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Select Poetry.



THE MODERN BELLE.

The daughter sits in the parlor,
And looks on her easy chair,
She is dressed in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers, and giggles, and winks;
And though she talks but little,
It's vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in russets—
All dirty and sooty at that;
His coat is out at the elbow,
And he wears a shocking bad hat,
He is hoarding and saving his dollars,
So carefully day by day,
While she on her whims and fancies,
Is squandering them all away.

She lies in bed of a morning,
Until the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
Because she's called too soon.
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still dabbled with paint—
Remains of last night's business,
Before she attempted to faint.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics—
Though this she'll never own—
Her body is mostly cotton,
And her heart is wholly stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair—
One of the very best matches;
Both are well-matched in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
And he's got a fool for a wife.

Miscellaneous.

[From Dickens' Household Words.]

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

I suppose we are all born with a mission. Those who do not find one ready-made to their hands are never happy until they have created one; and therefore it comes to the same thing in the end, whether we are born with a mission or without one. My mission has been to give credit. I am the successor to the late John Smirker. In whatever books of account my name stands, you will always find it on the right side, with a balance in my favor. My father thought the best thing he could do to settle in life was to buy the good-will of the western business of the late John Smirker, with branches in both the great University cities; established in seventeen hundred and fifty, and largely patronized by the aristocracy. I entered upon my new sphere in a calm and dutiful manner; neither desponding nor enthusiastic. I am naturally of a quiet and meditative turn of mind; given to inquiry, and, perhaps, rather quick in perceiving necessary reforms, though the last man in the world to have the robust energy to carry them out. My predecessor, the late John Smirker, in giving over the long list of book-debts that my father had purchased, dilated very warmly upon the immense value of customers who quartered, Heaven knows what, upon their shields, and never took less than five years' credit. "What is business," he inquired, "without book-debts? A thing without root, sir, wholly without root. You have no hold upon your connexion. In fact, you have no connexion. Without book-debts, they come to-day, and go to-morrow." I did not dispute this position, for I never argue. He was the born tradesman, and I acted upon his precepts. Dear me, what trouble he took to plant the roots that fattened and branched off into every ramifications of book-debts! How he watered, and dabbled, and forced them! How he nursed them up at compound interest, till the right time came for him to tell an obvious debtor with a post-obit, or to cut down a slippery one with a summary judgment! With what a bland smile he would refuse the early tender of a green young debtor, for fear that, once set free, he would transplant his custom to another establishment! What d-coy-ducks he let fly among rich young university and military nobles, to get them enticed to his shop! Yet, when he got them, and any of them did not pay—which was not often, for old Smirker had a keen scent, and seldom put his fashionable commission-agents upon a wrong one—how he raved at the looseness of the law! Well, I raved at it too, sometimes, and with good reason.

the streets, while the ranks of trade are open to him. Neither need a reflective law-reformer retire with his ponderous tomes to some eremetic and inaccessible nook in the innermost of all Inner Temples, there to perfect principles which, when forced upon the world, shall promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number, while the ranks of trade are open to him. Christian recluse, student of the world, and ardent Benthamite, may all take their places behind the glass of my counting-house-door, and find their time not unprofitably expended.

The greatest difficulty that I labor under in infancy—sturdy infants. They bristle up in every other page of my costly ledger (costly, I call it, because it is nearly all I got for my ten thousand pounds); they are more costly under the head of Cambridge than London; and more fruitful under the head of Oxford than Cambridge. Physically they seem to be a very fine family of robust, responsible young men; legally they are held to be weak, and irresponsible idiots. Visually they stand before me as a race of palpable, moustached, solid giants; but when I try to touch them with the strong arm of the law, like the specters of the Broken they melt into thin air, and the strong arm of the law becomes strangely paralyzed. Young Lord Merthyr Tydvil is a fair average specimen of the infant debtor. Let him sit for his portrait under two phases,—out of court and in court. Out of court, then, he rides a fine high-spirited horse, which he manages with the ease and grace of an old patrician horseman. In the cricket-field he bats like a young Hercules, and bowls with the velocity of a catapult. On the river it is a sight to see him pull the stroke-oar against wind and tide; and he is the reverse of contemptible when he puts on the gloves with a large man of the Cam. He wrestles and does the backfall better than any man in all Illyria. His age is twenty years and nine months. His muscles are well set, and he looks older. He handles a skillful cue at the billiard-table, and makes an occasional bet upon horse-races with a good deal of judgment. Intellectually he seems to know pretty well what he is about. I don't think his name is across any accommodation bills, but what he has received half the cash for. As to the amusements and vices of the metropolis, he is one of the best judges of them in town, and acts as mentor to many other infants. His taste in wine is considered good, and his verdict on the merits of a new ballet-dancer is held to be final.

