The Corvallis Gazette.

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The Corvallis Gazette.

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The Corvallis Gazette.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 W.	1 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 YR.
1 Inch	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
2 "	2 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 00
3 "	3 00	6 00	10 00	16 00	22 00
4 "	4 00	7 00	13 00	18 00	20 00
¼ Col.	6 00	9 00	15 00	20 00	35 00
⅓ "	7 50	12 00	18 00	35 00	48 00
½ "	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 "	15 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

Notices in Local Column, 20 cents per line, each insertion.

Transient advertisements, per square of 12 lines Nonpareil measure, $2 50 for first, and $1 for each subsequent insertion—in ADVANCE.

Legal advertisements charged as transient, and must be paid for upon expiration. No charge for publisher's affidavit of publication.

Yearly advertisements on liberal terms. Professional Cards, (1 square) $12 per annum. All notices and advertisements intended for publication should be handed in by noon on Wednesday.

F. A. CHENOWETH,
Attorney at Law,
CORVALLIS, - - - - OREGON.
OFFICE Corner of Monroe and 2d St. [16:1tf

J. W. RAYBURN,
Attorney at Law,
CORVALLIS, - - - - OREGON.
OFFICE—On Monroe street, bet. Second and Third.
Special attention given to the COLLECTION OF NOTES AND ACCOUNTS. 16:1tf.

JAMES A. YANTIS,
Att'y and Counselor at Law,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF the State. Special attention given to matters in Probate. Collections will receive prompt and careful attention. Office in the Court House. 16:1tf.

J. C. MORELAND,
(CITY ATTORNEY,)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—Monastes' Brick, First street, bet. Morrison and Yamhill. 14:38tf

G. A. WHITNEY, M. D.,
Graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, N. Y. City,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
PHILOMATH, OREGON.
DISEASES OF WOMEN A SPECIALTY. RESIDENCE in Westlake's Building, corner of First and Lyon streets. 13:32tf.

DR. F. A. VINCENT,
DENTIST,
CORVALLIS, - - - OREGON.
OFFICE in Fisher's New Brick—over Max. Friendly's New Store. All the latest improvements. Everything new and complete. All work warranted. Please give me a call. 15:3tf.

AMES DRAKE. WILLIAM GRANT
DRAKE & GRANT.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
CORVALLIS, - - - OREGON.
ALL WORK IN OUR LINE NEATLY AND promptly executed. Repairing and Cleaning a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop opposite Graham & Hamilton's. 13:27tf

G. R. FARRA, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND OBSTETRCIAN.
OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM & HAMILTON'S Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 14:26y1

NEW TIN SHOP,
J. K. WEBBER, Propr.,
Main St., Corvallis.
STOVES AND TINWARE,
ALL KINDS.
All work warranted and at reduced rates. 12:13tf

H. E. HARRIS,
One Door South of Graham & Hamilton's,
CORVALLIS - - - OREGON.
Groceries, Provisions,
AND
DRY-GOODS.
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1878. 16:1y1.

J. BLUMBERG,
(Bet. Southers' Drug Store and Taylor's Market,)
CORVALLIS, - OREGON.
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, FURNISHING Goods, Cigars and Tobacco, etc., etc.
Goods delivered free to any part of the city. Produce taken, at highest market rates, in exchange for goods.
March 7, 1878 15:10tf

W. C. CRAWFORD,
.... DEALER IN ....
WATCHES,
CLOCKS!
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SIVER WARE, ETC. Also,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, STRINGS, &C.
Repairing done at the most reasonable rates, and all work warranted.
Corvallis, Dec. 13, 1877. 14:50tf

READ, AND PROFIT THEREBY!
WARREN N. DAVIS,
Physician and Surgeon,
(Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania)
OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO THE PEOple of Corvallis and Vicinity.
Specialties:
Surgery, Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children.
Will practice in City of Country. Rooms at New England Hotel, for the present.
Corvallis, Nov. 15, 1878. 15:46tf.

R. H. WARREN,
HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTERS,
WILL PROMPTLY ATTEND TO BUSINESS IN his line either at Corvallis or Philomath, All work executed in the very latest and best style. Graining a Specialty in Laurel, Walnut. Oak and Maple. Paper Hanging neatly done. Give me a fair trial, 15:38tf.

