

SELECTED.

"Slipping only what is sweet
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Night.

I care not what the Day may bring,
The Night is all my own;
A thousand fancies round me fling
Their charms; I am alone!
Alone with night and Solitude,
The world's great wheel is still;
Nor vagrant sounds nor voices rude
The happy silence fill.

O, charmed hours! that, all too fleet,
Speed on to bring the Day,
When shall the Night come, tender, sweet,
When Fancy hath its way?

Love loves the Night, for Night brings Love
To Love that counts the hours;
And tenderest tones betwixt them move
In love-illuminated bowers.
Nor care I what the Day may bring,
So Night but bring to me
The charms its fancies round me fling,
Sweet Solitude, with thee! A. T. L.

Curious Matrimonial Romance.

A curious matrimonial romance is now the subject of talk in St. Petersburg society. Three or four years ago a member of one of the foreign embassies in the Russian capital married a distinguished St. Petersburg beauty, the member of a wealthy family. The marriage was childless, which irritated the husband. This alone, however, was not a sufficient cause for a divorce, but it seems to have led to quarrels. The lady was accused of flirtation, the flirtation was next suspected to have taken a guilty direction; the case did not come before the court, and the couple agreed to a separation. But the lady, instead of indulging the freedom which was thus given her, retired into privacy, and lived quietly at a country house of her father's not far from the capital. The husband, after he had lost her company, could find no rest. He used to disguise himself and slip down to the chateau to catch a glimpse of his wife. It appears that a candid friend of his had charged himself with the very same task, and one day this friend said to the husband:

"Your wife has been very strictly watched, and I find that there is one fellow who slinks about her house two or three times every week. She has no other lover, and I cannot yet find out whether she is giving him any encouragement."

The husband learned, from closer inquiries, that this suspected Lothario was no other than himself. He sought an interview with the beautiful hermit, found that she had retired from the world for his sake, and the couple burned the deed of separation.

Mother's Pay.

A little boy, on his way to build fires and sweep offices in Boston, while the stars were yet in the sky, told the writer: "My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast and sends me off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?"

"O, she is 'most two; but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildering look, he said, "Mother! Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"O, yes; for us she does. But there ain't any money into it."

This wife of a day-laborer represents a large class of hard-working women.

A Short Courtship.

A young German, whose face expressed good nature, and would have been handsome except for the unfortunate absence of one eye, walked into a shop in Baltimore the other day with a beaming young woman on his arm, and asked for a wedding wreath. After one had been selected he made bold to ask if the ceremony could be performed then and there. Consent was given, and a clergyman was sent for. During the interval the German grew confidential, and related the circumstances of his courtship. He said that a few days before, just at dusk, he observed a woman walking rapidly toward the water at the County Wharf. Suspecting that she was in trouble, he accosted her. She admitted that she was on the verge of despair. A clairvoyant had instructed her to walk that evening to the wharf, where she would meet a man with one eye who would make her a good husband. That was her last hope, and if it failed she should throw herself into the water. No man in his sober senses could neglect such a signal from the hand of fate, and the German wooed and won the woman on the spot.

A Word for the Birds.

A farmer's boy in Ohio observing a small flock of quails in his father's cornfield resolved to watch their motions. They pursued a regular course i. e. their foraging, beginning on one side of the field, taking about five rows, and following them uniformly to the opposite end. Returning in the same manner over the next five rows, they continued this course until they had explored the greater part of the field. The lad, suspecting them to pull up the corn, shot one of them, and then examined the ground. In this whole space over which they had travelled he found only one stalk of corn disturbed. This was nearly scratched out of the ground, but the kernel still adhered to it. In the maw of the quail he found one cut-worm, twenty-one striped vine-bugs, and one hundred chinch-bugs, but not a single kernel of corn. As the quail is a grain-eating bird in winter, this fact proves that even those birds that are able to subsist upon seeds prefer insects and grubs when they have their choice.—W. Fagg.

A Double Advance.

In the ante-bellum days, a New York State grocer raised the price of a certain grade of tea from "three shilling" to forty-five cents, and an old farmer who came in with a barrel of cider-vinegar to sell could hardly credit his senses when told that his favorite brand of tea had advanced several cents per pound.

"What on airth is the reason for this sudden raise?" he inquired.

"Scarcity of tea-chests," was the brief answer.

"Well do you want my vinegar?"

"How much?"

"Eight cents a gallon."

"I only paid you seven for the last."

"Yes but cider has riz, you see."

"What has brought cider up?" asked the astonished grocer.

"Scarcity of bung-hole plugs," was the quiet but serious reply.

They looked at each other without winking and then tea dropped to thirty-eight cents and cider to seven cents.

The Assistant.

Sam Nappah, of New York, was Assistant Clerk of the Legislature. Sam got in the habit of writing after his signature merely the abbreviation "Ass." for Assistant before the printed word "Clerk." One day it was necessary for him to make oath to a certain return, and the blank for it did not contain the usual printed word "Clerk." Sam, not observing the omission, signed as usual; and presented himself before the notary and made the required oath.

"You solemnly swear that this return is true?" was the form used by the notary, and he added, "Every word of it?"

"I do," said Sam solemnly.

"Then you must correspond perfectly with the composition of this Legislature, and are its appropriate officer," commented the notary.