but none were dangerously hurt. Rev. Mr. Tomb, the beneficiary, found his donation party anything but advantageous to him, as the cellar was full of various things taken there from above, to make room for the throng.

Robbing the Mail.

Charles E. Bacon, at attache of the New-York Post-office, was arrested at New-Haven in the act of opening a letter which had been taken from the Boston mail. In order to facilitate the distribution of the letters in the Eastern mail which usually arrives in New York at an early hour in the morning, it has been the custom to detail two clerks, one of whom was Bacon, to proceed to Hartford, and there intercept the owl train bound west. Upon entering the postal car of the train they would find a bag containing all the New-York City letters, which had been assorted out by the clerks of the postal-car. These letters would be again assorted, and those directed to boxes were placed in one package, while those for general delivery were placed by themselves. When the mail arrived at the Post-office the letters would be ready for immediate distribution, and thus a great deal of time was saved to the merchants. Complaints have been made, from time to time, that letters containing money were lost, but all efforts to detect the robber were unsuccessful. For some time past the proprietor of the Florence House, in New-Haven, has noticed that on the arrival of the owl train, about 2 o'clock in the morning, Bacon, leaving the train, would enter the hotel, get a drink at the bar and then go into the water-closet for a few moments, after which he would get on the train again and proceed with it to New-York. On one occasion, quite recently, some parties who were outside the closet heard a sound as if letters were being torn open while Bacon was in there. Suspecting that all was not right, they notified the proprietor, who in turn communicated the facts to the special agent of the Post-office Department, who detailed Detective Camp to work up the case. On Monday night Bacon, entered the closet, opened a letter, and put some money which he took from the letter into his vest-pocket. Mr. Camp at once arrested him, when Bacon confessed his guilt, and acknowledged that he had been robbing the mails for some months. He was committed in default of $2,500 bail. Bacon has been in the employ of the Post-office Department about six years, and for the past two years has been detailed to this duty. He is about thirty five years of age, and has a wife and an aged father residing in New York.

A Magnificent Description.

We lay leaning over the bows, now looking up at the mist blown in never-ending volumed sheets, now at the sail swelling in the wind before which it fled, and again down at the water through which our boat was ploughing its evanescent furrow. We could see very little. Portions of the shore would now and then appear, dim, like reflections from a tarnished mirror, and then fade back into the cloudy dissolution. Still it was growing lighter, and the man who was on the outlook became less anxious in his forward gaze—less frequent in his calls to the helmsman. I was lying half over the gunwale, looking into the strange-colored water, blue dimmed with undissolved white, when a cry from Charles made me start and look up. It was indeed a God-like vision. The mist yet rolled thick below, but away up, far away and far up, yet as if close at hand, the clouds were broken into a mighty window, through which looked in upon us a huge mountain peak, swathed in snow. One great level band of darker cloud crossed its breast, above which rose the peak, triumphant in calmness, and unutterably solemn and grand, in clouds as white as its own whiteness. It had been there all the time! I sank on my knees in the boat and looked up. With a sudden sweep the clouds curtained the mighty window, and the Jungfrau withdrew into its Holy of Holies. I am painfully conscious of the helplessness of my speech. The vision vanishes from the words as it vanished from the bewildered eyes. But from the mind it glorified it has never vanished. I have *been* more ever since that sight. To have beheld a truth is an apotheosis. What the truth was I could not tell; but I had seen something which raised me above my former self and made me long to rise higher yet. It awoke worship, and a belief in the incomprehensible divine; but admitted of being analyzed no more than, in that transient vision, my intellect could—ere dawning it vanished—analyze it into the deserts of rock, the gulfs of green ice and flowing water, the savage solitudes of snow, the mysterious miles of draperied mist, that went to make up the vision, each and all essential thereto. — *Scribner's Monthly for March.*

WELL INSURED.—New York editors have looked out for their families. Horace Greeley has his life insured for $75,000, while young Mr. Bennett, the Messrs. Brooks, Dana, Jones, Marble, Hastings and others have their families secured for considerable sums. Twenty-two of our leading capitalists are insured in different city offices for sums varying from $100,000 to $300,000, the aggregate being nearly $4,000,000, or an average of $187,000 each. Cyrus W. Field, who successfully solved the problem of the ocean telegraph, has his life insured for about $250,000; James Brown, of Brown Brothers & Co., has a life investment of about $100,000.

