North Carolina Gazette.

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THE FLOWERS COLLECTIVE

North Carolina Gazette.

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Home Circle.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
Dryden.

HAVING A HOME.

When little Mrs. Weston had been married three months, I went to spend the day with her. She was living in a convenient, pleasant little house, into which she moved after boarding a month at a small hotel, during which time she furnished her prospective abode, and getting everything in readiness for housekeeping.

"How glad I am to see you; come right into the parlor," was her greeting, and I followed her into her "best room." Actually, I felt a chill steal into the very marrow of my bones. The blinds were all down, and it was as dark as Egypt at first, but that was soon remedied, and I had a chance to look around while divesting myself of shawl, hat and gloves.

What a stiff looking parlor! every chair stood at just such an angle; the blue and gold books of poetry on the centre table were laid with the greatest precision, one on the other; not a speck of dust, not a scrap of lint to relieve the terrible *newness* of everything. There were two spotless Parian marble vases on the mantle, and between them stood a bust of Dickens, but there were no autumn leaves, no ferns or fancy work, no flowers in the vases,—actually nothing which in the least could relieve the room of its *homeless* appearance. No one would suppose that it had ever been used by anybody. I wondered if I was the first guest who had stepped across the threshold.

Nellie Weston seemed uncomfortable. She sat bolt-upright on the sofa, and I sat in an easy-chair which belied its name, and neither of us seemed to know what to say, though we were intimate friends.

"Don't let's sit in here," said Nellie, at length. "I never feel at home in the parlor. I suppose it is a sign of plebeian blood, but I prefer she kitchen. Would you mind if I took you there?"

"Not at all," I answered, "I would like it of all things. The newness of this parlor strikes a chill through me."

"That is just what John says," cried Nellie. "We decided when we first went to housekeeping, to sit in the parlor every evening, so that if company came we should be already to receive them. But we soon grew tired of it. John said he felt as if he was on his best behaviour as soon as he crossed the threshold, and was stiffened whenever he sat in one of the chairs. I am sure I can't imagine what is the matter with the room; the furniture is nice, and the carpet real Brussels; but since he likes the kitchen, we always sit there."

Ah, this was something like home! this sunny, pleasant kitchen with its warm looking rag carpet, the big Maltese cat in the window seat, the bird singing in its cage, the dozen or more blooming plants in the sunniest window, the open sewing machine with its piled-up work basket, the singing kettle in the range—no wonder John preferred this room to the parlor. Who could blame him?

"How comfortable it is in here," I said, taking a seat in a mammoth wooden rocking chair, in which was a big feather cushion. "Now I feel at my ease."

"And now I can talk," said Nellie. "I feel as if my tongue was tied when I sit in the parlor; but of course I can't ask casual visitors into the kitchen; they would feel insulted. Now please tell me, if you can, what is the matter with that parlor?"

"The whole of the matter is that you don't live in it," I answered. "If you had your bird, your cat, your sewing machine and your flowers in there, you would soon feel at home in the room, and find it pleasant; but six chairs, a sofa, a carpet and a small table with a half dozen nicely-bound volumes of poetry lying on it, don't make a home habitable. Then you keep the outside blinds closed, and the shades down, making it like a dungeon all the time. The sun never penetrates there, and consequently it is always chilly."

"I think it would be just as well, if not better, if we housekeepers dispensed with parlors altogether," said Nellie. "What is the use of furnishing a room which is to be kept nice for the sake of a few acquaintances for whom you care nothing, and who call perhaps once a month, and stay about ten minutes" My friends can always be invited into my kitchen or small dining-room, where we can be merry and at ease. I don't believe I have ever laughed in that parlor. I believe a laugh would sound out of place. And what shall we do when it grows too warm to sit in the kitchen? The fire will make it uncomfortable here in summer."

"Take my advice and move your flowers, machine and bird into the parlor," I answered. "You are naturally orderly, and the room will always be nice enough to receive visitors. Don't keep an expensively-furnished room for the sake of a few acquaintances whose opinion, good or bad, will not affect you at all. Your first duty is to make a home for husband, and every part of the house should be home to him. In no room should he feel ill at ease."

"I believe you are right," said Nellie, who is never hard to convince, having a very amiable disposition. "And I will try your plan, and will certainly let you know how it works. Having no mother or sister to advise me, I have to judge for myself in everything, and sometimes it is very hard to know what to decide on. There are so many duties and annoyances in housekeeping that one is apt to grow discouraged occasionally. But, after all, I like it better than boarding."

