A GIRL'S FOLLY.

A small, superior cottage of bright-red brick, sweet-scented woodbine trailing over its rustic porch, a green lawn before it surrounded by flowers, and a charming country landscape spreading out in the distance. Inside, in its small but pretty parlor, on the red-table cover waited the tea-tray with its cups and saucers. The window stood open to the still, warm autumn air, and the French porcelain clock on the mantle-piece was striking 5.

A slender girl of some 20 years came in. She was very lovely. But her light-blue eyes bore a sort of weary or discontented look, and her bright brown hair was somewhat ruffled. She wore a print washing dress of black and white, neither very smooth nor very fresh, and a lace neck-collar fastened with a bow of black ribbon. Glancing round the room and seeing nobody in it, she went to the open window, stood there in a deep reverie, and then leaned out to pick a rose. Its thorns pricked her delicate fingers, and she let it fall with a pettish exclamation.

Mrs. Reece came in next. A middle-aged, faded woman of care, in a small widow's cap and neat black gown. She looked flushed and fatigued.

"Have you made the tea, Alison?"

"No, mamma."

"Oh, but you might have made it! I wish you would, child! I am very tired!"

Alison turned from the window, brought the tea-caddy from a side-table, and put two caddy-spoonsful of tea into the metal teapot. Then she carried it out to the boiling water in the kitchen, and brought it in filled. On days dedicated to some special household work the young servant had to be spared as much as possible. This was ironing day, and Mrs. Reece had stood at the board herself, ironing what they called the fine things, which meant laces and muslins, and helping generally. She was not strong, and a little work tired her. But she sat down to pour out the tea as usual. Alison taking a seat which faced the window.

"Why have you not changed your frock this afternoon?" exclaimed Mrs. Reece, suddenly noticing that her daughter wore the cotton she had put on in the morning. And it may as well be stated that at that time, many years ago now, the dresses worn by young ladies, whether of cotton or silk, were universally called "frocks."

"Oh, I don't know," carelessly replied Alison. "It does not matter."

"Did you forget that Thomas Watkyn was coming?"

"Not at all," said Alison, in a slightly contemptuous tone, her fair face flushing rosy red, and her blue eyes roving outward to the distant green meadows, to the sheaves of the golden corn, and to the already changing tints of the foliage. "I'm sure the frock is good enough for Thomas Watkyn! And I don't see why he need be dancing to our house so often, mamma."

"Alison, be silent. You are behaving ill, and you know it."

"I am very sorry you should think so, mother. I do not wish to behave ill to you."

"That is behaving ill—saying those last words; because you know well that I did not mean you were behaving ill to me, but to Thomas Watkyn."

Alison Reece pouted her cherry lips, and ate a whole slice of thin bread and butter before replying.

"Mamma, how particular you are!"

"I never thought you could behave so. Six months ago you would not have believed it yourself."

"Would you please let me have a little more milk in my tea?"

"You treat Thomas Watkyn outrageously," continued Mrs. Reece, as she passed the milk jug. "One fine day you smile on him, draw him on—yes, you do, Alison; don't interrupt me—and the next day you will hardly speak to him a pleasant word. But he is worth more than that other; that foolish Vavasour, with whom you have been flirting lately."

"Worth more!" retorted Alison, resenting these charges, which she knew were all true, and having no other answer at hand.

"Yes; infinitely more. Compare a dandy fop like Vavasour with Thomas Watkyn! Alison, you must alter your behaviour. You are engaged to young Watkyn, and——"

"There was no engagement," interrupted Alison.

"It is equivalent to one. He comes here openly to court you; you have until lately responded to it. Why! don't you see that he worships the very ground you read on?"

A pretty blush and a conscious smile illuminated the girl's face.

"I say things must not go on as they are going," replied Mrs. Reece. "Either tell Thomas that you can not marry him, and beg him not to come here, or else make up you mind to do so and cease your silly flirtation with the other."

"It's not a silly flirtation,' angrily replied Alison.

"Indeed, I see not what else it can be."

"I don't flirt; he does not flirt. He calls here sometimes, and we talk a little; and—and—I'm sure there's nothing in that to make a fuss about."

"And how often do you meet him when you are out? and how often do I see him strolling with you about yonder fields? Alison, take care that in trying to grasp the shadow you do not lose the substance."

