Saint Mary's Beacon

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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MY LABOR SAVING HUSBAND.—Some husbands are more plague than profit and make vastly more work than they do good; but mine is one to brag about.—When I was married—to my shame be it said—I had never made a loaf of bread or a pie. I had no idea of saving time or work. But I had a husband who had love enough for me to bear with my simplicity, and not scold when the bread was burned and the pies not fit to eat.

Going into the kitchen one morning, he saw me baking buckwheat cakes and greasing the griddle with a piece of pork on the end of a fork. He said nothing, but went into the wood-house and soon returned with a smoothly whittled stick about six inches long, through the split of which he had passed a folded strip of white cloth and then wound it round the end and tied it with a bit of string. So I had a contrivance which could be dipped in melted grease and passed smoothly over the griddle.

One day he saw me scouring the knives with a piece of cloth, and he said: "Dear me, you will surely cut your fingers!"—So he contrived a machine by nailing a broad piece of cork to a spool for a handle, sinking the head of the nail so far into the cork that it should not touch the knife. This lifts the handle from the knife and does not cramp the fingers.

I used to call him occasionally to thwack over the straw bed and mattress for me. "What a nuisance," he exclaimed, and replaced them by a spring mattress. Of all the nice things for beds, this is the best. It is always in place, requires no shaking up, and it takes only three minutes to replace the bed clothes, and the bed is made. It always looks round and inviting, and gently yields to the sleeper.

He saw the dish towels lying, helter-skelter around the kitchen stove, and forthwith made a most convenient hanging frame over the wood box where it can take up no room and is near the stove. Here the towels hang smoothly, and are always in place.

I fretted because my refrigerator had no shelves and I could not make room for all the meat, butter and milk. So he made two racks and fitted ventilated shelves from one to the other. The shelves are ventilated by being bored thick with auger-holes and can be removed for scrubbing.

He is troubled to see me sew, sew, and stitch, stitch, and make sewing machines the constant topic of conversation. He reads to me every advertisement and every letter from women who praise them in papers. If he could make it, I should be in possession of one immediately, but as he cannot, I must wait till the "ship comes in."

These are some of the ways by which he lightens the labor of the house. Would that more husbands were like him.

TWO OPPOSITES.—How happy must that editor feel who penned the following on retiring to private life: 'My editorial experience has been extremely pleasant. I have received every encouragement from the people, and have been honored by the press far more than I deserved. The number of those whom I have slaughtered and cremationized is not great. I have never been horse-whipped, revolvered, knifed, licked, bricked, pummeled, or cussed for anything I have said, written, done, or left undone as an editor, and in ceasing to be one I am filled with a melancholy sadness."

Now compare the following, which was written by a New Jersey editor, on retiring from his editorial career, and see what a melancholy picture he presents in contrast with the above: 'I retire from the editorial chair with a complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour I first occupied the position of editor to the present time, I have been solicited to lie on every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth without diminishing the subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for myself, I retire in order to recruit my moral constitution.'

How sad a thing it is to contemplate that an editor has to retire in order to recruit his 'moral constitution.' It is evident that he possessed a tender conscience, but allowed himself to widely inflate the truth, under the hope of success. Failing in this, he retired, convinced, no doubt, that all is vanity. Well, an open confession is good, and a wonder arises, that when his 'moral constitution' is thoroughly recruited, whether he will go back to the same business again.

Not a glee club—the policeman's.

AFTER A SHOWER.

Over the hill-tops, fold upon fold
Like blood-stained banners within the sky,
Braided with crimson, and fringed with gold,
In a sea of amber the spent clouds lie.

Down in the valley the slumb'rous trees
Droop, heavily jeweled with fallen rain;
And a spicy-scented, tremulous breeze
In ripples crosses the bending grain.

The winding river, like silver, gleams
Through dreamy vistas that melt and fade,
And the sun-light, falling in slanting beams
Strikes deep in the hearts of the forest's shade.

On distant upland the lonely pine
Is ringed with purple and bound with fire;
The stones in the churchyard glance and shine,
And the weather-van is a gilded wire.

The tapering cedar, like a spear,
Shoots out the cliff, where stands revealed
The rocky ledge; and the herd appear
Like spots of color within the field.

And the braided banners of clouds are seen
To fiercer burn, as with sudden shame;
While the vale below and the hills between
Are drowned in a yellow mist of flame.

And a farmer's boy, all aglare with light,
Looks over the cliffs where the cedars grow,
And shades with his hand his dazzled sight,
And calls to his comrades down below.

