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"DON'T STAY LONG."

A look of yearning tenderness
Beneath her lashes lies,
And hope and love unutterable
Are shadowed in her eyes,
As in some deep unruffled stream
Are clouds and summer skies.

She passed to early womanhood,
From dreamy, sweet girl-life,
And crossed the rosy threshold, but
To find herself a wife:
Oh, gently should he lead her steps
Along the path of life!

And as she clasped her small white hands
Upon his arms so strong,
How often, like a summer sigh,
Or a sweet pleading song,
She whispered with, a parting kiss,
'Beloved one, don't stay long.'

It's almost always on her lip
Her gentlest parting words,
Sweet as the fragrance from rose leaves
When by soft zephyrs stirred,
And lingering in the memory
Like songs of summer birds.

And in his heart they nestle warm,
When other scenes amid:
He stays not till she weary grows,
And her fond eyes are hid
In tears which lie in bitterness
Beneath each veiling lid.

And oh, how many hearts are kept
By that love-uttering song!
There's scarcely one who on life's waves
Is swiftly bore along,
But what has heard from some dear lips,
Those sweet words—'don't stay long.'

GENEVIEVE.

BY MARIA.

"Every feeling hath been shaken.
Pride, which not a world could bow.
Bows to thee, by thee forsaken,
E'en my soul forsakes me now.'

'Well, I have just been to see the beautiful, the magnificent Miss St. Arnard,' said Carrie Anderson to her friend.

'And how did you like her?' said Genevieve.

'Only tolerably well; she is very beautiful, very pleasant, very stylish, and yet there is a something about her I do not like. Have you seen her?'

'Only once, and then on the street and at a distance. I liked her appearance very much indeed then; she had such a splendid form, was so magnificently dressed, and had such a beautiful walk.

'But have you never called?'

'Yes, but she was not at home. I was very sorry indeed, for I should have liked very much to have seen her.'

'Well, I will give you a description,' said Carrie. 'She is very tall and graceful dresses splendidly, has very black hair, rather high forehead, beautiful brows, splendid black eyes, perfect mouth, pretty nose, dark complexion, and rosy cheeks; besides, she is an only child, and very wealthy; and you know that is quite an addition to her attractions.'

'Oh, yes, but where has she been all this time?'

'Visiting an aunt in L——, and created quite a sensation, so I have heard.'

'L——, in Washington County?'

'Yes,' said Carrie.

'Why, Carleton has been there for the last four or five months; he must have seen, he must have known her; strange that he never mentioned her in his letters.'

'Oh, he had something more interesting to write about,' said Carrie with a smile.

'I should like very much to see her,' said Genevieve, 'for a beautiful girl is such a treat.'

'Well, then Miss Jennie, just look in the glass and you can be treated as often as you please; for, of all the beauties I ever saw, you are the loveliest.'

'Oh, Carrie, what a flatterer!'

'No, Jennie, I never flatter; it's my honest opinion; but I must go.'

'What, so soon?

'Yes. I just came in a few minutes to see how you were, and to tell you that Miss St. Arnard is to give a very large party next week; and now my business is ended and I am in quite a hurry so good-bye, And she kissed her and was gone.

It was no idle compliment that Carrie paid her friend when she told her of all the beauties she had ever seen she was the loveliest. Genevieve was indeed beautiful, with her splendid head, lihgt wavy hair, noble brow, large heavenly blue eyes, long silken lashes, rosy cheeks, perfect nose, and lovely mouth. It was no tame or common beauty either, for the noble forehead and deep thoughtful eyes relieved the face from too much sweetness, and gave to the countenance a very dignified and intellectual expression. Then, too, she was as good as she was beautiful, and very intelligent, very accomplished; in fact, she was a paragon of excellence. And yet, with all of her advantages, Genevieve's lot in life was but a poor dependant orphan. True she lived with a wealthy uncle, had a splendid home, occupied a high position in life, and had everything that money could buy; but her aunt and cousin were very overbearing, very tyrannical, and did everything in their power to make her unhappy, and to let her know that she was in their way and an unwelcome guest. Willingly would she have given her splendid home, with all of its luxuries, for love, kindness, and quietness in the humblest cot. She had begged her uncle to let her support herself, but he indignantly replied—

"Can you not see the advantage of her remaining here?" said he to his family "don't you know if she stays here she will be likely to marry soon, and do well; whereas if she goes out to support herself it would not only be a disgrace to us, but in all probability she would live and die an old maid, and thus be forever on our hands."

