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H. S. PUTNAM would inform the people of Middlebury and Addison County that the old Cotton Mill is in full operation, and that he is prepared to furnish carpet warp and batting of a superior quality, at the lowest cash price.
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MRS. E. J. MARTIN, Fashionable Dress and Cloak maker, has constantly on hand all the latest and most approved patterns. Work executed with satisfaction and despatch. Also sole Agent for the Grover and Baker Elastic and Lock stitch Sewing Machine,
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On both American and European plans, complete with rooms, en suite and single. Location unsurpassed, being in the very center of fashion and brilliant Rutland life. Meals served at all hours. Oysters served in every style, and for sale in large or small quantities.
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Desire to announce to the public that they have leased the rooms formerly occupied by Smith & Lister, in the Door Factory building, and are prepared to do all kinds of Cabinet work, Upholstering, Repairing and Turning, in the most satisfactory manner and at reasonable prices. All orders promptly attended to. 33;3m*
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RESTAURANT.
The Eating Saloon in Sheldon's Block, which has so long been the popular resort of hungry visitors in this village, formerly kept by Mr. Henry Sheldon, and latterly by myself, is kept up in a first-class condition in every respect, and prepared to furnish every luxury in their season. Oysters kept constantly on hand, and warm meals furnished at all hours. The continued patronage of the public solicited.
ISAAC E. GOODROW.
Middlebury, Nov. 1, 1873. 8;1y

FLORIDA.
From November to May, Florida is the favorite resort for northern people, but its limited hotel capacity prevents many from making it their winter home who would otherwise do so. It is proposed to build a large hotel at some point in the state to meet the requirements of those who desire superior accommodations. My experience at the St. James Hotel Jacksonville, last winter, enables me to speak confidently as to the success of this enterprise. For information as to plans, etc., address F. H. ORVIS,
33m2 Equinox House, Manchester, Vt.

SPRING-SIDE AVENUE.

LAST MONTH
SEVERAL LOTS
WERE PURCHASED.
Among the buyers were A. P. Tupper, Esq., and Col. Knapp.
Others in Negotiation!
HANDSOME LOTS OFFERED ON
EASY TERMS!
The Superiority of
BUILDING LOTS
On this New Street is universally admitted.

Yes, it is a Christian duty,
To secure a pleasant home,
When the days so dark and rainy,
Of a stormy life shall come.
Yes, to feel one's self protected
From the blasts that winter sends,
Is a step of first importance
To all parents and their friends.
MORAL:
You, build thyself a nice new house
Exempt from rat, or bug, or mouse.

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXVIII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., NOVEMBER 25, 1873. NO. 36.

Aunt Malinda.

'Aunt Malinda, please give me a pin,' said a bright looking but shabily dressed little fellow opening the door of Mrs. Lane's kitchen.

'Just see here' he added pointing to a large rent in the knee of his trousers, 'me and Will Brown were playing tag and I fell down and tore this.'

'Why don't you run home and get your mother to mend it, Johnny?' she said, as she did her best to bring together the several parts.

'Oh, 'cause mother ain't to home, She is gone to the society for clothing destitute children.

'Destitute children?' said Mrs. Lane, as she surveyed her nephew from head to foot 'If you don't come under that class then never a child did. Why, my dear you are all rags and tatters.'

'I know it aunt,' responded the boy moodily, 'but it ain't my fault. Mother says she has no time to mend clothes,and if she did they would be just as bad the next day, so whats the use? Father said last night that I looked like a little heathen, and he almost wished I was for mother would think I was worth looking after a little.'

'Have you had your supper, Johnny? You look hungry.'

'No,' said the boy casting a longing look at a generous piece of pumpkin pie his aunt was cutting; 'mother left some cold victuals on the table for father and me but—'

'Well,' interrupted the good woman, placing the pie upon a plate and adding to it a couple of doughnuts she was frying and a slice of cheese, 'you take this and mind you don't leave a bit of it.'

John lost no time in obeying his aunt's peremptory but by no means unpleasant injunction, and the contents of the plate rapidly disappeared before the energetic assault.

'I declare,' exclaimed Mrs. Lane, as taking up the rolling pin she resumed her labor, 'if it isn't a shame for Nancy to neglect him; I am actually ashamed of him and his mother an active member of half a dozen societies, As for Brother John, he's clean discouraged and I don't wonder at it. I don't believe he comes to a warm supper once a week. It's my belief that its a woman's business first to look after the comforts of her family and then if she has time to do for others, well and good. Charity ought to begin at home, if she don't stay there.'