ON THE OTHER FOOT.—It will not do to laugh at Colonel John Baxter, of Tennessee, any more, for the number of his libel suits against newspapers in that section, which are no less than half a dozen. He has just gained his case in one, and the verdict gives him twenty-seven thousand dollars for the piece of his character taken away by one newspaper.

Farewell!

Farewell! but ere in grief we part,
O hear my fond affection's plea,
And treasure up within thy heart
Some lasting, fervent thoughts of me.

Farewell! our little dream is o'er,
The curtain fallen on our play,
And I shall ne'er behold thee more,
Nor bask within thy smile's bright ray.

For thee I leave my native land,
And know not what my lot may be;
Yet e'en upon a foreign strand
My heart will ever turn to thee.

Whene'r at morn, by night, by day,
Thou bend'st a supplicating knee,
Remember one who's far away,
And breathe a prayer to heav'n for me.

When down life's rapid stream I flow,
And near the vast eternal sea,
'Twould blunt death's sting could I but know
Thou still hadst one kind thought for me.

Farewell! I tear myself away,
From these endearing scenes I flee;
May angels guard thee night and day,
God knows how dear thou art to me!

Facts and Fancies.

A terrible cold reigns in Switzerland this Winter.

Yankee girls carry off the honors as skaters in London.

John Bright refused his salary as Cabinet Minister during his illness.

Of 617 chuches in London, 101 have paid choirs, and 244 volunteer choirs.

An insurrection has broken out in the Province of Constantine, Algeria.

The rate of telegraphing in the United States is higher than in any other country.

One of the latest wrinkles is to perfume wedding, reception, and visiting cards with violet.

Two men commenced playing billiards in saloon in New York, and continued the game for thirty hours.

The wives of members of the Cabinet, in their receptions at Washington this Winter, offer no wine to guests.

It is known that about 180,000 prisoners were taken in Paris, with 1,500 cannon and 400 field pieces and mitrailleuses.

Adjutant General Townsend says the number of men who served more than three months, in the Union army during the rebellion was 2,970,875.

The Radical party in Russia has a plan to give a crushing blow to the influence of the nobles by taking out of their hands the education of the people.

A man who brought up at one of the London police officers for assaulting and nearly killing a woman, excused himself by saying that he thought it was his wife.

It is a curious fact that most of the musical composers have been childless. Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Corelli, Pergolesa, Rossini, Spontini, Auber, Wagner, and Schumann are among the instances.

They have a rule at Princeton, forbidding the students to correspond with the girls. In consequence of this the Bethany *Guardian* chooses this motto, "Dare to do right," and pharaphrases it in this way: "Do write and fear not."

A correspondent advises travellers, while so-journing at hotels, to place their watches, and money in one of their stockings, and put them under their pillows. This proceeding hinders the chances of being robbed, or of forgetting their property in the morning.

A Lowell gardener is marketing a fine lot of lettuce raised under glass, but without other heat than the sun's. At night and during the coldest weather he covers the beds with thick straw matting the plants occasionally freeze, but he understands how to thaw them without injury, and they go on growing again.

An old fellow who took part in the late rebellion was one day blowing in the village tavern, to a crowd of admiring listeners, and boasting of his many bloody exploits, when he was interrupted by the question: "I say, old Joe, how many rebels did you kill during the war?" "How many rebels did I kill, sir; how many did I kill? Well, I don't know just 'zactly how many; but I know this much, I killed as many of them as they did o' me."

CANAL ENLARGEMENT. — The Canal Board of New York in reply to a resolution of the House, as to the necessity and expediency of enlarging the locks now under contract on the Western division of the Erie Canal, reported that at present, in their opinion, the measure is unnecessary and inexpedient for these reasons:

First—That the Erie Canal is at present of nearly twice the capacity necessary to meet the demands of transportation.

Second—The enlargement of these locks necessarily involves the enlargement of all on the Canal.

Third—Such enlargement would involve a cost amounting to $50,000,000.

THERE is a good story told in Washing about a Chinese servant employed by Admiral Porter, that on reception day the duty of attending the door was assigned to Ah Sin. Accustomed to the social usages of his own land, where a visitor's rank is indicated by the size of the card, and where a huge yellow one meant the presence of a prince, he treated the little bits of pasteboard with contempt. While nodding his head and tossing the bits of paper uncermoniously in the basket, the gas collector happened to present his bill. The long, yellow slip took Ah Sin. With profound salaams he bowed the astounded gasman into the presenee of the amazed family.

The average pay per month of Indiana School teachers is estimated at $32 50.

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