"What substance?" asked the young lady, innocently.

"Thomas Watkyn. A union with him would be a very substantial one indeed; a thoroughly good settlement in life for you. Mr. Vavasour at best (looking at him in this light) is but a shadow. These aristocratic, flirting fops rarely have marriage in their heads. The amusement of the moment, the talking sentimental nonsense with a silly girl; that is all they look after. Will you take another cup of tea?"

"Oh, no, thank you. This lecture is as good as ten cups of tea."

"Then ring the bell."

Patty, the young servant, came in and carried away the tea-tray. Mrs. Reece went up stairs to put away the clothes ironed that day, and Miss Reece went back to the open window, leaned against its side frame and fell into a reverie.

She had a pretty good notion herself that matters would not go on much longer; Thomas Watkyn would not let them. More than once he had said to her a few words, and she had laughed them off. He was a fine man and a good man, and a well-educated man for those days; but he was a farmer. Alison had thought herself fortunate that he should choose her, for she was not of much account in the world, and could say with the milkmaid in the old song: My face is my fortune; and if she was not desperately in love with him she liked him very much, esteemed and respected him.

But a stranger made his appearance in the place, one Reginald Vavasour, who had come to read with the clergyman, previous to passing some examination. A high-bred man of good family—there could be no doubt of that—and a man of fascinating manners, given to take the female by storm. He had accidentally made the acquaintance of pretty Alison Reece, had talked a great deal of lazy nonsense to her for his own amusement, just to pass the time away during the intervals of his attendance in the Rev. Mr. Taber's study, and Alison was supremely fascinated. Beside that slender young aristocrat, whose clothes were of perfect cut, and whose easy manners (not to say insolent) were as perfect as his clothes, whose very drawl betrayed his conscious superioriority to men of rustic locality, no matter what their standing might be, what could plain unpretending Thomas Watkyn be in Alison's sight? Nobody.

Yet he was good-looking in his way, this Thomas Watkyn. A well-known, well-made, fine man, beside whom the other looked a boy, with a calm, sensible face, and quiet, unobtrusive ways. But again, who could admire a homely face, its steady, thoughtful, kindly eyes, and its brown, old-fashioned whiskers, when there was another face over the next field, whose dark orbs were of a flashing brilliance, and whose curled-out black moustache was killing? Not silly, inexperienced, vain Alison Reece.

Leaning against the window-frame Alison watched a tall, straight figure coming across the meadows, and her brow went into a scowl. It was Thomas Watkyn—and she wondered what brought him so early this evening; she wished he would stay away for good. Or, if not good—for something pricked her heart and conscience there—at least for a few weeks. She did not care for Tom, and she knew it, and she supposed she would marry him sometime. Unless indeed — sometimes Alison dreamed dreams of Mr. Vavasour appearing some fine morning to carry her off in a carriage and four, the horses and postboys displaying white favors. She had no true love for Mr. Vavasour; but she was very pretty, with all a pretty girl's vanity, and his admiration of her was just so much subtle incense.

A thought of vexation crossed her mind, as Mr. Watkyn came in at the gate, that she had not changed her frock as usual. Some kind of perverse obstinacy had caused her not to do it, because she knew that he would be there that evening, and that Mr. Vavasour would not. She walked out to the rustic porch awaiting his approach, and she grew more vexed still as she saw his keen, honest gray eyes scanning the untidy dress in mute surprise.

"Good evening, Alison."

"Good evening," she replied, meeting his offered hand. "You are come early."

"I must leave early. I have but a few minutes to give you."

"It was scarcely necessary to come at all, was it?"

"I knew you would be expecting me. But I will come to-morrow, Alison, about this hour. I want to have some conversation with you, and——"

"To lecture me, pray?"

"No; that is over. However, I will not enter upon it now. My uncle came in this afternoon from Barcester, and as he leaves us again early to-morrow, I must not be away long this evening.'

"Your father is at home, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"You were not here yesterday evening?"

"I staid away purposely. Would you have cared to see me had I come?"

"I can't say whether I should or not. You have not been very pleasant with me of late, Tom."

"Not as I once was, perhaps. How can I be? But I do not think I have made myself unpleasant."

"We hardly get a laugh from you. You have grown graver than a judge."

"Have I not had cause?"