In court, Lord Merthyr presents a very different appearance. That collar, which used to stand up with such unbending parchment-like stiffness, the admiration and envy of Piccadilly, is now, in the eyes of the law, turned down over each shoulder with infantine grace, and fastened with a ribbon of most becoming simplicity. That Chesterfield, poncho, sack, outer-garment, coat, cloak, or whatever it is called, which had such a mature, distinguished, Tattersall, club-like air in Regent Street and Hyde-Park, is now, in the eyes of the law, converted into a juvenile pinafore, fastened round the waist with a schoolboy's belt, and conferring on its wearer the much-coveted gift of perpetual youth. That embroidered cigar-case—suspicious gift—filled with the choicest products of Havana, at costly prices, vanishes in the eye of the law, or becomes transformed into a box of sweetmeats, provided by the thoughtful care of a mother or a sister. That ounce-handled bamboo-cane, which taps the nearest of boots on the lounge in Rotten Row, is now, in the eyes of the law, a mere rounder stick, or an implement used in guiding a hoop.

Those rooms in Jermyn Street, decorated with pictures in the chastest taste, and littered with boxing-gloves, broken pipes, and champagne corks, are, in the eyes of the law, the cradle of a child—a child who possesses a charmed life, invulnerable to the shafts of the hateful sheriff. Poor, young, innocent, neglected infant nobleman—type of some hundreds of children that I find upon my books, or rather the books of the late John Smirker, my predecessor—when I hear that thy aristocratic father, Earl Merthyr Tydvil, is in Italy with—no matter, I will not dwell upon the painful subject, and that the paternal acres are safely lodged in a dingy office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I feel a sense of pity for thee springing up in my snobbish, tradesman's heart. I have fed thee, and I have clothed thee, and I look upon thee as my own. Even if the law did not throw its protecting shield before thee, I would not touch a hair of thy patrician, infant head; although thy ingratitude were ten times greater than it is. I am not unreasonably, and can make allowance for the feelings of a boy whose ancestors were descended from the earliest Normans; I do not ask for positive affection, but only for a slight diminution of contempt. Spoiled child of trade, and chosen one of law, let thy commercial father know thy wants and wishes, and he is content.

But Shadrach, junior, when you stand up in court, pleading infancy with all the childish grace of an Israelite that knows no guile, I am amused at so clever an adaptation of Christian customs, but I am astonished at the learned credulity of the Bench. It is true that your people have no registry of baptism, and every thing, therefore, depends upon your own assertion; but I have known you so many years ago, that I am astonished at the learned credulity of the Bench. It is true that your people have no registry of baptism, and every thing, therefore, depends upon your own assertion; but I have known you so many years ago, that I am astonished at the learned credulity of the Bench. It is true that your people have no registry of baptism, and every thing, therefore, depends upon your own assertion; but I have known you so many years ago, that I am astonished at the learned credulity of the Bench.

Limitations. A man of untutored reasoning powers, whose faculties had not been sharpened into an unnatural state of acuteness by legal study, would suppose that the longer a debt stood unpaid, the more would the obligation be increased. He would be astonished, therefore, to find that just at the moment when he was about to claim an old debt with interest, simple and compound, and was probably going to reproach the debtor with keeping out of the way so long—that what he considered to be a moral crime was an act of well-calculated thriftiness, having the effect of annulling the claim according to act of parliament. It would be difficult to explain to such a man upon what principle an act was framed, that allowed every debtor to go free who contrived to keep out of the way of his creditor six years. The wonderful doctrine that the more you wrong a man in trade the more you may, being embodied in a statute having legal force, is encouraging to that large class that I call debtors; but is not so encouraging to that I call creditors. The inference is, that the State wishes to cultivate the first at the expense of the second. Or perhaps, it is only a masked movement intended by discouraging the second to destroy the first? When the Right Honorable Lord Bantleax, K. C. B., takes, as a rule, from his tradesman, five years' credit, he has only to stretch the period one year more to carry it into eternity.