Then the brazen woodlands echo and ring,
And the earth and the sky seem to shout with him;
A pearly arch is the hawk's fleet wing;
And the sweltering landscape seems to swim.

On yonder hill-side a cottage shines—
The window westward flashes and glows;
It nestles in its sheltering vines
Of glistening ivy like a rose.

And there in the porch two lovers woo—
Her slender figure his arms enfold,
While doves in the dove-cot bill and coo,
And ruffle their necks of green and gold.

A HURRIED COURTSHIP.

I was a young man possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live at my ease and refrain from labor of any kind, when suddenly there came a blow that scattered my prosperity to the winds and forced me to employ my labor and wits in the general struggle of gaining a living. The blow came in the shape of the failure of a large firm where my capital was invested.

After securing a clerkship in the house of one of the late creditors of the firm, my first care was to look up a less expensive boarding-house than the fashionable one in which I was living.

I inserted an advertisement in several widely circulated city papers, asking for reasonable board in a strictly private family, and of course I received a multitude of answers by the next post.

Out of this motley installment of epistles there was but one that pleased me, and that one I decided to answer in person immediately.

Grace Kingsly was the name of the favored landlady writing to me, and the letter stated that her house was entirely private, having no boarders whatever. I was much pleased with the fair, delicate hand-writing, and the idea took possession of me that Grace was a young and fascinating widow.

I was not disappointed when I reached the house, and on ringing at the door-bell was answered by the lady herself. She invited me into the parlor in a manner so courteous yet so modest, that I had fallen desperately in love with her before I could cross the threshold.

I enjoyed a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Kingsly. During the conversation she informed me that her late husband had been in a fair way of business, and at his death, which had occurred a year previous, had left her in pretty comfortable circumstances. They had but one child, and this item of morality I was most graciously permitted to look upon as it lay peacefully slumbering in its cradle.—I also learned that the lady was living in the house quite alone, and desired a male boarder more as means of protection than as a source of revenue.

To be brief, the landlady looked so pretty (she was quite young, not more than two or three and twenty) and the board so moderate, her companionship so inviting, and she seemed to trust in me and look upon me so favorably, I would have been a heathen, dead to all charms and inducements of the sex, if I had not engaged board on the spot.

The next day I had my trunk moved to my new boarding place, and permanently established myself there.

Before leaving my former boarding-house a letter was handed me by the postman, but I didn't find time to examine it until I was comfortably ensconced in the parlor of Mrs. Kingsly's cozy house.

Opening the letter, I discovered it to be from a wealthy uncle of mine residing in Vermont, who regularly sent me a letter once a year, but whom I had never seen. His epistles were always short and to the point, generally consisting of an account of the weather in his locality and good advice to me to take care of my money, as I might be burdened with some of it before I was much older.

I was always glad to get this advice from him, as I regarded it as an intimation that I was to inherit his wealth on his decease.

One day, however, about a year previous, I received a letter from him which contained another topic besides those I have mentioned. My uncle had made some pressing inquiries respecting my matrimonial prospects, and stated that if I was not already married I should immediately enter into the wedded state, and let him know of it or he would never be an uncle of mine.

Now as my uncle lived in Vermont and I in Philadelphia, and I never anticipated the old gentleman would pay me a visit and discover the falsehood, I wrote and informed him that I was not only married, but the father of a bouncing baby.

This intelligence so pleased my uncle that he sent a gold goblet and silver pap-spoon, to be presented to my child.

Straightway I sat down and wrote a very romantic letter to my uncle, thanking him for the present, and then visited a jewelry store and turned both the goblet and spoon into money, which I pocketed.

I had received no further letters from my uncle until the one which I read in Mrs. Kingsly's parlor. The postscript to this not only astonished me, but absolutely frightened me. It read as follows:

"P. S.—I have never visited Philadelphia, so I have decided to do so at once, and get a look at you and your wife and child. You may expect me on the 10th of the month."

'Good gracious! my uncle coming to visit me!' I exclaimed; 'and it's past the 10th now. I don't know what moment he may pop in.'

Just as I finished this ejaculation there was a vigorous pull at the door-bell, as if the man who pulled it imagined he owned the house and could make as much noise as he pleased. A sickening sensation took possession of me, for I had a misgiving that it was my uncle.

As good fortune would have it, Mrs Kingsly had gone out to a neighboring store for a few moments, and had requested me to have an eye on her child while she was gone, so it would not fall out of the cradle and hurt itself. As I glanced at the cradle and thought of my uncle at the door, a bright idea entered my mind—I determined, in case the visitor was my uncle, to claim the babe as my own.

