

the grain, I tell you. Poor critters, when they get away back there, they grow as thin as a sawed log, little peepers are as dull as a boiled codfish, their skin looks like yaller fever, and they seem like a crocodile. And that's not the worst off for when a woman begins to grow saller its skin goes with her; she's up a tree then you may depend, there's no mistake. You can no more bring back her color than you can the color to a leaf the frost has touched in the fall. It's gone goose with her, that's a fact. And that's not all, for the temper is plaguy apt to change with the cheek too. When the freshness of youth is on the move, the sweetness of temper is amazin apt to start along with it. A bilious cheek and a sour temper are like the Siamese twins, there's a nateral cord of union atween them. The one is a sign board, with the name of the firm written on it in big letters. He that dont know this, cant read, I guess. It's no use to ery over spilt milk, we all know, but its easier said than done that. Women kind, and especially single folks, will take on dreadful at the fadin of their roses, and their frettin only seems to make the thorns look sharper. Our minister used to say to sister Sall, (and when she was young she was a rael witch, a most an everlastin sweet girl,) Sally, he used to say, now's the time to larn when you are young; store your mind well, dear, and the fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. *The otter of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.* Sall wrote it down, she said it warnt a bad idee that; but father larked, he said he guessed minister's courtin days warnt over, when he made such pretty speeches as that are to the galls. Now, who would go to expose his wife