I certainly was delighted to find the Reverend Origin Bilk, M. A., whom I—or rather the late John Smirker—had nursed through the different stages of fighting Oxonian, plucked undergraduate, crammed, B. A. down to the living of St. Vitus-in-the-Fens, pleading "statute run," and declining to pay for the college extravagances which he had indulged in with such vigorous prodigality. It is a good sign when a man—especially a clergyman—so far reforms the errors of his youth as to turn his back upon early dissipations, even to the extent of repudiating payment for them. If ever the protecting shield of legal mercy was rightfully extended over the prostrate form of the suffering debtor, it is in the case of the Reverend Origin Bilk, M. A. He has suffered much from the ruthless hands of the importunate creditor, who insisted upon clothing him with the richest purple and the finest linen, feeding him with the daintiest viands, and nourishing him with the rarest wines, and who now would seek him out in the calm seclusion of his clerical hermitage, and the woe which did not a considerable law most benevolently interfere—would destroy the unruffled serenity of that meditative mind, which now dwells upon things that are higher than the tailor's bill which perisheth.

The same tenderness to debtors who keep out of the way, distinguishes even some of the severest laws which have been the product of our recent legislation. The debtor is the darling of the law, and it cannot find it in its heart to deal harshly with him. The new Bills of Exchange Act, which allows me the tyranny of a judgment in the short period of twelve days, supposing that my victim has no valid plea or answer that he is not indebted to me, breaks down entirely if my victim keeps out of the way for six clear months; and my thirst for vengeance is tantalized with the tortures of the old, tardy, and expensive mode of proceeding. If I apply for the more humble assistance of the County Court, I find I have still many weeks to wait before the pressure of business will allow of my obtaining a hearing. When my victim comes up and tells a plaintive story of his inability to pay in less than a given time of very long duration, the judge, imbued with the proper spirit of the law, inclines his ear to the dictates of mercy, checks the eager tyranny of the heartless creditor, and grants an order to pay in twelve easy instalments. When the time for the first and second payment has long passed without my victim making any attempt to keep to his bond, I have then the option of procuring what is called a judgment summons, which, if I am fortunate enough to get it served personally upon my victim, within a certain time, will fix another remote day for a new trial, when my victim will have to show cause why he failed in his contract. If the claim should be under twenty pounds, and my victim be a single young man victim, residing in furnished lodgings, with no estate, properly so called, he has merely to state this fact to the willing ear of the court, and leave me, like a baffled tiger, howling for my prey. If my victim thinks proper to set sail for the Cocos Islands, or some other land, where creditors cease from troubling, and the debtor is at rest, I can watch him go on board his bounding bark, and, like Calypso, mourn for the departure of my Ulysses; but alas! I can do no more, for he only owes me nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and elevenpence. Twice more, more, and—shades of Solon and Lycurgus—I am avenged!

When I turn over the old unpaid bills of exchange of my predecessor, the late John Smirker, and find amongst them many under five pounds, I am reminded of an old act passed in the time of George the Third, and never yet repealed, that is a perfect triumph of protective legislation. The bill of exchange—the pride and glory of modern commerce—is looked upon as a modern luxury intended only for the enjoyment of the wholesale trade, and only granted to the retail under the most praiseworthy precautions. Poor Smirker's bills, I need not say, are so much waste-paper; for he had no idea of the requirements of the law teaching the implement he was dealing with. A bill of exchange, according to George the Third—I say according to him, because he was anything but a royal nonentity in the state—if under five pounds, must not be drawn at a longer period than twenty-one days; it must be paid away on the same day as that on which it is drawn; its endorsement must set forth the name and address of the person to whom it is endorsed, and such endorsement, with every name upon

it but the acceptors, must bear the signature of an attesting witness! If any one of these requirements is neglected, it is fatal to the validity of the instrument. When this cautious clause was perfected, the old king must have felt that although he had entrusted a dangerous squib in the hands of the small ignorant traders of the country, he had taken every precaution to issue directions for letting it off, so that the case might not burst and injure their fingers. Our present rulers must be of the same way of thinking, as they allow this clause to remain unexpunged from the statute-book, and deny the benefits of bills of exchange as proofs of debts and negotiable instruments, to all transactions under five pounds.

