

of maple sugar, and in the woods, and was soon lost to view. He was not been heard of since, and it is supposed that he is travelling in the United States under the false and hollow name of Smith.

We haven't given the subject enough study to speak very confidently upon it, but we rather believe, when the end of the world comes, and the last trump calls all mankind together, that the man who died with rheumatism will lie still a long time, and will feel the small of his back, and rub his knees slowly and thoughtfully a great many times, before he finally groans and makes up his mind to get up. And, as like as not, by the time he gets on his feet everybody else will be gone.

Man—What power of nature has he not acquired? What climate has he not trodden under foot? What arctic rigour and tropical heat, what polar snows and equatorial sun-strokes has he not laughed to scorn? He has tamed the elements, he has made the ocean his highway, he has made fire and water, earth and air, his servants, and bent beneath his all-subduing yoke even the wild lightnings to be his messenger. And yet he can not, arching himself upon the back of his head and on his heels, scoop with his eager palm, cracker crumbs from the irritating sweat with a sufficient degree of success to insure himself a good night's sleep. He can not, he can not—oh, might of the giant, it can't be did!

A woman will take the smallest drawer in a bureau for her own private use, and will pack away in it bright bits of boxes, of all shades and sizes, dainty fragments of ribbon, and scraps of lace, foamy ruffles, velvet things for the neck, bundles of old love-letters, pieces of jewellery, handkerchiefs, fans, things that no man knows the name of, all sorts of fresh-looking, bright little traps that you couldn't catalogue in a column, and any hour of the day or night she can go to that drawer and pick up any article she wants without disturbing any thing else. Whereas a man, having the biggest, deepest, and widest drawer assigned to him, will chuck into it turtleneck, a collar-box, an old necktie, two handkerchiefs, a pipe, and a pair of suspenders, and to save his soul he can't shut that drawer without leaving more ends of things sticking out than there are things in it, and it always looks as though it had been packed with a hydraulic press.

One day a young man of respectable appearance attracted considerable attention on Third-street, while crossing over to the Barrett House. He stopped in the middle of the street and yelled, and danced up and

down on one leg, while he held the other out and kicked, like the can-can lady on the bulletin boards. The bystanders thought he was crazy, and threw stones and mud at him, and knocked him down and choked him, and held him still, while he never ceased to shriek, "Snake up my leg! Snake up my leg!" Then they reached up and pulled a small roll of bills out of his trousers leg, and let him up, when he raised his hands to heaven and swore he would never carry money in a hip pocket again, hole or no hole.

It was on a bright April morning that Mr. Alanson Bodley, who lives out on Summer-street, stepped out of the house in a tender frame of mind, singing softly to himself, "Oh had I the wings of a dove, I'd fly, Away from ——" Just then the hired girl threw the bed-room carpet out of the window, and as its dusty folds enveloped Mr. Bodley, and threw his struggling form down stairs, he was heard to exclaim in muffled tones, "If I get out of this, if I don't cut the raw heart out of the bloody-minded assassin that slung that carpet, strike me dead!" Thus, too often, the tenderer influences that bring into life and being our higher and noble emotions and transcendental longings, are warped and distorted by the stern realities of life, like a wet boot behind the kitchen stove.

They had the awfulest time up at Jerome Cavendish's house, on West Hill, one evening, and Mrs. Cavendish went into hysterics, and Miss Cavendish fainted, and young George Cavendish grabbed his hat and ran out of the house, and old Cavendish raved and ramped around like a crazy man, all just because they had waffles for tea, and Miss Cavendish found a—"on! ow! ow! oo-oo-oo!!! EE-E-E-E!" hard-baked beetle in a waffle. Oh, it was terrible! It was awful! It was too awful! Too awful! Two waffle!

One day last spring a sweet-faced woman, with a smile like an angel and a voice softer and sweeter than the sound of flutes upon the water, was walking up Fifth-street. She was walking very slowly, enjoying the cool, soft air, and the delicious shade of those maple trees just below Division-street. Her languid motions were the perfection of grace, and she was the admiration of every pair of eyes on the street, when suddenly she threw her parasol over the steeple of the church, screamed till she rattled the windows in the parsonage, jumped up as high as the fence three times, and whooped and shrieked, and wailed, and howled, and kicked until everybody thought she had suddenly become insane. But when they ran up and caught hold of her and poured water on her head

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lung lady broke ating pond near rescued her at the half drowned ess. her agonized Taking one of of his own, he he hand of her realizing his