"Cause!" she lightly repeated. "What cause?"

"Alison, this pretence of indifference does not become you. I say that I do not care to enter upon matters now. If I did I might recall the doings of only the last two days to your memory, and ask you whether they have or have not held cause."

"Well?"

"Take Sunday. In the morning you scarcely looked at me as we came out of church; in the afternoon, when I would have joined you and walked home with you, you threw me over with supreme scorn and went away side by side with Vavasour. And in the evening you were pacing the meadows with him."

"It was no harm. He was not eating me."

"Take yesterday," continued Mr. Watkyn, his face, his gentle voice full of the deepest pain. "He had holidays it must be supposed, from his studies, and he and you were roaming about together nearly the whole of the livelong day."

"And he came in and took a cup of tea with me and my mother afterward," answered Alison, with saucy, laughing insolence. "Mamma thinks him charming."

"He is an idle, heartless——"

"Well, why do you stop?"

"I was going to say—vagabond. And in one sense he is."

"He comes of a race who can afford to be idle. He does not have to till the ground by the sweat of his brow. He was born with his bread and cheese provided for him."

"With a silver spoon in his mouth," added Mr. Watkyn, affecting a lightness he did not feel, for her contemptuous tone tried him. "Well, good evening, Alison."

"Oh, good evening, if you are going."

He stood looking at her, and their eyes met. Alison caught the shadow of pain in his, and in her own there arose a remorseful pity; she had the grace to feel ashamed of herself. Her lips broke into a tender smile, a pink flush shown in her dimpled cheeks.

"You are very silly, Thomas."

"Am I?" he returned, holding her hand lovingly in his. "Fare you well nntil to-morrow evening, my dearest."

"There! Your dearest! And just now you were ready to call me hard names."

"Until to-morrow," he repeated with a smile, as he quited her.

Alison got a perfumed note the next morning from Mr. Vavasour; gilt-edged paper, crest on the seal. It told her that he was to be so "gloriously busy" that day he feared he should not have time to call at the cottage; but would she meet him in the willow walk at dusk. And it ended: "Your faithful Reginald Vavasour."

The vain expectations of Miss Alison Reece bubbled up aloft; her face and heart were alike in a glow. "Your faithfnl Reginald Vavasour!" she repeated to herself. "It must mean that he intends to be faithful to me for life. And what a grand, beautiful name Reginald Vavasour is! Compare it with the mean old common-place one—Tom Watkyn!"

Tea was over, and Alison, all in readiness for the interview with Mr. Watkyn, was steeling her heart against it and against him who was coming to hold it with her. She had changed her frock today, and wore a fresh, bright-colored muslin, blue ribbons at the neck and wrists, and a blue knot in her hair.

She waited impatiently; she wanted the interview over and done with, that she might be off to keep that other with Mr. Vavasour. But Thomas was late.

Pacing the garden path in the rays of the fading sun, she stood looking over the little iron entrance gate, her blue eyes roaming hither and thither in search of one whom she could not yet see. Unconsciously she broke out into the verse of a homely song:

Oh dear, what can the matter be,
Dear, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Johnny's so long at the fair!
He promised to buy me a bunch of sweet posies.
A bunch of green mosses, a bunch of sweet roses.
He promised to bring me a knot of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

The hum of the last words was dying away on the air when the well-know form of Thomas Watkyn came into view. He wore his usual dark-blue evening frock-coat and quiet waistcoat; he dressed well always when his day's work was over, but not in the fashionable attire of fashionable Mr. Vavasour.

"Good evening, Alison," he said, as he reached the gate. "What a lovely evening it is!"

Removing his hat, he gazed up at the sapphire sky, action and countenance alike full of reverence; and Alison, who had not been taking any particular notice before, looked around her, her face softening at the splendor of nature's glory.

"What a glorious sunset!" he continued, his voice taking a hushed tone. "Glorious, glorious!"

"How solemnly you speak, Thomas!"

"I am feeling solemn, I have been feeling so ever since I came out, but I don't know why, unless it is that heavenly seene that makes me so."

"It is very grand," she said, fixing her eyes on the bank of golden clouda in the western sky, where the sun wos just slipping down behind the purple hill tops in the distance, like a ball of ruby flame. Tiny bits of foam-like clouds flecked the limpid blue of the heavens, a warm golded glow glided the earth, freshened and vivified with a past shower. The musical twitter of birds going to their rest filled the woodlands, and, as Alison looked, a strage feeling of awe stole into her heart, for the glory that lay around seemed more than earthly.