It may be asked, or thought, why did she not go, anyhow? She was but eighteen, her uncle was her guardian and she had to obey. Poor Genevieve! many a tear, many a sad hour did their unkind words and acts cost her; and many a time would she have given up in despair, but she remembered that there was one who cared for her, one who loved her, one who would make her happy in the future; he was far away, it was true, but she had his picture, she had his letters, she had his vows. And when all else seemed dark around, she turned to him and to the future, and she found hope, comfort happiness.

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In a handsomely furnished room, by an open window, sits Genevieve. Her hair is beautifully arranged, and waves gracefully over the pure white brow; a pretty blue lawn graces her person; tiny slippers encase the little feet; a bright, happy look is on her countenance, while the pretty little fingers are busily engaged in sewing; but her thoughts, where are they? not on her sewing, not on anything in the room, not on the beautiful scenery without, but far away.

"A letter, Miss Genevieve."

Hastily the sewing was thrown aside quickly the letter was seized, an exclamation of joy escaped her as she glanced at the direction, and the whole countenance was radiant with happiness.

"Wedding invitations," she thought, with a smile, as three cards dropped from the letter; she took them up, read, and her face turned to a deathly whiteness, for on one card she saw Claudine St. Arnard, on the other Carlton Moncamp; then turning to the letter she read:

"Dear Miss Jennie, I suppose by this time you are heartily tired of our little flirtation, so with your consent, we will just bring it to a close. I shall be in your town in a few days, and then all necessary exchanges can be made. I don't believe in flirting at all, now; I have done at last, and am to be married in a very short to Miss St. Arnard, a beautiful and wealthy lady. I enclose you an invitation. As ever your true and devoted friend,

CARLETON MONCAMP."

Carleton and Genevieve had been engaged for six months; many happy evenings they had spent together, many delightful walks and rides they had taken, many long sweet letters had been written, and now he had turned coldly away, and for what? Carleton Moncamp was proud, ambitious, impatient to be rich, and Claudine was wealthy. Only those who have had but one to look to, one to love, can imagine how Genevieve felt when saw those cards and read that letter; yet she did not faint, she did not weep; there was only a dreadful headache; the face only turned to a deathly paleness, the little white hands were clasped tightly, the blue eyes raised to heaven, and the lips moved as in prayer Truthful as truth itself, she had never doubted his sincerity, but had given him all the devoted of her great warm heart; and now the shock was terrible, her sorrow dreadful.

Long she sat, calm pale motionless as a statue; hour after hour passed, until, finally she was aroused by the loud ring of the tea bell; hastily getting up to arrange her hair she noticed the deathly whiteness of her face.

"They must not see these pale cheeks," she thought; "they will soon hear what I know, and then they might guess the cause. No, no, I must have some rouge." And quickly her maid was called and despatched with a note, and the rouge was procured. At another time, under different circumstances, Genevieve would have spurned the very idea; but now it was gladly accepted, delicately the pale cheeks were tinted, and then she went down as [illegible] ever.

"Oh, Genevieve!" exclaimed her cousin Laura a few days afterwards, bounding into her room, every feature expressing the greatest astonishment; "there is to be a wedding next Thursday, and who do you think it is? Miss St. Arnard and Mr. Moncamp."

"Oh, I received an invitation two or three days ago," said Genevieve.

"But I thought he was going to marry you."

"Then you were very much mistaken," replied Genevieve; "we were friends or rather acquaintances."

Yes, very particular ones I should say, from the manner he used to come here before he went away; but I suppose he has changed since then. He has seen Miss St. Arnard, and she is beautiful and wealthy," said Laura, with strong emphasis on the two last words.

"So I have heard," replied Genevieve.

"Are you going to the wedding?"

"Oh, certainly. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"Well you don't seem very heart-broken anyway," said Laura, as she left the room.

"And thank heaven for making you think that," thought Genevieve.

A few days elapsed and Carlton called. Genevieve received him with the most perfect composure, conversed freely, pleasantly, played, sang for him in her sweet beautiful voice, and returned his ring, ambrotype, and letters. Carlton watched her closely all the time, but, neither by word, look, or action, did she betray her anguish. An hour quickly passed and Carlton left, wishing that Genevieve had been wealthy instead of Claudine; and not a little chagrined that she cared so little for his loss. Ah, little did he know her heart, little did he know her sufferings, and of the great grief and statue-like stillness she relapsed into as soon as he was gone.