"One is never at home in a boarding-house," I answered, and I spoke from a sad experience.

"I think the newly married make a great mistake in boarding. They argue that it is the easiest and the most economical. There is no furniture to buy, no coal and flour to lay in, no stock of house linen to purchase, no water tax, no gas bill, no servant's hire. But to offset all there is no freedom or domestic comfort, and both husband and wife have to submit to all sorts of tiresome restraints. Then the dishes for which they have a particular liking are never on the table (though they could be easily prepared if they were housekeeping,) and they miss the great pleasure of a joint proprietorship in their own home. Then complications in the shape of children arise, and who would want to bring a child up in a boarding-house? And, oh! the gossip! The women are forever meeting for a "good talk," which inevitably ends in the discussion of scandal, and this is only too apt to affect very seriously the tone of any woman, even if she only listens and is not drawn into joining in it which in nine cases out of ten she will be. When people say to me they can't afford to go to housekeeping, I feel like laugeing at them. They mean that they cannot bear to humble their foolish pride sufficiently co keep house as their grandmothers did when first married. They could furnish two rooms, if not a whole house, and only with such plain, simple articles as they can afford. A little taste and a good deal of industry will soon make them attractive, and no real friends will be lost by the move. Sensible people will respect them for their independence and for not being ashamed of their poverty."

Just then the cry of the strawberry man was heard at the door, and Nellie sprang up and ran out to get "two boxes for a quarter," leaving me to digest her sensible remarks.—*American Cultivator.*

GETTING A CHECK CASHED IN PARIS.

To one accustomed to our quick business movements and the especial rapidity with which banking operations are performed, it is quite ludicrous to enter a Paris bank and watch the performances there. If you present a check for payment, instead of handing it directly to the teller and getting your money instantly, or in two or three minutes at the latest (as in a New York bank,) you walk up to an officer in uniform, of whom there are a dozen walking about the counting-room, in large banks like the Credit Lyonnais, outside the space reserved for the clerks. He conducts you to one of the places constructed like cells, in which the book keepers are serving out a sentence of solitary confinement. You hand your check to the prisoner's assistant, who hands it to his "boss." The latter consults a big ledger. If there is sufficient "spondalix" to the credit of the drawer and the signature has all its i's crossed, and its t's dotted, he returns it the boy, who in turn hands it to you, to the request that you pay two sous for a revenue stamp. This being gummed on the back, the deputy prisoner asks your address, then indorses it on the back of the draft, and you write your name across the revenue stamp with date, &c., and then a second time underneath your address. This done, you are presented with a bronze medal the size of a saucer with a numeral upon it. You accept it modestly, believing it to be a sort of Legion d'Honneur arrangement, or a reward of merit. You are then requested to seat yourself on one of the long settees ranged around the room, which you do, and wait prayerfully till your turn arrives. After meditating in this position for a half hour on the transitory nature of life, the slowness of French bank officers, and kindred topics, after reading the morning papers through twice, including the advertisements, you begin counting the panes of glass in the roof, or studying the countenances of your neighbors, all patient creatures, (like yourself,) who have become quite resigned to this mode of transacting business, and would be alarmed if they should enter an American bank and draw their money in five minutes instead of half an hour. They would think there was something the matter with the coin—bogus perhaps, or something of that sort.

After exhausting all your patience and the window panes and the floor-tiles likewise, an officer in another little den, dressed in a uniform composed chiefly of brass buttons, a big "plaque," the size of a dinner-plate on his left breast, yells out; "*Quatre cent quatre-vingt treize!* Of course you don't know what he means, and sit stupidly wondering, but on a repetition of the cry you consult your brass door-plate and find you hold "No. 493." So up you march to the crier and present your medal, and in return he hands you out a little bowl which contains your lucre. I timed the operation. There were just five persons ahead of me when I entered, and it took 25½ minutes by the clock for me to draw my little check of 100 francs.—*American Register.*

Sound logic—arguing through a telephone.

A FIGHTING TAR.

The American Sea Captain Who Cleaned Out the Queen's "Navee."

