

Portent.

From the Commercial Journal.

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
That fits across the brain;
And love is the theme of that early dream.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

OR, THE REASON WHY MRS. TODD DIDN'T SPEAK
TO MRS. JONES.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Did you see that?" said Mrs. Jones to her friend Mrs. Lyon, with whom she was walking.
"See what?"
"Why, that Mrs. Todd didn't speak to me."

"For the rest of the day, Mrs. Jones's thoughts all flowed in one channel. A hundred reasons for Mrs. Todd's strange conduct were imagined, but none seemed long satisfactory."
"Mrs. Jones," said one friend to another, on seeing the lady they named enter Mrs. Todd's well-filled parlors.

best to cheer her, but with little good effect.
"Mrs. Todd—a hem!" she said, in one of the pauses that always take place in uninteresting conversation.
The lady's tone of voice had changed from what it was a few moments before, and Mrs. Todd looked at her with surprise.

after this style, was kept up, with occasional pauses, for half an hour, when one of the visitors determined to come to the point.
"Mrs. Todd—a hem!" she said, in one of the pauses that always take place in uninteresting conversation.
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strong three-pronged spud, or fork, I dig this dressing under. The whole is now left for winter.
In the spring, as early as possible, I turn the top of the bed over lightly, once more. Now, as the Asparagus grows naturally on the side of the ocean, and loves salt water, I give it an annual supply of its favorite condiment. I cover the surface of the bed about quarter of an inch thick with fine packing salt; it is not too much.
As the spring rains come down, it gradually dissolves. Not a weed will appear the whole season. Every thing else, pig-weed, purslane, all refuse to grow on the top of my briny Asparagus beds. But it would do your eyes good to see the strong, stout tender stalks of the vegetable itself, pushing through the surface early in the season. I do not at all stretch a point, when I say that they are often as large around as my hoe handle, and as succulent as any I ever tasted. The same round of treatment is given to my bed every year.

IMPORTANT TO
Hotchkiss's Veal
In consequence of the heavy rains of the past season, the quality of the veal has been so much affected that it is difficult to find any that is as good as the old style.
The price of an individual is \$2.00.
We refer, among others, to some of whom we have more, and from many of whom we have highly approved their sales, with this exception, and even as high as \$3.00 head of water.