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DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

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Miscellaneous.

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A SUNSET SCENE.

BY LENOIR.

The sun is sinking slowly
Neath the clouds piled in the west,
While the earth in all the glory
Of a sunset robe is dressed.
Fancy sees beyond the gilding
Of that cloud-mountain crest,
The far-off silent city,
Where the weary are at rest.

See the walls of glittering jasper,
The pearly gates unfold,
Precious jewels scattered lightly,
Over the streets all paved with gold.
And in white flowing garments,
I see earth's loved ones there,
While above, beyond, around them,
Float the angels in the air.

I see the seraphs kneeling
Around the great white throne,
Oh! how the fancy thrills me!
For 'tis fancy, that alone;
I see the fourfold river
Flowing from the throne of God,
See the footprints on the margin,
"Where bright angel feet have trod."

The valley of the shadow,
And death's river be between
The pleasant Land of Beulah,
And the pastures large and green;
But the orb of light is hidden now,
The picture glides away,
And the one of gorgeous beauty,
Turns to one of ashen gray.

While the gentle stars look lightly
Down on my upturned face,
And a mountain cloud of shadows
Is all that marks the place
Where I saw the silent city:
The city of the blest,
When all earthland in the beauty
Of a sunset robe was dressed.

But still I know that city's there
All bathed in golden light,
That the angels still are kneeling
In their robes of snowy white;
That far beyond the line of space
Where millions of bright stars roll,
Is that haven of rest, and love, and peace,
The far-away "Home of the Soul."

SPOILING HUSBANDS;

—OR,—

A Word to Young Wives.

(Continued from last week.)

"Now is the moment," said Madame de Merval to her daughter, "for putting the last stroke and effecting forever the conversion so necessary to your happiness. Your husband, already surprised at no longer receiving from you the attentions to which you have accustomed him, attributes to me the change, and anticipates bringing you back to your old habits as soon as you are separated from me. Hence he has not proposed to me to accompany you. You must profit by it to tent of your condescension—of your sacrifices, no longer to despise in you what ought to be the charm of his existence, or to underrate your talents, which you hide sometimes with too much modesty. Remember you have in your own power the happiness or unhappiness of your whole life, and consequently of mine. If you are an instant softened, my daughter, armed by your weakness, your husband will become too overbearing; if you resist—if you preserve that strength which belongs to you, he will give up, and he will then become the more dear to you as you have had pain in softening him."

Helen promised her mother to execute punctually what she had pointed out to her, whatever it might cost her loving and timid heart. She then set off for St. Prix with Dapremont, who was delighted to carry away his submissive wife alone, and take her from under the watchful eye and counsels of Madame de Merval. He soon resumed his rudeness and unreasonableness. Helen was in some degree obliged to perform some of the offices of *valet de chambre* for him. But she no longer anticipated his wishes or caprices. She did only what he asked, only what he ordered—but that was a great deal. However, this slight resistance did not suffice. She must have the courage to refuse him whenever he required anything too unreasonable or too humiliating to her whose title he ought to respect and whose goodness he ought to admire. Helen was tempted a hundred times to execute this bold plan. She only waited for an occasion in which, without wounding her husband too deeply, she could make him feel his ridiculous despotism. Accident favored her wishes. Dapremont was passionately fond of hunting. The neighboring forest of Montmorency enabled him to gratify tastes which contributed so much to health. So as soon as the great hunt began he went out in the morning and did not return until night, when he was tired, harassed, and too often in a detestible humor. One day he went through the forest as far as Chanvrey in the rain without meeting any game; he came back fatigued, muddied up to his knees and chilled to the bone. Helen instantly made him change his clothes and lavished on him all those cares which a health dear to her would demand. After a little while Dapremont threw himself on a sofa, extended his leg all covered with mud, and said roughly to his wife, "Take off my gaiters." She pretended at first not to hear him, but gathering all her strength and reanimating her courage, she determined, though not without heart-failing, at last to give her incorrigible husband the lesson which he deserved. "Well," resumed he, more rudely still, "do you not hear me? take off my gaiters."

