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TERMS.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

THE Star has the largest circulation of any paper published on the Eastern Shore, and therefore is the best medium of advertising.

TERMS.—One square 3 insertions $1.00, and 25 cents for every additional insertion. A liberal deduction in prices to those who advertise by the year, or for six, or three months.

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Select Poetry.

JEANNIE MARSH OF CHERRY VALLEY.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

AIR—*Roy's Wife.*

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley,
At whose call the muses rally;
Of the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.
She minds me of her native scenes,
Where she was born among the cherries;
Of peaches, plums and nectarines,
Pears, apricots and ripe strawberries!
Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley,
In whose name the muses rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.
A sylvan nymph with queenly grace,
An angel she in every feature;
The sweet expression of the place,
A dimple in the smile of Nature!
Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONLY TWO OF US.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

I've made an engagement for you to spend a day out this week,' observed Squire Crosby, as his wife was placing dinner upon the table.

'Have you? I'm sorry, for I fear I shall be too busy to fulfil it,' she rejoined, in a slight tone of regret.

'Busy about what?' testily exclaimed the speaker. 'I would respectfully inquire, for the somewhat less than hundredth time, what you can possible find to do? It seems to me that you must really suffer for want of exercise.

'I do, undoubtedly,' said Mrs. Crosby, dryly.

'It can't be otherwise said,' continued the squire, decidedly. 'It is a comparatively idle life for a woman to attend to a few household cares.'

'A few household cares!'

'Yes, my dear Mrs. Crosby, and the washing put in into bargain. What a laborious business!' Squire Crosby looked very wise, and spoke with a slight degree of irony.

'You talk like one who is unacquainted with his subject; but at the same time I am willing to allow that you know as much about it as the generality of men; but this can't be construed into a compliment to the sex by any means.'

'But isn't the fact a self-evident one, Mrs. Crosby? Haven't I eyes, and can't I see—observe—look about me—comprehend?' demanded the squire.

'You might, without doubt; but whether you do, is another thing,' rejoined his wife.

'Be that as it may, however, I am satisfied that I can find enough to do to keep me out of idleness.

'When there's only two of us?'

'Only two of us,' added Mrs. Crosby, quietly; for it is just as necessary that two should eat as four.'

'Well, is certainly must be a great undertaking to cook a little food, wash a few dishes, and lay the table three times a day! Why, I could accomplish the whole in less time than two hours!'

'Those duties you have named do not comprise the whole of housekeeping, Mr. Crosby.'

'Perhaps not; I shouldn't mind throwing in a little dusting and sweeping, once in a while.

But it certainly appears langhable to hear a woman complain of the work when there is only two in the family. I verily believed it's nothing but habit,' quoth the squire, with becoming gravity.

'Suppose you try it for one day,' proposed Mrs. Crosby, with like seriousness. 'I'll go to the office and do your work, and you can remain at home and do mine.'

'It's rather a novel proposition, and I don't at this time recall to mind any celebrated men who have done housework. I haven't the least objection to trying it, notwithstanding, and presume it will be the easiest day's work I shall have this year,' rejoined the husband.

Both being agreed, the next day was selected for the exchange of employment. A quiet smile lurked upon Mrs. Crosby's mouth, and the squire evidently thought it a fine joke: one which would afford him a large fund of merriment, and be the means of proving to his wife that housework was nothing more than a pleasant amusement.

The deluded woman thought her time was fully occupied in keeping a good-size house tidy, and in devising new means of gratifying the palate of the squire; who, strange to say, liked good food, and abundance of it. He seemed to think that this jumped upon the table ready cooked, and that Mrs. Crosby (or some other person) had but to utter a few magical words, and everything was done. But to hear these trifling duties termed enormous, when there was 'only two of them' to look after, seemed a great absurdity to Squire Crosby, and he inwardly resolved to write an article on the subject, and let the sterner sex know how much they were imposed on.