The visitor proved to be my uncle. I knew him by the pictures I had seen of him, and he likewise knew me by my photograph.

After a mutual recognition and hand-shaking, I ushered my honored relative into the parlor and introduced him to my newly claimed offspring.

'There, uncle,' said I, 'is the first pledge of our married life. I assure you I take pleasure in presenting to you my child.'

'It is a fat little youngster,' said my uncle. 'By the way, is it a boy or a girl?'

There was a knotty question for me to answer he being just as much acquainted with its gender as I; but it would not do to show ignorance on the subject, so I answered at hap-hazard that it was a boy.

'I am sorry that it is a boy,' said my uncle; 'there are too many boys in the family. Now, if you had only produced a blue-eyed girl, it would have been very sensible.'

I assured him I was sorry the gender did not suit, but hoped in the future his wishes would be gratified.

So far I had succeeded in deceiving my uncle, but the worst I feared was that when Mrs. Kingsly returned she might object to my claiming ownership to her child; besides, to carry out my deceptions, I must find a wife as well as an infant, and Mrs. Kingsly was the only one I could conveniently claim. The only difficulty was to get her consent to the deception; and this might be done if I could but secure a private conversation with her before I introduced her to my uncle.—Then it would be all right.

I watched my opportunity and gained an interview with her before she entered the room. I told her in a few brief and hurried words the extent of my difficulty and how I had taken the liberty of acting as papa to her little one. I then told her I must find a wife somewhere, and begged her to let me introduce her in that capacity.

She laughed very heartily at the suggestion, said she could comprehend my difficulty, and consented to my proposal while very roguishly warning me not to presume upon the occurrence.

We then entered the parlor, and I introduced her as my better half.

My uncle was very much pleased with her, and complimented me upon my sense in the selection of a wife.

Mrs. Kingsly, of course, colored most charmingly at this compliment, and I could plainly see that she could hardly refrain from laughing.

'You have a fine boy here,' said my uncle to Mrs. Kingsly, pointing to the cradle.

'Excuse me, sir,' she said, coloring up again, 'it's a girl.'

I was dumbfounded. I was exposed in my iniquity. Would my uncle believe me after this. He looked from me to the pretty landlady with a puzzled countenance.

'Your husband told me it was a boy,' he said, and rather suspiciously too I thought.

'Well, I always took it for a boy,' was my reply, putting on a bold face, 'but I suppose my wife knows best.'

Here Mrs. Kingsly fairly screamed with laughter, and my uncle's stern face assumed an ironical smile.

'You are a nice father, ain't you, he said,' touching me with the point of his umbrella, 'not to know the sex of your own child. Why, I knew it was a girl the moment I looked at it.'

'But, Charlie,' he said, again addressing me, 'what did you do with the goblet and pap-spoon I sent the little one?'

'O, they are safe I assure you,' I replied; 'I have taken good care of them.'

'Yes, but where in the deuce are they? I would like very much [illegible] look at them.'

'Well, I have deposited [illegible] for safe keeping; but [illegible] duce them—that is, in [illegible] week's time.'

He told me to do so, [illegible] see them; and then I [illegible] fearing he might ask [illegible] questions.

A short time after[illegible] came to me where I [illegible] joining room, and I [illegible] something was the [illegible] of her lips were [illegible]

'Do you know [illegible] ward predicament [illegible] inquired, [illegible] by my uncle.'

'Explain yourself,' said I.

'Why, your uncle came to me and asked to see my marriage certificate, and said he had some money he wanted to settle upon us immediately, but wanted to be sure that everything was right first.'

'Did you expose me?' I inquired anxiously.

'No, sir, I did not; I never enter into a deception, or anything else by halves.'

I was so elated that I could not withstand the temptation of embracing her.

This did not make her angry, for she nestled her head cosily on my shoulder and smiled serenely.

'What answer did you make him?' I asked.

She hesitated for a moment, and then said, 'I promised to produce the marriage certificate.'

'But we haven't any,' I then remarked.

She indulged in a quiet little laugh, but said nothing.

'Mrs. Kingsly—nay, my dear madame, I will call you my darling—we are both in a scrape, and there is but one way to get out of it. We will go and get married immediately! Will you be my wife?'

'I shall be delighted,' she answered frankly, and seizing both my hands said she was ready for a frolic of any kind.

