

"Dear! dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard as brickbats, and the coffee stone cold," and Mr. Peters rose from the breakfast table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently. There was no answer! He rang again, a third, a fourth time, still no answer. Out of patience, he went to the door and called—"Maria! Maria!"

A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered his summons. She had one of those round bright faces which nature intended should be decked with continual smiles. But now, with all its roses in bloom, it was drawn out to its full length, and the large blue eyes had a serious, or rather a dejected, expression, totally at variance with their usual jocular look. Her voice, too, had lost its melodious, ringing sound, and was subdued to a dismal wail.

"What is it, Joseph?"
"Where's Bridget?"
"Come out for me. I want more white rib bon for my ascension robe."

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word, and then continued, "Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat."

"I wish," whined his wife, "you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life."

"Hang it all, madam, I would like to enjoy my life while I do have it. Here was I, the happiest man in the United States, with a pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful, loving wife, and good, quiet children; and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?"

"Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into that blessed circle!"

"Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"Are they going to school to-day?"

"My dear, their teacher has given up the school, and is turning her mind to more exalted subjects. Oh, Joseph, turn while there is time. You have still a week for preparation and repentance."

"Repentance! Well, when I take up the subject, it will take rather more than a week to get it through."

And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up his hat.

"Joseph," said his wife, "you need not send home any dinner. I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to-day."

Joe made no answer, unless the violently emphatic manner in which he closed the door was one. Muttering with anger, he strode into a restaurant to make a breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his bachelor friends, Fred Saunders, who looked up as he heard Joe's order.

"Hallo!" he cried, "You here? Why, what are you doing here at breakfast time? Wife sick?"

"No!"

"Had a quarrel?"

"No!"

"Gone out of town?"

"No!"

"Then why don't you breakfast at home?"

"Dinner on fire?"

"No!"

"S-some all dead?"

"No!"

"Children sick?"

"No!"

"Well, what in thunder is to pay?"

"Maria's joined the Millerites!"

Fred gave a long whistle, and then said, "Going to ascend next week?"

"Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in the meantime, you may congratulate me. I am almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal, children running riot, servants sneaky, house all in confusion, wife in the hives, either quoting the speeches of the elders at me, or sewing on a white robe, and grinning every third stitch. Hang it all, Fred, I've a great mind to take poison or join the army!"

"H'm!" he said, "I'll follow your lead, but I think I can suggest a cure."

"A cure?"

"Yes, if you will promise to follow my advice, I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful, and your children happy."

"Do it," cried Joe. "I'll follow your word like a soldier under his officer. What shall I do?"

At a time Mr. Peters entered his home, whistling. Maria was seated at the table, sewing on her white robes, and there were no signs of preparation for the evening meal.

"Maria, my dear," said Mr. Peters, cheerfully, "is tea ready?"

"I don't know" was the answer, "I have been out all day, attending meeting."

"Oh, very well, never mind. Attending meeting? You are resolved, then, to leave me next week?"

"Oh! Joe, I must go when I am called."

"Yes, my dear, of course. Well, I must resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my dear, has it ever occurred to you that I shall be a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet, my love, and Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through his hair and pulled up his collar—Maria looked up, rather surprised.

"You see, my dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quietly, you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have a long illness; and besides, my dear, there will be no funeral expenses, and that is quite a saving."

Mrs. Peters' lip quivered, and her large blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to stop his heartless speech and comfort her, but he was fearful the desired effect was not gained yet.

"So, my dear," he continued, "if you must

go, I have been thinking of getting another wife."

"What?" cried Mrs. Peters.

"Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the boys cared for."

The grief was gone from Maria's face, but her teeth were set with a look of fierce wrath.

"Another wife, Joe! Another wife!"

"Yes, I think I have selected a good successor. I deliberated a long time, when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her, for she is your bosom friend."

"My bosom friend!"

"Yes, my dear. I think on the day that you ascend, I will marry Sarah Ingram!"

"What! that good-for-nothing, silly, empty-headed old maid, the mother of my children! What!"

"Well, my dear, it seems to be the best I can do! I don't want to leave my business to go a courting, and she will leave me, I know."

"No doubt! Oh! you great brat, here I sit—"

"Stop, my dear, don't fly into a fury! We will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I have a proposition to make."

"Go on, sir! Don't spare me!"

"Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to do. I know your mind is entirely engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow, to spend a week!"

"What?"

"Then I can arrange our matrimonial preparations in the evening, while you are at the lecture."

"What?"

"And you can leave the house in her charge all day. That will give you plenty of time to go out, and she can learn the ways about the house."

"What?"

"And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one or two days, won't you, and show her round, where you keep things, and so on, so that she won't have the trouble of keeping order after you go. You will do this to oblige me, won't you?"

