

LANEY. BY WALTER HAYES LONDON. I feel I am alone. I feel I am alone. I feel I am alone.

The Pretty Plovers. Or, a School Room Flirtation. Plovers, pride! there you have Charlotte Arden. Mischief, mischief!

With this I gave my friend my hand, and thus we parted. An hour later I was seated at my desk in the pleasant school room, looking about me with no small degree of interest for the two pupils of whom my friend had spoken.

Godness! what a pair of blue eyes were raised to mine at that moment! Eyes, sunny, daring, and almost wicked, which wavered and brightened like two beautiful stars.

Miss Lizzie Dane telegraphed to her with her sparkling eyes to enter. This falling to have the desired effect, she doubted up her white, chubby hands, and held them to her mouth, trumpet fashion.

pinafors. I raised the lid of my desk between their faces and mine, and appeared to be engaged in setting my books and papers to rights.

Children in pinafors. I smiled grimly to myself as the atrocious thought entered my head. Children they were, I said to myself, unceremoniously thrusting my head above the temporary screen to confirm my opinion.

Such saucy little pockets, fixed off with gimp and things—the corner of a tiny note and the profile of a big, yellow orange revealed from the distended mouth of one, and the lace edge of a handkerchief, with a captivating rent in it, hanging hauntingly from the other.

His splendid, Lot; isn't he? Miss Arden's voice broke my wonderings. I was modest in those days, and blushed easily. My wife told me so yesterday, referring to that morning at the tip of my ear, just visible at the edge of my desk lid, grew red as a coal.

Smiling at my own conceit, and falling to find, in the three score faces before me, one that was particularly stamped with pride, or one that was marked with mischief, I turned to my books.

Something like a quick whisper broke through the stillness of the room as I did. I glanced up. Every countenance wore unmistakable signs of demerence. Smiling again at my thoughts, I turned a second time to my books, and this time a big apple started from one of the back seats, and came rolling down the aisle.

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Well, boys, then. Men in assurance, boys in intelligence, are what we have now-a-days. She spoke as if she had lived in the age of her grandmother. I clenched my hands, and declined Jupiter under my breath in Latin.

girls started as if they were culprits, and glanced hurriedly up at me. What they saw in my face, I can't say, but they both colored. Just then they separated for their seats, but not before I heard Lizzie whisper desperately, "Shall you?"

"I shall," floated back the reply, low and firm, as if determined not to be mistaken. Should she? We'll see. That afternoon, while I was engaged with the French grammar lesson, it was startled by a sharp little scream, and by Lizzie Dane springing up and crying out:

"Oh! a horse has bitten Charlotte Arden, Mr. Eldridge." The whole school tittered. I scowled very pedagogically (to coin a word), and commanded her to resume her seat.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, forgetting myself, "how it must have pained you. Why didn't you go home? I would have exercised you." She smiled and looked amused. That smile recalled me to myself.

I had the satisfaction of knowing, as I stood by one of the long windows at the close of the last day, watching the scholars file out, that the whole village was alive with the rumor that my beautiful pupil and myself were engaged.

She held out a white rose—a withered white rose. It was one I had begged from her hair, the night before at a party, and she had refused it.

"I don't understand you, sir," she said, with dignity. "I refer you for an explanation of my words to the conversation you held with Miss Dane about the first day of the term."

"What is it, Charlotte?" I inquired, softening in an instant, and feeling that I had been acting like a miserable fool.

To comprehend a man's life it is necessary to know not merely what he does, but what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human being and he is a wise man, who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted, and he is a still wiser man who, from among the things he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best.

Chauffrettes. I draw together, says a Paris correspondent, my odds and ends of politics; my bits of town gossip, rumors from Versailles; wind-bags from the National Assembly. As I pause, quill in hand, my maid, Celestine, enters with the newspapers. She has something else, I see, besides.

"Behold your chauffrette, madam," says Celestine. "Tiens! the pretty little gem; but it is elegantly warmed, eh?" And the chauffrette disappears under my petticoats.

"What? a chauffrette? Pray, madam, what is that? say you." Downs comes my attention upon my paper. Up go my feet upon my chauffrette. Don't you see? We have begun our chat; and my pen is already tottering off toward you across the page.

In this square he had one of the finest gardens we have ever seen, and to our astonishment he had it swarming with gophers.

He had bought a schooner load of these turtles, brought from the sand hills of Florida. He had originally bought about three hundred, but had eaten about half of them. The others he kept to lay eggs and to eat occasionally.

He had had them several years, and stated they ate two or three kinds of grass and did not disturb his vegetables.

There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing some one business.

Here is a young man who commenced life as a mechanic, but from some cause imagined that he ought to have been a doctor; and after a hasty and shallow preparation, he has taken up the saddle bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patients are no more profitable than his work bench, and the occupation not a whit more agreeable.

There is an honest farmer who has tilled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with his industry as anything, though he is not aware of it.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT. Men have their winnowing days, and God has his. The rich should remember what they owe to the poor.

The great masses of the race are dependent on society. The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope.

Human life is a constant want, and ought to be a constant prayer. In the journey of this world the man who goes right is apt to get left.

Weight others as you would be weighed yourselves, and the scales would have a sincere. If you become famed because of the fools, for they always gather around the people who are stared at.

Time is painted with a look before, and bald behind, signifying thereby that we must take time (as we say) by the forelock, for when it is gone, passed there is no recalling it.—Swift.

Painting Portraits by the Head. Narcisse Piochard is a hairdresser in Paris, but he is also an amateur portrait painter. As he charges only twenty-five francs a portrait, he has a great many orders among the humbler classes.

There is a cage containing three white mice at the Delta saloon, Virginia, which are quite a study. After seeing their manœuvres for an hour or two, one is not at all surprised at the racket made by mice generally, for during the early part of the evening they take constant and violent exercise.

There is little reason in my opinion to envy a pursuit in which the most its devotees can expect is that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social comfort—by passing nights without sleep and summers without one glimpse of the beauties of nature—they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely-watched slavery, which is mocked with the name of power.—Macaulay.

An extensive branch of the industry at present in France is the manufacture of a new kind of wall decoration which has come into favor. These consist of double sheets of glass, the inner surface of the under sheet being painted in oil color in imitation of lapis lazuli, jasper, onyx, or some other costly stone. They are used like tiles, for walls, wainscots, ornamental panels, cabinet-furniture and the like.