ROBERT N. BAKER,
TAILOR,
FORMERLY OF ALBANY, WHERE HE HAS given his patrons perfect satisfaction, has determined to locate in Corvallis, where he hopes to be favored with a fair share of the public patronage. All work warranted, when made under his supervision. Repairing and cleaning, promptly attended to.
Corvallis, Nov. 28, 1878. 15:48tf.

Grain Storage!
A WORD TO FARMERS.
HAVING PURCHASED THE COMMODIOUS Warehouse of Messrs. King & Bell, and thoroughly overhauled the same, I am now ready to receive grain on storage at the reduced
Rate of 4 cents per Bushel.
I am also prepared to keep EXTRA, WHITE WHEAT, separate from other lots, thereby enabling me to SELL AT A PREMIUM. Also prepared to pay the
Highest Market Price
for wheat, and would, most respectfully, solicit a share of public patronage. THOS. J. BLAIR.
Corvallis, Aug. 1, 1878. 15:32tf.

BOARD and LODGING.
Neat Rooms and Splendid Table.
OUR CORRESPONDENT ON YESTERDAY WAS shown the Neatly Furnished Rooms
—OF—
MRS. JOSEPH POLLY.
At their residence, just opposite the residence of Judge F. A. Chenoweth prepared and now in readiness for such boarders as may choose to give her a call, either by the single meal or by the week.
Mrs. Polly has a reputation as a cook, and sets as good a table as can be found in the State.
Solicits a share of patronage. 15:46tf.

EMPIRE MARKET
JOHN S. BAKER, Propr.
CORVALLIS, - - - OREGON.
HAVING BOUGHT THE ABOVE MARKET and fixtures, and permanently located in Corvallis, I will keep constantly on hand the choicest cuts of
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, and VEAL.
Especial attention to making extra BOLOGNA SAUSAGE.
Being a practical butcher, with large experience in the business, I flatter myself that I can give satisfaction to customers. Please call and give me a trial. JOHN S. BAKER.
Dec. 6th, 1878. 15:49tf

ASTONISHING CURES
Of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Paralysis, Exhausted Vitality, Impaired memory, Mental Diseases, Weakness of Reproductive Organs, etc., etc.,
By the Great English Remedy,
SIR ASTLEY COOPER'S
VITAL RESTORATIVE
IT RESTORES HEARING AND STRENGTHENS the Eyesight. It is not a QUACK NOSTRUM. Its effects are permanent. It has no equal. It is neither a STIMULANT NOR EXCITANT, but it will do the work thoroughly and well.
DR. MINTIE & CO'S great success in the above complaint is largely due to the use of this wonderful Medicine
Price $3 00 per bottle, or four times the quantity for $10 sent secure from observation upon RECEIPT OF PRICE.
None genuine without the signature of the proprietor, A. E. MINTIE, M. D.
Physicians say these troubles cannot be cured.
The VITAL RESTORATIVE and Dr. Mintie & Co's Special Treatment testify positively that they can.
CONSULTATION FREE.
Thorough examination and advice, including analysis, $5 00. Address
DR. E. A. MINTIE, M. D.,
(Graduate of University of Pennsylvania, and late Resident Surgeon, Orthapœdic Hospital, Philadelphia.
Office Hours—10 A. M. to 2 P. M. daily; 6 to 8 evenings. Sundays, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. only. 15:32m6.

THE GREATEST
Kidney and Bladder Medicine!
IN THE WORLD!
DR. MINTIE'S
VEGETABLE NEPHRETICUM
For Inflammation of the Kidneys or Bladder, Pain in the Back, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, etc.
TRY IT! One bottle will convince you of its Great Merit. Ask your Druggist for it and take no other. Everybody who uses it recommends it.
Price $1 25 per Bottle.
To be had of all Druggists, or of the Proprietor, at 11 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California.
DR. MINTIE'S
ENGLISH DANDELION PILLS!
THE ONLY two medicines which really act upon the LIVER, one is Mercury or Blue Pill, and the other DANDELION.
THOUSANDS of Constitutions have been destroyed by Mercury or Blue Pill, and Calomel. The only SAFE Remedy is DR. MINTIE'S Dandelion Combination, which is purely
VEGETABLE,
which acts gently upon the Liver and removes all obstructions. Price per box, 25 cents. To be had of all Druggists.
All letters should be directed to, and special treatment given, at No. 11 Kearney St.
San Francisco, July 11, 1878. 15 32m6.