"There are moments," he said, in a dreamy manner, "when I fancy these sunsets must be given to us as a faint reflex—though I suppose that's the wrong word—of what we shall find in heaven; given to us by God to turn our thoughts and hopes toward it. Oh, Alison! it is more than beautiful!"

The ruby flame was changing to a soft and brilliant rose color, inexpressibly lovely. It was indeed a rather remarkable sunset, one not often vouchsafed to the human eye.

"You make quiet sure of going to heaven, Tom!" she exclaimed in a flippant tone, for she wanted to ward off all serious conversation, lest he should begin to lecture.

Thomas Watkyn turned his eyes upon her, surprise, if not reproof in their depths, "I hope I am," he answered, "under God."

"Young people do not often think of these things."

"The young die as well as the old, child; remember that."

"Won't you come in, Thomas?" she asked, in a softened voice, as they presently strolled up the path, and he halted in the porch.

"Not this evening, Alison, What I have to say I will say here."

Alison flushed to the roots of her wavy hair, and moved a step or two away from him.

"Look!" she cried, pointing to the blazing western sky, "that bank of golden clouds is changing to crimson now."

He went forward, for he had already sat down, and looked again at the gorgeous panorama.

"Yes, it is, as I say, a glorious sunset. We may never see another like it on this side of eternity," he added, dreamily, seeming to lose himself in solemn thoughts.

Alison laughed — her little musical laugh that had often set his pulses beating wildly. "You are always looking at the dark side of things, Tom. I hope we shall yet watch many a sunset together.

"Do you really, Alison?"

"Why, of course we must see the sunset if we live," she returned, in a hard, matter-of-fact tone. "As we are neighbors we may likely see some of them in company."

"That was all, was it? Sit down Alison."

"I prefer to stand."

Nevertheless, Mr. Watkyn drew her somewhat peremptorily to his side and made her sit down on the bench. "What I want to say to you, Alison, is about young Vavasour."

"Oh, indeed!" she retorted.

"I do not like to see you make yourself a simpleton with that man; I will not see it; for, if you continue to do it, I shall say farewell to you and not trouble this side of our grounds again."

Alison's face turned white; a habit it had when she was startled or very angry; and the remaining softness faded out of her heart, just as the golden glow was beginning to fade out of the western sky.

"Simpleton do you call me? Thank you."

"It is nothing else." he returned. "A short while, and this man will be leaving the place forever—leaving you. You will feel vexed then, Alison, at having made your intimacy with him so conspicuous."

"He will not be leaving," she retorted, "When he does leave it will only be to come back again."

Her companion shook his head. "No, that is not likely. Yesterday Mr. Tarbey called at the farm; in talking with my father he mentioned incidentally that young Vavasour was only to be with him this one term. The fellow may not have anything especially bad in him; I should not wish to imply that; but he is idle and heartless, and, in pretending to make love to you, Alison, he is but amusing himself and fooling you."

"How dare you say he is making love to me!"

"I say he is pretending to do it. Alifon, you must know it to be so—if you would but speak the candid truth."

"Very well, then? Pray what if he is?"

"Only this. That you can not continue to listen to him and keep me in your train. It must be one or the other of us, Alison, from this night. You must choose between us."

"Then I choose him," she said, wrathfully rising.

"Do you mean it?" asked Mr. Watkyn, rising in his turn.

The girl did not answer. He chest was heaving with agitation; Thomas Watkyn's gray eyes took a tender light as they gazed at the pretty, changing, uncertain face.

"Alison," he said, and his voice was wonderfully considerate. "I have known you from childhood; I have loved you all your life. Twelve months ago there arose an understanding between us that you would be my wife; until recently I never supposed that you could have any other thought. But you have filled my breast with cruel fears; tortured it, my dear, and I can not bear them longer. You must be to me what you used to be, or give me up."

Alison's eyes grew sullen. Why could not this Tom Watkyn let her alone? She did not altogether want to break with him. Whet harm was she doing in talking to Reginald Vavasour? Reginald was ten times the gentleman that he was?—and his voice had a sweet, soft lisp!—and he wore a diamond ring on his white hand!