Helen looked at him from head to foot, rang the bell and said to the servant who entered, "Take off your master's gaiters." Dapremont colored and appeared utterly astonished. This was the first time his wife had ever dared resist him, and though she was alone, separated from her mother, her tone, her attitude, her accent, all announced a firm and decided resolution. Whilst the servant was unbuttoning his gaiters, he fixed on Helen a severe look, which she was not able to endure, and afraid of destroying the effect of her courageous effort, she went out and descended to the drawing room. Dapremont did not appear there during the whole evening. He sent to inform her that overcome with fatigue he had retired. Helen sent several times to inquire what he wanted, but under pretext of not disturbing him, she denied herself the pleasure of going into his apartment. He spent nearly all the night reflecting on the strange change which had come over his wife. She on her part did not cease to think of what she had done. She dreaded irritating her husband, wounding his pride or braving his authority. She sent directly the next morning to ask after him. He replied he had passed a most restless night, and complained of a bad sore throat. Helen went instantly to him and gave him every care the most attentive wife could bestow. The sweet attentions which she lavished on him at this moment, as much from habit as from affection, charmed the baron and made him think the poor slave had resumed her chains. She felt again that overbearing scorn, that rudeness which he had made her endure so often, which she had increased by that kind of self-denial which had made him believe that there existed between his wife and himself a distance which she had neither the right nor the power to pass. After having worn out the patience of Helen, he rose, made his toilet, and presented as usual, one of his feet to his wife for her to tie his shoe. He would have been glad to see her kneel again at his feet to expiate in some manner her audacity of the day before. But what was his surprise to see her cast a most dignified look on him, and ringing for the servant, to whom she said as she went out: "Fasten your master's shoes, and hereafter always do it." So marked a repetition of her offense no longer allowed Dapremont to doubt that his wife had serious intentions of freeing herself from the servitude in which he had so long retained her. Then comparing this dignified refusal with the tender care which she had eagerly paid in the morning to soothe his sufferings, he could but acknowledge that however ready to perform the duties of an amiable and devoted wife, she wished at the same time to preserve her own dignity. These thoughts threw him into a profound revery. He shunned Helen during the whole day, dined in the neighborhood, returned at night silent and thoughtful and retired to his apartment, where the whole night was a combat between pride and love, censure and approbation. This night was not less agitating for Helen. Her resistance appeared to her rash; she feared to have wounded his impetuous character. She was sorry she had not more entirely obeyed her mother's injunction, and it was not without terror that she saw Dapremont enter her chamber the next morning. A dark and preoccupied air marked his whole figure; his step was that of a man who wishes to conceal the trouble of his mind. At last, fixing his eyes on Helen, who instantly lowered hers, he said to her in an altered voice: "Madame, we must go to Paris directly, follow me." He went out after these words, followed by his young wife, pale, downcast, and convinced she had lost forever a heart which she now regretted not having treated with more caution. What confirmed her in this suspicion was that during the whole route from St. Prix to Paris, Dapremont never spoke to her once, or showed her the least attention. He was the whole time thoughtful and as if occupied with some great design; he ordered the driver to urge on his horses, arrived at Madame Merval's door, where he deposited Helen, and gaining the corner of the street disappeared from her sight. Helen ascended trembling to Madame Merval's apartment, and related to her with detail all that had happened.

"Oh! my mother, what have we done?"

"What our sex's dignity, my daughter, and your lawful rights imposed on us."

"I have lost the heart of my husband forever."

"Because he was always unworthy thine."

"He will be divorced."

"He will break your chains."

"How can I support such a misfortune?"

"In saying 'I have not deserved it;' in submitting to it with resignation."

"But how can I bear it?"

"By thinking there remains to you the esteem of good men and the tenderness of your mother."

While Madame de Merval and her daughter opened their hearts to each other and expressed all their fears, Dapremont had gone to the house of the minister of foreign relations, from whom he had received a note in the morning, which had caused his abrupt departure.

"I have expected you with impatience," said the minister, extending his hand toward him. "I have committed an act of injustice which I am eager to repair. Some men in power, jealous of your merit, have meditated your destruction; but the proofs as strong as evident inclosed in your memorial—"

"What memorial, my lord? I must confess, that despairing of ever unmasking my enemies, I have never submitted anything to the examination of your Excellency."

"Then some one has done it for you without your knowledge—read for yourself."

He placed in his hands quite a long writing. At the first glance the baron recognized the writing as that of his wife.

"The person who drew it up," continued the minister, "must have been one who followed you in your embassy, and knew all the particulars of it. It is impossible to have defended you with more strength or clearness. It could not be better proved that your conduct has been irreproachable. Receive your reward in the title of envoy to the court of Saxony. And that nothing may henceforth fetter your movements in the important mission about to be intrusted to you, you will communicate directly with me."