A week passed—a week with all its agony to Genevieve; a week, with its sleepless nights and cheerless days. The wedding night came, it was another great trial for her to go, but what would Laura say? what would her aunt say? what would every one say? and would he think if she stayed? Yes, she was determined to go, even if she died in the attempt. Her maid placed on her a robe of snowy whiteness, a handsome sash of blue, bracelets, a diamond necklace, and few delicate flowers in her hair, and exclaimed as she ended—"There now, Miss Jennie, you are all ready and beautiful as an angel; but there's a bell—you are just in time; your escort has come;" and she hastened to get her wrappings.

Eight o'clock came and presently there was a little noise, a slight rustling, and the bridesmaids and grooms entered; then the handsome Moncamp, and on his arm leaned Claudine. Oh, she was a creature beautiful, glorious to behold, with her queenly step. But one glance, and Genevieve shuddered for the fate of Carlton. In Claudine St. Arnard she beheld a magnificent looking woman, but one destitute of heart, destitute of affection, A woman to admire, to be proud of at a party, at a ball, on the street at church, but one to fear, to shrink from when at home.

The ceremony was over; congratulations were paid, and then there was music, chatting, dancing flirting, and feasting. Genevieve was the belle of the evening; and though in her heart she turned coldly away from all, (for what cared she for homage, their admiration when the one she loved was lost to her forever?) yet she received their attentions gracefully; now smiling, now bowing, now promenading, now talking beautifully, eloquently, now laughing merrily, now performing a splendid instrumental piece and singing one of her wildest, liveliest songs; yes, beautiful, lovely as an angel she glided through the apartments, and amid all that merry throng none seemed gayer, none happier than Genevieve. Very careless, too, she seemed, and yet Carlton's every word, look and expression was closely observed; she saw his proud triumphant looks, his admiration, as he glanced at his magnificent bride, and watched her as she swept through the apartments; she saw all and every look went as a dagger to her heart; and yet she smiled on, talked on, and none dreamed that beneath that calm, happy, smiling exterior there was concealed a breaking heart.

It was over at last, and Genevieve was at home and in her own room; quickly the wrappings were thrown aside, hastily the flowers were torn from her hair, and quickly the party dress was exchanged for a flowing robe of white; and then, wearily, she sank into a chair by her favorite window and looked out upon the light. The stars were all out, and the full moon rode high in the clear heavens; all without was beautiful and romantic beyond description, but it gave no pleasure to Genevieve. Gently lovingly the night breeze fanned her fevered brow, but it soothed her not; a great shadow had fallen upon her life, a heavy weight was upon her heart. For awhile she sat in the deepest grief, and again the little white hands were clasped, the blue eyes raised to heaven, and again the lips moved as if in prayer; then a little sigh, a little moan escaped her and then all was calm, all was still; and when the stars took their last gentle peep into that handsome chamber, Genevieve was still there, but the noble mind no longer suffered, the broken heart no longer ached.

They came to her room the next morning they called her, she answered not; they entered, and what a sight met their view!—There sat Genevieve, a heavenly smile was on her countenance, the hands were still clasped, the eyes still raised upwards; yes there she was, calm, beautiful, saintly, but the spirit was gone, and Genevieve slept that sleep which knows no waking.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ten years have come and gone, and in his home bowed down with grief sits Carlton Moncamp. In another room, in her little shroud, lies his pet, his idol, his only comfort, little Genevieve. She was the very image of the lost Jennie, and named after her, and now she too was gone. Three years she had blessed his life with her bright face and sweet winning ways; and now just when he idollzed her most, she was taken away. One other child he had left, a little boy, very much like himself; but he was dumb. Poor miserable man, how now, with all of his troubles, he longs for death. How dreadful seems the past, how dark the future.

When he heard of Genevieve's death, all of his old love for her returned, and he would have given worlds to have had her back. Then he thought of her loving, trusting nature, the strength of her attachments and he knew that he had killed; in vain he tried to reason himself out of it, to think she did not care, but conscience screamed,—"Murder! Murder!" and would not be stilled.

Claudine had disappointed him in every respect. Instead of the fortune she was to bring, he found, much to his chagrin, that her was a bankrupt, and that she had married only to escape poverty. All this he might have borne, but he discovered that he had a wife with a wretched temper, one who could never be satisfied, and one who cared to be pleasant, beautiful and brilliant only in company. Her smiles, her fine clothes, her accomplishments, he amiability were reserved only for others; while at home she was dull, careless, and cross.—How he thought of Genevieve then, how he longed for her; but it was too late, she had gone, never to return.

