

Poetry.

THE LIFE-CLOCK.

BY J. W. BARBER.

What is this within my being,
Ticking, ticking, evermore,
Like the sound of fairy footfalls
Dropping on some distant shore?

On that mystic little dial,
There are clear and telling lines,
Over which the sunlight glitters,
And the passing hour defines,

But the day of life is waning,
Soon its shadows will decline,
And within my spirit's dwelling,
Cease the little mystic shine.

Thrilling tales this clock is telling,
As the days and hours recede,
Noting every thought and action,
Yet we give it little heed.

Sometimes we may hear it ticking,
Lead and clear the passing hour,
Sending forth the souls deep chamber,
Tones of deep mysterious power.

Literature.

THE DARK PROPHETESS; OR, THE WHITE HUT IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

BY J. HARRIETT.

I am still a young man, although
persons upon first beholding me, are
apt to think otherwise, and they do
so on account of the whiteness of
my hair, which is of a silvery hue
and still texture, resembling that of
a man far advanced in the vale of
years. It is somewhat fortunate for
my reputation, that there are those
living who knew me previous to this
sudden change in my appearance—
I say sudden, because that change
came on in one night—as I shall en-
deavor to prove during the progress
of this narrative. Yet, there scarcely
appears any necessity for producing
such proof, since the majority
of my readers are doubtless aware
of similar facts coming under their
own observation. And, indeed, are
there not well authenticated proofs
developing themselves every day,
wherein the hair of certain individ-
uals is known to have turned sud-
denly white, either through the
effects of fear or great mental ter-
ror? and, as the adventure I am
about to relate happened only about
two years ago, previous to which
time my locks were dark and glossy
as the wing of a raven, and as I am
now but eight and twenty years of
age, my readers will perceive that
it must have been an occurrence of
some peculiar moment to cause this
sudden change. I therefore place
this narrative of facts before them,
trusting that should it prove amusing
it may not be the less instructive to
those who may hereafter be neces-
sitated to travel through unfrequented
mountain passes, especially those of
the Alleghanies, in one of those
dark gorges it was my fate to en-
counter the following adventure, pre-
ceded by introductory remarks.

It was some time toward the fall
of the year 18—, that I had oc-
casion to absent myself from Cin-
cinnati on business of great impor-
tance connected with a mercantile
firm of which I am a junior mem-
ber. My destination was Pittsburg,
where I concluded to stay for some
months. But, in addition to the ob-
ject that required my attendance at
Pittsburg, I must apprise my readers
that there was entrusted to my care
a young lady who, having paid a
visit to her friends in Cincinnati,
during the summer, was now about
returning to her relatives in Phila-
delphia. I trust I may be pardoned
when affirming that I had formed a
very sincere esteem for this beauti-
ful and accomplished young crea-
ture, whose suavity of disposition
and kindness of heart had endeared
her to all who had the happiness to
know her. It may be clear to pre-
sumption on my part to state that,
owing to the good opinion she had
formed of me, I had been selected
to escort her to Pittsburg, from
whence she could proceed to Phila-
delphia without danger from molesta-
tion. Let my readers should deem
this portion of my narrative imper-
fect without a description of the
young lady, I beg leave to state that
she was tall and elegantly formed,
with a waist thin as that of a wasp,
and a complexion dazzlingly fair.
Her large dark eyes, beaming with
intelligence, inspired the beholder
with feelings of admiration, while
her red pouting lips, disclosing, when
she smiled, two rows of white and

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exquisite little teeth, gave a most
charming expression to her counte-
nance. Her black and glossy hair
was parted in broad bands upon her
snowy forehead, and fell in thick
clustering ringlets upon her should-
ers, while her small, white and dim-
pled hand—but hold! I find myself
wandering into a track which the
seriousness of this narrative forbids
me to enter, and my readers must
be satisfied with the description al-
ready given, lest the majority imag-
ine this communication as a pure ro-
mantic coinage of my brain; so I re-
turn to my adventure.

