

Lesson in Grammar.

Of Parts of Speech, grammarians say,
The number is but nine—
Whether we speak of men or things,
Hear, see, smell, feel, or dine.

At first we'll speak of that called noun,
Because it is the fount of
All the ideas we receive,
And principles are grounded.

A Noun's the name of any thing,
Of person, place, or nation;
As man, and tree, and all we see,
That stand still, or have motion.

The Articles are A and The,
By which these nouns we limit:
A tree, the man, a pot, the pan,
A spoon with which to skim it.

The Adjective then tells the kind
Of everything called noun;
Good boys or bad, girls glad or sad,
A large, or a small town.

The nouns can also agents be,
And verbs express their actions;
Boys run and walk, girls laugh and talk,
Read, write, tell wholes or fractions.

To modify these verbs again,
The Adverb fits most neatly;
As, James correctly always writes,
And Jane she sings so sweetly.

The Pronoun shortens what we say,
And takes the place of names;
With I, thou, he, she, we, you, they,
Where sentences we frame.

Conjunctions next we bring to join
These sentences together;
As John and James go to town,
If it should prove good weather.

With nouns and pronouns we have need
To use the Proposition;
Which set before or placed between,
Expresses their position.

The Interjection helps to express
Our joy and sorrow too—
As when we shout hurrah! or cry,
Alas! what shall we do?

From the Dallas Newspaper.

"KATY-DID! KATY-DID!"

OR, WHO KISSED 'SQUIRE HEADLEY'S WIFE?

BY FRANK LEE.

That was the question! All Penleville knew that she had been kissed, for didn't somebody say they heard tell of somebody that had it from somebody who knew another somebody that just as good as saw it with their own eyes, for it had come through a score of somebodies whose truth she could vouch for.

Yes, 'Squire Headley's wife had been kissed; there was no shadow of doubt to screen her like a fluttering rag of propriety—but who did it? That was the question! That was what Mrs. Little ran to ask her neighbor—but her neighbor couldn't tell, though there were those who could—and to such away went Mrs. Little, and away went a whole host of Eve's lineal descendants.

It was a mere rumor, at first, a wild report which people started as at the hinting of some terrible catastrophe.

"At last a story got abroad—
And like a wild fire flew,
That Polly knew—certainly!
Exactly what she knew!"

It spread like a blaze fanned by the wind or an old maid's skirt when a bachelor walks behind! Men laughed over the story as they stood at the corners of the streets and looked toward the 'Squire's mansion—the women talked of it going to church—at their evening soirees—and it was a never-failing topic of conversation at those diabolical inventions, yclept "crowing circles," where more dubious spirits congregated than came at the call of the Fox girls. People whispered it for a time—that is the first day—then they spoke openly, shaking their wise heads like so many Chinese mandarins strung on wire.

Mrs. Little got at the bottom of the affair among the foremost, a thing which spoke well for her powers of penetration, for Penleville people were, in the expressive slang of young America, "up to snuff." She allowed poor human nature no rest until the whole thing was laid bare. She felt that it was her duty—she could brave all when that inspired her—yes, she thought when animated by his heavenly teachings, she could even enter a cannon's mouth, provided it was not loaded!

"I feel an interest in that wretched young woman," she would say, while going from house to house, to glean from each a few blades to swell her fast accumulating sheaf of opinions. "I knew 'Squire Headley's parents, I knew the 'Squire when he was a boy, and when he brought that flirting city girl here for a wife, I said to myself, 'Squire Headley, you're in error, some day you will see it as plain as I do—and mark my words, he will!"

"Isn't it dreadful!" returned Mrs. Sweet. "I could weep over poor, fallen nature," and she took a huge pinch of "Maconby," to stay her tears, blowing her nasal organ so long and loud the people next door thought it was the stage horn, and rushed out to know what it could mean at that time of day. They were on the look out for wonders—that shocking report had so excited their nerves it would take an unknown number of cups of "Hyson skin," to restore their equanimity.

"I feel no pity for her!" returned the energetic Mrs. Flynn; "she ought to be cast out of all decent society, but because it is 'Squire Headley's wife, folks will let it pass, though if it was me I should be hoisted at." And in her energy she roared so violently on the kitten's tail that it, the kitten, not the narrative, set up a piteous wail, and the lady dropped more stitches in the half-finished stocking than she could take up in an hour.

"And you saw it, Mrs. Sweet?" asked Mrs. Little.

"I saw it!" groaned Mrs. Sweet.

"I saw it!" chimed Mrs. Flynn, with a nasal intonation, laying emphasis on the pronoun.