While reflecting upon this laudable determination, Mrs. Crosby had occupied herself in jotting down a list of the duties which demanded attention the next morning. This she folded, and quietly handed to her husband, requesting him to make out a similar paper, so that no mismanageing might ensue.

'The list is no longer than usual,' said the lady, smiling at the earnestness with which he surveyed it. 'I go through with the same performance every day. It is necesary, for they cannot be omitted. But don't be frightened; you can take your own time,' she added, in a bantering tone.

Feigning the utmost indifference to the results, he remarked that he should probably 'make quick work of it,' and placing the paper in his pocket, rushed to the office.

The liege lord of Mrs. Crosby practised law in a suburban town, and had acquired considerable property by the same. His wife had independence enough to do her own housework, but could not help thinking that she deserved some credit for so doing. She had no particular desire to be praised; 'justice where justice is due,' was her motto; and our readers will perhaps conincide with her in the belief that it was rather hard to work busily a whole morning, and then be told that 'she had done nothing comparatively.' It was not encouragiug, to say the least, and she awaited the experiment of the next day with much interest.

Morning came, and the squire aroused his wife, and informed her in a significant tone 'that it was quite time to dress and make a fire." Mrs. Crosby did not wait for a second bidding, but remarked, as she left the chamber, 'that he might put himself in readiness to see about breakfast.'

Our heroine had taken the precaution the night previous to prepare the kindlings, and in a short time had a brisk fire. She allowed herself to do just what her husband had been in the habit of doing, and no more. He usually left the coal-dust and cinders for her to sift and clear away, as well as the remnants of wood and shaving to pick up; and she didn't feel inclined to limit his privileges at this time. The dining table stood in the middle of the room, also covered with books, papers, writing materials and other articles used the evening before. These she did not molest, and without pulling up the shades, or putting back the chairs, she took a newspaper and began to read.

The squire had evidently completed his toilet quicker than common, but it was nevertheless nearly an hour before he made his appearance. It was something novel to see his wife reading before breakfast, and he could not help smiling to witness her perfect *sang froid.*

'I've been up a long time, and renewed the fire twice, Mr. Crosby,' she remarked, without looking up.

This was the squire's salutation when his wife happened to take an extra nap of five minutes.

The gentleman made no reply, for he understood what the remark meant without the aid of an interpreter. He proceeded to business with great alacrity, piling the books and papers upon chairs, and nearly spilling some oil, by carrying a lamp the wrong way, and, by allowing the kettle to boil over, some five minutes before he got ready to take it out he succeeded in getting the cloth laid, though in rather an awkward manner.

'I think I should relish a piece of beefsteak, Mr. Crosby,' remarked the lady in the rocking-chair.

'Ah, then you shall have it,' replied the housekeeper of the day patronizingly, as he busied himself with napkins, cups, saucers, plates, knives, forks, etc. He tried to recollect how Mrs. Crosby arranged them, but in spite of all his attempts, he could make no application to that lady for advice; as she apparently was absorbed in her reading.

Adjoining to the kitchen, the squire attended to the making of a 'delicious cup of coffee,' and had a long struggle of beefsteak, which refused to boil to his satisfaction. When returning to dining-room after a long absence, looking heated and impatient, Mrs. Crosby remarked, consulting her watch, 'that he had been absent long enough to make a beef-steak.'

This observation the squire remembered to have heard before, but did not make it apparent. At length the coffee and meat were bro't in, and all things were pronounced ready by the officiating master of of ceremonies.

Mrs. Crosby seated herself and began to carve; the squire took his place at the head of the table, and proceeded to pour out the coffee.

'The bread, Mr. Cosby,' suggestted the lady.

'Belss me, I forgot it!' he exclaimed, dropping the coffee-pot, and jumping up so hastily that he came very near overturning the table.

The bread was soon secured, cut in slices varying in thickness from a wafer to a junk of four inches.

'The butter, Mr. Crosby,' suggested his companion, when he was again fairly seated.