We have recently heard an interesting anecdote by which one can deduce a novel and adorn it into a tale, of how second thought so often prevents vast complications. There is a Yankee skipper from Maine, well known as a coal-trader, Capt. Pitcher. He is like most Maine men, largely proportioned and powerful. Some years ago he ran the Kranz from Washington to Boston, but has been abroad since, trading between this country and the continent. As the story goes, a British troop-ship, commanded by an irritable, impetuous old duffer of the Queen's "navee," was at anchor in a foreign port. Capt. Pitcher's bark was being piloted in, and through some mismanagement fouled the jib boom of the troop-ship, doing, however, little or no damage. The old officer, in a fury of rage, howled:

"Come on board, sir!"

The Yankee skipper, not exactly knowing what to do under the circumstances, pulled in his gig to the ladder of the troop-ship and mounted to the deck. He was somewhat startled when, as he stood upon it, the old officer called:

"Sentry, arrest that man."

The skipper was astounded, but quickly answered:

"I am an American citizen. I am unarmed, but no man shall arrest me."

"Arrest him, sentry. Don't you hear me?" roared the captain.

The sentry advanced to seize the skipper, but was met with a left-hander that would discount a pile-driver. Quickly the Yankee made for the gang-way, leaped into his gig and pulled off to his bark. Straight to the American Consul he went and put his case before him. The latter told him he would attend to the matter, and the next day the skipper called. The Consul sat at the centre of the table; to his right was the English officer—no other than Vice Admiral Sir James Hope, K. C. B., in all the splendor of full uniform.

"Admiral Hope, Capt. Pitcher," introduced the Consul.

"Captain, I am delighted to meet you," responded the Admiral. "And now let the war go on."

He spoke in the suavest manner and with the sweetest of smiles. The skipper bluntly said that he thought the English officer ought to apologize.

"Not at all, not at all, my dear friend. You came on board my ship, whipped the entire Queen's navy, and escaped without a scratch. Is not that sufficient satisfaction? Don't let us have any Alabama claim business, please don't ask an apology; you are too good a fellow, I know, to force it."

"Well, Admiral," began the captain, greatly mollified, "well, Admiral, I sorter guess that perhaps it's all right."

"Of course it is. We are diplomats, and I have some splendid brandy in my cabin. These are excellent cigars; we all adjourn to our brandy and cigars, and our two nations will postpone war. If all of your sailors are like you I should prefer that the war be indefinitely postponed."—*Boston Times.*

"MONSIEUR DE BERLIN."

Ladies of Rank Besieging the Prussian Headsman.

In the Kleine *Journal*, a daily newspaper recently started in Berlin by the Prussian railway king, Dr. Strousberg, is published an interview recently granted to the writer by Krants, the state executioner, who beheaded Hoedel last summer. While "Monsieur de Berlin" was chatting pleasantly with his visitor about the decapitation of the would-be regicide—Krants' first performance as a headsman—a knock was heard at the door and a footman in splendid livery entered the room with the request that the Scharfrichter would be pleased to speak with him for a moment in the passage. Krants went out with the lackey, and after a brief interchange of sentences in an undertone, was heard to say aloud: "Tell her Excellency the Lady Countess that I am very sorry; but I cannot, dare not, do it!" Interrogated upon his return by his visitor with respect to the mission of the mysterious man-servant, he replied with a smile: "Oh, it was only a request from one of my 'sympathizers,' such as reach me several times a week. You may often see the handsomest equipages in Berlin standing at the corner of Mulack-Strasse. They bring me lady visitors, young and old, pretty and ugly. Yes, yes; many ladies of our highest aristocracy have called upon me and insisted upon seeing my wife when I was not at home." "And what did these ladies want?" "The merest rubbish. Hair-cuttings of criminals, for instance—a blood-stained pocket-handkerchief, a morsel of bread from the headman's breakfast table, or one of my gloves." Krants himself is a fine young fellow, decorated with the Iron Cross for valor in the field. Like most subordinate functionaries in Prussia he was a non-commissioned officer in the army, and received his present appointment upon his discharge as a reward for faithful and gallant service. He is married and the proud father of a fine little boy, the heir-apparent to his important office. With a touch of quaint piety he introduced this lad to his visitor's notice as "his successor, please God!" and observed that though he had passed an uneasy night before the morning fixed for Hoedel's execution, when he looked into his "client's" impudent, sneering face he "thanked God for making his business so easy to him!"

Gibralter was finally taken by the British forces in 1704.

SOME INTERESTING HOG STATISTICS.