We lost no time, I assure you. I don't think Mrs. Kingsly ever got into her Sunday clothes in such a hurry before in her life, while I spoiled two pairs of suspenders in my frantic endeavors to be on time.

We quite astonished the parson by our haste, and at the conclusion of the ceremony I would have forgotten the usual fee if he had not reminded me of it.

We had secured the marriage certificate, signed and sealed, and were now safely out of our difficulties as we thought.

We had omitted one precaution, however. The certificate was all right with the exception of the modern date.

'Why, how is this?' said my uncle, gazing at the document through his specks, when we presented it to him; 'I thought you were married over a year ago.'

'So we were, uncle,' said I, solemnly.

'How, comes it then that the certificate is dated to-day?' he asked in a voice of thunder.

We were struck speechless, both my wife and I.

'Come,' said my uncle, 'I see there has been some trickery here. Own up to it or I will never forgive you.'

I did own up to it, and told him the whole story. I expected it would make him mad, but it did not, for he laughed heartily and said I was a clever rascal, and he was proud of me.

'But, how about the goblet and pap-spoon? You haven't been pulling the wool over my eyes about them too, have you?' said he.

I told him the truth about the goblet and spoon.

'Why, you are a regular trickster,' said my uncle; 'I believe you would deceive even Satan himself. I won't get angry with you, for I used to play the same game myself when I was young.'

In a word, we became thoroughly reconciled, and my uncle settled upon me a sufficient income to enable me to quit my irksome business as a clerk. He has gone back to Vermont, and I can but say in conclusion, that when he pays us another visit I can show several little people that I can call my own, and without telling a falsehood.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS AND CURIOUS CHARACTER.—A telegram from Little Rock, (Ark.) announces the death of Col. S. C. Faulkner, otherwise known as "Sandy" Faulkner, the famous "Arkansas Traveler." Many persons who have read the curious title of this personage doubtless imagined that he was a myth. He was born in Kentucky in the year 1804. In 1831 he went to Arkansas, and in 1832 became acquainted with Waller Wright, the original squatter in the song and story known as the "Arkansas Traveler." Wright sang a jumbled sort of a song which attracted Faulkner's attention—a song and tune he had heard in various settlements. These words, together with the air, Faulkner made into the celebrated song, and for many years past he was himself universally known as "The Arkansas Traveler." He lived in Little Rock, and he belonged to that peculiar class of Southerners who are generally designated "old and respected citizens." Previous to his death he might be seen every day about the streets of the town indulging his excellent taste for music and story telling.

☞ "Did you execute this instrument without fear or compulsion from your husband?" blandly asked the Judge. "Fear! Compulsion! He compel me! You don't know me Judge."

The most difficult ascent—Getting up a subscription.

A SONG FOR THE GRANGERS.

From North to South, from East to West,
The Grangers move thirteen abreast;
Let Lawyers give briefs, the Doctor his pills,
We'll stick to our ploughs and handle our drills.

Chorus.—For none so well as the farmers know,
How Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley grow.

[illegible] the sweat of the brow since the world began,
[illegible] furnished the food for beast and man;
[illegible] play, fair play is all that we ask,
[illegible] rest assured we'll do our task.

Chorus.—For none so well, &c., &c.

[illegible] and trades do the fair thing,
[illegible] shall soon know who is the king;
"[illegible] let live," our motto has been,
[illegible] both ways—we're not so green.

Chorus.—For none so well, &c., &c.

We've had back seats for a many a day;
Now come to the front to see the play;
So banks and brokers who keep up the chink,
Look to your tills—we give you the wink.

Chorus.—For none so well, &c., &c.

THE DEAF AUNT AND WIFE.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated towards my wise ancient relation.

'My dear,' said I to my wife on the day before my aunt's arrival, 'you know aunt Mary is coming to morrow; well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She is very deaf; although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do anything in your power to make her stay agreeable.

Mrs. —— announced her determination to make herself heard if in her power. I then went to John N—— who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, and told him to be at the house at 6 P. M., the following evening, and I felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said:

'My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Annie, (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention before.—She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak very loud in order to be heard. I am very sorry for it.'

Aunt Mary in the goodness of her heart protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up—on the steps was my wife—in the window was John N——, with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried his relative that afternoon.

'I am delighted to see you,' shrieked my wife—and the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

'Kiss me my dear,' bawled my aunt, and the windows shook as with the fever and ague. I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could endure it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into strong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and there sat John with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Suddenly—'Did you have a pleasant journey?' went off my wife like a pistol and John nearly jumped to his feet.