'I declare!—what a poor memory I have got!' And setting down the cup which he had taken up for the second time, he started for the missing article. Placing it in triumph beside his wife's plate, he renewed his attempts at coffee-pouring, and this time was successful; but it must be confessed that he eyed the darklooking beverage with some uncertainty as he passed it across the table.

'Muddy coffee again, Mr. Crosby!' abruptly said the lady.

The squire hadn't a word of reply.

'Very smoky beef-steak, my dear! what have you done to it?' she contnued pushing a large peice of the obnoxious article on one side of her plate. You must be extremely careless or such things couldn't happen so often as they do!'

'What a woman this is to remember, to be sure! Anybody would suppose that she had kept a dairy of my unlucky observations for a year. Why, she has them all at her tongue's end!' thought the individual thus addressed, thongh he didn't see fit to make an immediate rejoinder.

The squire had but little appetite; his wife remarked the fact, and hoped 'that the simple exercise of getting breakfast' had not taken it away, as one person who should be nameless, was in the habit of asserting.

The gentleman winced and prepared himself a generous slice of bread and butter, which he proceeded to dispose of as though he had lacked for food for weeks.

When the morning meal was concluded Mrs. Crosby donned her bonnet and shawl, and remarking she would send home the dinner left the house. Our hero was now alone and could carry on operations without an eye-witness; which, he observed, 'was much more pleasant.'

Now we'll consult the list,' he added aloud, 'and have things to regular order.—Here goes:—

'Get breakfast, clear table, wash dishes, put closets in order, wipe down shelves, clean knives, cleanse sink, rub silver, black stove, keep fire, attend to door bell, sweep hall, brush stairs, sweep parlor, dining room and kitching, dust furniture, trim lamps, do chamber work, wash meat for oven, clean vegatables, stew cranberies, make pudding, and entertain visitors if they happen to call.'

'Bless me is that all?' cried our housekeeper. 'I call that making fus about a little matter. It sounds larger than it really is. I think I'll clear the table, to begin with, as that is put down next.'

So at it he went, knocking down things hither thither, at a great hazard of their demolishment. As the idea didn't occur to him that he should carry a waiter full of articles at one time, he made a great many journeys between the dining-room and kitchen which necessarily consumed considerable time. The dish-washing proved rather an awkard affair, and didn't progress so rapidly as he could have wished. He couldn't wipe the cups handily, the saucers seemed bungling, and the plates would slip back into the water; but after breaking a cutglass tumbler, [which he felt certain of matching the next day,] knocking a large piece out of a platter, [which he resolved to paste together while dinner was cooking,] and cracking a pet dish of his wife's, while setting up a pile of plates, the matter was brought to a close. The knife-cleaning was another thing altogether; 'here wouldn't be any danger of breakage, and he could 'put 'em through' quick. But the black spots were deeper set than he imagined, and required the exhibition of more 'elbow grease' than he had any idea of. He contended longest with the carving-knife, which in consequence of being awkardly handled, inflicted a deep cut as slight token of rememberance. This was a mistake that caused many other mistakes during the day, owing undoubtedly, to the clumsy bandage which the squire wrapped about his hand.

It may be well to remark that the aforesaid list was laid carefully in a conspicuous position, and frequently referred to.—He attended to the silver and then glanced at the clock.

The hands pointed to an hour which admonished him 'that time waited for no man,' and had no sympathy for unexperienced housekeepers.

'What's next on the docket, I wonder?' he thought consulting his memorandum. 'Ah stove to black! Well, I must admit that the coffee which boiled over hasn't improved it much. I'll look up the brush.'

So saying, he prepared the polish and set about the operation at once. The stove was quite hot, and he could'nt work to any advantage. The more liquid he would put on the more it would sputter and fly off with a cracking noise. He thickened the liquid, but it would not adhere to the stove, and he began to think it was bewitched.