Dapremont almost believed himself in a dream. No longer doubting that Helen had drawn up this memorial which gave him back at once fortune and honor, he hastened to rejoin her. He reached Madame de Merval's house, sought her everywhere, asked everybody for her. He at last penetrated into the apartment of Madame de Merval, where he found her much terrified by the noise he had made in entering. She perceived the expression of joy in his face. She saw his eyes fixed on her with an inexpressible charm of love and gratitude. She felt him press her hands to his heart, and carry them to his lips. He at last pronounced these words:

"Helen, dear Helen, how have I mistaken thee."

The precipitation with which he had ascended the stairs, the emotion he felt, did not allow him to explain himself. Helen passed suddenly from terror to the sweetest emotions of joy, questioned Dapremont, and wished to know the cause of this unhoped-for change.

"I come from the house of the minister," said he, "and this memoir, written by your hand—"

"Heavens!" cried Helen, "have I then succeeded?"

She confessed that seeing her husband a victim to calumny, which he had vainly attempted to destroy, and which would make the whole of his life unhappy, she had dared for the first time to allow her pen to obey the impulse of her heart. She added that after she had collected some important documents which the baron had left *pêle mêle* on his desk, she had employed the moments in which she was alone to draw up this justification of her husband; that she had confided this memoir to one who had promised to give it himself to the minister.

"And thus," said Dapremont, "whilst I made you submit to humiliation for which I blush; while I confounded you with the weak minds whose lot it is to crouch and to obey, you elevated yourself above women of your age, you overcame my enemies, you saved my honor. My good angel, receive here the new oath I make you, to love you, to honor you as the model of your sex. Helen, in resuming your dignity you have restored me mine; and you, my mother," said he to Madame de Merval, who shared the joy of her daughter, "you it is to whom we owe the happiness which now binds us together forever, enjoy your work!"

With these words he embraced both with every emotions of surprise felt pleasure that she could not speak. She looked with tenderness alternately on her mother and husband.

"I was very sure," said Madame de Merval, "that the course I recommended would succeed. Beauty, youth and true merit have too much empire over the heart of man. You cannot cherish too much, my child, the husband your courage has restored you; your gentleness has conquered, your writing has revenged; but take care not to spoil him again, and never forget what I now repeat to you for the last time, 'Who owns a master owns himself a slave.'"

Pink Lemonade.

Just before the circus opened recently in Detroit, a woman accompanied by her son, a boy about sixteen years of age, appeared on the grounds and was the first at the ticket wagon. When the window was opened the mother said to the ticket seller:

"If you will be so kind as to let a poor widow woman's Johnny into the circus he will carry water to the elephant."

"Stand back, madam, stand back!" he cried as he took the half-dollars over her head.

She took her boy by the hand and marched to the entrance of the big tent, explaining to the man at the door:

"My Johnny is going to carry hay to the camels."

"You and your Johnny carry yourselves right out of this!" was the very emphatic reply.

"Couldn't we both go in for ten cents, if we sat on the ground?"

"No, ma'am! Stand back, now; you are in the way!"

They fell back for a consultation. The boy had tears in his eyes, and the mother looked determined.

"Don't cry, Johnny dear—your mother loves you and will get you in," she consolingly remarked, as she led him again to the ticket wagon. Crowding and pushing her way in, she called out:

"This boy's father was a preacher, and you ought to let him in free."

"Stand back, madam, stand back!" was the answer she got

"Can't you let us in for ten cents?"

"No! no!"

She drew the boy out of the crowd and took a walk around the tent. There was a spot where the canvas was raised a little, and as they halted there she said:

"Johnny, a mother's love can surmount every obstacle. I'll stand here and you crawl under the tent."

She spread her skirts as far as possible, and the boy made a dive and disappeared. In about ten seconds he reappeared in the shape of a ball, and he didn't stop rolling until he had gone thirty feet. The mother straightened him out, lifted him up and inquired what had happened.

"I—I—don't exactly know," replied the boy as he looked back at the tent, "but I guess I don't care for any more mother's love—I'll take pink lemonade in place of it!"

Like many other virtues hospitality is practiced in its perfection by the poor. If the rich did their share, how would the woes of this world be lightened.

EBB-TIDE.

On a summer evening, when the sun was low,
An old man sat in the golden glow.
The waves were washing the sandy stones,
And calm and sweet were their languid tones;
He looked, and listened, and softly sighed,
As he heard the voices of the ebbing tide.