"I should like to hear it from your own lips, Mrs. Sweet," returned Mrs. Little, drawing herself up with an amount of virtuous indignation that would have awed the veriest Lathario in existence.

"I'm reverse to mentioning it," replied her friend, and they all shook their heads mournfully: "but to such a particular friend I don't mind, do I, Polly?" continued she, interrogatively, of Mrs. Flynn.

"No, Jenny, I don't think you do."

"I know you don't!" added Mrs. Little.

The ladies drew nearer each other; they couldn't form a circle, because there were only three of them; but they made a tripod.

"Polly and I," commenced Mrs. Sweet, "were going down Main street day before yesterday, about two in the afternoon—"

"No, it was later," interrupted Polly; "it must have been four, because I lay down after dinner, I remember; for those apple-dumplings disagreed with me, and to the day of my death I shall feel satisfied that they were heavy."

"I know better," said Mrs. Sweet; "I showed Susan myself, and there's nobody can make better crust than I."

"Jenny," said Mrs. Flynn, in a solemn whisper, "I know they were heavy," and she put her hand to her side—chort.

"Do go on," exclaimed Mrs. Little, eagerly.

Mrs. Sweet sighed and looked as if to say—"You don't know what I have to bear from that sister," and her friend telegraphed back—"Indeed I do."

"As I said, we were walking down Main street, about two in the afternoon—"

"Four, it was four," screamed Flynn.

"Polly," said Sweet, "when I know I'm right, I'm firm, I'm very firm—it was two, maybe a little before, maybe a little after."

"Four, for the Lord's sake!" cried Mrs. Little, before Polly could speak, "only go on."

"It was a skein of white thread I wanted, wasn't it, Polly, or was it blue?"

Polly threw up her head, and scorned to answer, "I guess it was blue—no I want—it was green, after all—how stupid I be!"

Mrs. Flynn chuckled spitefully, as if she fully agreed with her, but Mrs. Sweet desisted both chuckle and chuckler, and went on—"We were just going by 'Squire Headley's."

"Yes," panted Mrs. Little—it was surely coming now.

"Cause I had to go to Winlaw's for my thread, Dean is so dear." (Mrs. Little groaned with impatience—"I don't know but we'd been and were coming back.")

Polly chuckled again, as if she thought there were more things she didn't know—spiteful Polly! "Any how we got to 'Squire Headley's, and I was telling Polly I see the 'Squire start for the city that very morning."

"Jenny Sweet!" snorted Flynn, "that's pretty well! You know I saw him myself—I told you he got into the stage with a carpet bag on his arm—he had a linen scarf over the new broad cloth coat Jane Weaver made him! Oh, Jenny, how could you say it—and next Sunday communion day too—oh—oh—oh!"

Mrs. Sweet sniffed—there were symptoms of a fearful tempest—in a tea pot, but Mrs. Little interposed like an angel of mercy.

"Maybe you are right, Polly," sighed Mrs. Sweet, "maybe you are."

"Do go on," gasped Mrs. Little.

"Where was I? Oh, we went for the thread."

"No, no," interposed the agonized listener, "you're past that—the curtain flow up—"

"I never said so!" exclaimed Mrs. Sweet, indignantly, "never! The curtain was up."

"Oh yes—"

"But I hadn't said a living thing about—"

Melitable Little, you always was an impatient creature." Melitable was too eager to quarrel, "Wall, the cutting was up and the window open—I looked in—I believe I screamed!" Polly, says I—"

"Jenny!" exclaimed Mrs. Flynn, ominously "oh, Jenny!"

"Oh, it was you looked in and grabbed me—well, it's all in the family," and she laughed at her own wit.

"Truth is truth," muttered Polly.

"Do you mean I'll lie?" began Mrs. Sweet, "rejoice, but Little held up both hands in anguish. "I'll tell you nothing," sobbed Sweet, "my word is suspected, and by my own sister—oh—oh—oh!"

It was a full quarter of an hour before she could be induced to continue, but she got no sympathy from Polly—folks must tread on Polly's toes—no, indeed! and she snorted again.

At last out came the truth in all its hideous nakedness.

"When Polly grabbed me, I hollered for the pain, but I hollered worse when I looked in and saw Kate Headley—"

"Mrs. 'Squire Headley!" said Flynn, with delicate irony.

"Setting on a chair, and a great whiskered man leaning over her and kissing her, and squeezing her hand, she all the while crying like mad."

Mrs. Little held up her hands in dismay—Mrs. Sweet paused for breath.

"You saw it?" groaned Little. Mrs. Sweet nodded, "you saw it?"

Flynn gave in her affirmation with the solemnity of a witness in a Court of Justice—"That I should live to hear it."