At that time the Ohio was in a
shallow condition, as, indeed, it gen-
erally is at the fall of the year; but
on this occasion it was lower than it
had been for many years previous,
so that there had been some difficulty
in procuring a steamer of sufficient
light draught for the trip. Those
who have steamed on the Ohio at the
fall of the year, must have wit-
nessed the very shallow state to
which it is sometimes reduced, in
consequence of which steamers ply-
ing between Cincinnati and Pittsburg
are required to draw no more than
four or five feet of water; and the
Ohio was in precisely that condition
when I took passage with my fair
companion on board the steamer—
Captain T—. It was a trim
little boat, with excellent accommo-
dation, and on this occasion was
crowded with passengers—many of
whom were returning from the Far
West to their various homes in the
northern section of the Union.

Nothing material happened at the
outset of the trip, with the very
trifling exception of my tumbling
overboard into the river just as the
boat had started. At the time of the
accident I had seated myself
carelessly on the deck rail, holding
a conversation with my fair com-
panion—whom I shall henceforth
call Agatha—when, in an instant, I
found myself floundering in the
waves that marked the wake of the
receding steamer. In fact, my pre-
cipitation overboard was so sudden,
that my reasoning faculties were
entirely absorbed in astonishment.
I then heard a scream from Agatha,
and saw her wringing her hands and
gazing in agony upon me as I glanc-
ed upward at the deck of the ves-
sel. I struggled manfully, however,
and buckled the waves with a des-
perate energy, for I felt convinced
that I should not be suffered to per-
ish without some effort being made
by those on board the steamer to
save me. Nor was I wrong in
my conjecture, for I was rescued by
a humane steerage passenger—a
German, somewhat advanced in
years—who, seeing my perilous situ-
ation, jumped overboard, and swim-
ming towards me, at the hazard of
his life, held me up until a boat put
off from the steamer, and took us
both on board. How gratefully did
I thank my preserver! I tendered
him a suitable reward—if money
could repay him for the danger he
had incurred in my behalf—but, not-
withstanding my very earnest solici-
tations, he modestly refused it, and
suddenly disappeared among the
crowd of steerage passengers who
had assembled to congratulate us up-
on our safe return.

With the exception of feeling a
slight chill I experienced no ill effects
from this accident, and having speedily
changed my apparel, I once more
appeared upon deck, where I found
Agatha anxiously awaiting my re-
turn. She was pale and visibly
agitated; but her eyes beamed with
an expression that repaid me for the
late peril I had undergone. Pass-
ing her hand warmly, I drew her
arm through mine and conveyed her
to a seat, where, placing myself be-
side her, I listened with delight to
the music of her voice, as we pro-
ceeded merrily on our journey.

Now, my readers will doubtless
imagine the foregoing account a
short prelude to a long love story.
In order to prevent any misconception
on that point, I beg leave most
distinctly to affirm that the incident
just narrated has a peculiar bearing
upon the interest and progress of
this adventure, inasmuch as it intro-
duced me to a being whom Provi-
dence had apparently twice raised
up to save me from a violent death.
But in order to avert a too early an-
ticipation, it will be necessary for us
to pursue a gradual narrative of
facts, so that we may be enabled to
properly develop the progress of this
history.