The summer packing season just closed was the largest ever reported in the history of pork packing at Chicago. The winter packing reached 2,043,000 hogs, and the summer packing 2,090,000 hogs. We do not include the packing of the last two days, as that will probably be included in the work of the winter season—making a grand total aggregate of 5,033,000 hogs, for the past twelve months. The aggregate net weight of these hogs reached about 1,031,654,000 pounds, and their total value may be placed at $41,000,000. The product of these hogs may be calculated at 165,000,000 pounds of hams, 145,000,000 pounds of shoulders, 400,000,000 pounds of sides, and 190,000,000 pounds of lard. In this calculation it is estimated that the sides of about 120,000 hogs were placed in the tanks last winter to increase the production of lard. The receipts of hog product in that city from the interior during the past 12 months were about 62,000 barrels of pork, 120,000,000 pounds of meat and 59,000,000 pounds of lard—the total value of which may be estimated at about $10,250,000. The shipments of hog product from that city during the year ending October 31 were about 334,000 barrels of pork, 740,000,000 pounds of meat and 225,000,000 pounds of lard—the total value of which may be estimated at $55,000,000. The shipments of hog product to foreign ports on direct bills of lading for the past twelve months were about 46,000 barrels of pork, 686,000 boxes of meat and 270,000 tierces of lard—the total value of which may be estimated at about $23,500,000.

The Chicago *Commercial Bulletin* says: The general impression prevails among packers and operators in provisions that the supply of hogs for winter packing will be ample to meet the requirements of the trade, especially at the leading points. The prospects are favorable for an active trade in provisions, both speculative and shipping, and there is little doubt but what prices will be irregular, probably more so than for several seasons past. The crop of hogs is a liberal one, though not generally considered excessive, and the quality unusually good for the season of the year. Farmers are disposed to forward them quite freely, and the receipts are increasing. The corn crop has been secured in good condition, and the weather has never been better than during the fall months for feeding purposes. In a very few sections the most damaged the corn crop slightly, and a portion of it was gathered in a soft state, but these reports are exceptional. Unless all indications fail, the outlook for hogs is favorable for an enlarged season's work—if not in number, in increased product of superior quality.

A FIELD OF YORKTOWN.

Mr. Lob Wolf, who runs the farm at Yorktown, Va., on which Lord Cornwallis made his surrender of the British army, the centennial of which is approaching and expected to be celebrated on a grand scale, was asked as to what sort of an appearance the historic ground presented at this day. He said: "The farm is on the edge of the town and comprises about 270 acres of cleared land, mostly used for raising vegetables. It formerly belonged to Dr. Fred Power, but it is now in the posession of my wife, to whom it was left by her brother, Mr. Daniel Heyman. The ground where Cornwallis actually handed over his sword to Washington was for many years marked by four tall poplar trees, but these were cut down for fire wood in the late war, not however, without the precaution being taken to plant a peach sapling in their place, and this has now grown up and stands alone in a wide meadow." "What relics are there of the surrender?" "There are hardly any. The monument that was put up to commemorate the surrender was destroyed during the rebellion but the house which formed the headquarters of Cornwallis is still standing, and is used as a barn. The first Custom House built in the United States is also standing within the limits of the ground. Cornwallis Cove is the name of a natural curiosity on the farm. The ground is rolling, and has traces here and there of the earthworks and fortifications thrown up in the late war." "What accommodation is there in Yorktown for visitors?" "Very poor accommodation. The population is hardly more than 250, and that is half colored; but I think they would stir themselves up for the centennial celebration." "Which is the quickest way to go there?" "The easiest way is to go to Baltimore and take the steamer direct to Yorktown, or you can go all the way by rail to West Point, and then you are within thirty miles of the place." "If the French fleet should attend, can it anchor at Yorktown?" "There are sixty feet of water near the beach, and there is room for a dozen fleets. From the shore there is a splendid view out on the Chesapeake bay and up the York river.—*Baltimore American.*

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.—The late Mrs. Peters, of Philadelphia has bequeathed to her nephew, Richard Peters, "the box of the frigate Constitution and the Penn's Treaty Tree, and the one from Penn's house on Letitia street; also the locket with Chief justice Marshall's hair, given to his grandfather when reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States, by the sons of the chief justice; also, the locket with hair of General Washington and *fac-simile* of Marshall, given by the chief justice to his father, R. Peters."

A novel issue—the last romance.

THE PROUD FROG.