Mrs. Peters, for answer, rolled up the ascension robe into a ball and fired it at Joe. The cotton, sashes, work-basket, and tablecloth followed this missile in such rapid succession, that he was unable even to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

"So! You and Sarah! That's the reason you existed when you came! You will be very glad to have me to tell you to go and marry her, won't you? No doubt of it! But you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay, if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you, Mr. Peters, I won't go!"

"But, my dear, you must go if you are come for?"

"I won't go!"

"But consider, my dear!"

"I won't go!"

"But, what will Sarah think?"

"Sarah! Don't dare to mention Sarah to me again! I—I—I—I am fairly choking!" and the little woman threw herself into a chair, in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in the street.

"Well, old boy, how goes it?"

"Fred," was the reply, "I am the happiest man in the world! I have regained my wit and domestic peace, and got rid of a wretched, tattling old maid, who under the pretense of loving my wife, was evading interest in all our household arrangements."

"Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend?"

"No. If Sarah is to be my second wife, and step-mother to my children, Mrs. P. has concluded that she won't go."

"Why should anybody swear?"

I can conceive no reason why he should, but ten thousand reasons why he should not.

1. It is mean; a man of high moral standing would almost as soon stand a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar; altogether too mean for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a gentle man. Well bred—refined. Such a one will no more swear, than to go in the streets to throw mud with a clod-hopper.

5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency, is want of sense."—Pope.

7. It is abusive. To the mind which conceives the oak, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not take him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

So are you willing in Petersburg for 25¢ a Dozen—Richmond Express.

And what are "So's?"

A Sketch from My Life.

BY A FOOTMAN.

Long years have passed and gone since last I crossed the threshold of my native home—the home of my childhood. What changes have been wrought within that time. Friends have passed from all the earth away, schoolmates grown up to maturity, and are scattered over the vast world, never perhaps to be seen again. Yes, long years have flown into a vast eternity with all its accounts of good and evil, since a kind parent's indulgent blessings have been shed over me, and a brother's love and sister's affectionate passions have caressed me; I was my father's pride, my mother's joy; I was my father's and mother's household pet, and they in return were as fond to me as could be kindred friends. I had plenty of play, and they with assiduous care looked over me in my youthful days, and I grew to ripen years, when the tempter came with all his winning arts and claimed for his one they loved so well, a tender with all of personal charms that could be bestowed upon him, and grateful eloquence, with that legitimate intellect that was the object in which it is in pursuit, and carried away the household pet. How we mourned the day we parted; a father's last blessing was poured on my head; a mother's fervent prayer was breathed to heaven for that protecting care to watch and guard over me; a brother's and sister's last fond embrace was the ultimate requisite they gave me at that parting; and thus we separated. I was soon far away in a southern clime, and they at home in an eastern one; and there has been my home for years, with a companion by my side—a beautiful boy, the exact image of his father, but he soon went home to realize a hope, for he was to be married to an angel virgin. But soon came my third trial, that infectious disease consumption soon wasted the frail form of my ever constant companion, and he was laid in a quiet retreat and a willow droops over his marks his last resting place, and where those musical warblers sing their requiem over his grave as they wing their way over the sacred spot; there for months I spent my solitary nights, and when in the morning I shall tears not of sorrow but of gratitude to Him who called him hence to those realms beyond the sky. I breathed my last prayer over the sacred spot and then returned to the city to arrange duties which devolved upon me, and then turn my steps to the home of my childhood, and as I enter the place where once I spent my happiest hours with brother and sister, I am sorely known. I step to the spot by the outer door where my father sits with me on his knee, and I hear not his voice. I wander with a heavy heart to the spot, and behold his remains. I gaze around, but find not one to whom I am return. Where, oh where have they gone? Shall I not behold their faces again? I seek the lonely graveyard, and there in a secluded spot I mark the graves of my once dearest parents. I shed tears at the thought that I can never behold their loved forms again, while here and there, side by side lay the last remains of brothers and sisters. After spending a few hours in the quiet graveyard, I returned my steps to the mansion of my youth, and here expect to spend the remainder of my days in quietness and peace. Friends of my youth I find ever scarce, yet why should I grieve. I thank my God that he has not dealt so with me, and by His aid I hope to live my better days so that I may join those gone before in this best of worlds, where tears are never shed, and parting does not embitter.

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AT WAR.

The hour is near—the battle near—And freedom is the holy prize!

What manly heart can ever forget

Beneath the tyrant's cruel hand—

How fearful dropped the withering hand!

To live were death, if such were life—

But every thought and wringing pain,

His lips express us for the strife—

We burst in arms the chain;

Ignoble peace the scullid soul

Makes more a slave, an igne soul

Freedom's glorious life, to die.

Were it no height upon the field—

Pigeon from earth's associate lie,

That bids us snatch the yield,

To crown our path, to worship gold,

And all its vicious purpose cold.

We, for the homes we love so dear,

We, for the fields our fathers won,

Meet battle's front, without a fear;

Beneath this rising sun.

