



THE ROLLER CRAZE.

RESULTS OF A LITTLE PRIVATE PRACTICE BY OUR KITCHEN GIRLS.

SPRING.

Ah! here is spring again,
 Spring! and who'd have thought it!
 It brings less flowers than rain,
 It should not do so, ought it?
 But yet indeed it's spring,
 And I have reason
 To know of what I sing,
 For in this season,
 During the last decade,
 I vain have striven
 To sell the verse I made,
 To make my livin',
 But hurled from door, I've been,
 Of inky sanctum;
 My lines on "Spring so Green,"
 They straight have yanked'em
 Into the bowels of the foul waste basket,
 Instead of hoarding them in gem-set casket.
 I'll try no more, no, not once if I know it,
 My occupation's gone as a spring poet!

—B.

SHORT LETTERS TO MR. TURNPIE.

(Who is about to become editor of the "Political Pointer," a literary and scientific journal devoted to the elevation and improvement of the root crop of this great country.)

NO. 1.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It having come to our knowledge that you intend embarking on the windy sea of Editorial Endeavor, a few sympathizing suggestions on this most important undertaking may not be entirely valueless.

You are probably aware that this extensive body of water has been, and is, at the present time, being navigated in every imaginable and unimaginable direction; and the many wrecks driven ashore by its ever-troubled waves, prove what disastrous storms may be confidently counted on. Still, as you are a person of many resources and widely-acknowledged ability, it is only charitable to hope that you will be quite capable of steering clear of the rocks on one side and any crowding craft on the other; and that, wafted by literary and scientific breezes, you may be able to guide your vessel, after a satisfactory voyage, to its destined haven.

We take it for granted that, after mature deliberation, you have come to the solemn conclusion that just such a periodical as you intend to introduce to an admiring public, is the one particular string needed for the world's well-being and advancement in the path of moral and scientific reform; that, in fact, the whole human race is bound to rush on to destruction unless you step in and head it off. Such sublime ideas do you credit? We have been assured, over and over again, that the most of editors have them early in life; but after twenty or thirty years of tiring themselves out with such great thoughts, they come to the conclusion that the world is old enough to look out for itself, and that the human race, as a race, is a very unsatisfactory thing to interfere with.

It is always advisable to understand the requirements necessary to success in any business, so we will propose that you take this subject in careful consideration now.

An editorial sanctum seems the first thing to be secured. It must be very important, having been ever held up as a proper object for veneration and awe, and always kept secluded from the public gaze.

We would advise you, by all means, to get a good one while you are about it: Don't take any cheap second-rate article, but go to a first-class establishment, and have it made up in style. You can choose between plush and hand-painted satin—both are elegant—looped up with gold cord and tassels. Be sure and have the colors harmonize with your complexion. We have no doubt that the proper attention to these details will materially add to your success in the future.

Yours, with esteem,
GAFFER GREEN.

So trichinosis is prevalent again among hogs. Take care of yourself. That is, we mean, be careful not to eat too much hog.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.



I COULD not compare her
 golden hair
 To aught but the silken
 plume,
 That brightly bursts from
 the young maize husks,
 When the summer lights
 illumine
 The broad expanse of the
 beauteous field.
 And her eyes, oh! her
 blue eyes
 Shone out as bright as at
 midnight
 The stars shine from the
 skies!
 One dreary, dark November
 day,
 As we climbed for the
 orchard fruits,

My heart grew sad, I felt it so bad,
 I caught one glimpse of her boots.
 Alas! they were studded with iron nails
 Like Roderick Dhu's old target,
 Or the outer doors of our county gaols
 Of cowhide, heavy and large!
 Oh, that boot! how it crushed my heart,
 And my love for my country mash;
 I sighed farewell, and straight did start
 In quest of a brandy smash.

—B.