"Oh, my dear—my best and dearest—give up this folly! Let things be with us as they used to be! Don't you care for me?"

"No," the replied to him in her cross and contrary spirit, conscious all the while of a latent wish that Mr. Vavasour had been buried in the sea before coming to disturb the peace. "No!"

"Then you decline to marry me, Alison? You have not loved me as I love you!"

The sad, passionate fervor nearly scared her breath away; the heartfelt sorrow, all too plain, touched her with a qualm. But she was in an obstinate mood.

"Mr. Vavasour does not hurt you. I wonder you should concern yourself with him!"

"No trifling," sternly spoke Thomas Watkyn. "I tell you it must be him or me."

She would not answer.

"Will you give him up, Alison, from this night?" he pleaded.

"No." What inward spirit of evil prompted her to speak that short, sullen word, Alison never knew. But it was spoken.

"Very well."

For long afterward the pain and pathos in those two short words haunted her like a wail from the grave. Thomas stood before her, calm and self-possessed.

"I will never trouble you again, Alison," he said quietly. "Will you kiss me once—ere we say farewell forever?"

She felt awed at the sternness, the reality that was stealing upon their interview, and trembled at the thought of losing him. But she did not believe it would come to that in the end, and she was too proud and wilful to take back her answer unsolicited.

With a playful air, half saucy, half defiant, she shyly held up her red lips, while he kissed her with a long, lingering kiss, such as we give the dead.

"Good-bye," he said huskily. He strode away leaving her standing in the glow of the sunset, a wild, scared look on her young face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Island of Lepers.

At the end of a week's voyaging we stood under a beautiful dawn, gazing upon an island, the first land seen since we left San Francisco. It rose from a sea which the rosy east and the blue sky had painted to the tint and lustre of the interior of a shell. The high hills of the island are graceful in shape, and delicately shaded. But we give it a wide berth. No ship stops there, for it is Molokai island of lepers. There nearly a thousand poor creatures, separated from the congregation of their kind, carry about their living loathsomeness amid the tropic glories. This is the one island of the world "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. It is a pretty general belief in this region of the world that Molokai, with its human horrors, is a product of what is conventionally called civilization. The fate of Capt. Cook is so significant that at an earlier period it might have been thought a myth. When he discovered these islands he was received as a long-expected god: soon after he was killed. Had it been realized by the islanders what deadly taint was to be left in their blood by that crew, not one of them would have escaped the fate of their leader, whom the anger and injustice of his subordinates changed from a god to an enemy. The leprosy is the serpent in all this Hawaiian paradise, and it was unknown before the advent of civilization.

Although the reason why Capt. Cook was killed is not stated, I believe, in English books, nor alluded to on his monument in Hawii, there is good reason for believing the statement made by a native converted, Obookiah, in 1811: "Capt. Cook, he came to Owhyhee in a ship, and had a great many sailor. One day the sailor tie a boat to the share with a rope, and in the night the wind and the wave come and broke the rope. Then the sailor come and say Owhyhee steal the boat, and they didn't—the wind and the wave carried him away. The sailor got mad, and Owhyhee men got mad; wouldn't give sailor no log, no cocoanut, no banana, no wood. Then sailor go ashore and fined no wood, and so he get an old wood god, take him on board ship and burn him in caboose. Owhyhee men get mad because the sailor burn up the old wood god. Then sailor began to fire bullets on Owhyhee men, who hold up blankets to keep off the bullets, and then boards, but they did no good. Then Capt. Cook heard the noise and came running down to see what was the matter. Then one man say you kill Capt. Cook, but he 'fraid; then a man say I will, and he came behind him and kill with a spear. They cut him in pieces and carried him up into the mountains and burnt him. They 'fraid his soul live and go back to King George and tell him Owhyhee men kill Capt. Cook, and so they burnt up soul and body together." This was taken down from the old native's lips, he saying, "my grandfather told my father, and my father tell me".—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Hot Water for Inflamed Mucous Surfaces.