"When pride's in the van, begging's in the rear." In that fashion the old proverb intimates the certain result of any continuous attempt to occupy place or position, or to sustain prestige or appearances beyond the power of the pocket or the purse. "Do not put your arm out further than your sleeve will reach," is the Spaniard's way of saying the same thing, and the cautious Dutchman is evidently in full agreement with the same sentiment when he says, "More sail than ballast drives the ship ashore," and the witty inhabitants of the Emerald Isle put the moral in a way quite as effective in—

"He has gold on his hand, who like to be merry,
Who has gold on his hand, and a frost in his purse."

The two things don't at all correspond, you see, and the purchase of jewelry on that capital will soon bring him to grief. The capital fable of the Proud Frog hits off the folly of this conduct to the very life, and in this age of ostentation, competition and display, is worthy of careful study.

An ox grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a number of young frogs. One that escaped hopped off to his mother to tell the fatal news. "And oh, mother," said he, "it was such a big beast that did it!" "Big!" said the old lady, puffing herself out; "was it as big as this?" "Yes, mother, a great deal bigger." "Well, so big?" said the parent frog, swelling herself out more desperately. Once more she sought to distend her speckled skin, and once more she challenged comparison with the unknown monster. "Mother," said the young frog, in alarm for the safety of his ambitious parent, "if you were to burst yourself you would never be able to reach half its size." Provoked by this disparagement of her powers, the old frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed!

Thus men and women are ruined by attempting a greatness, and aiming at a position, beyond their powers.

"The whole world swarms with people not more wise;
The tradesman's villa with the palace vies;
The farmer's wife will dress like squire's dame;
The nincompoop aspires to sage's fame;
The barn-door fowl will rise with larks to sing,
And comes down flopping with a broken wing!"

The man of limited or uncertain means who foolishly vies with his richer neighbors is sure in time to experience the fall of the pretentious frog. The people who continually expend more than their income, and live in chronic wonder "where all the money *can* have gone to;" wearers of silk and satin, velvet and broadcloth, when alpaca or stuff, mixture or fustian is more in keeping with their means, are sure to find in the long run, and fall often in a short one, that the expanded strain comes to an ignominious end.

Living for appearances is the Bitterest of all slavery, and generally ends in broken fortunes, divided households, and a dishonored name. Ostentation is a hideous idol, whose brilliantly plazoned car has crushed more lives than were ever slain by the wheels of Juggernaut. A miserable pride, a pitiful effort to cut as good a figure as the best, strains the resources of this chronic martyr to vanity and self-love to the uttermost. Their bright-looking bubble, which is so hard to blow, and so difficult to keep afloat, is blown out larger and thinner, until at last it is blown to pieces in a bankruptcy court, and the epitaph inscribed on the gravestone of their credit is "Fivepence three farthings in the pound!"

Everybody knows the cosmopolitan proverb, "Cut your coat according to your cloth," to which the Spaniards wittily add, "For nothing looks worse than a tunic with one sleeve." The Scotch, who are not, as a rule, given to travel this headlong road to ruin, tersely say—

"He that gets his gear before his wit,
Won't be long the master of it."

intimating the wise lesson that cautious spending defers the ending, and a little cautious management into the bargain may prevent any end at all. The novelist Fielding very shrewdly says, "Men do not become rich by what they get, so much what they keep," and although simple as by hoarding is detestable, reckless spending and unthrifty squandering are very little better. "Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire," and empty the larder into the bargain. A fat kitchen makes a lean parlor, and in time the kitchen becomes the leaner of the two. The old Scotch proverb deserves very close attention, "Buy what you dinna want, and you'll sell what you canna spare;" and we may rely upon it that forced sales of that kind are an unproductive business.

Perhaps the ox is the great orator, Solomon Silvertongue, whose intellect and eloquence hold a crowd as by a wizard's spell. The foolish frog is some young imitator, who means to be Silvertongue's equal or his master, and so in a vain endeavor to cap a climax, he loses himself amid fumes and fireworks, and, having gone up like a rocket, he comes down—as rockets usually do—a stick! The proud frog is to be continually met with in all circles, and is continually bursting for the eyes of an amused or an indignant world; and all the miserable explosions might be avoided if modesty and humility held command, with prudence at the helm. "Vaulting ambition," whatever may be said of the plodding species, "overleaps itself and falls on t'other side." "Do not reach too high for fear you dislocate your arm," says the Spaniard, politely; and the Chinese say, with quiet sarcasm, "My friend, the star-gazer tumbled into the ditch;" and I say, "Live in a cottage and pay your way rather than live in a four-story house and be always on the watch for the bailiff's!" "I'm going to fly," said a young unfledged rook to his mother as he fluttered to the edge of the nest. "If you do," was the emphatic answer, "you'll break your neck!" The same end may be predicted of all fledglings who presume on the strength of pinions before the pen-feathers have arrived. A rushlight boasted one evening, before company, that it shone as bright as the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. At that moment a puff of wind came, and blew it out. One who lighted it again, said, "Shine on, friend Rushlight, and hold your tongue; the greater lights never go out." On the whole, and for the whole of us, a steady and unostentatious shining within our legitimate radius is the wisest; only let us see to it that we shine our best.

