

Fix For A Lover.

I was in love thirty-five years ago, head over heels, and never dared to say a word about it.

Her name was Jerusha. I longed to tell her, how my heart swelled and burnt for her as it thumped agin my chest, but I could never screw my courage up to the pint, but thought I would some day. I had been alone with her many times, and had resolved and re-resolved on popping it right out; but the stillness was as awful on them 'asions, as the roar of the Niagara, and my heart would feel all over like your little finger when you hit your elbow 'gin a thing accidental, a tarnaal tangling fullness.— Cuss my luck, said I to myself.— One Sunday night I cum hum from mill, after a three day's ride, and Jerusha had a beau, dressed as smart as a dancing master. My heart jumped into my gullet the very minute I saw him.

I felt down in the mouth, for I knew I was a gone fellow. He had on broadcloth. Talk of your new-fangled gossip and Greshon houses now, but folks in them days didn't have but one room down stairs, and a ladder to go up stairs; a puncheon floor was good enough below, and oak shankee split out by hand, kivered the chamber floor. It was so in boss's house. I slept up in the chamber. I want you to remember my tow shirt, and I want you to imagine my feelings that night after I went to bed, for Jerusha and the dandy chap had the hall room to themselves that night, with a rousing bright fire to spark. I couldn't stand the temptation to want to hear what they had to say for themselves.— Whisper! whisper! whisper!

You may laugh at it, but it is the naked truth I am going to tell. When I heard something pop like a kiss, by binger! I could not stand my heart-thumps no longer. Curiosity and jealousy got the upper hand of me; I wanted to see for myself; so I slid out of bed, sitting flat like a tailor on the floor, determined to hitch up just as I sott inch at a time, to the opening over the hearth where the beams and gun-hooks was.

A cat couldn't be no stiller after a mouse, but my heart thumped louder every hitch, just as it will when a man goes to do what ain't right. Well, just as I had gained the right pint to look over at 'em, up tilted the floor—down I went, tow shirt to gun hook—and there I hung blind-folded like a squirrel, halfskinned, right over my rival and sweetart, ready for bathing. I couldn't see 'em at all after that, and it was more than ten minutes before the old boss awoke to tear me loose, dangling round the fire.

"What," said he "got a spare rib?"—"Ha! let me down," said I. I got pretty well baked any how, and haüt been quite so raw in love matters since. I never looked Jerusha in the face from that day to this, nor a girl in the neighborhood, for I could swear she told 'em all. That accident got my grit up to make a fortin. I went off a few miles and married the first chance I got just out of spite; and Patsy is worth all of em arter all, and marrying is a lottery business.

What Is Catgut?

Some inquiring mind has started the question, "What is Catgut?" The Shoe and Leather Reporter thus answers: "For many years the only article used under this name consisted of the intestines of sheep, cut and twisted. As the Italian sheep are the leanest of those accessible to market, and as the membranes of lean animals are in high condition, the best catgut has come from Naples and that vicinity.

There is no historical record concerning the use of the intestines of cats for strings of this sort, but from the fact that the name from the earliest times has uniformly been applied to this article, it would appear altogether probable that the strings did first come or were supposed to come from that source. The chief use of catgut for many years was for the strings of harps and guitars; it was manufactured from the vicera of sheep. The members of smaller animals are sometimes used for the covering of whips and such purposes but sheep still furnish the strings for musical instruments. The process of preparing is quite curious. The membranes are ordinarily exposed to the power of burning sulphur, and then slit and twisted into cords of different sizes as wanted. Musical strings, whip cords, latters' cords, strings of clocks, etc. are the chief uses on the list. They are then dyed, stretched on frames, and dried in a very high temperature."

WHY HE DID IT.—The steamer left on Saturday, and on Sunday, they encountered very rough weather, which made nearly all the passengers as well as some of the vessel's employees sick.— Among others was a stout gentleman, who was gasping over the side of the steamer in a painful manner. At this moment, a sober, solemn-faced person walked up, and tapping the stout gentleman on the shoulder, in slow measured words inquired "are you sick, sir,?" The response, came quick and to the purpose "yes, you tarnaal fool, do you s'pose I'm doing this for fun."

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