

on the entire price of the article, happened

point where he was about to cut it. Instantly the young woman bawled out at the old pitch of her Roman voice: "(I can think of no epithet which would convey an idea of the sound to those who have never heard it, and to those who have, it will suffice to characterize it as Roman, par excellence)." "What are you doing? Wait a moment, I tell you! The stuff is cooked, it's done!" *Discolore! Non mi stia arrabbiare! Don't encourage me!* And truly, if she were not enraged, one would not have liked to encourage her. She was so excited and so

age, her; for the warning suggested yet
told; powers of lung and throat in reserve
or an emergency. For myself, I am not
assured to own that I shrunk back a step
or two into the darkness of my corner, and
modestly retired from notice as much as
possible. And yet, to say the truth, the
girl did not look like a virago, and when
she left the shop with her purchase, (and
with the disputed three halfpence she had
gloriously won in fair fight,) she bestowed
good-humored smile and nod on the shop-
man, who returned both with interest.

Toilette Mysteries.
The steamer that had the honor of conveying myself and my portmanteau from St. Katherine's Wharf to Ostend was so wonderfully crowded, that not only were waitresses spread on the table and floor of the saloon, but many ladies had to pass a drizzling night upon deck, huddled under a boat, or crumpled in marriage, they "wisdom for the day." A small girl in the hand, perverting the duty of the steward, I was fortunate

ought to obtain one of the mattresses on the floor, while parallel with me the table was stretched a German maid, one of some eighteen springs or futons, as the case might be. On opening my eyes in the early morning, the first object my beheld was one rather of a novel man of an unpleasant aspect. Within a few inches of my nose were swinging a neat little pair of boots, the complement to a pair of substantial, well-formed legs encased in close-fitting cotton stockings of snowy whiteness. The Fraulein was adjusting her

— *boni soll quid mi penses*. There is no harm in the thing whatever, but it is not quite consonant with our notions of delicacy to sit on the edge of a table over against the prostrate form of a bearded stranger, and there reveal, however small, a portion of the mysteries of the toilette. Not that English ladies are entirely exempt from similar acts of indiscretion. Returning one night to my hotel I ascend at about ten o'clock, I passed a room on the ground floor, the window of which was partially open, and though light-

the bonfires were burning on the mantelpiece, the blind had not been let down. — Two sisters were preparing to turn in; one, as in her night dress, the other was not — but it would have been better if she had been. A French gentleman whom I encountered at Calais flew into a half-a-rage because I made an unfavorable comment on the scantiness of the *caftans* worn by male authors, a relic of by-gone days, and indignified fiercely against the prudery of the English. — "*Le pudor britannique*," he optimistically concluded, "*rougit de pronon-*

res. Is not "troussere—*elus de regibus unius reges*." Of course the thing may be carried too far, but it is just as well to avoid personages and all unnecessary display of what is conventionally concealed.

SOMETHING TO DEFEND ON.—Burrows was a voracious tobacco chowder, but as his wife detested the practice and made him importunate and stormy for him when he indulged in the habit there, he always renewed when away during the day, and declared to his wife that he had stopped

Barrows picked up the paper of tobacco, and without noticing it left it lying on the floor. When Barrows came down to tea, his wife walked in with the tobacco in her hand, and looking at Barrows firmly in the eye, said "Do you know what that belongs to?" With great presence of mind Barrows turned scowling to the oldest boy and said with a severe voice: "Immortal Mars! Is it possible that you have begun to chew tobacco, you young scoundrels? Where'd you get that nasty

luff? What'd you mean by such conduct
on villian? Haven't I told you often
enough to let tobacco alone? Commere
me, or I'll take the jacket off you,"
and as he spoke the stern father made a
grab at the boy and dragged him out in
the entry, where he chastised him with a
rod. Then Burrows threw the tobacco
over the fence, where he went out and got
it in the morning and enjoyed it during
the day. "Merciful Moses!" he exclaimed
when he told us about it, "what would I
have done if my children had all been

is? It makes an old father's heart glad
when he feels that he has a boy he can
depend on in such emergencies.

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The Italian journals relate that the en-
vious of Canizario, Calabria, are infested
by a band of brigands under the command
of a young woman. She is only twenty-one
years old, and of great beauty. Her name
is Maria, the widow of Pitro Monico, a
bandit chief, who was killed in an encounter
with the gendarmes. At his death she

Some time after, a young man, the son of a wealthy farmer, fell in love with her, and joined her in order to be able to prosecute his suit. He was, however, contemptuously rejected, and in order to revenge himself, he betrayed her to the authorities. She was arrested, tried, and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment, while undergoing her punishment, a guard, becoming enamored of her, favored her escape, and accompanied her, but was stabbed to death by her orders immediately after her escape. She had a very hard and cruel band. Since the

The London Medical Times and Gazette

He alludes to perambulatio: "Al. Labour is attention to the mischief which may arise from the now almost universal employment of perambulators for the transport of child: "He quietly dwells upon that happens to young infants, who, in place of resting on the nurse's arm and gradually bringing the muscular system which supports the trunk erect into use by exercise, and accustoming their senses to the perception of surrounding objects, now lie recumbent and comatose in a state of dangerous quiescence." Woman,


A Memphis paper has this to say of an Arkansas woman who "gaulps" in butter: "Great numbers of people visited the office of Mr. Littleton, on Madison street, and smile later."

sterday, to see the wonderful work of the sculptor's art wrought in frozen butter. There was never anything like it.—An Arkansas housewife absolutely takes a spoon and knife, and conforms the shape of butter to that of one's face and features, on preserving the expression, as well as perfect accuracy of outline. Powers never surpassed this artist in butter, though he cut Parian and Pontilian marble, in doing which with perfect accuracy the outlines of human forms and faces."

A well-to-do farmer has been discovered northern New England who did not take newspaper. But he had heard of the Mobile swindle." — ♦♦♦ —

The chief amusement of Olympia lays for a score of them to get on the moonlight side of some building and whistle "A Thousand Miles Away," which makes neighbors wish they were.

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