'There's Aunt Nancy now just coming into the gate,' said her daughter Betsey, as, looking up from the apples she was paring, she chanced to glance out of the window.

Indignant as she was, it was not in good natured Mrs. Lane's heart to refuse a kindly greeting to her sister-in-law who was evidently too full of her concerns to have noticed any lack of cordiality, had there been any.

'How do you do, Sister Lane? How do you do Betsey?' she said seating herself in the first chair she came to as if quite exhausted though her keen bright eyes looked as sharp as ever. 'Always cooking, I do declare! Ah! spending so much time in caring for the poor perishing body.'

'Folks can't live without eating,' responded Mrs. Lane, a little tartly at this remark called to mind what she considered her sister's remissness in the care of her family. 'Leastways, I have not found out the other way of living.'

'You always did make nice doughnuts Malinda,' said Mrs. Shaw composedly helping herself to one.

'These are as light as a honey comb,' she added as she proceeded to dispose of it with evident satisfaction. 'I don't know when I have made any kind of pastry. Prof. Spare who lectured here last winter said that they were very unhealthy entirely destroying the digestive apparatus.'

'Yes, I know,' responded Mrs. Lane dryly; 'husband invited him over to tea one day, and I could perceive he had no particular objection to my pies and cakes. I remember thinking that if that was his ordinary way of eating I should not like to be the one to cook for him. And let folks say what they may, I never will believe that plain light pastry, eaten moderately every hurt anybody. I let my children have it, and they are as hearty and robust a set of boys and girls as you can find anywhere; as I am sure they wouldn't be if they were fed on cold half-cooked vituals given to them any way and just as it happened.'

'It isn't always the noisest and freshest children that are the healthiest,' said Mrs. Shaw, helping herself to another doughnut. 'Now I think of it I am certain I can see a pimple on Betsey's nose—a sure proof of over eating; and John Thomas is not nigh so strong as my Johnny who is not more than a year or so the oldest. But I guess I'll do my errand and be going. I called to tell you we are going to have a fair for the benefit of the oppressed Poles. I'm on the committee of arrangement, and I really hope sister Lane, that you will take hold and do everything in your power to forward this noble and praiseworthy object.'

'No, thank you,' returned her sister-in-law 'I think I can find objects of charity nearer than Poland.'

'But there is a society of which you are a member what I think I should like to join,' she returned after a moments thought—'the one for providing for and clothing destitute and neglected children.'

Mrs. Shaw's countenance brightened.

'We shall be delighted,' she exclaimed, 'The initiation fee is only two dollars,together with the weekly payment, eight cents.'

'I believe I paid the initiation fee about one year ago, when it was first organized. I did it cheerfully, though what I then considered to be duties nearer home, prevented my doing more. I will pay it over again, however, only I must have the privilege of bringing in a destitute child with me. I often see a little boy roaming about the streets whose forlorn and neglected appearance fills my heart with pity.'

Certain, that is what we expect and desire every member to do, as she has an opportunity. We have a number of little jackets and pants on hand, and there will be some among them that will fit him. Our next meeting is jstu a week from today, at Squire Mayo's.'

There was a merry twinkle in Mrs Lane's eyes that night,as she superintended preparations for supper, which ever and anon deepened into a smile, but though the children were anxious to know what mother was smiling about, yet she kept her own counsel.

Next Wednesday afternoon a score or more of ladies were seated in Squire Mayo's parlor, with busy fingers and still more busy tongues.

'There is Mrs. Lane coming up the walk!' exclaimed Mrs. Mayo, who was seated at the window. 'Just see what a wretched looking boy she is leading by the hand! It cannot be one of her boys for I know they are models of order and neatness.'

Mrs. Shaw was too busy distributing work to even glance out of the window.

'I forgot to tell you ladies,' she said, 'that my sister-in-law joins our society this afternoon. The boy with her is no doubt the one she spoke to me about the other day as a fit subject for our charity. I take considerable credit to myself,' she added complacently, 'for persuading her to the step. Sister Lane is such a home body—so wrapped in herself and family.'

By this time Mrs. Lane arrived.