The next thing that troubles me is a lingering remnant of feudality. The haughty baron of the nineteenth century does not despoil his humble retainers and tradesman, but he takes credit, which is nearly the same thing. If the haughty baron is a member of the royal household, the feudal element is increased. The haughty baron rides roughshod over all human feelings, and wears out patience of the most enduring kind. The haughty baron keeps me at bay to the very verge of the Statute of Limitations, and, in self-defence, I am obliged to have recourse to the law. The law informs me that I can do nothing without the written sanction of the lord steward of her Majesty's household. I go to Buckingham Palace, and after the usual delay and trouble, I obtain an interview with an under-secretary, who tells me that my application for permission to sue must be made in writing, accompanied with full particulars of my claim; and he kindly advises me to make it upon folio foolscap, with a margin. I send in my claim upon the haughty baron in the required form, and in a few days I receive a reply from the lord steward, stating that if the money be not paid within a certain liberal specified time from the date of the lord steward's communication, I have the lord steward's permission to take legal proceedings against the haughty baron. It is amusing to find a royal palace converted into a sanctuary for haughty but insolvent barons. It is possible that if the rude emissary of the law was allowed free entrance to the sacred precincts of the household, the royal banquet in the evening would be graced with at least one gold stick in waiting less than the royal eye had whilome been accustomed to look upon.

I believe that the best authorities on government hold that taxes are paid for protection to person and property. I will admit that my person is fairly protected; but if my heroic statesman can spare a little time from those brilliant employments of ornamental government—Indian annexations, colonial extensions, military campaigns, diplomatic subtleties, and foreign legations—for the more homely task of protecting my property, by looking into the relations of debtor and creditor, the successor of the late John Smirker, the next time the collector calls, will pay his taxes with a more cheerful countenance.

THE VOICE OF DEAD NATIONS.

Mr. Alar in his recent celebrated oration, uttered the following impressive passage, which ought to be written on the statute books of every State in the Union: "The dead nations whose giant skeletons are now bleaching & crumbling on the sands of time, all died of sin. It was their crimes that dug their graves, and pushed them in. Licentious luxury sapped the foundation strength, and rotted the live virtue of—and it disappeared beneath the green poe of its own corruption. Brutal war made abundance of and carried in every direction drew upon another the combined wrath of the world—and it was dashed upon the rock of its own barbarous force. Domestic bondage, grown enormous, trodden under foot and goaded to madness rose on another—and buried in the conflagration and slaughter of its own provocation. Internal antipathies based on racial difference, fed by selfish interest and taunting debate, finally exploded in the quarrelsome parties of another—and hurled its disserver fragments to ruin by the convulsive eruption of its own wrong and hatred. Of all the mighty empires whose melancholy ghost now pac the pallid margin of oblivion; not one ever sun but its own fall was through internal iniquity some way or other. Shall the stately shadow of republican America too go down to join the oleful company of crowded spectres, moving here beneath to rise up at her coming with theardonic mock 'Ard thou also as we?' If we would avoid their doom of vengeance we must not tread their path of guilt.

THE DOOM OF THE WORLD.

What his change is to be we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements and some indications of their power. The fragments of meteors—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their iron materials at the solar surface—the volcanic eruption in our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—all foreshadow that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is thus burned up, and under heavens which are torn away; thus resting, as it were, on the corners and dwelling upon the mansoleum corners of worlds, let us learn lessons of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught by the school of revelation.—North British Review.

TAKE DUE REST AND RECREATION.—I heard a good husband at his book say, that to omit study some time of the year, made as much for the increase of learning as to let the land lie fallow some time maketh for the better increase of it. If the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh up thin; so those which never leave upon their books have oftentimes as thin an intellect as other poor men.—Roger Ascham.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

