

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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## Poetry.

### ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,  
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,  
Nothing but folly goes for aches and pains,  
Courage for ever is happy and wise.  
All's for the best—if a man would but know it,  
Providence wishes us all to be blest!  
This is no dream of the poet or poet,  
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best!

All's for the best! set this on your standard,  
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,  
Who to the shore of despair may have wandered,  
A way-worn wanderer, or heart-stricken dove.  
All's for the best!—a man but confiding,  
Providence tenderly governs the rest,  
And the frail bark of life's creature is guided,  
Wisely and warily all for the best.

## Select Tale.

### IN THE TWILIGHT.

A tall blue-eyed girl, with loose, brown curls  
floating away from her face like an aureole of  
brilliant, and a slender throat, white and  
smooth as mother-of-pearl—that was Valentin  
Bruce, as she sat by the open French window,  
dreamily watching the sunset flame melt into  
opal billows of light.

Colonel Mordaunt sat smoking his despairing  
cigar in the fragrant showers of the shrub-  
bery, and marvelled what fortunate mortal might  
be fated to Valentin's wedding ring, and  
pay her millinery bills, and be her humble  
slave and servant through life.

Colonel Mordaunt tossed his cigar in among  
the rose bushes that skirted the lawn, and be-  
gan to select a cluster of exquisite moss-roses,  
heedless of the thorns that pierced his uncon-  
taminated fingers.

"She likes flowers," he soliloquized, "and  
moss-roses are certainly the prettiest flowers that  
grow. I will win a smile from those velvet lips  
of hers."

He twisted a blade of pliant grass round the  
mossy stems, in place of a ribbon, and sauntered  
carelessly up the gravelled walk.

All of a sudden he stopped.  
"Frank Aldrich's voice!" he exclaimed, biting  
his lip with vexation, as a merry peal of  
laughter floated through the purpling twilight  
from the open windows beyond. "What brings  
that puppy here, now, of all times and seasons  
in the world?" "Hallo, Jack!" said Aldrich.  
"Been sentimentalizing out in the dew?"  
The ladies were just frothing over the charms  
of your taking cold."

Mordaunt's face brightened up—then Valen-  
tin did think of him sometimes.

"That's it," pursued the relentless Aldrich,  
"your thoughtful sister Katy said she was  
afraid you would have a cold, and Miss Bruce  
said nothing."

Colonel Mordaunt's countenance elongated  
again. But he stepped forward, and laid the  
knot of moss-roses on the folds of Valentin's  
white muslin dress, with a few murmured words,  
that nobody could understand.

"Flowers, eh?" said Frank, superciliously.  
"Upon my word, Jack is getting prodigal!"  
Valentin looked earnestly down at the clus-  
ter of pink buds, then deliberately took them  
up, and tossed them out upon the lawn.

"Explain, if you please," said Frank, com-  
posedly, while Mordaunt grew scarlet, and bit  
his lips until the blood started.

"There was a worm—a horrid green worm—  
—on one of the buds," he said, "and Valen-  
tin, shaking off one or two crimson petals that  
still adhered to her muslin dress. 'I have a  
perfect horror of such noxious insects.'"

"Do you hear that, Jack?" appealed Mr.  
Aldrich, lazily turning round in his chair. "It's  
a pity you were so unfortunate in the se-  
lection of your floral offering."

But Colonel Mordaunt had left the room;  
Kate following him the next minute.

"Dearest Jack, are you vexed with Frank  
and Valentin? They don't mean to annoy you,  
I am sure, and—"

"Not vexed, dear," said Mordaunt, speak-  
ing slowly and sadly—"only grieved. I am  
sorry Miss Bruce finds me so disagreeable."

He went up stairs, while Kate hesitated a  
moment below.

"He is better by himself," she said, mental-  
ly. "Poor fellow! he's dreadfully in love, and  
I do wish Valentin wouldn't tease him so."

And she went down into the terrace garden,  
to gather honeysuckles for the parlor vases, and  
muse on her brother's manifold grievances.

"It is too bad, so it is," she murmured,  
winking back the bright drops that would suf-  
fuse her hazel-brown orbs. "I shall talk seri-  
ously to Valentin about it this evening."