He has passed thus threescore years and ten,
He has smiled and wept like other men:
Brother and friend, and loved wife,
Had drifted over the sea of life;
To the peaceful shore where the waters sleep
But he was left by the ebbing tide.

Left all alone with the dreary past:
A broken hull on the shingle cast,
No more to hear the soothing main,
Nor feel the shock of the storm again:
He lay at peace by the ocean side,
To wait the coming of Death's ebb tide.

The ebbing tide, with its voiceless roll,
Sing cheer in its way to the weary soul
To the blessed land, where the angel throng
Will be its companions with holy song.
And the home of this faithful heart shall be
A place of rest by the Crystal Sea!

The New Girl.

"Now, Charlie, you'll be sure to remember?"

"To remember—what?" said Mr. Meredith, with a hopeless expression of inanity on his countenance. Kate Meredith dropped both hands despairingly at her side.

"Charles!" she excitedly said, "you don't mean that you have forgotten already?"

"My dear," said Mr. Meredith, fumbling in the depth of his overcoat pockets for a missing glove, "I may not have forgotten—but I don't exactly remember."

"The oysters," suggested his wife.

"Oh yes, the oysters," said he.

"And the two ounces of double zephyr scarlet wool."

"Exactly."

"And the depot hack to be in waiting at 2 o'clock for your cousin from Philadelphia."

Mr. Meredith slapped one hand on the table,

"She is coming to-day, I declare!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir."

"And a dozen Havana oranges for desert, and two pounds of white grapes and some of those delicious little Naples biscuits and macaroons—oh, and let them send up a girl from St. Clair's."

"A—which?"

"A girl, you goose. For general house work. Phebe went home this morning with the faceache; and I can't be left alone with company coming and all. Mind she's a good cook and understands waiting on the table."

And Meredith rushed off to catch the 9:30 express, with a kaleidoscope vision of grapes, zephyr wool, detective hacks, oysters and servant maids.

While the lady, clasping both hands over her forehead, in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen, where a very good-looking young man, of two or three and twenty, was on his knees in front of the range, trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn.

The good-looking young man glanced up, with a comical sparkle in his eyes, and a smudge of soot traversing the bridge of his nose.

"Well?" said he.

"Tom," cried she hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad?"

"Like a book," said Tom.

"And coffee?"

"I learned in Paris."

"Good. And I can make buttermilk biscuit—and, between us, we will get up a decent lunch for a young lady from Philadelphia. As for dinner—"

"Well?" again remarked the young man with the soot-besmudged nose.

"Providence must provide," sighed the matron.

"There's an old chintz-colored rooster in the barnyard. If I could catch him I'd have a chicken stew."

"Tom, did you ever make a chicken stew?"

"No."

"Then you do not know what you are talking about," said the lady with some asperity.

"Yes I do, too. Onions, potatoes, celery, pearl barley, with a pinch of salt, and—"

"Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Meredith. "Go pick that lobster out of its shell, and leave off romancing. You are a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though to be sure," with a twinge of conscience, "goodness knows what I should do without you just in this particular emergency, you dear old darling."

The lobster was only half picked out of its shell, the buttermilk biscuit was still unmixed, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket handkerchief tied around her pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing-room, when there came a ring at the door-bell. She put the turbaned head out of the window in a most unceremonious manner.

"Who is there?" she demanded in a high contralto.

"Does Mrs. Meredith live here?" retorted a woman's voice. And the same instant the young matron caught sight of a neat black leather bag, a black alpaca dress and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.

"It is the new girl, thank Providence!" said Mrs. Meredith, as she ran down the stairs, thanking honest Charlie in her heart for his unexpected promptitude.

"Come in," said she, opening the door wide; "I am so glad you are punctual, my good girl. From the St. Clair's intelligence bureau, I suppose; No, don't take off your things up here, the servant's room is below stairs; you may as well come directly down to the kitchen."

She led the way down, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore a rather bewildered expression.

"What is your name?" she asked patronizingly.

"My name? Oh, it's Martha," replied the stranger, in some confusion.

"Martha?" critically repeated Mrs. Meredith. "What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Pattie. Have you good references?"

"I—believe so."

"I think," said Mrs. Meredith surveying her from tip to toe, "you are a little over-dressed for your station, Pattie; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk, when it comes?"

The stranger lifted a pair of grave blue eyes to the tall form, girded around with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a stupendous lobster at the table beyond.