'Twas an awful hot day, the sun set the night before in a red nest, and hatched out the hottest day that ever caused an old fogey to "hiss" a blue cotton "sundrill"—the earth was parched till the cracks could be used for boot jacks, the grass wilted like a load in a snow storm, the flies were asleep under the toad stools, and molasses was too lazy to run. I had a cent in my pocket, and the heat gave the Goddess of Liberty upon it a rush of blood to the head causing her to look as if she had the mumps on both sides, and a wart on her nose. It was some hot. I was sitting upon a box marked triangle G trying to keep the corners of my shirt collar from sliding down into my boots. The horn buttons of my coat had already melted and stopped up the hole of my night key. I felt so kinder flabby that I believe you could have cut button holes in my ribs and buttoned them to my toes. Things were kinder coming focus to me when along came a friend in a wagon. I call it a wagon, but it looked more like a four-wheeled hen-coop. It was drawn by two somethings; I suppose they call them horses, but I never saw more knife-handle material, and less flesh, than were inside those two hides. I verily believe that if they had sneezed they would have blown themselves out of their skins. My friend sings out, "Halloo Jack, you want to go a swimming?" "Will a Butcher Boy eat dumplings hard?" says I, and I jumped. I found four other friends stowed away under the seat trying to keep shady, the driver brought down his stick upon the two hides very many several times which sounded like a nigger beating a carpet, and after considerable of an effort the apologies got started, and we had a lively ride. The wheels hadn't been greased since Noah wore his first night cap, and they furnished us with some rich, I can't say rare music; while the hind wheels were grinding "Dead March in Saul," the fore wheels were playing "Jordan is a hard road to travel;" every time the wheels would go down into a rut, the time skeleton— who had the string halt—would twitch his hind leg up giving us a jolt that would cause our chins to come into juxtaposition with the toes of our boots. I had just made up my mind to get out and walk ahead, when we arrived at the sea shore, the paradise of long clams, and the Eden of Crabs. We had nothing to tie up so we tied it to—and down into the surf. We all disrobed and—leaving our clothes in the wagon, at a given signal dove into the "tumultuous seas." I went under head and ears, cut my toe on a clam shell, and came up. I spit out sundry pebble stones, scratched a number of the countless sands of the sea shore out of my head, danced on one foot till I burst the bubbles in my ears, when I became aware that my comrades were shouting pretty lustily. I pushed the hair out of my eyes and what a sight for a nervous man! I'll be darned if the animals didn't get scared at the splashing in the water or else they had smelt an oat and they were on the home stretch with all our clothes. They rapidly disappeared from sight, old string halt's hind leg jerking against the dash board at every "turn." We were in an interesting condition. Five miles from home. I wish I was a canvass backed duck more than once that afternoon; it was romantic but not very funny, we strayed in the water till our skins looked like patent isinglass, and the water soaked through till we could taste the salt, when we cut stick for a neighboring cornfield, and had just got fairly hid when down came two loads of the prettiest and sliciest boarding school girls that ever wore bloomers. We were congratulating upon our escape, when we heard that rich Irish brogue; we heard the corn crashing, and a voice crying, "Sake him! Sake him!" and had just time to climb a tree, when up rushed the most open countenance-dog I ever saw, with a homely visaged Celtic gentleman behind him. "Sure aint ye a pretty good set of model artists up there, ye blackguards; ye was after stealing gentleman's corn, was ye?" The damsel's were bathing close by us, and there was not a leaf on the tree, and we begged hard that the Irish gen would shut his mouth or the girls would see us; but 'twas no use, we hadn't a hot potato and we couldn't stop him; and good Lord, the dear maidens saw us, and the way the water foamed for a second was a caution; they didn't stand upon the order of their going but went at once. We told Pat our story and agreed to pay him to go up to town and get our clothes. "Divil a bit will I do it," says he, "if one of ye will go to the house with a front door at the side I'll give him some of me own clothes, and he can take the nice walk himself, and to make sure he'll come back, I'll leave the dog to take care of ye," and leave him he did. The dog kept guard for three hours and a half we roosted in that old tree, fighting the horse flies and mosquitoes. I got bit till there wasn't a fresh place to bite, and I looked like a two-legged nutmeg grater.—Every time we stirred, the dog would growl, and I didn't feel bad when Sam came back with the clothes. The anniversary of that day I always fast. It was wonderful to see how some young ladies blushed when we met them on the street after that and how suddenly a boy about my size became interested in the number of cracks in the pavement when he saw a hoop-skirt approaching in the dim distance.

Smith and Jones, merchants, were rushing round just ten minutes before two o'clock raising funds, when going round the corner of Kilby street, Jones came in contact with Smith, knocking him down. Smith was excited, and exclaimed—
"Do that again and I'll knock you into the middle of next week."
"My dear fellow," shouted Jones, "do it, and I'll give you a thousand dollars, for if I can only get through till then without breaking, I'm safe."—Boston Gazette.