Meanwhile Colonel Mordaunt stalked sulki-  
ly up stairs, into his sisters pretty little sitting-  
room, where the muslin curtains were fluttering  
to and fro in the delicious night wind, and the  
sofa was drawn into a little recess beside a table  
all littered with books, and magazines, and  
needle-cases, and thimbles, and the indescrib-  
able debris which two girls invariably collect  
around themselves in the course of a long June  
afternoon.

He threw himself down on the sofa and drew  
the soft folds of Kate's cashmere shawl over  
him, as if jealous lest the soft eyes of the watch-  
ing stars that were just beginning to gem the  
heavens should witness the struggle that con-  
vulsed this strong man's heart.

Not that his grief wrought itself into any ex-  
ternal signs. No; there was neither groan nor  
moan. No; almost he had fancied him  
asleep as he lay there, white and silent, with

the curtains sweeping down around his motion-  
less head.

"Katy!"

Like the tremulous coo of the wood-pigeon,  
Valentin's voice murmured the two soft syllables  
with the coaxing accent of a penitent child.—  
And in the same instant she knelt down beside  
the sofa, her white dress sweeping over the  
crimson carpet like tides of translucent pearl,  
and one round arm thrown caressingly over  
the folds of the deceitful cashmere shawl.

Colonel Mordaunt's first impulse was to  
spring up and declare his individuality—his  
second to lie still, and let fate manage the mat-  
ter to suit her capricious self. So he lay still  
accordingly, experiencing a very singular and  
not at all disagreeable sensation from the con-  
tact of the caressing arm. No doubt he was a  
treacherous, hypocritical wretch—but, fair lady,  
or chivalrous gentleman, don't judge the poor  
fellow too harshly until you've been in precise-  
ly the same circumstances yourself. It is just  
possible—only possible, you know—that you  
might do the same thing.

"Now you are angry with me, Kate!"

pleaded the soft voice, "because I threw those  
flowers away! And you won't speak to me!  
and I know I deserve it, darling!"

There was a moment's silence as if Miss  
Valentin had expected some sort of response to  
her pretty penitence. But she didn't get any,  
and so, after a brief pause, she went on:  
"Indeed Katy, I don't mean to grieve you  
—and I won't do it again. I am so sorry for  
my ridiculous freak. Do you suppose he was  
very angry, Kate? Do you think I ought to  
ask his pardon? But then you know he didn't  
see me steal round the lawn, when that odious  
Aldrich was gone, and pick up the roses again."

There was strong symptoms of coming tears  
a sort of quivering sob in the voice.

"You won't forgive me, Katy? Not if I  
tell you that I do really love your tall, stern  
brother? Only, Katy, I was silly enough to  
tease him a little, and test my power over his  
heart. I love him, Katy—I may tell you of it,  
dear, without being bold, or unwomanly, be-  
cause you know we have so often talked about  
his liking me a little, and—oh, Katy, an-  
swer me! don't be so cold and cruel! Surely  
you can't be asleep!"

Valentin leaned over and drew back the folds  
of the shawl, her soft hand pressing lightly  
over the forehead below.

"Where are your lips, *chère amie*?" she  
coaxed, playfully. "I shall soon break the  
magic spell of silence that binds them. You  
know you never could keep vexed with me  
more than five minutes at a time. Why—  
where's your hair? Where—"

She sprang suddenly to her feet with a pierc-  
ing scream—her wandering hand had touched  
the dark, heavy, moustache on which Colonel  
Mordaunt prided himself so specially.

He strove to catch the hand—to detain the  
frightened beauty long enough to plead his cause  
in earnest, impassioned words, but in vain—  
Fear seemed literally to lend her wings.

Away, like a frightened white dove, she flew,  
uttering wild, hysterical screams, and fairly fall-  
ing into the arms of the astonished Kate Mor-  
daunt, who was just coming in from the star-  
light garden with both hands full of dewy  
branches of honeysuckle.

"Valentin!" she exclaimed, dropping the  
spicy blossoms. "Why what is the matter?  
what can have startled you so dreadfully?"

"Oh, Katy! Katy!" sobbed Valentin, cling-  
ing to her friend's shoulder with nervous re-  
lief, "there is a man in your room—a robber,  
hiding under your cashmere shawl on the  
sofa. Oh, I am nearly frightened to death."