At this stage of affairs he happened to recolect that somebody had said that milk was the best thing to wet the powder with so he hastened to the pantry, and pouring out a quantity applied it to the refractory stove. That didn't mend the matter much and the smell of burned milk began to be quite disagreeable. The room was filled with smoke, the floor around the stove was dotted with little spots of blacking, and the squire's hands were certainly not the cleanest that ever was, when a violent ring of the bell resounded through the house, making our hero start as though he had been surprised in some dishonorable act.

He looked towards the door and then at his hands, and finally at a large stain on his shirt bosom, which bore a strong resemblance to blacking.

'I won't go! they may ring all day if they like! he exclaimed impatiently, going to the wash-basin and trying to bring his hands to their accustomed color; but a second ring warned him that some person without was not inclined to give it up so.

'Confound that tintinabula! I suppose it's some old man for boots, clothes, grease or rags. If he does it again I'll bring a suit of assault and battery!' cried our incipient housekeeper, making a few desperate dashes at the dish-cloth which he mistook for a towel, and hurrying towards the door, which he opened with a trembling hand.

'Ah, good morning, squire!' said a well dressed good-looking young lady, who evidently expected to see somebody else appear. Is Mrs. Crosby in?'

'Yes—I—no, she isn't in,' he stammered; for truth to tell, the squire was thinking more of his personal appearance than his wife's absence; besides he imagined that the young lady looked at him with some curiosity, and this embarased him the more.

Now it must be observed that our hero was remarkable for the neatness of his dress, and the stain upon his linen assumed enormous dimensions under the searching glance of his visitor. He dropped his eyes and forgot the stain in contemplating his sooty hands.

'Excuse the disorder of of my dress this morning, Miss Haynes,' he added.—'I was so unfortunate as to upset the inkstand just as you rang, and you see the effect of the accident.'

This, it must be confessed, was rather a departure from the truth. But the squire couldn't think of any other way to excuse himself from the dilemma; and he was not disposed to confess the exact state of the case to his fair-eyed friend, who after making a few common place remarks, took her leave.

'What an ingenious excuse that was! Nobody but a lawyer would have thought of it!' soloquized our hero, glancing complacently in a mirror pertaining to the hat tree. Immagine his mortification at discerning a black streak across his face, which gave it a most ludicrous aspect.—No wonder the young lady looked at him with curiosity, for nothing probably but good manners restrained her from a hearty laugh.

Squire Crosby went back to the kitchen with a slow step. To his utter astonishment it was twelve o'clock, and he had quite forgotten dinner. The fire was entirely out, the room was in a sad plight the list of duties not half completed, and the meat, vegetables, etc. remained untouched.

His zeal had cooled amazing since morning, and he half repented acceding to his wife's proposition. He had expected to see her enter every moment, express herself satisfied with the experiment, and desire him in a very humble manner to go back to the office and resume his legitimate sphere of action.

But Mrs. Crosby did not appear, and he was at length obliged to collect his energies for the purpose of making the fire.

After wearing out his patience he succeeded in his undertaking, and consigned his meat to a cold oven. It was too late to think of a pudding. Mrs. Crosby must excuse that item, although he had always expected that of her, under all circumstances. He began to think that it did require some ingenuity and calculation to dispose of so many duties in a morning, and to have some faint suspicions that housekeeping wasn't such a fine joke after all. He wondered how Mrs. Crosby prospered and whether she didn't wish herself safe at home; busied himself in anticipating how frightened she would be at finding how much work had been laid out, and how completely nonplussed she must enevitably appear, if a client should appear for advice. The last was such an amusing idea, that our lawyer rubbed his hands together and laughed to himself at the ridiculous figure which he fancied Mrs. Crosby was about that time making.

Leaving the squire to work out the rest of the items, we will attend the footsteps of Mrs. Crosby to her husqand's office, and note her experience there.

Tom Pettifogger, the lawyer's clerk, stared somewhat perseveringly when he saw Mrs. Squire Crosby enter the office with an assured step, and proceeded to hang up her bonnet with a genuine business air.

'Tom said Mrs. Crosby, snapping her fingers carelessly, 'is this office in perfect order?'