Among the cabin passengers there
was an individual who had attracted
my attention and that of my fair

companion. This individual was a
female, apparently of Indian extrac-
tion. She was a tall, stout, and
well-proportioned, and exhibited a
distant and somewhat haughty bear-
ing. Her complexion was a dark
olive, with a transparent tinge of red
upon her face. Her eyes were large
and piercing, her nose hooked
like the bill of an eagle; her cheek
bones high; her mouth wide and
sensual, and ornamented with large
white teeth. Her wardrobe was
peculiar, inasmuch as her head was
covered with a man's felt hat, from
beneath which her black glossy hair
hung in matted tresses down her
back. She also wore a species of
blue pilot coat that reached to her
ankles, and shoes made of deer-skin
laced up the sides with a scarlet
thong, and ornamented across the
instep with bright metal buttons.
She appeared to keep aloof from the
passengers, and when I first beheld
her she was standing near the stern
of the vessel, with her arms folded,
and peering from beneath the shade
of her broad-brimmed hat with a
stealthy gaze at me and my compan-
ion. I could not help noticing that
her glance was not only obtrusive
but, also, disagreeably penetrating
—indeed I may add, fascinating, for
I found it a difficult matter to with-
draw my eyes from hers when they
had once encountered their dark and
peculiar expression. Nor was Aga-
tha less influenced; and she grew al-
armed, and entreated me to remove
to another part of the vessel, in order
that we might avoid the disagreeable
gaze of that dark and mysterious look-
ing being. She apparently guessed
the purport of Agatha's communica-
tion for she smiled sarcastically, so as
to display her large white teeth, and
shook her head with the air of one
who pitied our ignorance. In com-
pliance with the desire of Agatha, I
was about to remove to another
part of the deck, when she advanced
toward us, and raising her arm,
while she passed her hand across
her brow, exclaimed in a deep, yet
clear voice, "Aye, aye, you will
nuzzle together, for evil is upon your
track! Love on, while the brief
chance is afforded you, for the time
is not distant when you will have
more serious matters to attend to!
Heed my warning, and be prepared!"
Saying this, she contemplated us
with a look of deep penetration, and
waving her hand, disappeared from
our gaze.

I could not refrain smiling at this
incident, which appeared so truly
absurd, if not theatrical; and my
thoughts reverted to the prophecies
of old Meg Merrilies, whose wild
and oracular character is so vividly
depicted by the great Northern
Wizard, the lamented Sir Walter
Scott.

"Egad!" cried I, to my fair com-
panion, "let it not hereafter be said
that our native country, Columbia,
is barren of weird sisters, for even
here, and on the deck of a steamer,
we have been confronted by one of
their craft. Heaven only knows
what we have done to arouse the ire
of this dark skinned Pythoness!"

"I am truly glad that she has dis-
appeared," said Agatha, with a shud-
der; "for there was an expression
in her eye that caused the blood to
chill in my veins. I fear that her
presence bodes us no good. I trust
she will leave the vessel before we
arrive at our place of destination."

"Assuredly, Agatha," I replied,
with a smile, "you do not heed the
wild ravings of an Indian squaw! I
am not exempt from superstition,
but the shallow pretensions of this
woman are so truly ridiculous and
her demeanor so theatrical, that I
am astonished at your unusual pen-
etration deserting you when her in-
position was so manifest."

"To me her words appeared singu-
larly oracular," returned my fair
companion, "and I am haunted by a
sad impression that something of a
serious nature is about to befall us.
At any rate—allowing that her wild
prophecy is not founded on superna-
tural calculation, may she not be
aware that some secret plot is near
at hand to involve us in a fatal cal-
amity?"

"I still cherish the idea that she is
nothing more nor less than an im-
postor," I replied with a smile, and
a bearing of indifference, in order to
allay the trepidation of Agatha, upon
whom the words of the dark prop-
heteess had made a serious impres-
sion. "I will, however, at the earliest
opportunity endeavor to gain a
proper information regarding her,
when I have no doubt that I shall
be enabled to prove her a charlatan