'Good afternoon, ladies,' said she, glancing around with a pleasant smile, 'you see Sister Shaw, that I have kept my word and did not come alone,' she added as that individual fixed her eyes in undisguised astonishment upon the boy, whose reluctant hand she held.

'I found this poor lad,' she continued, in an alley-way, playing marbles with a number of vicious boys, who were uttering words that I shudder to think of. The black eye he has got in a fight with one of them, in which it appears he has the worst of it. He is very dirty and ragged, you see. But I offer no apology for bringing him to you in this condition, as your society was formed for the benefit of such, and I trust that under your kindly care he will soon present another appearance.'

Twice did Mrs. Shaw essay to interrupt the speaker, but shame and anger checked her utterance, When she concluded she sprang to her feet.

'Malinda Jane,' she exclaimed, 'do you pretend you don't know that is my boy?'

'Your boy?' exclaimed Mrs. Lane, starting with well-dissembled amazement, 'is it possible? Now that I look at him closer, it does look like Johny. But who would have thought of it? I leave it to you,' she said, addressing the other ladies, 'if the mistake was not a very natural one, if ever a child stood more in need of your friendly offices.'

This assertion could not be denied by Mrs. Shaw, who was completely silenced, though she was looking unutterable things.

This sharp but much needed lesson had a most happy result, as was evident not only by Johnny's improved appearance, but by the increased comfort of the whole family. Mrs. Shaw learned what it is to be feared, too many forget, that no object, however praiseworthy, can excuse the neglect of home duties; that, as there lies the truest happiness, so there are found the dearest objects of her care, who have the first claim upon her time and affections.

THAT HOOP-SKIRT.—We had a visitor Saturday afternoon. He was a square-built, heavy man. When he came in he took a seat opposite us, and after a preliminary examination of our features,propounded the following singular but rather important question: "Did you ever hear tell of a woman leaving a hoop-skirt on the floor in front of the bed?" We thought over the subject for a moment so not to seem hasty in our judgment, and briefly intimated that we had not any knowledge of this peculiarity of the sex. "Well, nor I either, till last night," said he. "And so you did hear of it last night?" we asked. "I *rayther* think I did. I *rayther* think I did," he repeated. Then he pulled up his pantaloon leg disclosing a shin-bone that looked as if it had passed the night in a smoke-house fighting flies, and a bruise at the top that must have called forth the liveliest expressions of wrath when received. "Do you see that?" he asked. As we were looking directly at it, there was a possibility that we saw it, and we answered in the affirmative. "Well, young man," he explained, "I've got another one like that on my back, and a lump on the top of my head, and the gol darndest shaking up generally you ever saw." He paused a moment to readjust his pantaloon leg,and then continued: "You see I was taken a little bad in the night, with a pain in the stomach. I had been over to the fair,and must have eaten something that didn't agree with me. I guess it was about 3 o'clock in the mornin' when I begun to feel the gripin', I thought at first I'd lay still, an' it might pass over; but it kept gitting worse, an' finally I got up to look for the camfire. It was darker than blazes, [a favorite and pertinent simile with the masses.—ED.,] an' I had to hitch round kinder carefully for a match. I expect I got on the wrong side of the bed in the dark, for the first thing I knowed one of my feet catched in something, and kinder pitched me ahead, then the other foot catched and pulled me up agin, an' then both legs got tangled up in the infernal hoops, for it was the old woman's hoopskirt, an' some of the ribs got atween my toes and smarted like thunder, an' when I undertook to move one way it would pull me back another, and so finally it got catched on to a cheer, an' I suddenly went over to wunst, the cheer too, an' I struck my arm across the foot-board of the bed, an' liked to have wrenched my shoulder off, an' that threw me on to one side, kinder, an' I come plump with the top of my head agin the mantle, and jest made every timber in that house shake as if a thunderbolt had struck it. It's a great wonder it hadn't killed me; as it was, it set the old woman to screamin' like a stuck pig, an' for two or three minutes it made me dreadful sick an' dissatisfied. You can bet that when I got on my feet I made short work of that hoopskirt. It ain't hardly worth mentionin' in the paper, I don't suppose, but I thought it might be a good thing to just warn the women against leavin' hoopskirts on the floor nights, an' puttin' people's life in danger, you know." Here he stopped, and leaning back in his chair with a sigh of relief from an oppressive duty performed, eyed us for a moment with considerable and rather uncalled for anxiety.