Yes ma'am,' replied the infant barister more surprised.

I beg leave to differ with you, sir. Do you see these papers scattered all about here? Pick them up and file them in proper order.

'Where is the—squire?' asked the Pettifogger, with mouth agape.

'I'm squire to-day, Tom, and you are my man of business. Mr. Crosby told me that you had a remember of to-day's work. Produce it if there is such a thing.'

Pettifogger fumbled about awhile among the papers, and succeeded in finding the document in question. With the faintest possible smile that a woman could produce, Mrs. Squire read as follows:

Items.—Habeas corpus for Levi Lewis. A writ of Replevin for the distress of Simeon Snooks. Fill out a quit-claim deed for John Styles. Advise Captain Saunders about action for damages against Farmer Jones. A writ of attachment in the case of Brown *vs.* Smith. Examine letters respecting Miss Bright's breach of promise case. Send Higgin's bill. Write a threatening letter to Thompson. Terrify Joe Bunker, if possible. Respectfully invite Colonel Drummer to call and settle Major Green's bill. To take depositions in Wiggin's slander case Get up an issue between Townsend and Ferris. Distress the widow Sanburn. Make out costs and damages in case of Fogler and Folsom. Examine the title of lands lying north of the Misleto River, claimed by Talbott and Tompkins. Kick Bill Buzzleton (firm of Buzzleton and Buggs) out of the office. Browbeat Mrs. Chandler for her landlord Hoggin. Tweak Johnson's nose. The above to be done, besides attending to incidental office business, as it may occur.

'Well, here's work!' thought our lady, her ardor considerably cooled by this formidable array of duties. 'Tom, do you know much?' she asked, recovering her self possession.

Tom did'nt seem to know whether he did or not—yawned twice—but expressed no opinion in words.

'I mean, are you any part of a lawyer?' resumed our fair barrister.

'I know all about the squire's business, ma'am.

Very good. You must co-operate with me to dispatch all the items here named with the least possible delay. I will test your knowledge a little, if you please. What is a habeas corpus?'

'A writ for delivering a person from false imprisonment, or from one court to another,' said Tom, promptly.

'Very good. What about this Lewis case?'

'I made it out last evening, ma'am.'

'You acted very properly. Next comes a writ of replevin.'

'That's all ready—finished it just as you came in.'

'I'm glad that you attended to your business Tom. I'll speak a good word for you to my husband.'

'Thank you, Mrs. Crosby.'

'Two things are disposed of, then—habeas corpus and the writ of replevin. Do you know our pretty seamstress, Tom?'

Mr. Pettifogger colored to the very climax of his forehead, and said 'y-e-s,' in a very peevish manner.

'Help me, Tom, and I'll help you. Have you had a quarrel with that young lady lately?'

'Day before yesterday—and—and—I'm afraid she won't come right again.'

'Never fear; I'll warrant you in that quarrel; we'll bring her round in no time, Tom, but—but—I must get through the list.'

'I'll put you clear through it by—by—'

'Ah, Tom, don't swear!'

'Well, I don't know what all this means—but blast me—that ain't swearing, ma'am—if I don't do my best for you in any way you name.'

'Margaret is a fine girl—next comes the quit-claim deed. You hove got blanks ready to fill up doubtless?'

'Exactly!'

'Dip your pen and dash it off,' added Mrs. Crosby.

While Pettifogger was filling up the deed for Styles, in popped Captain Saunders to take advice concerning an action for damages brought against him by James Jones.

'My husband is not in at this moment, Captain,' said Mrs. Crosby. 'Please sit down and wait a little while.'

Now, our heroine was a very pretty woman, and had exceedingly captivating manners, which were generally pleasing to the other sex. The captain was not at all averse to waiting awhile' with much satisfaction.

'Please tell me something about this difficulty of yours Captain. I should like to know the particulars, for do you know that I have studied law extensively myself,' continued the squire's wife with a pleasant smile.