Katy's serene brown eyes dilated a little—  
then brightened into smiling archness.

"A robber?" she repeated, with provoking  
calmness. "Nonsense, Valentin, you are mis-  
taken. It was only Jack! I saw him go in  
there not half an hour ago. The idea of taking  
out Jack for a robber!"

Katy's laughter rippled merrily out at the  
mere fancy.

Only Jack! In the midst of her terror, this  
possibility had never once occurred to Valentin  
Bruce's mind. Only Jack! The Forty Thieves  
themselves would have faded into nothingness  
before the mere idea of Colonel Mordaunt hav-  
ing heard all those soft pleadings and uncon-  
scious admissions. One minute Valentin felt  
as if every vein throughout her whole frame  
were filled with molten fire—then she grew  
white and cold as a marble statue. Life and  
strength seemed ebbing away from her—and  
for the first time in her life Valentin Bruce  
fainted away.

Katy Mordaunt quietly sprinkled scented  
waters on the pallid forehead, and began to un-  
lace the white muslin dress. As she did so,  
a faded bunch of flowers fell from Valentin's  
bosom, and Katy smiled to herself as she recog-  
nized the moss-roses that had been so haughtily  
thrown out on the lawn that very evening.

"I'll keep them for Jack," she said, in her  
innest mind. "Ah, Valentin, you'll be her  
sister-in-law yet."

How shyly the blue-eyed damsel stole into  
the breakfast-room the next morning! She  
would cheerfully have fasted all day long sooner  
than enter the presence of the tall colonel; but  
what was she to do?

The dreadful first interview must be got  
over, sooner or later, so here she was, with  
downcast lashes, and cheeks dyed as deep as  
pink as the rose colored wrapper she had on.  
No more haughty airs and graces—no more  
cold composure. She was at Colonel Mordaunt's  
mercy, and she knew it! Would he take cruel  
advantage of her helplessness? Or would he  
—But there her cogitations always stopped.

He was standing at the window, looking out

upon the level morning sunshine that bathed  
the short, velvet grass before the piazza. But  
he turned quickly as she entered, with a bright  
welcoming smile.

"Valentin!" he said, gently, "was I dream-  
ing last night, or did I hear you say that you  
loved me? Oh, my darling, tell me that it was  
no baseless dream!"

She came shyly to his arms, and nestled  
there like a fluttering fawn voiceless yet happy.  
Still he was not contented.

"I want to hear it from your own lips yet  
again, Valentin. Nay, dearest, don't shrink  
away so pleadingly, but answer me."

"What shall I say?" she murmured, timi-  
dly raising her soft eyes to his face.

"Tell me that you love me!"  
Sweeter than the fall of musical cascades  
thro' groves of tropic bloom—softer than the  
thrill of nightingales in Persian valleys, the  
three charmed words touched on his ear, and he  
knew that she was his—his forever.

The courtship is drawing to a termination  
—the white satin dress is finished, and the  
wedding cake iced to perfection, and the white  
roses are in bud that shall soon be woven into  
bridal bouquets; but Valentin is still extro-  
mely sensitive on the subject of cashmere shawls  
and twilight confidences. And Katy Mor-  
daunt—sassy little elf that she is—declares  
that Miss Valentin Bruce took advantage of his  
being Leap Year to confide her true sentiments  
to the dark-haired lover whom she delighted to  
torment.

Unknown Acquaintances.

Unknown acquaintances, you have none?—  
Then I am sorry for you. Much of my plea-  
sure in my daily walks is due to them. Per-  
haps you don't see a soul," as you express it.  
Perhaps you have no "soul" yourself; only a  
body, of which you are very conscious, and  
whose claims upon you outweigh every other  
consideration. That is a pity. I wouldn't go  
round that treadmill for all the mines of Gol-  
dena. I shan't live in this world for ever, and  
I won't hurry over the ground and never see a  
sweet face that flits past me, or a grand one,  
or a sorrowful one. I won't be deaf to the rip-  
pling laugh of a little child or the musical voice  
of a refined woman. It may be only two words  
I shall speak, but they shall have a pleasant  
significance for me. Then there are strange  
faces I meet which I hope to keep on meeting  
till I die. Who was such an idiot as to say  
that "no woman sees beauty in another!"