Then rising and replacing his hat with another sigh, asked us if we had engaged our potatoes for the winter, and finding that we had, and there was no probability within the scope of earthly comprehension that we should need any pot-cheese, he sighed once more and took his leave.—*Danbury News.*

A Friend with a Single Fault.

A Friend with a single fault! Have you never formed one of a little company all engaged in talking about jest that one little fault of a friend? To the rest of us it is so apparent. If it were not for the solitary flaw we say, the dear boy, the dear girl, would be perfect. Sometimes it is fretfulness; sometimes conceit; sometimes a morbid self-abasement; sometimes a touch of selfishness; a disposition to dwell upon the failings of ethers; a faculty for interference; a lack of attention to personal appearance; procrastination—or dear knows what. Now is it not very much like a nightmare—the way we live in the same house with these people, year in and year out, and see the petty fault growing bigger and bigger, and can raise no voice against it—can do nothing but say "if,if, if,"—"alas and alas!"

"O but we do speak!"

Yes sometimes we do; and sometimes the warning voice is enough. But the tragedy appears in those cases where either the warning cannot be given, or where it is unheeded. A family might be described as a succession of conventicles, composed always of the same members, save that each session a different member is absent, and is by the others apprehended and discussed in a way in which he can neither apprehend nor discuss himself.

It has come to be considered a point of humor—to be played upon as may happen—that we can see other people's faults so much better than our own. Now while this is very true, it is also very true that we do generally know our own faults, have had at least side-glimpses of them, and that they grow upon us because we dread to apply the knife; because to be honest, we are every one of us shirks; more or less.

In these slight etchings of character you know I do not care to seize upon those patent vices—or (let me call them) follies—and virtues which flaunt along the street, and with which every one is familar enough; but rather to look up from my desk at the ordinary man or woman who goes past the window on the lawn, or comes in to dust the room, or spend an evening with me,—with his or her ordinary failings and attainments. In other words, my gentle reader, nothing would please me more than to give you the sensation of coming unexpectedly upon a mirror; I should like you to be startled at seeing your own face look up at you from the page.

So my friend Philip hardly answers my purpose as an example—he who began by being very fine in his moral purposes, and very clean in his person, who gradually neglected his appearance till he became more than untidy, and ended in complete personal demoralization and moral dirt. I saw how it all began; he scirked his duty with regard to soap and water. He knew he shirked his duty; knowing it, he did not cease to do so,—and ungodliness followed uncleanliness in natural sequence.

One of the signs of advancing age is our acceptance of certain foibles, of which our friends have told us, and which up to this year of grace we had been in the habit of looking upon as mere accidental and transient peculiarities. There is some hope for us when the joke about our prospect of being fifteen minutes late at the door of Heaven has a certain sharp freshness; but when we settle down into the conviction that we are likely to be lives behindhand all our—well perhaps the first gray hair has not been discovered, perhaps the grasshopper is not yet a burden, but we are ageing."

The older and wiser I grow the more am I impressed with the idea of every man's personal responsibility. Make what allowance you will for taint in the blood, sordid circumstance, and all that, I believe more and more that every soul has a chance. I doubt if there is any well deep and dark and smooth-walled enough to keep a poor devil down if he is determined to get to the top of it. He will win out if he wants to hard enough. It is wonderful how good-luck follows the hospitable mind and honest endeavor.

I wish my friend the parson would hurry up that essay of his on "How to go Mad!"—*"The old Cabinet," Scribner's for October.*

GOD SEES YOU—Many children have read the fairy tales of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Anderson. A pleasant story is told as a sketch of his life.

Little Hans was one day with his mother and some other poor neighbors, gleaning in the field of a man who was said to be very harsh and cruel. They saw him coming, and all started to run away But Hans clumsy wooden shoes came off; the stubble or short stumps of the grain stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet so that he could not keep up with the others, and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could now almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans, whose hopeless case now suddenly filled him with new courage, stopped and turned, and looking into the man's face said, "How dare you strike me when God sees you?"

The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy he gently stroked his cheeks asked his name and gave him money. The truth of which little Hans had reminded him when about to do a mean and cruel act seemed to make him ashamed of it at once, and to speak and act kindly.