of the first water.'
Our conversation on this subject
then dropped; however, to satisfy
my doubts and the apprehensions of
Agatha, I shortly afterward sought
the captain, and, taking him aside,
mentioned her singular behaviour,
and made due enquiries respecting
the motives that had induced him
to admit her on the promenade deck
of his vessel. He informed me that
she had frequently taken passage on
board the steamer for no other pur-
pose that he could divine than en-
joying such pleasure or amusement
as the trip might afford her; that
her behaviour, although singular,
was nevertheless strictly proper.
He added that many persons believ-
ed her to be of European origin—
others that she was the queen of a
tribe of gypsies; and this latter opin-
ion was based upon the fact that,
on many occasions, she had predic-
ed the fortunes of various persons on
board the steamer, but with what
degree of success he was not pre-
pared to inform me; that, for his
own part, he never paid any atten-
tion to the various rumors about re-
specting her. But it was insisted on
by many persons that her predictions
had mostly been verified, and it was
currently believed that those persons
to whom she first addressed her or-
acular communications on board
were those selected to meet with
good or evil fortune, according to
her predictions.

The serious manner in which the
captain had communicated this in-
formation made, I must confess, a
strong impression upon my mind;
not that I felt any further conviction
of the infallibility of her prophetic
revelations, but that she might prob-
ably be connected with some secret
body of individuals—possibly mar-
auders—that possessed the means of
gaining information of certain oc-
currences about to transpire, through
the secret agency of spies scattered
in certain districts of the Union. In
order to ascertain the truth, I sought
an early opportunity on the follow-
ing morning to seek the so-called
pythoness. I found her seated in the
same spot from which she had ad-
vanced toward Agatha and me on
the preceding day. She seemed
aware of the object that brought
me thither, for she arose from her
reclining position, and, nodding
familiarly, beckoned me toward her
while she gazed with a cautious
look around her. Finding that she
was not observed, she took me gen-
tly by the arm, and drawing me to a
secluded spot, said, with a peculiar
smile:

"I knew that you would seek me
at this hour, and have therefore
been waiting your arrival. Inter-
rupt me not!" she continued, raising
her hand warningly, as I was about
to speak; "our communication must
be brief, for we shall be observed if
we stand idling. In one short hour
I must rejoin my friends who are
now anxiously awaiting my return
at Cincinnati. Aye, you may smile
incredulously, young man, she con-
tinued, as I endeavored to conceal
my rising mirth, that had been cal-
led forth by the seeming absurdity
of her statement, as regarded her
being able to reach her friends at
Cincinnati in one hour, when we
were at least one hundred miles
from that city, and hurrying with
great speed toward the place of our
destination—I am accustomed to
meet with those who doubt. But I
am not here to enlighten you upon
my affairs," she continued. "The
object that brings me here is to warn
you of danger lingering around your
woman. Hear me," she proceeded,
drawing me toward her, while her
eyes were fixed with that penetra-
ting gaze upon mine which had, as
it were, fascinated me on the pre-
ceding day; "I read premature age
on your brow and on your raven
locks, but not on your stalwart limbs
—age and youth combined, as they
must be in a brief event appertain-
ing to your destiny. Look to that
brief event, and mark well my words
—The arm that saved you shall lay
stiff and rigid beside its owner when
it is once more raised in your defense!
I see the dark cloud of your pres-
ent destiny. Look well to your
own, and that of the maiden intrust-
ed to your protection. Danger lurks
in the valley as well as on the moun-
tain top. In the dark night and under
the roof of the stranger, remember
the warning I am now giving you,
for evil awaits you there. I have
said it. Take heed—reflect. Fare-
well!"