And now with all of his brightest hopes forever blasted, all that he most dearly loved taken away, the past with all of its bitter thoughts accompanied with recollections of what might have been for reflection; the lone dark dreary future before him, his miserable, his little dumb boy and his proud haughty disagreeable Claudine—what had Carlton Moncamp to live for? Nothing. Truly Genevieve was avenged.

A SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.

The Boston *Traveller* tells the story of the marriage of a dentist of that city with a lady medium, his wonderful matrimonial experience and the ultimate dissolution of that affinity, after eighteen months The dentist was introduced, some two years ago, to a lady whose husband had deserted her, and gone to Kansas, since which she had taken up the profession af spiritual mediumship. She was fair and attractive and admiration of her spiritual gifts combined with her personal charms to captivate the bachelor's heart. Besides the spirits told them they were made for each other, and they were willingly obedient to the heavenly vision. They were married but the honeymoon had hardly began when the wife became subject to strange trances, during which she would pull her husband's hair, scratch him and otherwise violently belabor him, commonly when he was in bed and exposed and defenseless. When she was aroused from the trance she was full of regrets at what had happened. At the bidding of the spirits he took her with him to Texas, where she proclaimed him an abolitionist, and he narrowly escaped violence at the hands of the mob. When they got back, the sirpitual persecutions continuing, and the poor husband finding that his sufferings of mind, body and estate were greater than he could bear, suggested a separation, and obtained it by paying handsomely After the separation the woman confessed that she had imposed upon him throughout, that her trances were feigned, that she beat and scratched him because she wanted to, that all the spiritual messages she had received were of her own manufacture. The dentist has had an experience hard enough to make him wise, but he still believes in Spiritualism, only he thinks the devil must be in it.

An Interesting Convict.—Cassius M. Clay, addressed a vast multitude on the 10th inst. from the portico of the State House at Frankfort, Ky., the doors of which were closed against him. He avowed himself an emancipationist, and vindicated Mr. Seward. No disturbance ensued.

NORTHERN SENTIMENT ON DISUNION.

The New York correspondent of the Mobile *Register* in a recent letter, says:

New York, January 2.—Many of the city, and all of the rural papers, continue to make fun of the recent events in the South. There is a sad want of information as to the real feelings of the South. It is a slow process to convince the Northern mind that Southerners can cut off trade, or declare non-intercourse. They do not believe it will be done. The suffering from a non-purchase (in 1860) of millions from the North, as has been done for years, will convulse every Northern Atlantic city.

Nearly all the party papers North conceal from their readers the fact that there is any real danger to the Union. They scout the idea. It is with them an impossibility. I conversed, yesterday, with a prominent man in the Republican ranks, who holds a high State appoint. I remarked that there was an absolute threatening danger to the Union, and that it was becoming daily and hourly more concentrated and fixed in the Southern section. He indignantly *pshawed* my remark, and added, 'Let the South try it now and secede. We can bring them back again; or if not, we can exterminate them.' I added, 'Bring back reluctant States—exterminate brethren- How are you going to do it?' 'Why, if there is no way, we can, at a very trifling expense, arm the slaves, and see how soon, then, these Southerners will beg for mercy from their Northern brethren!'

I walked away disgusted at such brutal ideas. Yet, why should I take exception to that one man? He represents fairly, squarely, openly, and honestly, the real sentiments of ninety-nine white men in a hundred, of what will be done by the North if the South seconds. A Northern Democrat, an old line Whig, an American—all stand upon the same platform with the Republican in the matter. All have an idea that if Southern States secede they must be conquered, re-annexed, and reorganized. They will become rebels, traitors, and are to be treated as such.

What are you to do or say to people who, even while sympathizing with the South, say, if the South secede, eighteen millions of Northern people will not submit to it, but promptly re-conquer the renegades.

Ask Charles O'Conor, with all his right sentiments about African slavery, this question: 'Mr. O'Conor, if any of the Southern States, when Seward is elected, should secede, what course will the next President be obliged to take?' Charles O'Conor will promptly reply: 'Hang every rascal that is engaged in such proceedings. Hang them as high as old Jackson would have hung Calhoun. Hang every disunion leader, without judge or jury.'

So will say every political man who has entered political life since 1824.

At the least symptom of disunion, 500,000 men will arm and stand ready to go South from the Northern States, and really think they are performing the duty of patriots!