How many wicked words and acts children and grown people might be kept from saying and doing if they could at the right time be reminded, as that was, of the presence of God! When you rise in the morning, through all the hours of the day, when you go to rest at night; in the darkness when you are fast asleep, when you are faithful in duty, when you are careless; when you are kind and loving, and when you are unkind and selfish and sinful—always everywhere, *God sees you.* When tempted to speak harshly to your little brothers or sisters, or undutifully to your parents; when you are tempted to lie, cheat or steal, to speak a profane or naughty word—ask yourself, "How dare I do this wicked thing when God can see me?"—*Mother's Magazine.*

A Scranton paper, in giving an account of a shooting affray, says the wounded man is likely to recover, as the pistol ball lodged in his dinner pail.

At Evening.

BY MRS. W. W. THOMAS.

Every eve when homeward wending,
Filled with thoughts of care,
To the casement beauty lending
Comes a figure fair,

With a radiant smile bestowing
Welcome full and free,
In her childish gladness throwing
Kisses unto me.

And another face outlooking
Through the gathering gloom,
Beams with fond and earnest greeting
Ever as I come.

What to me the cold world's frowning.—
What its adverse storm,
If these loving hearts but give me
Shelter safe and warm?

Folded close in their embraces,
Pure and undefiled,
What have I of wealth to ask for?
Precious wife and child!

So I twine my arms around them
As I bar the door,
And within this soul communion
Eden's bliss restore.

Oh the richness found in loving
In this weary world,
Where the wings of care and sorrow
Round the path are furled!

But I pause to ask in silence,
Mid the gathering fears,
Shall I hold these treasures safety
Through the coming years?

Vain I question, only knowing
Gladness undefiled
In thy welcoming embraces,
Darling wife and child!

"Prospect Home," Middlebury, Vt.

Hand and Hearts.

One evening in the year 1520 a woman, enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking toward the bridge of the Rialto in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at times she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance. She paused on the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear blue waters of the Adriatic; then closing her eyes and murmuring, 'Antonio! Antonio! Adieu!' she prepared to throw herself over the parapet. Just as she was falling, a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and drawing her back, said, 'Girl, destroy not thy life which Providence has given thee. If you are unhappy, enter your church, kneel on its hollow pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from crime—from rushing unsalled into His presence!'

The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said, 'Let me go! I must die!'

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and in order to give air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were very lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration, as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was and where she lived. Her history might be summoned up in a few words: an avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love.

Vainly did Maria plead with her father, a rich innkeeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsome gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length this evening her father Gianettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, ran wildly from home, and as we have seen, was arrested on the verge of committing suicide.

The person who saved her led her gently to her house, and having given her up to her father,seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches,and bidding her retire to her own apartment and betake herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart a young gondolier appeared at the door, and furtively approaching her said, 'Dearest! Dearest!'

Gianettini rushed forward, shouting, 'Out of this! Out of my house fellow!'

The young man did not stir.

'Have you finished?' he said in a good-humored tone. 'Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Gianettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not, that since I was ten years old and Maria five,we have loved each other fondly? Will you not then allow us to hallow your old age with our tears?'

'I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my children,' said Gianettini, roughly.

'Beggars!' replied the young man. 'You surely forget yourself.'

'Not I, indeed,' returned the father. 'I refuse my consent. Therefore get you gone.'

'But hear me for one moment, pleaded the gondolier.

'Tis useless. I again repeat that such as you shall never wed my daughter. Your position is too mean.'

'Certainly you are rich,' replied the young man, 'but what hinders that I should not become so too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of Heaven, do much.'

'A fool's dream!'

'Nay!' said Antonio, 'it is sober sense. Prince Lorenz de Medici was a merchant. Duke Giacomo Sforza, a coward.'

The man in the corner had hearkened attentively to this dialogue. He rose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder said: 'Well spoken,gondolier! Courage brings success and struggles conquest. Maria shall be thy wife.'

'Never!' cried Gianettini.

'Master Jew,' said the unknown, turning disdainfully toward him, 'if this youth could lay down 600 pistoles,would you object to the marriage?'

'Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper.'

'Pshaw!' said the unknown, 'babblers are more tiresome than thieves. Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum.'

So saying he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and turning toward a table began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces It had, so to speak, a sensuous, avaricious expression, and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

'Tis my hand!' cried Gianettini.

'And your history,' said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, its author desired him to carry it to Pietro Beuvols, librarian at the Palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it 600 pistoles.

'Six hundred fools' heads!' cried the inkeeper. 'I would not give a zecchin for it.'

Without speaking the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment, and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully towards Maria, but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him and he set out on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance at the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendency gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him; and, for the first time in his life, he dared not break the silence.