The Raleigh Register announces the sudden death of James Meban, Esq., a prominent citizen of North Carolina.

SKILL IN EVERYTHING.

The science of agriculture is made up of a whole group of sciences, whose theory and applications the farmer must understand and practice, if he would be master of his profession.

He must know something of Chemistry, to understand the treatment of the soil, and the composing and use of manures. He must understand Botany, to manage all the vegetables, grains and fruits which he grows. He needs Physiology and medicine, to treat his animals well in health and sickness. If he builds a house or barn, a knowledge of architecture will stand him in good stead. If he has a thrashing machine, or mower, he needs some acquaintance with the principles of motive power. In the construction of drains, he must apply the principles of Hydrostatics, and to some extent of Hydraulics too.

We give these facts as illustrations of our meaning, not by any means as exhausting what might properly be said on this matter. The truth is the farmer needs to be a bit of a genius in almost anything, if he would stand at the head of his profession.

It was not our purpose, however, when we penned the heading of this article, to say much on these grave themes. It was a humbler topic that tempted our pen.

We wish to exhort our readers to become well skilled in all the minor operations which the management of the farm and garden involves.

What we mean, two examples will show:

Mr. A. is a farmer, and nothing else. If a strap breaks in a harness, he sends two miles to have it mended. If a horse's leg is bruised, he will not treat it himself, but sends for a farrier. His bee-hives need repairing, and he hires a carpenter to do what a very little skill would enable him to do for himself. He cannot even mend an old sled, or repair a broken-back rake, without foreign aid. He is a good farmer. He keeps his implements in good condition, too, but it is at a great expense.

Mr. B. is another sort of a man. He is as good a farmer as Mr. A. But he is limber and elastic too. All the little jobs about the house he does himself, or teaches his boys to do. He can roof a house; he can chop a barrel, or he can dig and wall a well. He can build a shed, put a spoke into a wagon-wheel, graft or bud a fruit-tree, or make a new harness out of an old one, with an awl, waxed end, and a bit of leather. If he attends a fair, he sees the people in the improvements that are on exhibition, and he can apply many of them to his own work without any further aid.

We will go but little further. Our readers see what we are at. We hope they will themselves, and bring up their sons to be, men who will have some skill in everything.

Here are some reasons for this recommendation, which we will give at the risk of making this article a little longer:

1. Almost every farmer will need this kind of skill. Not one in a thousand will live so near a village where there are skilled mechanics, as to be able to use their aid at all times. Fewer still will farm on so large a scale as to embrace all these trades in the force employed on their own grounds. He will need some skill himself.

2. Such skill renders its possessor more independent. The sense of such independence is a great comfort. Its exercise is sometimes a great advantage.

3. It saves a great amount of time and money. We knew a man who lost a whole day's time and several dollars in money in the following way: A part of the harness was taken away. He had not enough tact and skill to repair it with a piece of a rein or halter.

It will develop talent in many persons, where it now slumbers useless and powerless. The exercises in mechanical skill furnished by the farm, has awakened the mind of many a youth, who has ripened into a noble and skilful mechanic or artist.

But we have said enough. Give the boys and girls a good chance to cultivate their powers in a practical way. You can never predict what treasures you will find.—Ohio Farmer.

DETERMINATION OF PURPOSE.

The earnest man wins away for himself and earnestness and truth go together.—Never affect to be other than you are, either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know," men will then believe you when you say, "I do know."—Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it," "I cannot afford to waste an hour in idleness, to which you invite me," "I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself, and your mode of life, as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step on, or for the sudden spring over a precipice. From these maxims let us deduce another—learn to say "No," with decision. "Yes," with caution; "No," with decision whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. I have frequently seen, in life, a person preferred to a long list of applicants, for some important charge which lifts him at once into station and fortune, merely because he has this reputation; that when he says he knows a thing he knows it, and when he says he will do a thing he will do it.—Muse, gentlemen, over these maxims; you will find it easy enough to practice them, for when you have added them together, the sum total looks very much like a Scotchman.—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

The new Treasury notes are to be issued in about one week. The Union says they are to be executed in the best style of American art.

Neither act nor speak ill, though free from witnesses. Learn to stand more in awe of thyself than of others.