I do not think these men will wait for the constituted authorities to move. They will follow any chief who will lead them South to exteminate the disunionists. I am giving you facts, not fancies of my own. I tell you plainly how the Northern mind is prepared in 1860 or 1861 to receive disunion. The fight will be to the death within thirty days after the movement is made by one or by all the Southern States. It will make no difference. The conservative men may do much between this and the Presidential election to prevent Seward's success. But when he does succeed, and and when Southern States begin to secede, the conservative power North will be broken up. A new element will come into play. It will be the tens of thousands of unemployed desperate characters who are ready to seize upon the first chance to bring on general anarchy. Then thousands will rally to go South, but very probably before they start, if they should have as bold and desperate a leader as Fernando Wood, would plunder and sack New York to begin with, and give Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington a turn as they marched into the Southern country to re-conquer it.

The South, if not willing to give up slavery altogether, had better arm for a conflict. It will come.

In short ladies and gentlemen, said an overpowered orator, "I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotion of my heart!"

Vulgar boy from the gallery—"won't a pane in your stomach do just time?"

A soldier in the [illegible] an engagement, fought [illegible] and stuck it in his girdle; shortly after in the heat of the action, a bullet came [illegible] him upon that part.

"Well, well he, [illegible] a little armour will [illegible] in the right [illegible]

A VERY COMMON THOUGHT TO ALL US.

An English journalist says:

"Is there anybody, above an idiot, who has not, at some time or other thought, with a strange internal thrill, while contemplating a crowd, How will all these people die?' The thought comes when the Queen is opening Parliament, amidst the most gorgeous assemblage that this country can show. It comes in the midst of the village fair, when the drums and trumpets, and the the shouts of the showmen, and the great laughs of the rusties, are loudest. It comes when, in war time, the troops march forth through thronged streets, and climb into the transports on the crowded sea. It comes when, in time of peace, the first sod of a great railway is turned, or the first stone laid of a building which will be a benefit to successive generations for a thousand years. We know how something very like it occurred to the poet Gray and to Mrs. Hemans, at evening prayer in a girls' school; and few of us can have been present at any celebration in any one of our public schools without being visited by that speculation—'In seventy, or say eighty, years from this day, every individual of this great crowd will be dead.' One would like to know how each one will die: by accident on land, some of them, no doubt; by a gun going off in getting through a hedge—their own gun or some comrade's who will never be happy again; some by drowning in bathing at home, or by foundering at sea; some by fire in the dressing-room, or in the ship or in their beds; one or two by suicide in disease of brain or agony of mind; some of the youths, years hence, by apoplexy brought on by intemperance of one kind or another; some of the young women in the most pathetic possible moment—mothers for an hour or a day, but prevented from rallying by previous violations of the laws of nature; some few, very few, from mere old age, when they will remember this day, but not anything of a then recent date; a large proportion from the ordinary diseases affecting the three great departments of the head; more from the various diseases of the abdomen, and most from those of the chest. The deaths in the streets from brain seizure, are a common item of news in the papers. We need but refer to liver-complaints, cholera, the gout of the olden time, still surviving, and the miserable stomach complaints of our own day, But all this last class together will not carry off so many as consumption, if we are to judge the next half-century by the past. Within fifteen or twenty years, a large proportion the young people who to-day look so full of life and spirits, will have died of the slow strangulation and tormenting fever of consumption."

THE MODEL GENTLEMAN.

In the course of a Lecture on the various types of the article "gentleman,' Mr. De Cordova thus sketched the Spanish;