Our banners court the breeze—our war,

Death to the tyrant and his horde,

When stand a people for the right,

But with the will found out the way?

March! Truth and honor led the fight—

March! Ours shall be the day;

Down go the holds of wrong and pride,

The King of Hosts is on our side.

A Certificate.

"Editor in?"

We were leaning back in our chair, dreamily building castles on the "mentioned basis" of one dollar bill, which delinquent had found it in his heart to pay, in that comfortable state of mind between "a wake and a doze."

Our feet were elevated upon the fender, and a promise of another "warm meal" during the week.

"Editor sir?"

"Yes sir."

"Well you are the fellow I want to see. I'm Prof. Quackem, of the Squashville Medical Institute, the inventor and sole proprietor of a new medicine, the Great Horse Power Catharine, or Har Invigorator. Ever learn on the article afore?"

"Have not."

"Well, I can't but just found it out myself, but it goes like ginger. It never fails. I've sent it to all parts of the continent besides South America and other parts of the unknown world. Most of our family has been built from our birth-owing to early troubles; but once using the invigorator kivered our head with a dense growth of hair. Our friends are all astonished. Had the prophet known of this he would not have been called old bald head by forty little ones, and forty and two of the little hopefuls torn into shivers by the bears. We let the Professor speak for himself.

"The way I discovered this wonderful medicine, was in this wise:

I'd been out hucklebaryin, and when going home through the back pasture, where I kept old brindle and bob, my tew milkin' animals, I got tired o' like, and sat down on a bunch of weeds; they felt queer and I rubbed some of 'em between my fingers. In less than tew minutes my fore finger and thumb was kivered with bar, full out an inch long! I tried the weed on 'other hand, and bar there too! I jumped up from where I was settin', and what a sight!

My new drab doeskin pants looked like a rump of buffalo with bar three inches long; I did make for home about then. But an idea struck me. I tried the weed next day on the corner of the house, and it was soon kivered with bar. Tried it on the door stone with the same effect, producing a thick mat of mouse colored bar in thirty minits. In plowing up the weeds, the mould board of the plow looked like a steel gray mush rat, with handles to him; In digging out a woodchuck I accidentally laid my iron bar on the weed; the next morning it was kivered with a thick coat of iron gray bar. I scanned the

woodchuck and carried him home, and left him by the side of some of the weed. In the morning the carcass was kivered with bar. And however incredible it may seem, I kept the wood chuck several days, and took off twenty-seven full grown woodchuck skins, and a full coat of bar on all of 'em!

"One of our shanghy hens made a nest and set on it in the same weeds. Her eggs was kivered with bar, and the chickens came out with long bar on 'em! I was sure such a weed must be powerful, and so billed it down. The dish kittle was filled with long jet black bar. I kept on experimenting, and by kemikal combination, produced the Invigorator, purely vegetable, and always sure. I have seventy thousand certifikis from the bald headed of all countries, but will read you only a few.

BANGALL, June 11.

Prof. Quackem: This may certify that I have always been bald, and have used up a barrel of common hair dye. I accidentally heard of your Invigorator, and purchased a bottle, and carried it home in my coat pocket; the pocket was full of bar when I got home! I took the bottle and held it in the sun, so that the shadow would fall on my head. A thick head of chestnut colored hair grew out in thirty minutes by the watch, all curled and perfumed. Send me twenty bottles by return mail. The demand for the Invigorator is unprecedented. A neighbor—

"Excuse us, Professor, to-day, and call again."

"Will dew it, sir. You'll find the Invigorator great on bar."

"Undoubtedly!"

Cisterns.

Cisterns are built very cheap in many localities where the earth is of a compact character, by digging a hole and plastering the walls of it with cement. It is necessary that the cistern should be so covered as to secure the cement from the action of frost. A cistern ten feet deep and six feet wide will hold seventy barrels of water. A good form is to dig a hole the shape of an egg, with the big end down. Such a cistern, nine feet deep and eight in diameter, will hold one hundred barrels of water. Even where it is necessary to brick them up before plastering, cisterns are generally cheaper than wells, and, if of good size and well made, are much superior, because they afford a sufficient supply of water from any ordinary sized roof, and of greatly superior quality.

For family use, it is well to divide the cistern into two compartments by a partition, with filtering materials in the bottom of one side—the water to be discharged from the roof into one side, and drawn for use from the other.

MISFORTUNES are like thunder and stormy clouds—in the distance they appear black, but when over our heads they are scarcely gray; as when dreams denote an agreeable future, so will it be with the often painful dreams of life when it is past. All our strong feelings, like ghosts, have their influence for a certain period only; and if a man were to say himself this passion, this pain, this rapture, is sure after three days to lose its effect on the mind, then would he always be more composed and quiet.

An exchange says, the best cure for palpitation of the heart is to leave off hugging and kissing the girls. If this is the only remedy that can be produced, we for one say, "later palpitate."

A Famous Spelling Match.