Saying this, she disappeared from
my gaze before I had an opportunity

to question her further.
I must confess that, for the first
time, her words had made a deep
impression on me. I felt a heaviness
of heart; and, although I endeavor-
ed to shake it off in the presence of
Agatha, a presentiment of approach-
ing evil seemed to hover over me.
I pondered deeply on these words
of the pythoness: "The arm that
saved you shall lay stiff and rigid
beside its owner when it is once
more raised in your defense!" She
had certainly uttered this sentence
theoretically enough, and might be
employed by certain parties on board
to practice upon my credulity. I
thought of all this; yet there was
something in her manner of deliver-
ing the warning that thrilled me to
the heart. Could she possibly allude
to the poor steerage passenger who
had saved my life already? or to the
being who had rescued me in my
early years? For, when a child, I
had been saved from the flames by
the humane exertions of a stranger,
whom I had not seen or heard of
since the accident. I tormented my-
self for the remainder of the day
by conjuring up a thousand circum-
stances from which the Dark Prop-
heteess might have obtained a cue
to her warning, but without success.
I was determined to have further in-
formation, and, for that purpose,
sought her in the afternoon; but,
strange to say, she had disappeared,
and no one could tell by what means.
A diligent search was made through-
out the vessel, but without avail.
It was then remembered that she had
signified her intention to rejoin her
friends at Cincinnati. Had she then
really departed—and, if so, by what
means? I have already mentioned
the low state of the Ohio river.
Now, might she not have sought an
opportunity, when unobserved, to
wade on shore? for we could plainly
see the bed of the river from the
deck of the vessel. Yet this seem-
ed very improbable, inasmuch as the
steamer had not made any stoppage
that day, although it certainly had
slackened its speed when the shallow
state of the river rendered it neces-
sary. Be that as it may, it was cer-
tainly not the Dark Prophteess had
taken her departure for we saw her
no more for the remainder of the
journey.

Nothing material happened during
the rest of the trip, and after a few
days we reached Wheeling, the low
state of the river prohibiting our
journeying further by the steamer.
In consequence of this obstacle,
those persons whose route lay to
Pittsburg or Philadelphia, were ne-
cessitated to travel over the Allegh-
any mountains, by the stage or mail
line. Indeed, I was pleased when
we made land, not so much on my
own account as that of Agatha, who
had complained of illness for the last
few days, and which I attributed to
the hot and crowded state of the
boat. I felt convinced that our trip
across the mountains would revive
her, for I had heard much in praise
of the pure air of the Alleghanies,
and the pleasant excitement attend-
ing a journey through their dark
valleys and over their pine-clad sum-
mits, so that I was anxious to feast
my eyes upon the magnificent, roman-
tic scenery which was said to
abound in that region.

We landed, and after I had seen
my luggage disposed of, which, by
the way, was rather a heavy cargo,
seeing that it consisted of some eight
large trunks full of merchandise of
an elegant description, which, as our
firm calculated, would have been
conveyed to Pittsburg per steamer;
but, as I have already stated, the
low condition of the river rendered
it impossible. However, I knew
that the mail conveyed luggage to
its place of destination, and I was
easy on that score.

To be Continued.

A volunteer defeated.—An amusing in-
cident occurred to one of our volunteers
this week. As he was passing along,
rifle in hand, he was accosted by a pre-
cocious urchin, "Who called out who shot
the dog?" which saying our friend appear-
ed not to relish; so, turning sharply, he
said, "If you are not off I'll shoot a don-
key;" when the boy, calling out to one of
his companions, rejoined, "I say, Bill, look
here, this ere fellow is going to commit
suicide." As may be supposed the rifle-
man bent a retreat somewhat disconcerted
at the answer.

A boy and girl of tender years were
disputing as to what their "mothers could
do." Getting impatient the little damsel
nurtured out by way of climax and a clench-
er: "Well, there's one thing my mother
can do that your's can't—my mother can
take care of one of her teeth out at once!"

(From the American Agriculturist.)
A CHEAP SOURCE OF MANURE.