MARRIAGE OF M. HUMBERT.

How the Communist's Betrothed Kept Her Vow—A Modern Cornelia.

M. Humbert was married on the afternoon of the 30th ult., at the Neuilly Mayoralty to the lady who, when he stood in the dock eight years ago before the Versailles court martial, which sentenced him to transportation for life, pressed his hand and said: "However long you may be away, I will never marry any one but you." She waited a long and dreary period—not so long, however, as might reasonably have been expected, and this day redeemed her romantic vow. A great crowd assembled in front of the Mayor's office. There were no police about, at least in uniform. Only two gendarmes represented authority, and they had nothing to do. The public made way spontaneously for bearers of letters who from dress or demeanor appeared to be invited, and patiently waited outside to see the bridegroom and bride pass. The Mayor, perceiving the insufficiency of the hall, entitled the Salon de Marriage, to hold the company, ordered at the last moment the removal of a partition between that and the Council chamber, and the operation, somewhat difficult for the improvised workmen, was effected amidst cheers and laughter. The arrival of the bride was the signal inside and outside the building for cries of "Vive le Plenary Amnesty!" Her name is Mlle. Laure Lepelletier, and she is the sister of one of the Marseillaise's most energetic contributors.

She is a pretty girl, on rather a small scale, and looks younger than might be supposed from the length of her engagement. She wore just such a toilet as a bride might who goes to church, which she does not—white muslin veil, orange flowers and rich white satin dress. No queen could have returned the salutes of an applauding multitude with more grace, modesty and self-possession than she did. I do not know whether it was on her father, or on the arm of some other relation, that she leant on her way, not to the altar, but to the platform opposite the Mayor's chair, surmounted by a bust of the republic. A cry of "Here comes Humbert!" followed. He shook hands with many friends and acquaintances, among whom were all the Municipal Councillors of Neuilly, in evening dress. When silence was obtained—a matter of some delay if not difficulty—the Mayor, a fine portly man, with a powerful, melodious voice, audible not only throughout the great enlarged hall, but in the adjoining rooms, said, addressing the spouses: "It is little necessary for me to remind choice spirits like you of their civic duties, for you know them well. It rejoices the heart of an old Republican as I am to see you here recognizing the solemnity of the act you are about to perform as legally a civil one only." (Cries of "Bravo" and "Vive l'Amniste!") He then read the few articles of the code applicable to the occasion. After calling on them to sign the register, he said, "I have immense satisfaction in publicly congratulating you both and wishing you all happiness. You, sir, after the severe trials you have gone through, and you, madam, a modern Cornelia, who now realizes the reward of your heroic patience. (More applause, and cries 'Vive l'Amniste!') And now, to recive the compliments of your many friends, I recommend you to pass into my study, the only sacristy the mayoralty has to offer you." (Laughter and cheers.) The newly married couple went through an interminable process of shaking hands with great fortitude, and both looked supremely happy.—*Paris Cor. London News.*

AN UGLY KING.—One day a peasant woman took a basket of eggs to the house where the royal party was lodged. At the door she met an individual who greeted her politely, and on finding out her errand carried the basket to the kitchen, which done he returned with a handful of small coins. Emboldened by so much condescension, the good woman mustered up courage to mention her great desire to set eyes on the king, Victor Emmanuel. "Why, that's me!" said the person with whom she was speaking. She looked at him scrutinizingly; then, after some seconds of mute contemplation, she exclaimed: "Oh, never! You won't get me to believe that. Such a sweet and beautiful woman as the queen would never have married a man *si beurt.*" The king (for it was he) dismissed her with an extra piece of money, and proceeded in all haste to ask some peasants what was the meaning of *si beurt.* "So ugly!" was the reply. Victor Emmanuel related this small incident with the greatest gusto—*Temple Bar.*

The novel engineering feat of building a bridge on shore, and then shoving it across the river, has been accomplished at Dinard, France. The structure is three hundred and fourteen feet long, weighs over two hundred tons, and was projected into its place with twelve strong windlasses.