'Rather dusty,' was the response in a war whoop, and conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it. When I was in the third story of the building I heard every word.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me.

'How loud your wife talks?'

I told her deaf persons talked loudly and that my wife being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that she was getting on very nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly:

'Alf, how very loud your aunt talks.'

'Yes,' said I, 'all deaf persons do.'—You are getting along with her finely: she hears every word you say.' And I rather think she did.

Elated at their success at being understood, they went hammer and tongs, till everything upon the mantle-piece clattered again and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking was injurious to my wife. So—

'Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?' said she in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not so musical as it was when she was young.

'It is an exertion,' shrieked my wife.

'Then why do you do it?' was the answering scream.

'Because—becuse—you can't hear if I don't,' squealed my wife.

'What!' said my aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and looking around and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor, and there he lay flat of his back, with his feet at right angles with body rolling from side to side, with his fist poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound, I immediately and involuntarially assumed a similar attitude, and think from the relative position of feet and heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must inevitably have ensued, if a horrible groan which John gave vent to in his endeavor to suppress his risibility had not betrayed our hiding place.

In rushed my wife and aunt, who by this time comprehended the joke, and such a scolding as I got I never got before and I hope never to get again.

TWINKLING OF THE STARS.—The subject of the twinkling of stars has engaged a good deal of attention of late years, and some interesting results have been obtained. A few years ago the Italian astronomer, Respighi, announced the discovery of the cause of scintillation, in certain dark bands which were seen to traverse the spectrum of a star, indicating changes in the refrangibility of our atmosphere, from hot and cold strata, which produce something of the effect of a passing mirage. A layer of hot air would bend rays less than the colder and denser air around, and thus the star's light would not reach the observer, rays which traversed the hot stratum passing over his head, and those which traversed the cold air below being bent so as to fall beneath his feet. As the rays of different colors are differently bent in their passage through the air (the red rays being the least refracted,) different parts of a star's spectrum would be thus cut off in succession as the relative temperatures of the layers of air varied. Arago's not very lucid explanation of the phenomena, as a result of the interference of light, is in this way completely disposed of.

M. Montigny, of Brussels, has been investigating the amount of scintillation in different stars by the help of an ingenious contrivance, to which he gives the name of scintillometer. His plan is to make use of the persistence of impressions on the retina, by causing a thick plate of glass, mounted obliquely on an axis, parallel to that of the telescope used, and fixed just in front of the eyepiece, to rotate rapidly; the effect of this is to displace the star's image, to that, owing to the varying inclination of the glass plate, the star appears to move in a circle, which, if the rotation is rapid enough (three or four times in a second,) forms a continuous circle of light, just as in the case of a burning stick whirled rapidly. The changes in the color of a star will be seen on this circle, the successive points of which give the appearance of the object at successive small fractions of a second; and in this way, by counting the alternations of color in the circumference of this circle of light, M. Montigny has succeeded in observing nearly two hundred alternations of color in a second of time.

The point sought to be established was the connection between these changes and the constitution of the stellar light, for it is easy to see that the rays which are deficient cannot be acted on by undulations of the atmosphere, and there will therefore be fewer changes of color the more dark bands there are in a star's spectrum. Now Secchi has divided the stars of which he has examined the spectra into four types, and M. Montigny has observed the scintillations of stars belonging to three of these types, viz: bluish white stars exhibiting four black lines in their spectrum; yellow stars, like our sun, showing fine dark lines; and orange stars, which have a spectrum somewhat resembling a colonnade. As far as the results obtained by M. Montigny go, it seems that the greatest amount of twinkling is to be found in the first type (white stars), and the least in the third type (orange stars,) and that the mere brightness of the star has no influence on the phenomena. But the principle of combining observations of different nights without any further correction, on which M Montigny has acted, is highly objectional, and destroys our confidence in his conclusions. The proper way of treating such measures is to arrange the stars in sequences representing the order of scintillation, just as Sir John Herschel formed sequences of brightness as a basis for his standard magnitude of stars.