I meet every day a face that no man living could  
admire more than myself; so full of beautiful,  
lovely, blue, pensive eyes; golden hair, wav-  
ing over a pure, white forehead; cheeks like  
the heart of a "blush rose;" and a griefed, lit-  
tle, rosy mouth, like that of a baby to whom  
you for the first time deny something, fearing  
lest it grow too wild. I think that day, lost  
in which I do not meet that sweet face, framed  
in its close mourning bonnet. Were I a man,  
it is to that face I should immediately "make  
love."

I have another acquaintance. I don't care  
to ask "Who is that man?" I know that he  
has lived his life and not slept a wink. I know  
that it has been a pure and good one. It is  
written in his bright, clear unclouded eye; in  
his springing lip; in the smile of content upon  
his lip; in the life of his shoulders; in the poise  
of his head; in the free, glad look with which  
he breathes in his share of the warm sunshine.

Were he taken to the bed of a sick man, it  
seems to me the very sight of him were health.  
Soft skies and sweet flowers are very nice  
things, ladies; but rough winds and freedom  
are better for the soul.

I have said nothing of unknown acquaintances  
among my favourite authors. How many  
times I have longed to express to them my love  
and gratitude. Nor, judging by myself, could  
I ever say "they don't need it," since there  
are, or should be, moments in the experience of  
all writers when they regard with a dissatisfied  
eye what they have already given to the world,  
when sympathetic, appreciative words, warm  
from the heart, are hope and inspiration to the  
receiver.—*Penny Fern.*

Economy.

When a spaniard eats a peach or pear by the  
roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the  
ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Con-  
sequently, all over Spain, by the roadside, and  
elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the  
taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be  
imitated in our country, and the weary wander-  
er will be blest, and bless the hand that minis-  
tered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to  
leave the world as good, or better, than we  
found it, and he is a selfish churl who backs  
under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees  
which other hands have planted, if he will not  
also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming  
generations.

Macarthy, spare that dog, touch not a single  
hair; he worries many a hog from out his muddy  
lair. Oh, when he was a pup, so frisky  
and so plump, he lapped his milk from out a  
cup when hungry—at a jump. And when his  
sunny tricks, so funny in their place, so full of  
canine tricks, upon your hands and face. You  
will surely let him live! Oh do not kill him  
—dead, he wags his narrative, and prays for  
life—not death. Go get the muzzle now, and  
put on his mouth, and stop that howl, wow, wow!

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## How to Tame a Husband.

I never undertook but once, said Tom, to set  
at naught the authority of my wife. You know  
her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever  
grew. Just after we were married, and all was  
nice and cosy, she got into the habit of doing all  
the churning. She finished breakfast rather be-  
fore me one morning, and slipping away from  
the table, she filled the churn with cream, and  
set it down where I couldn't help seeing what  
was wanted. So I took hold readily enough,  
and churned till the butter came. She didn't  
thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it  
that I felt well paid. Well, when the next  
churning came along, she did the same thing,  
and I followed suit and fetched the butter.  
Again and again I did the same thing, and I  
was regularly set for it every time; not a word  
said, you know, of course. Well, by-and-by,  
this began to be rather irksome; I wanted her  
just to ask me, but she never did, and I wouldn't  
say anything to save my life. So on we went.  
At last I made a resolve that I would not churn  
another time until she asked me. Churning  
day came, and when my breakfast—she always  
got me breakfasts—when that was swallowed,  
there stood the churn. I got up, and standing  
a few minutes, just to give her a chance, I put  
on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped  
in the yard to give her time to call me, but  
never a word said she, and so, with palpitating  
heart, I moved on. I went down town, and  
my foot was as restless as Noah's dove. I felt  
as if I had done a wrong; I did not feel exat-  
ly how, but there was an indescribable sensation  
of guilt resting on me. It seemed as if dinner-  
time would never come; and as for going home  
one minute before dinner-hour, I would as soon  
have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and  
moping about till the dinner-hour came. Home  
I went, feeling very much like a criminal must  
when the jury is out having in their hands his  
destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up  
my mind how she would meet me, but I expect-  
ed some kind of a storm. Will you believe  
me—she even greeted me with a smile—never  
had a better dinner than on that day; but there  
stood the churn just as I left it. Not a  
word said she. I felt confoundedly out, and  
every mouthful of that dinner felt as if it would  
choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it,  
however, but went on just the same as if no-  
thing had happened. Before dinner was over  
I had again resolved, and marched to the churn,  
and went at it the old way. Splash, dip, rat-  
tle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter  
never seemed so long in coming; I supposed  
the cream standing so long had got warm, and  
so redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter,  
the afternoon wore off while I was churning.  
I paused at last from exhaustion, when she for  
the first time said, "Come Tom, dear, you  
have rattled that butter-knill long enough. Is  
it for fun you are doing it?" I knew how it  
was like a flash. She had brought the butter in the  
forenoon, and had left the butter-knill for me to  
exercise with! I never set up for myself in  
household matters after that memorable day.