An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared bearing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained 600 pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist, and prayed him to honor the sender with a visit.

'Take these coins and weigh them,' said the unknown,as he threw the bag towards Gianettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale and trembling with joy.

'One favor more,' he said. 'Who are you?'

'What does it matter?'

'What does it matter, say you?' cried the gondolier; 'much—much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life.'

'Men call me Michael Angelo.'

'It is my turn now,' he said, 'to ask you a favor. It is to permit me to perpetuate on canvass the lovely features of Maria.'

The girl approached; she could not speak; but she clasped the painter's hand and raised it to her lips. A tear fell on it; and Michael Angelo, as he drew back, turned away to conceal his own emotions.

Twenty years passed on and found Antonio, the once humble gondolier, the happy husband of Maria, and General of the Venetian Republic. Yet his brilliant position never rendered him unmindful of his early life, and his heartfelt gratitude, as well as that of his wife, accompanied Michael Angelo Buonarotti to the end of his days.

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in Louvre. During the invasion of 1814,it was unfortunately lost, and so far as can be ascertained, has never since been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers among the traditions of Venice.

HOMEKEEPING VERSUS HOUSEKEEPING—The truest homes are often in houses not especially well kept, where the comfort and happiness of the inmates, rather than the preservation of the furniture, is first counciled. The object of home is to be the center, the point of tenderest interest, the pivot on which family life turns. The first requisite is to make it attractive, so attractive that none of its inmates shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end, and no effort spared that can contribute to the purpose. Many houses called homes, kept with waxy neatness by painstaking, anxious woman, are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home-feeling from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synoonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything else subservient thereto. Many housewives, if they see a speck on flour or wall, or even a scrap of thread or bit of paper on the floor, rush at it, as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends upon maintenance of perfect purity and order. If there be any failure on their part, or any combination of circumstances against them, they fall into a pathetic despair, and can hardly be lifted out. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful to home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war upon maculateness of any sort increases until they become slaves of the broom and dust-pan. Neatness is one thing, and a state of perpetual house-cleaning quite another.

Out of this grows by degrees the feeling that certain things and apartments are too good for daily use. Hence, chairs and sofas are covered, and rooms shut up, saved for special occasion, when they are permitted to reveal their violated sacredness in a manner that mars every pretense of hospitality. Nothing should be bought which is considered too fine for the fullest domestic appropriation. Far better is the plainest furniture, on which the children can climb, than satin and damask which must be viewed with reverence. Where anything is reserved or secluded, to disguise the fact is extremely difficult. A chilly air wraps it round,and the repulsion of strangeness is experienced by the most insensible.

There are few persons who have not visited houses where they have been introduced to the company parlor. They must remember how uncomfortable they were while sitting in it; how they found it almost impossible to be at ease, and mainly for the reason that their host and hostess were not themselves at ease. The children were watched with lynx eyes, least they should displace or soil something; so that entertainment of friends become very much a social disciplint. They must recall, too, how sweet the fresh air seemed out-of-doors, and how they inwardly vowed, in leaving that temple of form amd fidgetiness, that something more than politeness would be required to incite them to return.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not, and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine, from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE.—Did the reader ever see a lost dog in a great city? Not a dog recently lost, full of wild anxiety and restless pain and bewilderment, but one who had given up the search for a master in despair, and had become consciously vagabond? If so, he has seen an animal that has lost his self respect, traveling in the gutters, slinking along by fences, making acquaintance with dirty boys, becoming a thorough coward, and losing every admirable characteristic of a dog. A cat is a cat even in vagabondage; but a dog that does not belong to somebody is as hopeless a specimen of demoralization as can be found in the superior race among which he has sought in vain for his master. We know him at first sight,and he knows that we know him. The loss of his place in the world, and the loss of his objects of loyalty, personal and official, have taken the significance out of his life and the spirit out of him. He has become a dog of leisure.