"Do you keep a man cook?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Meredith drew herself up.

"Certainly not. This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad."

"But he is not doing it right. He can never get meat from the shell in that manner. Let me instruct you, Mr. Selwyn."

And with deft fingers she loosened the luscious white fibre from the scarlet shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry "Bravo!"

"And now, Pattie, I'll show you where the things are, and leave as nice a lunch as you can for 2:30 o'clock; we are expecting my husband's cousin from Philadelphia. I desire everything in perfect order."

"I shall finish the salad," said Tom, as he had secretly been observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, "as I have commenced it; but don't look perturbed, Pattie, it that is your name, I shall be careful, and not get in your road. And you can ask my sister if I am not a handy sort of a fellow about the kitchen."

Kate shook her head surreptitiously at Tom behind the screen, but Tom resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture.

Half an hour afterward he came up to the dining-room where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac and gold china.

"Kate, she is a jewel!—a gem of the first water! Depend upon it, she has not always labored in the kitchen. I quoted Shakspeare apropos of something or other, I do not remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once—her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come to her cheeks!"

"Quoting Shakspeare to a common kitchen girl!" cried Mrs. Meredith, in amazement.

"But I tell you she is not a common kitchen girl."

"I don't believe in high life below stairs," said his sister, disdainfully.

The lunch came up at 2:30 in perfect order, but no cousin from Philadelphia arrived, no hack rolled up to the door.

"How provoking!" said Kate. "Much mind company coming in at any time, now that I have got an excellent girl."

The dinner of daintily roasted quails and rabbit fricasse, with a dessert of custard and jelly was duly served at precisely 7 o'clock, at which hour Mr. Meredith bounced in, hot and flushed with the haste he had made.

"Where is she?" cried he.

"Where is who?" cried Kate.

"My cousin from Philadelphia.

"Oh! She has not come!"

"Not come?"

"No!"

Mr. Meredith drew a long sigh of mingled regret and relief.

"Then, after all, it is not so unlucky," said he.

"What is not so unlucky? My dear Charles you are expressing yourself altogether in riddles."

"That I forgot all about the oysters and the zephyr wool, and the servant girl."

"Forgot?"

"Yes—forgot. Isn't that plain English enough?"

"But you did not forget," remonstrated Mrs. Meredith. "You sent her. She is here now, in the kitchen."

Mr. Meredith started.

"I have sent no one. Never thought of the girl from that moment to this, I give you my word of honor."

"Then who sent her?" ejaculated his wife slowly.

"Ring the bell! Let us have her up! Who knows but she is one of those confidence women, with an eye to the forks and spoons?"

As he spoke he jerked the bell-cord with some energy. In a minute or so the new girl came up courtesying.

Mr. Meredith uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, it is Martha Meredith!" shouted he. "It is my cousin from Philadelphia."

And he clasped her in his arms, with a shower of kisses which made honest Tom's hair stand on end.

"I wish she was my cousin from Philadelphia," uttered he in a stage whisper, aside.

Kate turned as scarlet as a pepper pod.

"Oh, good gracious!" she cried, clasping her little hands, nervously, "and I took her for a cook!"

"And I am a cook when occasion requires, Cousin Kate," said pretty Martha Meredith, making her peace with a kiss. "Do not be so vexed with me for humoring the joke, indeed I could not help it. And I will show you how to make meringues glaces and the Neapolitan creames to-morrow."

And they all sat down happily together to the roast quails and the fricassed rabbits. And Kate and Martha went to the international bureau on the morrow, established a Milesian damsel in the kitchen, who who was not at all incongruous to her surroundings.

And Tom, leaning over his sister's shoulder, whispered waggishly:

"Didn't I tell you she was a gem of the first water?"

Character is power; it makes friends, creates funds, draws patronage and support, and opens a sure way to honor, wealth and happiness.

Go to Bed Early.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take without artificial means is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is: Do not hurry up the young and the weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes open, nor is it best for the studious, or even for the well who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain, without going to sleep again, until the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things: violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from its resting place. By all of which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has made the first step towards degradation, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night, at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged, and the young, should be in bed; and then the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully-rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor healthy in early rising in itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at any early hour, winter and summer.

Personal Characteristics of Mrs. Hancock.