## Two Bad Habits.

There are two weaknesses in our habits which  
are very common, and which are very prejudi-  
cial to our welfare. The first is giving way  
to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of  
doing at once what ought to be done. This prac-  
tice almost diminishes the beneficial effects of our  
actions, and often leads us to abstain from action  
altogether; as, for instance, if at this season of  
the year there is a gleam of sunshine, of which  
we feel we ought to take advantage, but we have  
not the resolution to leave at the moment a com-  
fortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss  
the most favorable opportunity, and, perhaps,  
at last, justify ourselves for remaining in-doors  
on the ground that the time for exercise is past.  
One evil attendant upon the habit of procrasti-  
nation is, that it produces a certain dissatis-  
faction of the mind which impedes and damages  
the animal functions, and tends to prevent the  
attainment of a high state of health. A percep-  
tion of what is right, followed by a promptness  
of execution, would render the way of life per-  
fectly smooth. Children should be told to do  
nothing but what is reasonable, but they should  
be taught to do what they are told at once.  
The habit will stand them instead all their lives.  
The second weakness is, when we have made a  
good resolution, and have partially failed in ex-  
ecuting it, we are very apt to abandon it alto-  
gether. For instance if a person who has been  
accustomed to rise at ten resolves to rise at six,  
and after a few successful attempts happens to  
sleep till seven, there is great danger that he  
will relapse into his former habit, or probably  
even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the  
same with resolutions of economy or temperance,  
or any thing else; if we cannot do all we  
intended, or make one slip, we are apt to give  
up entirely. Now, what we should aim at is,  
always do the best we can under existing cir-  
cumstances; and then our progress, with the  
exception of slight interruptions, would be con-  
tinual.

## Choice of Color in Dress.

M. Chevreul, the government superintendent  
of the dyeing department of the great Parisian  
manufacturers of the celebrated Gobelin tap-  
estries, has recently delivered a series of lectures  
in Paris on complexion and colors. He says:  
"The pink of the complexion is brought out  
by a green setting in dress or bonnet; and any  
lady that has a fair complexion that admits of  
having its rose tint a little heightened may make  
effective use of the green color, but it should be  
of delicate green, since it is of importance to  
preserve harmony of tone. When there is in  
the face a tint of orange mixed with brown, a  
brilliant red will result from the use of green;  
if any green at all be used in such a case, it  
should be dark. But for the orange complexion  
of a brunette there is no color superior to  
yellow. This imparts violet to a fair skin, and  
injuriously affects it. A skin more yellow than  
orange has its yellow neutralized by the sug-  
gestion of the complement, and a dull, white  
effect imparted. The orange skin, however,  
has its yellow neutralized, and the red left; so  
that the freshness of complexion is increased in  
the dark haired beauties. Blue, therefore, is  
the standard color for a brunette. But the  
brunette who has already too much orange in  
her face must avoid setting in blue. Orange  
suits nobly. It whitens a brunette, which  
is scarcely a desirable effect, and it is decid-  
edly ugly. Red, unless it is of a dark, to increase  
the effect of whiteness by contrast of tone, is  
rarely suitable in any close neighborhood to a  
lady's skin. Rose red destroys the freshness  
of a good complexion: it suggests green."