"The Spanish gentleman. He is proud with the glory of a noble ancestry, in a long chain of pride, whose every link has its distinct and wellremembered record. The Spanish gantleman always treats another gentleman in a meek and respectful manner, with that firmly fixed pride which feels it *can* stoop without danger of falling. He may be rich, or he may be poor and landless, but he is ever the same in both positions, for he knows he is respectable, and that the world which he views as something to which it is his duty to go down to, but cannot, by the law of social gravitation come up to him; can neither give to him nor take from him aught that can affect the dignity which is his by birth. He has his failings, but it is rare to find a Castilian of birth losing cast by doing anything which is mean, cowardly, or ungenerous. The Spanish gentleman makes himself one with the mechanic and the peasant never dreaming of losing position by the mixing I do not say that this social condition would be desirable to imitate elsewhere than in Spain, but there it has existed for time immemorial. The Spanish grandee may be an under-sized individual, as he frequently is. The Spanish gentleman may be reduced in circumstances, as he too often is, but he is a gentleman always; noble in manner and generous of heart, graceful in deportment, easy and never forced in his unfailing politeness and devotedly gallant to the woman. He is, however, far from perfect, and can be cruel and vindictive, and the gentleman who will weep like a child over the miseries and affliction of others, can assist at a bull fight. But, let me caution you against supposing that every dark foreigner you may meet an Broadway, with his hair pomatumed buttonized, and curled, his hands bursting the seams af the lightest of light-colored kids, his throat choking in the narrowest collor of the all round pattern his feet pinched in patent leathers, and who speaks the Spanish language according to the accent of his country, is of necessity a Spanish gentleman. The Cuban, the Mexican, or New Granadian, or Venezuelian, or Peruvian, or Chilian, or Central American gentleman, quite as good as another, since, as I have said, gentlemen exist everywhere in the world, but not every one that speaks the Spanish language is a gentleman in the face of this high title."

CAUSES OF LEFT-HANDEDNESS.

The question has been much discussed among anatomists, whether the properties of the right hand, in comparison with those of the left, de pend on the course of the arteries to it. It is affirmed that the trunk of the artery going to the right arm passes off from the heart, so as to admit the blood directly and more forcibly into the small vessels of the arm. This is assigning a cause which is unequal to the effect, and presenting altogether too confined a view of the subject; it is a participation in the common error of seeking in the mechanism the cause of phenomena which have a deeper source.

For the convenience of life, and to make us prompt and dexterous, it is pretty evident that there ought to be no hesitation which hand is to be used, or which foot is to be put forward; nor is there in fact any such indecision. Is this taught, or have we this readiness given to us by nature? It must be observed, at the same time, that there is a distinction in the whole right of the body and that the left side is not only the weaker in regard to muscular strength, but also in its vital or constitutional properties. The development of the organs of action and motion is greatest upon the right side, as may at any time be ascertained by measurement, or the testimony of the tailor or shoemaker; certainly, this superiority may be said to result from the more frequent exertion of the right hand; but the peculiarity extends to the constitution also, and diseases attacks the right extremities more frequently than the right.

In opera-dancers, we may see that the most difficult feats are performed by the right foot. But their preparatory exercises better evince the natural weakness of the left limb, in order to avoid awkwardness in the public exhibition; for if these exercises be neglected, an ungraceful performance will be given to the right side. In walking behind a person, it is very seldom that we see an equalized motion of the body; and, if we look to the left foot, we shall find that the tread is not so firm upon it, that the toe is not so much turned out as in the right, and that a greater push is made with it. From the peculiar form of woman and the elasticity of her step, resulting more from the motion of the ankle than of the haunches, the defect of the left foot, when it exists, is more apparent in her gait. No boy hops upon his left foot unless he be left handed. The horseman puts his left foot in the stirrip, and springs from the right.

We think that we may conclude that every thing being adapted, in the conveniences of life, to the left hand—as for example the direction of the worm screw, or of the cutting end of the auger—is not arbitrary, but is related to a natural endowment of the body. He who is left-handed is most sensible to the advantages of this adaptation, from the opening of a parlor door to the opening of a pen-knife. On the whole, the preferences of the right hand is not the effect of habit, but is a natural provision, and is bestowed for a very obvious purpose, and the property does not depend on the peculiar distribution of the arteries of the arm, but the preference is given to the right foot as well as to the right hand.—*Sis Chs. Bell's Bridgewater Treatise,*

EXCERPTS.

John, did you ever bet on a horse?' 'No but I've seen my sister Bet on an old mare.

"Mr. Somerset, why don't you get married?"

"Because I am too modest to ask any young lady to turn a Somerset.'

Honesty is, unquestionably, good policy but under some frery trials an insurance insurance policy is better.

"What do you propose to take for your cold?' 'O, I'll sell very cheap; I won't higgle about the price.'

WARM MILK.—"What makes the milk so warm?' said our cook to the girl when she brought our canful to the door this morning.

"Please. mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the boiler"

Misprints will present themselves in other columns those of newspapers. The author of a temperance novel, who wrote "drunkenness is folly,' was horror-struck to read drunkenness is jolly.'

A friend at our elbow says there is a piece of road not two miles from here so narrow that when two teams meet they have both to get over the fence before either can pass.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.—"Now, boys," said a master to his apprentices [illegible] wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat.'

"Yes, master," replied the boys, "we have been practicing since I was a child."