Among other improvements made
on our premises this season, there is
nothing that pleases us more than
the plan adopted for disposing of
"house slops," and we can recom-
mend the arrangement in the strong-
est terms. As will be seen by the
plan of our barn, the manure cellar
is partly under the barn, and partly
on the outside. From the outside
division, at 2 feet from the bottom,
a glazed earthenware pipe extends
213 feet to the house. The pipe is
5 inches inside diameter, in 2-foot
joints or pieces fitting into each other,
the joinings being closed with
hydraulic cement. A curve, not
quite a right angle, was required at
a distance of 40 feet from the barn,
to turn the pipe in the direction of
the house at a point where it could
pass between trees already planted.
At the house the pipe is two feet
below the surface, and at the barn
4 1/2 feet below, which, with a fall in
the ground of nearly 3 feet, gives
a total fall of about 70 inches, or 1
inch in 3 feet. This proves to be
amply sufficient, as the water runs
freely. At the house end, an inverted
syphon joint was added, that is a
curved piece, the bow turned down-
ward, so as to be always full of
water, discharging at the lower end
as fast as filled at the upper end.
This keeps foul air or odors from
coming back through the pipe.
The upper end of this syphon-
piece has three necks. Into one of
these runs a waste-pipe from the
sink. Into a second runs a 4-inch
lead pipe from a chamber water-clo-
set. In the third opening stands an
upright 4-inch glazed pipe, which
extends above the ground, just out-
side the kitchen door. Over this is
placed a covered box, lined with zinc,
and having a strainer over a short
zinc pipe which fits down into the
upright glazed pipe. The latter is
firmly kept in place by bricks laid
around it in cement. The box is
hollowed at one side just over the
discharge pipe. It is screwed firmly
upon the side of the house, and is
provided with a cover hung on hinges.
This box receives the washing
water on washing day, and all ordi-
nary slops which would soil the
sink. Indeed, all filthy water is
in, and vegetable waste, and any-
thing too large to run through the
strainer (16 holes to the inch) is
taken out as it accumulates, and car-
ried to the manure vault.

Here, then, we have, at compar-
atively small cost, an arrangement
which takes all the slops of every
kind clear away from the house, and
what is of still more importance, all
these matters are saved in the man-
ure where they are absorbed by the
bedding straw, and muck thrown in.
Taking into account all the sink slops,
the hundreds of pails of wash water,
and the chamber liquids, we think
their value can not be less than \$30
to \$40 a year, at the lowest estimate;
and it is certainly worth \$10 or \$15
a year to have them thus easily and
conveniently disposed of, with no la-
bor in carrying, and no unhealthy
stench about the house, or in the
street gutters where such liquids are
usually carried. The arrangement
is a permanent one, good for a score
of years. Let us look at the cost,
and see if it will pay. Here are the
items:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Cost.
210 ft. of glazed pipe [in New York] at 15c per foot.....\$31.50
Freight and Cartage..... 1.30
3-jointed Syphon..... 2.00
Digging 210 feet for pipe..... 5.25
Hydraulic cement for joints..... 0.62
Mason, 9 hours laying down pipes..... 1.75
Filling up Ditch..... 1.12
Cost of box, and lining with zinc..... 1.63
Sand used around pipe..... 0.40
25 Bricks used around upright pipe..... 1.15
Total cost.....\$45.72

We see no reason why the pipes
would not last perpetually, without
any outlay for repairs; but allowing
4 per cent. for wear or repairs, and
7 per cent. interest on the cost, the
expense is only \$5 a year.

Queries. 1. Is it not worth \$5 a
year to save carrying off wash water,
chamber-liquids, and such fluids as
can not be poured through the usual
sink, even if it have a good waste
pipe.

2. Is it not worth \$5 a year to
have all the slops deposited at a
distance from the house, and thus
avoid all disagreeable and unhealthy
odors, around or near the dwelling.

ing day," the amount is more than
1000 pails a year. In this water
there is used from seventy-five to
150 or more lbs. of soap, and it con-
tains a considerable amount of wool
and other vegetable matter worn off
from garments, besides the decayed
matter from the skin collected upon
the clothing. Can any one estimate
the value of these matters, when
mixed with manure, at so low a
figure as \$5 a year?

4.—Is not the soap, grease, and
vegetable matters from washing one
thousand and ninety-five times a year
worth more than \$5 in manure heap?

