

"Mr. Ferversham," said Clara, on Monday morning, "will you go to Hamilton for a week to please me, and not even write to me while you are away?"

"Does it please you to banish me?" was the answer. "I have been so unhappy as to offend you?"

"No, indeed, but I want to understand my own heart; I want to see if I shall miss you; I am so fearfully afraid that I am doing wrong in this engagement, and—"

"That's a pretty joke, indeed," exclaimed Jack indignantly. "She's old enough to be my grandmother. What next, I wonder? If Ferversham likes to marry her, that's another thing, and if I thought he'd make the dear old girl happy, I should be positively glad about it, for why shouldn't she have a husband as well as another? But me—I hope you're not going wrong in your head, though."

"You're a fool, Jack," said his mother severely. "A natural born. Do you suppose Mr. Ferversham will not write to you for three years without rent, as you have this?"

"I don't care whether he does, or he doesn't. I think it's imposing upon Clara's generosity to take it without rent this year, and I told her so. I believe she did it to keep you in a good temper, because she's afraid you'll get back on her."

"Mrs. Montgomery had never been so angry with her son as she was now, and she thought it would do her good to have the interview ended; but when it was over she acted as she invariably did when bent on success in any undertaking, she consulted her lawyer. He listened to her story with great attention, and no one could relate a fact with greater precision and let you have that fact as it was in her interest to do so."

"I am very well," said Clara hiding a brilliant blush among the white roses, "and shall be glad to see you. Bill with my compliments and thanks for the rose."

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THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"Do older Sunday afternoon," said the old man as he gave a tug at his shirt collar, "I stopped to look over a collection of stuff in a yard on Brush street. Dar was a heap of old chairs, two ovestoves, two or three lounges, a broken bedstead, two old mattresses an' I don't know what else. De stuff spread over a quarter of an acre an' 'et de hull pile wad worf fifteen cents. I turned from de yard to de world aroun' me an' I foun' de same rest. Dar am heaps of people, spread over a vast amount of territory, who am but rubbish to de rest of de world. Deey occupy ground dat am wanted for better use. Deey consume time an' food an' room wh' belongs to better men. De man wid his hands in his pockets am rubbish for good men to stumble over. De man who sits on a dry goods box am an ash-besp on life's highway. De drunkard am an alley full of blind ditches. Take de world as you find it—an' one-half de people in de world is de rubbish."

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A MISCHIEVOUS MIDDY'S JOKE.

Dr. Flood Clark, a young sea-going surgeon and an enthusiastic scientist, arrived in this port a short time since as the surgeon of the British ship John O'Gaunt. The ship was from Calcutta. The voyage was long and, as it was so monotonous as not to furnish to the doctor a remarkably well developed case of St. Elmo's light. The doctor bounded on deck, examined the light, made a sketch of it, and finally the midshipman boldly volunteered to go up and interview it. He went up, blew the light out, and, descending, told the doctor he had touched the flame with his finger, whereupon he received a tremendous electric shock, and St. Elmo's light disappeared. Dr. Clark found the depraved young man's pulse at 102, so he put the young midshipman's arm in a sling, put a whiskey-sling into the midshipman's mouth and both slugs in the neck, including broiled shad, filet de sole, asparagus, and broiled salmon with lobster sauce.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

Preparing for Gardening.

A large portion of the vegetable cultivated in gardens depend for successful growth on a very rich soil. Hence the importance of providing plenty of manure and applying it properly. Old or rotten manure is always recommended as best by gardeners and is certainly a recommended manure. But fresh manure, if not mixed with litter, and if well pulverized and thoroughly diffused through the soil, will answer an excellent purpose. Thrown on the ground carelessly and left in lumps, it is worthless. A good vegetable has been made where it has been thoroughly ground into the soil, finely intermixed with it, and the surface kept clean and mellow through the season. And yet so many do all the work by halves that it may not be best to recommend it, unless for autumn application, when it will be covered in by the snow during the winter before it is drawn upon by the growing plants. It may also answer well for crops that are not set out or sown until approaching midsummer, such as winter cabbages or turnips, if applied previously, and thoroughly broken and mixed through the soil during the season. Land which is made rich by successive manurings every year, will of course be best, and manure should not be applied for gardening, especially if in large quantities, without thorough pulverization and intermixture. The more completely these two requisites are attended to the larger will be the application. Its effect will be greatly increased by frequent and perfect stirring of the soil through the season.

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FEEDING A GIANT.

Change, the Big Chinaman, Making a Restaurant Keeper Look Blue.

A restaurateur of Brooklyn lately had for a guest Chang, the Chinese giant.

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