Saunders was quite ready to relate his troubles to such a listener, and so straightway unbosomed himself. It appeared that his neighbor Jones' swine had trespassed upon his grounds, dertroying, at certain times, sundry quantity of corn and potatoes, and to indemnify himself, he had shot one of said quadrupeds, for which act the owner had brought an action.

'I can tell you what to do in this case precisely as well as the squire himself,' said Mrs. Crosby, smiling still more pleasantly. 'What was the animal worth, do you suppose?' she resumed.

'Just about six dollars, Mrs. Crosby.'

'What do you imagine the whole affair will cost if it goes to trial?'

'Twenty-five or thirty dollars, perhaps.'

'Then the cheapest way will be to—to leave me ten dollars, and I'll settle the case, Captain, added the lady, with a smile that was really bewitching.

The captain mused a moment, and then exclaimed: 'I'll do it! Blow me, if I don't believe you can settle it if anybody can?'

The captain left the money and departed. The moment he had gone, a note was dispatched to Farmer Jones, requesting him to step up to the office. While Tom was engaged on the writ of Brown *vs.* Smith, Jones made his appearance, and the swine affair was settled for seven dollars.

The letters of Miss Bright were examined, and nothing like a promise of marriage could be made out of them. Mrs. Crosby immediately wrote to that young lady, advising her to drop the prosecution of the case, as there was no reasonable hope for her succeeding if the letters were the only evidence in the premises. Higgins' bill was sent, and Tom wrote a threatening letter to Thompson; but how was she to 'terrify Joe Bunker'—the item next on programe?

'Nothing easir,' said Tom. 'Write and tell him his case will come on in a few days; that will bring him right to a settlement.'

Pettifogger was instructed to write a note to that effect, and also respectfully invite Colonel Drummer to call and settle Major Green's bill. As the witness had not come to depose in the slander case, Wiggins *versus* Briggs, the fair lawyer and willing clerk passed on to the next item.

'To get up an issue between Townsend and Ferris. Don't that mean a quarrel, Tom?'

'Just that,' said Tom.

'Well, then, let us prevent it, by all means.'

'We have only to let it stand as it is, then, for they are peaceable fellows that won't quarrel for themselves.'

'Distress the Widow Sanburn comes next Is that right, Tom?'

'The squire had orders to lay an attachment on all her things,' said Tom, by way of explanation.

'For what?'

'Because she can't pay some kind of a humbug bill brought against her by that swindler Sampson.'

'Can't this unjust action be quashed?'

'It ought to be, at any rate. It can be put off long enough to give the widow warning of what is going on, so that she can put her things out of his reach,' replied Tom.

'Pettifogger, you are a treasure! Just run over and give the widow a sly piece of advice, and then I will help you make out damages in the case of Folger and Folsom.'

It was thus that Mrs. Crosby went on, and by noon, with the able assistance of Tom, had reached the three last items, viz: 'Kick Bill Buzzleton (of the firm of Buzzleton & Buggs) out of the office; browbeat Mrs. Chandler and tweak Johnson's nose.'

'Now, as none of these persons are present, what am I to do?' inquired Mrs. Crosby, looking archly at Tom.

'Why, just as the squire would—wait till they come in.'

'Exactly; but it is now about the hour of dinner, and if people can't come in at proper business hours, how can they expect to be kicked down stairs, browbeaten, or tweaked? So, my young friend, we will go to dinner.—You will not be wanted this afternoon, therefore you need not return to the office, but amuse yourself in any way you please—by going to see Margaret, perhaps. Lock the office and give me the key; I won't forget your services.'

On her return, our gentle attorney met her seamstress, and, having some work to consult her about, asked her home to dinner. As soon as she entered the house, she knocked at the door and said, laconically, 'Ready for dinner.'

What a ludicrous spectacle met her vision. Mr. Crosby with a segment of squash in one hand and a potato in the other.

'I have brought a friend home to dinner, Mr. Crosby,' added the lady.