FRUIT TREES AND SEEDS!
The Coast Hills Nursery
OFFER A FINE AND CAREFULLY GROWN stock of
FRUIT AND NUT TREES
to suit the times. Also an assortment of Garden Seeds. All our seeds are carefully tested. Seeds in packets sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents. A few varieties choice Flower Seeds at the same price.
Vegetable Plants and Flowers
for sale in the Spring. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Address
ED. C. PHELPS, Manager,
Newport, Benton County, Oregon.
Dec. 20, 1878. 15:71m4.

SETTLE UP.
ALL PERSONS KNOWING THEMSELVES indebted to the late firm of B. T. Taylor & Co., are hereby notified to come forward and settle said indebtedness immediately and save costs, as our business must be closed up.
B. T. TAYLOR & CO.
Corvallis 13, 1878. 15:46tf.

WOODCOCK & BALDWIN,
(Successors to J. R. Bayley & Co.,)
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND AT THE old stand, a large and complete stock of
Heavy and Shelf Hardware,
IRON, STEEL, TOOLS, STOVES,
RANGES,
Manufactured and Home Made
TIN AND COPPER WARE,
Pumps, Pipe, etc.
A GOOD TINNER constantly on hand, and all Job Work neatly and quickly done.
Also Agents for Knapp, Burrell & Co., fo the sale of the best and latest improved
FARM MACHINERY,
of all kinds, together with a full assortment AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
Sole Agents for the celebrated
ST. LOUIS CHARTER OAK STOVES
the BEST IN THE WORLD. Also the Norman Range, and many other patterns, in all sizes and styles.
Particular attention paid to Farmers' wants, and the supplying extras for Farm Machinery, and all information as to such articles, furnished cheerfully, on application.
No pains will be spared to furnish our customers with the best goods in market, in our line, and at lowest prices.
Our motto shall be, prompt and fair dealing with all. Call and examine our stock, before going elsewhere Satisfaction guaranteed.
WOODCOCK & BALDWIN.
Corvallis, Jan. 26, 18 . 14:4tf

Fresh Goods
AT THE
BAZAR DE FASHION
CORVALLIS, - - OREGON.
MRS. E. A. KNIGHT
HAS JUST RECEIVED FROM SAN FRANCISCO, and PORTLAND, the Largest and Best Stock of
MILLINERY GOODS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC.,
Ever brought to Corvallis, which she will sell at prices that
Defy Competition.
Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine her goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
AGENCY FOR
Mme. DEMOREST'S
RELIABLE PATTERNS.
Rooms at residence, two blocks north of GAZETTE office.
Corvallis, May 2, 1878. 14:116f

E. HOLGATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS in the State.
Having had four years experience as County Judge, and given close attention to Probate matters, I am well prepared to attend to all business in that line; also contested Road Matters. I will give strict and prompt attention to collections, and as heretofore will do a
REAL ESTATE,
and General Business Agency.
Local Agent of
Home Mutual Insurance Co.
Office up-stairs in Fisher's new brick, middle room, with Judge Burnett. Entrance at rear end of building on Monroe Street.
v15n28tf.

THE STAR BAKERY,
MAIN STREET, CORVALLIS,
HENRY WARRIOR, PROPRIETOR.
FAMILY SUPPLY STORE!
GROCERIES,
DREAD. CAKES, PIES, CANDIES, TOYS,
Etc., Always on Hand.
Corvallis, Jan. 1 1877. 14:2t

SPEIDEL & TRACY,
CORVALLIS. - - - OREGON,
AGENTS FOR
Frank Brothers & Co.,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
Walter A. Wood's Mowers,
Walter A. Wood's Reapers.
WALTER A. WOOD'S
SELF-BINDER,
(The only Successful Binder in use—Iron Drive Wheel—Strong and Durable.)
WALTER A. WOOD'S HEADERS.
Chicago Pitts Thresher.
Coates' Sulky Wheel Rake.
The La Belle Wagon,
BROWNE SULKY PLOW,
BLACK HAWK & CLIPPER PLOWS,
McSHERRY GRAIN DRILL,
McSHERRY BROADCAST SEEDERS,
AND GENERAL
STOCK OF FARMING IMPLEMENTS.
Full Line of Extras kept always on hand for all Machines sold by us.
26apr15:17m9

BEST business you can engage in. $5 $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine 15:12y1.

