

OUR NEW HOUSE.

"Eureka! I have found it!" I cried, as I entered the house.

"Found what?" queried Mrs. Dobb.

"The house, my dear. The very house we want."

"Oh! have you?" exclaimed my wife, with an intensity of emphasis that sufficiently explained her appreciation of the horrors of house-hunting in April.

"I am so glad! It relieves my mind of more anxiety than you think, James. Where is it?"

"Here, in the paper." And I pulled a morning paper from my pocket, where I had carried it all day, and struck it open triumphantly with one sweep of my strong right hand.

"Oh!—James!"

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"This is unprofitable business, Susan," said I. "I shall pursue it no longer."

"But what will you do, James? Stay here?"

"No; we can't stay here at the advanced rent."

"Then what will you do?"

"I'll go to a house-agent. I ought to have thought of that in the first place."

I called on an agent the next day, and had some conversation with him.

"If you will tell me about what sum you wish to pay for a house, Mr. —"

"Dobb is my name."

"Mr. Dobb, I have no doubt I can suit you to a T."

I named a sum a little in advance of what I had paid the past year for the house I now occupy, and the agent replied:

"There is a house in one of the most genteel and agreeable neighborhoods in town, which is to be vacated on the first of May, which I can let you have at the price you name, and it is really a treasure at that figure. It has ten rooms, with a stoop and inclosed piazza in front, overrun with vines in summer, and is two stories high. I can recommend it in every respect, sir. The conveniences are such as to admit of no criticism, I promise you, and stake my reputation on the event, that you will find it quite to your liking. The rent is not low, to be sure, as things go; but the neighborhood is one of the choicest in the city. It has been occupied the past year by a very careful tenant, to whom no objection is entertained, that I can learn, except that he has children."

"So have I children," I said, very decisively; "four of them; and I intend that they shall occupy the same house with me during the next twelve months, at all hazards. So if that is the objection, I believe we can drop the subject where it is."

"Ah yes," said the agent, blandly. "It is only an objection of principle, however. The owner is opposed to renting his houses to families with children on principle. The house to which I refer forms the only exception to this rule. I have no doubt he could be induced to make the same exception in your favor, sir."

"But if for me, why not for his present tenant?" I asked.

"Oh, he would for his present tenant, he told me; but the gentleman refuses to pay the increased rent, I am informed, and has found another house."

Some further conversation followed. I was shown a plan of the offered house, and its various excellencies were explained to me. I was fully convinced it was an excellent residence; and after my weary experience in house-hunting I felt quite a glow of satisfaction at the prospect of release on such comparatively reasonable terms. I engaged the house at once.

"Have a lease prepared to-day," said I to the agent, "and to-morrow I will call and sign it."

Mrs. Dobb was overjoyed when I told her all about it that day at dinner. It was plain to see that we had secured a good home for the coming year.

"But, James," said my wife, "you haven't told me where the house is situated."

"Well, that's a good joke!" said I. "Upon my word I never thought to ask! I'll do so after dinner."

I did. The agent said it was in Stucha street.

"It is?" said I. "Well, that's pleasant. We shan't have far to move, then, probably; for I live in Stucha street now, and a delightful street it is! What did you say was the number?"

"The number is seventeen."

"Seventeen?" I cried, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"Between Bolivar street and Gulliver street?"

"Yes, sir."

"West side?"

"Yes. You know the house, perhaps?"

"I should think I ought to!" was my response,

in a hysterical tone; "I've lived in it for the past year."

Yes. I had rented my own house, at a comfortable advance on last year's figures. When I told Mrs. Dobb about it she laughed till she cried.

I went roaming over the house, examining its merits critically, and scrutinizing the rooms with quite a new and peculiar interest.

"It is a good house, Susan, at any rate. That we know."

"It is, James. I am very well satisfied. To be sure the kitchen is rather small, and there is more room up stairs than we really need; but I don't believe we could be better suited on the whole."

"And then, my dear wife," cried I, in a tone of exultation, "think what an escape from the horrors of the first of May. No exorbitant charges of draymen—no broken mirrors and scratched furniture—no sleeping on the parlor floor—no going to a restaurant for dinner *en famille*. We can be as happy next first of May as the shepherds of Arcadia. We'll have a regular merry-making in the back-yard if it don't rain."

LATEST PARIS STYLE OF HEAD DRESSING.