## I Won't.

"No, I won't! So now, there's an end of  
it!" You won't? Whether you are right or  
wrong depends on what it is you are asked to  
do. If a bad or unworthy thing, the sooner  
"I won't" is said the better. But if it be a  
good thing, be careful how you commit yourself  
by saying "I won't." "I won't" is an angry  
expression. It savours of doggedness—determi-  
nation to take one's own course whether right  
or wrong. If not uttered in anger, it is apt to  
excite anger and resistance. "Happy is the  
woman whose habits are her friends," says the  
maxim. A woman can cultivate her habits as  
she does her friends. She can choose for her-  
self. She can govern her thoughts, control her  
temper, elevate her aspirations, if she will—  
On every side there are helps to happiness,  
which any woman may make use of to promote  
her personal well-being, and to improve her in-  
ner life, if she determines to employ them. If  
such a temper and disposition be sedulously cul-  
tivated, the irritable, irritation-producing ex-  
clamation "I won't" would be much more rarely  
heard in social and domestic life than it now  
is.

## PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT.—If

erudite stories are not too plentiful, the following may,  
perhaps, be tolerated.—Two ladies arrayed in  
full breadth of fashion were walking in the  
country not far from Blarigrove, and not be-  
ing sure as to the "right of way" on a certain  
road, they asked a rustic laborer, "if they  
could get up that way?" The simple fellow  
took a look of the fair ones, and considering it  
as a question of *girth*, replied, "I dinna ken;  
but there was twa lads o' gay haed up a while  
sine."

At a large dinner party in a certain city,  
late, the frosty weather had done considerable  
duty in supplying conversation, when a  
plump, happy-looking married lady made a re-  
mark about cold feet. "Surely," said a lady  
opposite, "Mrs. —, you are not troubled  
with cold feet?" Amidst an awful pause, she  
nervously answered, "Yes, indeed, I am much  
troubled—but then they are not my own."

PUNCTUATION.—It appears certain that the  
ancients were not acquainted with the use of any  
punctuation marks to assist the reader in ascer-  
taining the sense of the author, but that he was  
left to discover it from the general tenor of the  
subject. The earliest printed books had no stops,  
but some arbitrary signs here and there, intro-  
duced according to the humor of the printer.  
The marks of punctuation now used were in-  
vented in the sixteenth and seventeenth centu-  
ries.

The late Mrs. Browning said rather  
sharply, in a letter to a friend, that so far as  
she could see, modern thought in matters re-  
ligious was developing two great classes of think-  
ers, "those who tolerated everybody, because they  
believe nothing, and those who tolerated  
nobody, because they believed something."

How fish hang around the bait till they  
are hooked, said the deacon, as he pushed  
through the crowd of folks waiting the egress of  
the ladies at a church door.

A young lady having accepted the of-  
fer of a youth to escort her home, fearing after-  
wards of being joked about it, dismissed him  
when about half way, enjoining his secrecy.—  
"Don't be afraid of my saying anything about  
it," said he, for I feel as much ashamed of it  
as you do."

A man is not qualified for his life-duties  
till he has graduated in the high school of a  
true woman's heart.

Somebody says the oldest husbandry he  
knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover  
with a widow in weeds.

Peace makes plenty, plenty makes pride,  
pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war  
—war brings spoil, and spoil poverty—poverty  
patience, and patience peace.

## Items Foreign & Local.

The cultivation of cotton in India contin-  
ues to extend with great rapidity. Its production  
has now reached a point that over two thou-  
sand bales a month are shipped on board the mail  
steamers at Bombay for England, by the way of  
Egypt. A much larger quantity, however, goes  
direct to the British ports.

A gentleman who knows the assassin  
Booth, says that he (Booth) was a great admirer  
of Orsini, and when that Italian attempted the  
life of Napoleon, Booth expressed great admiration  
for the act, saying that had he (Booth) under-  
taken the business it would have been successful,  
and then, said he, "I should have levelled forever."

The Atlantic cable is getting along; 1293  
miles of it have been completed, and 1400 of them  
placed on board the Great Eastern.

The firm of Fisk & Hatch, bankers, New  
York, subscribed \$5,000,000 of the seven-thirty  
—the largest single subscription ever made to  
the United States Government.