'The deuce you have!' cried the squire, elevating two notoriously smutty eyebrows, half in vexation, half in wonder, at his wife's gravity.

'How soon will dinner be ready?' she continued, drawing forth her watch with the air of one in a hurry.

'Judging from present appearances, it will be on the table in about an hour and a half from this time,' said the new housekeeper, opening the oven door to look at the meat, which was not yet blistered with the heat.

'As there is only two of us, Mr. Crosby, I cannot listen to any excuse for this unpardonable delay. For my part I can't see what you have found to employ yourself about!'

'Come, Mrs. Crosby, don't exult until *your* work has been required to. There is such a thing as crowing before one is out of the woods.'

'If you refer to my office business, I am very glad to be able to inform you that it is successfully accomplished, and I have half a day to spare,' replied the lady, consulting her watch.

'The *habeas corpus*—' begun Mr. Crosby.

'And the writ of replevin!' interrupted Mrs. Crosby.

'And the Saunders case?' resumed the squire.

'And the threatening letter!' chimed in the lady.

'The land case, and the breach of promise affair!'

'All attended to, sir, as well as Buzzleton, of the firm of Buzzleton & Buggs.

'Ha, ha! no, no! you can't put that load on to me, Mrs. Crosby! Where's Tom?'

'Locked the office and sent him off—did not want him—he will be back to-morrow.'

'The deuce Mrs. Crosby!'

'I said Tom, sir. And now have you attended to the cases which I left for you?—Ahem! let's see. Are the dishes washed, closets in order, shelves wiped down, knives cleaned, stove blacked, fire kept bright, hall swept, stairs brushed, parlor swept and dusted, lamps trimmed, chamber-work done—'

'Hold on, Mrs. Crosby, for heaven's sake! No woman alive could do all that in one forenoon!'

'Beg your pardon; before you is a woman who has done it every forenoon for years.'

'For only two of us?'

'For only two of us, Mr. Crosby.'

'Are you a woman of veracity, Mrs. Crosby?' asked the squire, with a smile.

'No gentleman has yet presumed to call it in question,' responded the lady, with a slight inclination of the body.

'Then I give it up, and make a graceful surrender of these premises.'

'And only two of us?'

'Mrs. Crosby, I beg your pardon. I think that I am a little wiser than I was this morning. I assure you, upon the honor of a gentlemen that I will never speak dispangingly of woman's duties again. Two of us, I find, make considerable work, enough at least for one little wife to perform.'

'You are pardoned on the spot. And let me assure you that I do not regret this day's experience; and perhaps the Widow Sanburn and several other persons will not.'

'And your humble servant among the number,' replied the squire, bowing.

We have only to add that the squire kept his word, that Tom Pettifogger married the pretty seamstress, and 'only two of us' was never used except as a pleasant jest.

A SMART BOY.—To the Knickerbocker belongs the credit of the following; One pleasant day last summer, I took my seat in the stage coach bound from Fall river to C—. Among the passengers was a little gentleman who had possibly seen five summers. The coach being quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger.—While on the way something was said about pickpockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked:

'My fine fellow how easily I could pick your pockets!'

'No you couldn't replied he, 'I've been looking out for you all the time!'

Mrs. Partington reading an account of a railroad accident, was much surprised to learn that the locomotive had been driven off the track by one of the switches.—'She shouldn't have thought,' she said, 'that the great iron engine would have minded such a little thing as a switch.'

'Yes, but you must remember, mamma,' said Ike, gravely, 'that the locomotive has a tender behind.'

'Oh, that indeed,' replied the old lady resuming her paper, 'well you needn't talk about it, my son.'

☞No man can do anything against his will, said a metaphysician. 'Faith,' said Pat. I had a brother who went to Botany Bay against his will, faith an'he did.'

☞Women are like old fashioned houses, with many doors and few windows. It is easier to gain entrance to their hearts than to see through them.'

☞A great many people are fond of books, as they are of furniture; to dress and set off their rooms, more than to adorn and enrich their minds.