"Who he is," pursued Sweet, "when her agitation was somewhat calmed, 'I don't know but he's there yet, for only this morning I saw—"

"There he goes!" screamed her sister—The tripod rushed to the window, upsetting the snuffbox and kitten. There he was—Mrs. Sweet saw him, so did Mrs. Little, so did dignacious Polly, so did all Penleville—and all Penleville groaned at the sight.

"The audacious villain!" said Mrs. Sweet; "the shameless vagabond!" Polly was too far gone to utter a syllable.

"Jenny," said Mrs. Little, solemnly, "after this there'll be something dreadful happen—maybe the cholera!"

The tripod groaned, and shook as if in danger of falling in pieces.

"What is to be done?" said Mrs. Flynn—"It's a wonder the bare-faced thing wasn't with him."

"I see my duty," said Mrs. Miller, firmly, "and I shall do it."

Her companions listened in silence.

"When the 'Squire comes, I shall go to him; I shall say, 'Squire Headley, my suspicions are verified—you're Katy is unworthy!"

"You will do right," responded Mrs. Flynn. "I shall say, obey the scripture; put her away, 'Squire, put her away!"

"Amen!" said Flynn, blinking methodically.

Mrs. Sweet did not answer immediately; she rose with awful majesty, and laid her hand in Mrs. Little's lap. Mrs. Little looked as if in suspense—Polly forgot to snicker.

"Melitable," said Sweet, slowly, "there's my hand." Mrs. Little had seen it before—"There's my hand."

"Yes," said Little, doubtfully, goodness knows why, it was plain enough to her sight. "I'm with you; we'll go together."

"We will all go," added Polly, snorting more fiercely than before.

"And display his wife's turpitude," said Mrs. Little, grabbing her kerchief as if she had it there. Sweet and Flynn assented, though they agreed afterward they never saw any turpitude, though they thought quite likely Katy Headley had it if anybody.

Three days after it was known all over Penleville that 'Squire Headley had returned, and people waited in painful suspense to see what would happen.

He arrived in the morning, and in the afternoon the tripod proceeded, with due seriousness, toward his house, the frills of Mrs. Little's cap standing out stiffer than usual, and Mrs. Sweet winking at a prodigious rate. They inquired for the 'Squire, and were shown into the parlor where he sat alone. He greeted them cordially, it was his way, though his gray eyes twinkled with secret mischief, for he heard something of the news and guessed their errand.

They would not sit—Mrs. Little could not in that room, which had witnessed such transome, she told her tale, Mrs. Sweet winking confirmation over the spectacles, and Polly blowing in unison.

The 'Squire heard them out—sighed—looked down—poor man! he walked across the room—he was so agitated Mrs. Little's heart was moved (if he got a divorce he would be again on the carpet, and—her daughter Angelina Amelia was twenty-seven.)

Slowly the injured husband threw back a heavy damask curtain, which hung before an oriel window, revealing a rather unexpected tableau. In the window seat was Katy Headley, her hand resting familiarly on the shoulder of the mustached stranger.

"Ladies," said the 'Squire, coolly turning toward them, "my wife and my wife's brother, Frederick Caryforth, from Havana!"

There was a moment's silence broken by the 'Squire's laugh. The tripod rushed from the apartment in confusion more easily imagined than described, and home they went with down-cast eyes and limping cap borders.

That affair did Penleville more good than a thousand sermons—

"Said Mrs. Flynn to Mrs. Sweet, 'I wish my hand to the 'Squire!'"

"Said Mrs. Sweet to Mrs. Flynn, 'I wish that we had no more goin' in!'"

The unity, or trinity rather, of the tripod was destroyed forever—peace will never be restored between its members, but they do say people's nerves in Penleville are not so exorbitant as they used to be.

A Word to Men of Small Means.

If a man has steady business, and is receiving wages, it is his duty to lay up something out of it. When one is learning a trade it is different; but after he has got the trade or profession—has fairly started, and has plenty of work, it is a great shame if he does not get ahead in his career.

Wages may not be as high as they should; employers may be grasping and grinding; landlords may be extortionate; yet with good health, a sound constitution, and a head of medium brain-quality, a man has no business to be only as well off at the end of the beginning of the year. There are rainy days ahead, and cold storms, in which he cannot work; sick beds and unprofitable incumbrances are sure to come.

We had occasion the other day to show how a mechanic might spend 6008 a year, without being able to change of extravagance, and that our old friend Mayor's was as much as our best mechanic got. It would be quite as easy to point out how a young merchant, doctor or lawyer, will find it just as difficult to get thro' the year on 10008. Indeed, until we get among those salaries which, to us hard-working scrupulously economical men seem fabulous, the rate of living, that seems almost necessary, increases with every increase of salary.