Dr. George R. Shepherd, Hartford, Conn., says in the *Medical Record*:—I have used hot water as a gargle for the past six or eight years, having been led to do so from seeing its beneficial effects in gynecology. In acute pharyngitis and tonsillitis, if properly used at the commencement of the attack, it constitutes one of our most effective remedies, being frequently promptly curative. If used late in the disease or in chronic cases, it is always beneficial, though perhaps not so immediately curative. To be of service it should be used in considerable quantity (a half pint or pint) at a time, and just as hot as the throat will tolerate. I have seen many cases of acute disease thus aborted and can commend the method with great confidence. I believe it may be taken as an established fact, that in the treatment of inflammations generally, and those of the mucous membrances in particular, moist heat is of service, and in most cases hot water is preferable to steam. All are familiar with its use in ophthalmia and conjunctivitis, as also in inflammation of the external and middle ear, and I feel confident that those who employ it for that most annoying of all slight troubles to proscribe for, viz., cold in the head, or acute coryza, will seldom think of using the irritating drug mentioned in the books nor of inducing complete anæsthesia with chloroform in preference to the hot water douche.

The Childhood of a

The wind that goes blow
listeth, once, in the early
this century, came sweeping
garden of this old Lincolns
and, as the wind blew, a stu
five years old with shining
opening his arms upon the b
ing himself be blowing alon
travelled on he made his
poetry and said, "I hear a
speaking in the wind," and
arms, and the blast whirled
into the great abyss of winds.
perhaps still trace in the n
face of our Poet Laureate th
this child, one of many do
and daughters born in the
among the elm-trees.

Alfred Tennyson was bor
of August, 1809. He has
and many a voice calling to
time when he listened to th
played alone in his father
joined the other children a
and jousts. They were a n
of poets and of knights,
knightly race, with castles to
mimic tournaments to figh
was so far away from the
hindhand in its echoes (whic
there softened through al
green and tranquil things, a
hushed into pastoral silence)
the early part of the centur
with the clang of legions, few
seem to have reached the ch
never heard at the time of
Waterloo. They grew up
ing their own games, livi
life; and where is such life t
that of a happy, eager famil
girls before Doubt, the steps
shocks of Chance, the blo
have come to shake their cre

These handsome children
most children that wondro
command which some peop
nation. The boys played
like Arthur's knights; they
ions and warriors defending
or again they would se
camps with a king in the m
The king was a willow wa
the ground, with an outer
mortals to defend him a
sticks. Then each party
with stones, hurling at each
and trying to overthrow
as the day wore on they b
cers, leaving the jousts des
dinner-time came, and the
the table, each in turn put
his history underneath the
long endless histories, chap
ter, diffuse, absorbing, unc
the stories of real life which
opens on a new part; some
mances were in letters, like
lowe. Alfred used to tell
lasted for months, and whic
"The Old Hosse."

Alfred's first verses, so
him say, were written upo
his brother Charles put into
Sunday at Louth, when all
the party were going into
the child was left alone.
him a subject—the flowers
—and when he came back
little Alfred brought the
brother all covered with w
blank verse. They were
models of Thompson's Se
poetry he had ever read. C
it all to one's self, the
garden, the verses, the li
waiting eyes, and the youn
ning the lines. "Yes, y
said Charles, and he gave A
slate.

I have also heard anothe
grandfather, later on, askin
an elegy on his grandmoth
cently died, and when it
putting ten shillings into
saying, "There, that is
you have ever earned by y
take my word for it, it will
—Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie
Magazine for December.

CABIN LACONI

BY BRUDDER ROM

De man am mighty sma
dat kin git de right answer
down to add up his own si

De same win' dat blow
dip, kin'les de burnin' cabi

Heaps ob people b'lieve
de wes' jes' 'kase dey am
up in de mawnin' in time
demselves.

De thief am a heap bigg
he happens to git inter yo
roos'.

Ef yo' dun go 'long fr
makin' new frien's, you am
mighty lonesome time ob
ones am turned inter de

Ef yo' happen to be a g
git inter an argyment w
fer 'bout de muddy si
odds am all ergin' yo' 'kase
some w'ile yo' am only vis

De chap dat knows jo
bones der am in his buddy
de am fitted togedder, tra

De minnits dat we lose
fodder us 'bout gittin' a g
new minnits dat keep a c
de dead leabs dat kiber up
big woods.—*Life.*

The Barber's.—Never s

The Pawnbroker's.—No

The man who is fond of h
And dotes upon flushes
Most usually visits his un
If not smiled upon by t