RUB OR RUST.

Idler, why lie down and die?
Better rub than rust.
Hark? the lark sings in the sky,
Die when thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking;
Better rub than rust!

In the grave there's sleep enough—
Better rub than rust!
Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust.

He who will not work shall want.
Naught for naught is just—
Won't do, must do when he can't;
Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying;
Better rub than rust.

THREE TIMES.

A Tale of Everyday Life.

THE FIRST.

It was only a very tiny, dirty scrap of paper, and the ragged lad who was standing undr a gas-lamp to decipher the words written npon it, was so poor a scholar that he spelled them out with difficulty.

"No—yes, that's it, number twenty something; oh! it's a three; no 'taint, it's a five; number twenty-five Dalby street, is it? Do street begin with a C? I knows now, it's Crescen'! Dalby Crescen'; and that's the 'dentical place that poor mother took me to when we came up to London, before the cold and the want of vittles killed her!"

The lad drew the sleeve of his miserable jacket across his eyes and shivered—not so much because the biting wind of the December night was chilling his attenuated frame, as in sorrowful recollections of the sad-hearted woman he had seen perish from starvation, on just such a winter's night as the present one.

"*She* took me there," he mused. "I was a very little lad at the time, but I've never forgot how she held me up to look in at the windows at the gay folks that was dancing; and says she, 'Len, if we had our rights, there is where we should live.' Fancy me, that's never had a decent shoe to my foot, nor a good meal since she died, living in a grand house like that! I'll go and have another look at it to-morrow, see if I don't."

A shrill cry for "Len" made him hurriedly hide the scrap of paper, and retort with a sullen "well, what's up now? can't a fellow have a minute to himself without being yelled after. I'm a-coming, ain't I?" And Len, the outcast, the homeless orphan—who, having a curious aversion to joining either of the bands of thieves and roughs amongst whom he lived, was the drudge of a low lodging-house—shuffled back to the kitchen of his mistress. She was a virago, who paid his services with scraps of broken victuals, a share of a straw pallet when it could be spared, a corner of the dirty floor when it couldn't, and so many blows and hard words, that the once bright, sweet-tempered boy, whose mother was still remembered in St. Giles as "the lettle lady," was fast becoming brutalized.

"Len has been turning over his boards," a dissipated vagrant facetiously suggested, when he was fiercely asked where he had been skulking. "He knows as Christmas is a coming, and he's going to make us a handsome present all round."

"Maybe I could do that if I had my rights," murmured Len, whose thoughts were still dwelling on the words of his dead mother.

There was a roar of laughter from his rough companions, and the virago came towards him with upraised hand, vociferating, "I'll right ye, I will, you bragging vagabond!" But a sturdy little Irish apple-woman who had been sitting in the chimney corner taking a blast of the pipe, suddenly interfered in the victim's behalf.

"Ye'll let the boy alone, mistress. It's the drop o' whisky I giv him has got into his head, and made him quare. Come here, Len and sit quiet till the sinses has come back to ye."

"What made ye say that? I ain't had no whisky," said the lad, as she unceremoniously pushed him down on the upturned basket that formed her own seat.

"Whisht, lad! Wasn't it to save your bones from that great blacksmith's fist of her's? Why do ye vex her, seein' this is all the home ye have? What were ye a-doin' when she called an' called, and could get no answer out o' ye?"

Len glanced over his shoulder to make sure no one was listening, before he replied.

"Looking over a bit of paper I got out of the big box under her bed," and he jerked his thumb in the direction of Mrs. Betsy Grimsby. "When mother died there was a little bundle o' them papers under her pillow, and a chain and locket that she wore round her neck, and wouldn't part with, even when she were too ill to work, and I cried at her knee for bread. Old Betsy has sold the chain, but I'll have the papers some day."

"Sure then, if they're your own, why shouldn't ye?" observed the apple woman, coolly, and Len nodded and whispered again.

"I drew this one out through a crack, but the others is tied together and she never lets the key of the box go out of her own hands."

But another shout for Len put an end to the colloquy, and Irish Bridget had forgotten it when two days afterwards the lad slouched past the corner of the busy thoroughfare at which she retailed her fruit and nuts, on his way to the handsome mansion in Dalby Crescent.