An economical man, who spends just 8008 of an 8008 salary, will be put to it to save a dollar, when his generous employer raises it to 10008.

The wings of his wants are growing while he is so poor. On Sundays, when his wages stop—And if a wife and child with a small family, save nothing out of his small salary, there is very little hope indeed, that out of a large one he would save much.

A man must have the co-operation of his wife, or it would be as cheap for him to cease from trying before he had begun. And if he has no wife to co-operate with, it is almost as bad. We have heard of bachelors who made money; the thing has been done. We have seen such ourselves, but it is not the case with the most of them. They generally spend more in heaving their lady friends here and there, than it would cost to support a wife handsomely, and help her support her children.

They do not know how to save. They pay for a poor parson as much as a good one should have cost, and a venal rent is ruinous to them. They grow very mean where they should be liberal, and scatter abundantly where it were to their credit to hold fast. Their case is very desperate, but they should not themselves despair. But when young married folks agree to save something, they cannot help succeeding.

Rev. Dr. Oggood, in his late Thanksgiving sermon, said that a fourth of a man's salary ought not to be paid for his house rent. A very correct maxim, we believe, but it would be a great many men from their roomy parlors up to third story attics. But what sense is there in paying half of all one makes, for shelter from the weather?

It is a great mistake that our benevolence has not yet devised houses which will accommodate us for a proper sum of money. Let the couple league then, to get so much room and no more, as will furnish healthful, convenient and pleasant quarters for themselves. So far as they want to arrange for the reception of a few friends, who move in the same circle as themselves, or a humble circle, let them do it, but by all means avoid the vulgarity of renting a parlor to entertain people at whose coming they tremble. Why should independent Yankees fear to live only as they are able? The friends that are worth saving will think none the less of one who takes such rooms as he can pay for only; and as for those who think otherwise, their friendship is not worth so much as a sixpenny bundle of straw.

Then as to dress—it is great nonsense to say that all must dress fashionably or lose caste. What is the fashion? Who wears a fashionable coat, and how do you know it is the fashion? Tell of one substantial merchant, one thrifty mechanic, one successful lawyer, or one gentleman who wears it, and will name ten of each, equally noted and successful, who do not, and ten folks whom you utterly despise, that do. The fashion in New York for men just now, requires a clean, decent garment, and no patches on it—no more, nor less. A lady might wear her grandmother's shawl in Broadway, and not be noticed. The timid ones and those just in from other cities and villages, alone are worried about their looks, when they wear last year's bonnet to the lecture or to church. Let the young initiate the substantially rich, and common sense, rather than those who are keeping up appearances at a sacrifice. It will be saving in this item.—[N. Y. Times.]

Employment.

God pity the man who has nothing to do! Idleness is neither of more misery and crime than all other causes, ever thought of, by the profoundest thinker or the wisest theorist.

The idea that labor—manual labor—is degrading, is not only foolish, but wicked! Too proud to work! Better do anything than nothing—Labor is the basis of wealth, of science, of art, of everything which gives comfort to the physical, and dignity to the spiritual life of man. Too proud to work!

The devil is always most busy with those who are most idle. If they don't work, he will.

A mind unutilized will run to waste, as sure as a neglected garden will be full of weeds and cockles. The physical organization requires active work, or it will be inefficient and powerless. He who can lift but twenty pounds to-day, by practice and a temperate use of the physical organs, may by and by astonish the world with his Herculean performances.

Look at the young man who has no steady employment, of any kind. See the bad habits that are by degrees growing upon him. Watch his progress in dissipation and his end in crime. And should he have courage and strength sufficient left, after years of indolence, to break away from the degrading habit, how much of precious time will he have lost! How much will he long to live over the wasted hours and years—so that he might better improve them!

CAMPBELL FOR POLISHING—Ladies are fond of keeping the door knobs, spoons, plates, &c., in brilliant order. Now if instead of chalk and water, and such preparation, ladies will use camphene and rotten stone, a far brighter, quicker, and more durable polish can be obtained than in any other way. Camphene is the article used for producing the exquisite polish on the daguerreotype plates, and nothing has yet been found to equal it. It is worthy of a trial.

"I was terribly put out about it," as the fellow said who was kicked down stairs for making a row.

BONNET STREET.