A Parisian writer vindicates the fashions in hair as follows:

"Our women wore on their necks such a quantity of false hair that it was feared we should have hair famine, and there were rumors of a decree which should limit every woman to a daily maximum ration of hair. The women would be obliged, as during the famine of '91, to come every morning at the Mayor's office of their respective wards to receive two ounces of false hair per poll. All at once the mode changed. The tufts which shaded the vertebral column have climbed to the summit of the head without even resting to recover breath on the occiput; but the feminine "tile" thereupon proved too small to contain these captive balloons, our women have torn out the top of their bonnets, in order to give passage to the counterfeit curls which now crown their edifice. I thought at first it was one of those jokes which our women indulge in every day, but I have since learned that it was the latest good taste to pierce a ventilator in one's bonnet, through which the hair may escape and whirl in space. At first the head-dress appears exclusively ridiculous. Further consideration shows that it has advantages and inconveniences. Women who are not tender for each other, are enabled by this new fashion to tear each other's hair without taking off their bonnets. This is one of the advantages. One of the inconveniences of this new fashion is that nothing is easier to a subtle conveyancer than to transfer, without their knowledge, their head-dress, which belongs to them only as Schleswig belongs to Prussia, *vedelicet*, by annexation. Ten times out of twenty, when a woman returns home, her husband will exclaim; '*Mon Dieu!* what has become of the top of your head!' And she will be obliged to make the singular reply: 'It was stolen from me in an omnibus.' It may be objected that women are very impudent to use the contraband hair to attract men's love. Of a truth it is self-evident that in making him fall on his knees before the false hair she wears, a Parisienne obliges him to take the first steps of infidelity to her, because the hair he adores belongs to another woman."

—The Empress Eugenie, who likes to convert people to her ideas, particularly as regards dress, made up her royal mind that her young cousin, the Princess Clotilde, must not wear so much pink. She therefore sent, as a present, three of the most exquisite hats ever conceived in Parisian brain devoid of the obnoxious color, which the independent Princess forthwith returned, without thanks or comment, and at the very next good opportunity appeared attired from bonnet to dress in couler de rose.

DONATIONS.

List of cheeses donated to the Fair through the agency of Rev. J. H. Tuttle. They were all obtained from Herkimer Co., N. Y.

- Josiah Rice & Sons, Manheim, 1 cheese.
- Avery & Ives, factory, Salisbury, 2 do.
- Fairfield factory, 3 do.
- Brackett's Bridge factory, 3 do.
- Cole Creek factory, Salisbury, 3 do.
- Cook & Ivis factory, Salisbury, 2 do.
- Ira Comstock, Salisbury, \$6.00.
- Reuben Neely, Fairfield, 1 cheese.
- Joseph Neely, Fairfield, 1 cheese.
- R. D. Brown, Fairfield, 1 cheese.
- Brayton Wood, Fairfield, 1 do.
- Asa Cole, Fairfield, 1 do.
- Col. Rundell, Brockett's Bridge, \$2.00.

GRANT'S PASSION FOR SMOKING.

The June number of Harper's Magazine has an interesting article, entitled "Recollections of Grant," giving anecdotes illustrative of his character and an estimate of his military genius. It seems that the motto of the Scottish clan from which Grant derived his surname, is "*Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure.*" The following extract is interesting:

He is a more inveterate smoker than either Sherman or Rosecrans, but he smokes in a different style and for a different effect. Both Sherman and Rosecrans take tobacco as a stimulant to their nervous organizations. Grant smokes with the listless, absorbed, and satisfied air of an opium smoker, his mind and body being smoothed into repose rather than excited by the effect of the weed. Neither Sherman nor Rosecrans are neat smokers, the velvet breast-facings of their coats and their shirt bosoms being generally soiled. Grant, on the contrary, is very neat, and smokes only the best of cigars. He smokes almost without cessation, and is never at ease when employed at anything which forbids smoking as an accompaniment. During the famous interview with Pemberton before Vicksburg he smoked with his usual composure. "We pardon General Grant for smoking a cigar as he entered the smouldering ruins of the town of Vicksburg," said a rebel paper after the surrender. "A little stage effect," it added, "is admirable in great captains." But Grant never smokes dramatically. His cigar is a necessary part of himself, and is neither assumed nor abandoned for state occasions. He has been known to smoke at reviews, and has frequently been brought to a halt and notified by sentinels or guards over commissary stores, "No smoking allowed here, sir." On entering the Senate Chamber he had to be requested to leave his cigar outside.

TUPPER REDIVIVUS.—Martin Farquar Tupper, who has probably written more bad poetry than any other man living, not excepting Walt Whitman, the Rough Bard of Brooklyn, does our country the excruciating honor to indite an Ode to it. It has no metre in particular, and the meaning is as uncertain as the response of a Delphic oracle. As near as we can get at it, we have been doing something terrible, for which we deserve to be doubly damned, the fall of the Rebellion has extinguished one of the chief lights of civilization and humanity, the world stands aghast at the spectacle of our triumphant depravity, while Canada is already writhing in the grasp of the despoiler. The Bard has the afflatus very bad and raves in such disjointed numbers as these:

More,—there is peril at hand.—  
A storm from the South rolls nigh!  
Where is the Giant its fury to stand?  
Where are the pigmies to fly?  
Unite! unite! unite!  
And so be that Giant yourselves;  
Never let Yankeeedom scatter in flight,  
A rabble of separate elves!

Translated into English, this means, if it means anything, that the Canadians are Pigmies, that they are on the point of being "gobbled up" by the terrible man-eating "Yankees," and that if they would save themselves they must suddenly become Giants! That will do.