Mrs. Hancock, the wife of Gen. W. S. Hancock, is a few years his junior in age, and as a woman is as imposing in appearance as he is as a man. Tall and well proportioned, every inch a queen, she puts you at your ease at once by her gracious manner. She was married when the General was but a young lieutenant doing duty in the far west. It was entirely a love match, and neither of them have since regretted it; in fact, their home is one of the happiest imaginable. Mrs. Hancock has always been opposed to her husband's becoming a candidate for the Presidency, and she is even above the weakness of wishing to be the mistress of the White House. She dreads the worry of the canvass, and if her husband is elected, she thinks that the honor which the position brings will be dearly purchased by the renunciation of all domestic life for four years to come, and of his position as senior major-general and of his chances of soon becoming chief of the army. While she prefers her own home existence, however, there is no one better qualified to play the hostess on a grand scale than she. A society belle, even after her marriage, she has all the self-confidence and resources needed to entertain the most varied company. There is nothing in the range of conversation about which she does not know something. Her greatest charm, however, is—and it is the General's also—the art of making every individual atom feel as if he were the one sole object of her attentions.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

What He Did With the Soda.

A little washing soda was wanted for cleaning purposes, so George was given a dime and dispatched to the apothecary's at the corner to get it. George soon returns, but no soda.

"Why didn't you get the soda, George?" cheraded the family.

"I did."

"Where is it, then?"

"I drank it."

"Drank it?"

"Yes; the man said it wouldn't keep to bring home."

A new light dawns on the family's mind. It asks eagerly:

"What did you ask for?"

"Soda."

"Did you say washing soda?"

"Washing soda? No; only soda."

Family laughs as though it were crazy. George doesn't know what all the fun's about, but he is subsequently heard to say:

"That was a boss drink!"

The Human Figure.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump the rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole statue. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

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C. J. CRABTREE.
Durham, Feb. 3-tf

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Expectorant!
IN 25CTS. AND $1 BOTTLES.
Its properties are Demulcent, Nutritive Balsamic, Soothing and Healing. Combining all these qualities, it is the most effective LUNG BALSAM ever offered to sufferers from pulmonary diseases.
DR. J. F. HAYWOOD,
of New York, voluntarily indorses it.
—READ WHAT HE SAYS:—
New York, Sept. 11, 1877.
Dr. TUTT: Dear Sir—During this year I was afflicted with one of lung diseases. In the I consulted one of the city's best doctors, who gave me a very [illegible] opinion, thereby leaving me to die. Was called to see your valuable and I confess my surprise at its [illegible] effect. During a practice of twenty years I have never known a medicine to act so promptly and with such happy effects. It instantly relieved my [illegible] fits of coughing, and my system [illegible] best living a new life. I cheerfully [illegible] medicine I ever used.
J. FRANCIS HAYWOOD, M. D.
A NEWSPAPER PUB. WRITES.
Office, Evening News, Augusta, Ga.
Dr. TUTT: Dear Sir—My little son was attacked with pneumonia last winter, which left him with a severe cough, that lasted till [illegible] a month since, when I gave him a bottle of your valuable Expectorant. I had tried many things before this, but none did him any good until I used your Expectorant, one bottle of which completely cured the cough entirely. With many thanks, I remain truly yours,
JOHN A. M. WRIGHT.
Had terrible NIGHT SWEATS.
Memphis, Feb. 11, 1877.
Dr. TUTT: Dear Sir—I have been suffering for nearly two years with a severe cough. When I commenced using your Expectorant I was reduced to mere skin and sixteen pounds in weight. I had tried all the everything, and terrible night sweats. I have taken half dozen bottles. The night sweats have left me, the cough has disappeared, and I have gained fifteen pounds in flesh. I recommend it to all my friends.
With great respect, OLIVER H. [illegible]
IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.
Reader, have you caught a cold? Are you troubled to raise the phlegm? Have you an irritation in the throat? A sense of oppression on the lungs, with short breath? Do you have a fit of coughing on lying down? A sharp pain below and then in the region of the heart, shoulders and back? If so, our Advice is take at once a dose of Tutt's Expectorant; you will soon be able to raise the phlegm. In an hour repeat the Expectorant, place a hot iron to the feet, take two of Tutt's Pills. You will soon fall into a pleasant sleep and wake up in the morning, cough gone, lungs working freely; easy breathing, and the bowels moving in a natural manner. To prevent a return of these symptoms use the Expectorant several days.
Office, 35 Murray Street, N. Y.
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TUTT'S PILLS
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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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