HOW "BOSTON" RECEIVED HIS NAME.—A Saratoga letter in the New York World says:

"I heard an interesting story the other day as to the naming of Boston. This celebrated racer, sire of the King of the Turf and grand sire of more celebrities in horse flesh than one cares to name, was owned in Virginia in his early days, and had the good fortune to win the most distinguished consideration of John Randolph. A Kentucky gentleman visiting the Virginia owner of the great racer, before the latter had earned for himself a name, greatly admired him, and asked his owner his price. He was told $500. "Well," said the Kentuckian "I,ll play you a game of 'Boston' to night, and if I win $500 will take the horse." The original name of the game of cards "Boston" was, it appears, 'boasting,' which was contracted into "Boston." The game was played, the money won, and the horse purchased with the winnings next day, and in commemoration of the manner in which he had acquired him the Kentuckian gave him his name, from that time forth to be celebrated as the founder of a dynasty on the turf—Boston."

"It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together." "Is it? Well, don't speak so loud; there's a young widow in the next room.'

'Are there any fools in this town," asked a stranger of a newsboy yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy; "are you lonesome?"

THE HABIT OF FRETTING.—Fretting is both useless and unnecessary. It does no good, and a great deal of harm; yet it is almost a universal sin. More or less, we are all given to it. We fret over [illegible] everything—in summer, because it is too hot, in winter, because it is too cold.—We fret when it rains, because it is too wet, and when it doesn't rain because it is too dry; when we are sick, or when any one else is sick. In short if anything doesn't go just to suit our particular whims and fancies, we have one grand, general refuge—to fret over it. I am afraid fretting is much more common among women than among men. We may as well own the truth, my fair sisters, if it isn't altogether pleasant. Perhaps it is because the little worries and cares and vexations of daily life harass our sensitive nerves more than the extensive enterprises which generally take the attention of [illegible]. Great wants develop great resources; but the little wants and worries are hardly provided for, and, like the nail that strikes against the saw, they made not much of a mark, but they turn the edges terribly. I think that if we look upon all the little worries of one day as a great united worry, self control to meet it would be developed. But as they generally come one or two little things at a time, they seem so very little that we give way, and the great breach once made in the wall soon grows larger.

I don't believe in the cant that a woman must always, under all and any circumstances, wear a smiling face when her husband comes home, or that she needs to take her hands out of the dough, or drop the baby on the floor, to run and meet him at the door. But I do believe—nay, I know, for I have seen it with my own eyes among my friends, that many a woman has driven a kind husband away from her, away from his home and its sacred influences, and caused him to spend his time at a billiard table or a drinking saloon, and their profane influences, by ceaseless fretting over trifles which were not worth a word, much less the place and happiness of a home.

I know that many a mother has turned her son against her own sex, and made him dread and dislike the society of woman, by her example constantly set before him. I know that many a mother has brought up and developed a daughter just like herself, who, in turn, would wreck and ruin the comfort of another family circle. And knowing all this, my sisters, and brothers too, if they need it—I know that we ought to set our faces like flint against this useless, sinful, peace-destroying and home disturbing habit of fretting.

PROVERBS OF JOSH BILLINGS.—Time is money, and many people pay their debts with it.

Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice.

Wit without sense is a razor without a handle.

Half the discomfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

Benevolence is the cream on the milk of human kindness.

People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours.

Face all things, even adversity is polite to a man's face.

Passion always lowers a great man, but sometimes elevates a little one.

Style is everything for a sinner, and a little of it will not hurt a saint.

Men nowadays are divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners.

There are people who expect to escape hell because of the crowd going there.

Most people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.

Even when the sayings contain an element of grotesquerie, they are improved by ordinary printing:

It is little trouble to a grave image to be patient even in fly-time.

Old age increases us in wisdom—and in rheumatism.

A mule is a bad pun on a horse.

Health is a loan at call.

Wheat is a serial. I am glad of it.

Manner is a great deal more attractive than matter—especially in a monkey.

Adversity to a man is like training to a pugilist. It reduces him to his fighting weight.

Pleasure is like treacle. Too much of it spoils the taste for everything.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but Patent Right is the father.

Did you ever hear a rich man sing?

Beware of the man with half shut eyes. He's not dreaming.

Man was built after all other things had been made and pronounced good. If not, he would have insisted on giving his orders as to the rest of the job.

Mice fatten slow in church. They can't live on religion, any more than ministers can.

Fashion cheats the eccentric with the claptrap of freedom, and makes them serve her in the habiliments of the harlequin.

There are farmers so full of science that they won't set a gate-post till they have had the earth under the gate-post analysed.

When lambs get through being lambs, they become sheep. This takes the sentiment out of them.

☞ A little boy was asked about the story of Joseph, and if he knew what wrong his brethren done in disposing of him, when he replied "I suppose they sold him too cheap."

Jones says that why he isn't married is because that when he wooed she would'nt.