IN LOVE WITH THE PARSON.—The London *Court Journal* tells the following pretty love story: "A scene lately took place at the house of Colonel and Lady —, in the north. The daughter, a very lovely girl, fell in love with the tutor, a Presbyterian clergyman, and so forgot herself as to make known to him her attachment. In honor bound, and to the credit of the Scotch clergy be it spoken, he reasoned with her, and then, finding argument of no avail, went to her father and begged for his immediate dismissal. The colonel was astounded, but when upon inquiry the truth transpired, he was so struck with the young man's deep sense of honor that he told him he would give him an opportunity of going to Oxford and taking orders, and that upon entering the English Church he would not only give him a living, but his daughter also. We understand both parties are very happy under so kind and sensible an arrangement."

ALBION, IND., June 12th, 1865.

J. B. BRADWELL, Esq., Sir:—Enclosed please find two dollars to be applied in votes on the gold pistol, as follows:

- A. M. Tinker, Esq., .....2 votes.
- Robinson Ramsbey, .....2 do.
- I. H. Bliss, .....2 do.
- A. D. Whitford, .....1 do.
- Hon. Judge Crane, .....1 do.

All for gallant Phil. Sheridan.

Very Respectfully, Yours,  
E. D. MEAGHER.

VARIETIES.

—Betting is immoral; but how can a man who bets be worse than a man who is no better?

—The essentials of a watering place may be alliteratively summed up thus:—Sea, salt, sun, sand, ships, shells, sailors and swimming.

—"May a man run into debt?" asked a modern Boswell of an imaginary Dr. Johnson. "He may," was the characteristic reply, "provided he don't mind walking into prison."

—Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, drily remarked, that he had got through his work promptly.

—The following is a translation of an epigram in circulation in Paris, originating in the death of the Duc de Morny, the Emperor Napoleon's confidential adviser:—

Here Morny lies—but that is nothing new;  
He lies, but hush! and give the devil his due;  
Of swords of state, the forger he and temperer—  
Nap swayed the scepter—Morny swayed the Emperor.

—Amongst the many things which the Yankee boys and girls may well remember in their thanksgivings, should be that they are no longer named, "Praise God Smith," or "Save-Lord-or-I-perish Tomkins," or "Enter into-the-kingdom-of-heaven-through-much-tribulation Dobbs"—Nevertheless, there was some years ago a freshman at a New England college who declared that his name was Theodore God-bless-my-soul Primrose!

—There is a farmer in Putnam county, New York, who has a mile and a half of children. His name is Furlong, and he has twelve boys and girls. "Eight furlongs one mile." There is a gentleman in St. Louis who has two bushels and a half of children. His name is Peck, and he has ten boys and girls. "Four pecks one bushel." A citizen of Urbana, Ohio, was presented by his wife with a child some months ago, and he has been the father of "One More" every morning since! Of course his name is More. There is a lady in West Liberty, Ohio, who has favored her husband with thirty-three dozen children at three births. Her name is Gross, and her children are gross receipts.

—This word-of-mouth instruction demands great care and judgment. Grave and earnest catechists have every reason for using great plainness of speech, and for avoiding phraseology, which, if it be sanctimonious and non-natural to the young sense, may defeat its own end in creating misapprehension of a most undesirable character. A staunch educationist related not long since a circumstance quite in point. He was present at a Sunday-school where a clergyman, having called up a class of girls and boys, began with one of the former in these words:—"My dear child, tell me who made your vile body?" We well know, of course, what he expected the girl to say in reply, but we should not have dreamed of her immediate answer. She had not any conception of the question applying to anything beyond her actual appearance, and, dropping a quick courtesy, replied:—"Please, sir, mother made the *body*, but I made the skirt!"

THE TONGUE.—Go, lead a lion by a single hair, send up an eagle to the syk to peck out a star, coop up the thunder, and quench a flaming city with one widow's tears; if thou couldst do these, yet the tongue can no man tame. We allow the tongue salt, not pepper; let it be well seasoned, but not too hot. It is a little member—little in quantity, but great in iniquity. What it hath lost in the thickness it hath gotten in the quickness; and the defect of magnitude is recompensed in the agility. An arm may be longer but the tongue is stronger; and a leg has more flesh than it hath, besides bones which it hath not, yet the tongue still runs quicker and faster, and if the wagger lie for holding out, without doubt the tongue shall win it.

BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENTS.—Fill a wide-mouthed glass jar with water, and cover it over with a piece of "foundation" (the ladies will understand this), cover that over with a layer of peas, pressing it down so that the peas will lay in the water. They will then swell and sprout, the roots growing down into the water, their fine fibres presenting a beautiful appearance. Set this in a window, and vines will grow up, which can be conducted to the sill. The whole is very handsome.

The following we clip from a newspaper: "If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread to within half an inch of some water, contained in a hyacinth glass and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upward its tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree, growing this way on a mantle-shelf of a room, is a very interesting object."