We do not know how it may be in trans-Atlantic countries. It is quite possible that in Constantinople, where dogs are plenty and masters comparatively scarce, the canine vagabonds keep each other in countenance. There is a sort of self-respect among human thieves, if only enough of them get together. Where beggars are plenty,there are sometimes generated a sort of professional ambition and a semblance, at least, of professional pride and honor. Liquor-dealers form a society, publish a newspaper, call themselves "Wine Merchants," and make themselves believe that they are respectable. Stock-gamblers in Wall street, by sheer force of numbers in combination, make a business semi-respectable which never added a dollar of wealth to the country and never will, and which constantly places the business interests of the country in jeopardy. So it is possible that in Constantinople lost dogs maintain their self-respect, by community of feeling and a consciousness that they are neither exceptional nor eccentric. A dog's sense of vagabondage would seem, therefore, to depend much upon his atmosphere and circumstances. In New York he loses himself with his home; in Constantinople he joins a community,

The American man of leisure is a sort of lost dog. The people are so busy, they have so long associated personal importance with action and usefulness, that it is all a man's life is worth to drop out of active employment. If a Vanderbilt should quietly release his hold of the vast railroad interests now in his hands, and should nevermore show his face in Wall street, he would practically shrink into a nonentity. If a Stewart should retire to enjoy his piled-up millions in the quiet repose of his palace, he would cease to be an object of interest to anybody. It is undeniably true that there is nobody in America who has so hard a time as the man of leisure. The man who has nothing to do, and nobody to help him to do nothing, may properly be counted among the unfortunate classes, without regard to the amount of wealth he possesses. This is, doubtless, the reason why so many who retire from a life of profitable labor come back, after a few months or years, to their old haunts and old pursuits. They see that the moment they count themselves out of active life, they are counted by their old acquaintances out of the world. They become mere loafers and hangers on; and a certain sense of vagabondage depresses them. The climate is stimulating, time hangs heavy on their hands, business is exciting, business associations are congenial and attractive; and so they go back to their industries, never to leave them again till sickness or death or old age removes them from the theatre of their efforts.

In Europe we know that the case is widely different. The number of men who live upon their estates—estates either won by by trade or inhurited from rich ancestors—is very large, while those who have small, fixed incomes, which they never undertake to increase, is larger still. The Englishman of leisure who cannot live at home on his income goes to the Continent, and seeks a place where his limited number of pounds per annum will give him genteel lodgings, with a life of idle leisure. In such a place he finds others in plenty who are as idle as he, and who have come there for the same reason that brings him. He finds it quite respectable to do nothing, and knows that his command of the means that give him leisure is the subject of envy on the inhabitants, He eats, sleeps, reads, visits, writes letters, and kills time without any loss of self-respect and without feeling the slightest attraction for buiser life. Indeed the tradesmen who are active around him are looked down upon as social inferiors, on account of they that they are under the necessity of work, Work is not a genteel thing to do, unless it be done in an office or profession. Shop-keeping and labor of the hands are accounted vulgar.

It seems impossible to conclude that the man of leisure can ever hold a desirable position where labor holds its legitimate possition. We wish the American could have more leisure than he has. It would in many respects, be well for society that men who have property enough, and ten times more than enough, should retire from active life to make place for others rather than go on accumulating gigantic fortunes which becomes curses to their owners and the community. After all if idleness can only be made respectable and desirable by making labor vulgar, we trust that the American gentleman of leisure will be as rare in the future as he has been in the past.

We are glad on the whole, that every American deems it essential to belong to somebody, to belong to something, to sustain some active relation to some industry, or enterprise' or charity, to be counted in at some point among the useful forces of society. He is the better and the happier for it, and he helps to sustain the honor and self-respect of all those with whom labor is a constant necessity.—*Dr. J. G. Holland, Scribner's for December.*

A young lady of Brooklyn was struck with the uselessness of her life, and immediately went to work with a vigor to learn plain sewing. At latest date she had hemmed one side of a towel, which the proud parents have fraimed and hung in a conspicuous position in their parlors.

How to Raise Beets.—Take hold of the tops and pull.

A Mother's Boy.

"Is there a vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as he stood with a glowing cheek before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told you could obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir; I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, thou half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking him why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already," said his interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left," answered the boy, quickly.

"But you wish to leave it; what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied with half reluctant frankness, "I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! Talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said with a quivering voice, "My boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy that occurs in the bank. If meantime you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind,and I am much obliged to you." So saying the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by a desire to help his mother will always find friends.—*Moravian.*

Who is the first boy mentioned in the Bible? "Chap. 1."

Every cord of wood given to the poor is recorded above.

A Kangaroo is a curious chap: when it's wide awake it's leaping.

Last words of Jack—"I'll be hanged if I go up on that plat