"Where is that?" Well, now, it shows how little you know of New York, to ask where is Bonnet street. Perhaps you thought all the bonnet stores were in Broadway, Bowery, and Canal-st. You were never more mistaken; there are only the outside posts of the enemy. Yes, enemy; we speak it advisedly; enemy of man's purse and woman's happiness. If you don't believe it, go to Bonnet street, with a "hard up" pocket-book in one hand, and "one of the best" leaning upon the other; one of those outrageous be-tweed, be-sungled, bowed and flowered symbols of barbarism, now "the very height of fashion," and hear her sigh for that "love of a bonnet," or this "dear little hat and feathers," or feel the sharp twinge of your conscience will give while paying for a mass of silk velvet, satin, feathers, ribbons, flowers, lace, pasteboard, wire, glass beads and tinsel, or tinsel, twisted, twisted, and mixed up together in all sorts of queer shapes, affording no protection to the head in rain or shine, for an hour of either will certainly spoil the thing as it would the first squalls of a May morning.

If your purse is not almost as long as your ears, do not go to Bonnet street. Do not trust yourself if you are a woman, more particularly a young one, and still more particularly if you are not, but have one dependent upon your small weekly salary—even to take a walk thro' that street, only just to see "the fashions." It is the street of temptation. Upon one block, upon one side of the street, six thousand two hundred and thirty-three bonnets, of all conceivable colors, sizes, shapes, forms, fashions, figures and prices, except dear ones—none are dear, that is in price, tho' all are "dear, sweet things," to look at, will stare you in the face from every window, door, counter, show-case, nook or corner, tempting you to step in and justly inquire the price of that splendid plum-colored satin, trimmed with domestic fowl's feathers, tipped with bugles, with the blond hair and blue bells with silver studs on the inside.—Oh! is not the richest thing you have seen this season! Is it dear, na'm?" "Oh, no; Lord bless us, we never sold bonnets so very cheap as we do this season; just now we are almost giving them away. Money is so tight in Wall street, and we must meet our buyers, you know; my husband is in Paris, buying the very best articles and latest styles. I will sell you that exceedingly rich hat for less than it actually cost."

"How much?"

"You shall have it, upon my honor, for just what the materials cost. I declare you shall have it for 15c; that will not afford a cent of profit—nothing for making; it is a great bargain upon my word, and I will give you a box and send it home, or you had better put it on and I will send your old one home, if you care to have it; it is not of much consequence."

No, it is not of much consequence, yet it cost seven dollars, less than seven months ago.

Then the old one was taken off, and the new one tried on, and the seller said:

"I declare now, I have never sold a bonnet this season that fitted so well as this one. Look at her, sir; don't you think it's becoming?"

Of course he did; he was bound to say so; she was his wife. Then she looked appealing to him, as much as to say, Oh, now, do let me have it; indeed I shall never be happy without it. Then he took hold of his short purse and looked—yes, he felt unhappy. What did they come to Bonnet street for? Unhappy street! Both are unhappy. The benevolent seller of bonnets sees how miserable she has made two fellow creatures, and her heart is touched to see the new bonnet taken off and the old bonnet put on to be put on.

"You must have it. Don't think of such a thing. You must have it. I would sooner lose a dollar myself—yes, two—there, you shall have it for fifteen!"

Husband is about to walk off—wife lays her hand on his arm, gives one more look and says, "Oh do now, that's dear son!"

He takes up a look that says as plain as day, "I wish I had not come to Bonnet street."

Wife looks over the money. There were only 128. She is disappointed. She looks one more appeal. It is answered the least bit reluctantly, "I have no other dollar in the world."

The lady at her elbow put out 128 as fast as herself, and says in the blindest tone, "I think, my dear, that is right. Let me see."

She wants to get the money into her hands. She does, and counts it over and sighs.

"There is only 128, and really I do not know how to take it, I shall lose so much; but I will, for I love to make people happy."

Happy in a bonnet store! One is made happy, while two are miserable. One half are miserable because they see a street full of new bonnets, and still wear the old ones; and as many more are unhappy husbands because they have to pay for the expense of a new wife—making themselves unhappy, rather than their wife's.

We walked along behind this couple as they walked away, and overheard him say—"Now I have not a dollar to pay our board this week."

"Well, Mrs. Smith can wait. Dear knows she makes enough, boarding her two at seven dollars a week; don't you think so?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I must have a new hat, if she is never paid. And then, only to think how cheap—less than cost!"

"Humph!"

Just so, we thought. Humph. We did not believe a word about less than cost, so we began to cypher, and to down the items, at retail prices:

1 yard of Satin - \$2.25

Head-piece and wire frame - .75

3 yards of Black Lace - .75

1 yard of Black Lace - .75

1 yard of Black Lace - .75

1 yard of Black Lace - .75

1 yard of Black Lace - .75

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