FLORICULTURE.

FLORAL NOTES.

Why does not every lady who can afford it, have a Geranium or some other flower in her windows; It is very cheap—its cost is next to nothing, if you raise it from seed or from a slip—and it is a beauty and a lovely companion; it sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, invigorates the intellect, links us with nature, and is something for us to love.

There is no better or prettier class of flowers grown than the Geraniums. They have two distinguishing merits—that of being the very best bedders, and are not surpassed in the conservatory or greenhouse, or even in the sitting-room window. Then there is such a fine collection to select from, both for flower, leaf, variegation and scent. A room without a flower in it is like a frame without a picture—cheerless and desolate, or like a sullen face without a smile, a feast without a welcome; flowers are the stars of earth as the stars of the vaulted blue are the flowers of heaven.

The beauty and excellence of flowers is, that they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness, so that they are sweet lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching us that we live not for earth alone, but that we may be fitted for another and purer life. BUNCOMBE.

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

A very fruitful cause of injury to house plants is inattention to watering them regularly or properly. The soil is too often saturated with water at one time, and then allowed to become as dry as dust at another. No plant can thrive under such circumstances. The space from the top of the soil to the upper edge of the pot should be filled with water, so that enough can be given to permeate the soil to the bottom of the pot. By giving a little at a time, the surface of the soil may appear quite moist, but below it will be found to be perfectly dry: this is one of the most frequent causes of Camelias casting their buds.

If saucers are used under the pots, the water should never be allowed to stand in them, as it is sure to cause the roots to decay.

No precise rules can be given for the frequency or times of watering, as much depends upon the character of the plant, its condition of health, and the circumstances under which it is grown; this must be left to a discriminating judgment.

As to the time of watering, it is immaterial whether it is done in the morning or evening; it should be given whenever it is seen that the plant needs it, just as we eat or drink when we are hungry or thirsty. Neither does it matter much whether the water is tepid or cold, unless it be icy cold, or unless the plants are in a high temperature; in that case tepid water is the best.

A hanging basket or flower pot should be turned as often as every other day, that the plants may each get their full share of the sunlight.

HOW ANIMALS GET HOME.—Many domestic animals show a true homing faculty, and often in a degree which excites our surprise. One of the most remarkable cases I knew was that of two of the mules of a pack-train which, plainly by concerted action, left our camp one morning without cause or provocation. We were in southwestern Wyoming, about seventy-five miles northwest of Rawlins station, where we had begun our march. Our course, however, had been an exceedingly roundabout one, including a great deal of very bad country, where no road or trail existed. These mules made no attempt to trace it back, but struck straight across the country. They were chased many miles, and showed not the least hesitancy in choosing their way, keeping straight on across the rolling plain, with a haste which seems not to have been diminished until Rawlins was almost reached, when they were caught by some prospectors. For weeks they had to be carefully hobbled to prevent a repetition of the experiment.

How did these animals know the direction with such certainty? Mules frequently follow a very obscure trail backward for many miles, and, even more than horses, may be trusted to find the way home in the dark; but this is only when they have been over the road before, and is quite as fully due to their superior eyesight as to their strong sense of locality. I have also seen mules following the trail of a pack-train a few hours in advance, almost wholly by scenting; but the two runaways above had no other conceivable help in laying their course than some distant mountain-tops north and east of (and hence behind) them, and to profit by these would have required a sort of mental triangulation.—*Scribner.*

DROWNED IN BARLEY.—While a vessel was being loaded with barley at the wharf at Bowmanville, Ont., recently, some boys went up to the third story of the elevator and amused themselves by jumping into a bin, from which the grain was running, by means of a spout, down to the ground floor. One boy, about eleven years of age, named Terry, jumped into the hollow formed over the whole of the spout, and, being unable to climb out, was drawn under the grain and smothered. Attempts were made to rescue him, but this was found to be impossible, and several hundred bushels had to be run out on the floor before he could be reached, taking about two hours and a half. The bin is about twenty-five feet deep, and the boy was about ten feet under the grain and standing upright when found. Life was quite extinct.