5.—Are not the chamber liquids
collected during 365 days worth over
\$5 in the manure heap?

6.—If convinced that some such
an arrangement as the above will
pay, and pay well, will the reader
construct one this year, or put it off
to—"some time"?

Suggestion.—The glazed pipes
referred to are now quite common
and readily obtained, but where they
cannot be, a brick drain, laid in cem-
ent, is nearly as cheap, and about
as good.

BARGAINS.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLS.

There—I've blistered the soles of my
feet, besides wearing a hole
right through these new gaiters.—
Somebody has stolen my parasol, too,
or else I've laid it down somewhere
and forgotten it. If Mr. Hazel ap-
preciated all the trouble, I take to
save a cent or two for him, it would
be some comfort. What's the use
of being economical in this world?
Is that you in the hall, Hazel? Do
come in here, and see what a bargain
I've got to-day. Twenty yards of
merino for fifty cents a yard, and only
this little hole in the middle of every
roll. I got it cheap, you see, be-
cause it's damaged. What do I
want of merino this hot summer
weather? Well, I suppose winter's
coming some day, isn't it? and it
will be the very thing then. You
wish I wouldn't spend my time run-
ning about after things that are
cheap, when there is so much for me
to do at home? Now, if I didn't
know how unreasonable you are,
Hazel, I should take offence at that
very unkind speech of yours. How-
ever, I've got something here that
will please even you. Didn't you
say something about wanting a new
straw hat last night? Here's the
very thing—and only a dollar.—
What's the matter with the brim, did
you ask? Now, Hazel, don't give it
such a twitch—it's only raveled out
a little, or I never should have got
it at that price. You won't wear
such a scarecrow? Of course not.
That's right—break your poor wife's
heart when she tries so hard to econo-
mize for you. You'd a great deal
rather I would mend your coat for
you? Hazel! you don't mean to
tell me that you've worn through
that coat already? That beautiful
cloth that I got so cheap? You
guess it was one of my cheap
bargains! Hazel, I've almost a mind
to declare that I never will try to save
money for you again. Well,
Bridget, what's the news in the kit-
chen? The baby has crawled
against the bars of the range and
burned himself? Mercy upon us,
Bridget, how can you be so careless!
The cat has knocked the tray down,
with all the best china upon it, and
some beggar has contrived to get in,
and steal two of the silver spoons?—
Mr. Hazel's new Marseilles vest
scorched to a cinder in the ironing
—the preserves molded, so that you
had to throw them away—the pies
and cake forgotten in the oven—the
refrigerator out of order—there,
Bridget, don't tell me anything
more, unless you want to have me
go crazy at once. What are you
smiling for, Hazel? I don't see
anything to laugh at. You would
have liked to know how much I
have saved in my bargains-to-day?
Well, let me see—twenty yards of
merino—wet muslins—hat. Seven
dollars at least—and I hope you
appreciate all the troubles I have taken.
It's what I call a pretty good day's
work—don't you? Oh, certainly
you do—only, since the damage in
the kitchen can't be less than forty
dollars, and forty is greater than
seven by just thirty-three, you think
I would find it rather more econo-
mical, in the long run, to stay at
home and mind my own business?
Oh Hazel, Hazel! That's just the
view a man takes of things—as
though I was to blame for all these
accidents. Well, I suppose it is the
duty of us poor women to suffer and
be silent. But I must say, it is
sharper than any serpent's tooth I
ever saw, to have a thankless
husband!

APPLYING THE SERMON.—WITH A
QUALIFICATION.—A man belonging to
Peebles, had been sitting at church for
some time, listening attentively to a strong
representation from the pulpit of the guilt
of deceit and falsehood in Christian char-
acters. He was observed to turn red,
and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if
winning under the suppose attack upon
himself personally, he roared out, "Indeed
minister, there's nae liars in Peebles than
me!"