It was Christmas eve. The weather was bright, but piercingly cold; and Len, who for some days past had been conscious of strange aches and pains in all his limbs, was blue with the cold, when he dragged himself wearily to the railings in front of No. 25. There he stood, and looked down the area and through the windows of the great kitchen, in which a plump cook and a couple of attendant satellites were rolling out paste for mince-pies, and making other dainties for the morrow, regardless of the half-starved lad who watched them.

"Who lives here?" Len asked of a newspaper boy who had stopped to gaze with him, and only laughed derisively, when Miss Cook, with a threatening shake of her rolling-pin, made signs to both of them to go away.

"Lives here? Why, Capel, esquire, the great banker. Hasn't ye heard of him?"

Len started. "My mother's name was Capel—Mary Capel; they put it on her coffin."

"My wigs!" exclaimed the vender of paper, incredulously. "Then you must be one of the banker's rich relations. Why don't yer call yer carriage, and pay him a Christmas visit?"

He ran on, laughing; and Len, feeling as if his weary limbs would support him no longer, sat down on the lowest of the broad stone steps leading to Mr. Capel's door, staring vacantly the while at a well-dressed girl and boy, a few years his junior, who were coming rapidly towards him hand-in-hand.

They were the children of rich parents, for the young lady was clad in velvets and furs, and her youthful companion's suit and warm ulster were of the handsomest materials. They had been skating in one of the parks, for the boy carried, slung on his arm, the *Acme* skates they had been using. Happy, heedless, laughingly comparing their exploits on the ice; engrossed in each other; the sweet blue eyes of the little maiden, full of honest admiration of her brave, handsome schoolboy, who on his part, thought Cousin Hetta the jolliest little darling in the world; neither of them saw the pallid outcast till they stood beside him.

"What are you doing here, fellow?" exclaimed the boy, angrily. "Go away directly, or I'll make you!"

"Oh, Maurice, he looks so ill—so hungry! Don't speak roughly to him," pleaded the gentle girl.

He raised his sunken eyes to the delicately fair speaker, and gazed at it till his fixed stare frightened her.

"He's no business here!" said Maurice Capel, the banker's son. "We can't have such a disreputable lad lurking about our door!"

"Give him something, and he'll go away," whispered Hetta.

"Papa says we should not encourage beggars," Maurice told her, with a dignified air.

"But it's Christmas time,' she pleaded, "when everybody gives to everybody. Won't you? Then the poor lad shall have my sovereign that grandma gave me. I wanted to make some one happy with it."

Bidding Len wait, the children ran into the house, Maurice returning alone with his cousin's solitary coin, for nurse had pounced upon the young lady to change her dress for dinner. By this time the porter who opened the door had ousted the outcast from his seat. Mr. and Mrs. Capel were coming along the crescent, and what would master say if he found his carefully whitened steps desecrated by the presence of a vagrant?

Hetta's golden gift—flung, rather than presented, to the retreating Len—was scarcely in his palm when Mr. Capel stepped forward, stern and unpitying.

His first angry speech was for his son. "How dare he ignore his command, and encourage such a disreputatable vagabond as that?" His next for Len, whom he threatened with the police and the treadmill, bidding him begone in such menacing tones that the lad attempted to obey; staggered a few paces, and then dropped to the pavement.

"Intoxicated, of course!" said the banker, with a shrug.

"Dying, I fear," answered a surgeon, who had chanced to be passing, and stopped to feel the pulseless of poor, helpless, benumbed Len.

"Better carry him to the workhouse," suggested some one else; and he was borne away by a couple of policemen to spend his Christmas within the walls of St. Bonaventure's poorhouse.

And thus ended Len's first visit to the stately mansion of the Capels, No. 25, Dalby Crescent. Mr. Capel, touched for a moment by his condition, had resolved to do something for him, if he lived; but in the festivities of the season the resolve was forgotten.

To be continued.

Source of Personal Beauty.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions teeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gipsies in the parlor, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics, which can contribute a tithe so much of the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks, as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these as a beautifier of the person is the overmastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man because she has more affection than man. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness, sweetness, good will, a prevailing desire and determination to make others happy, make the body a temple of the Holy Ghost. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections, fashions and features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose by inherent impulse grows in grace and blossome into loveliness which art cannot equal. Thers is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a pervading, prevailing kindness of the heart. The angels are beautiful because they are good, and God is beautiful because He is love.—*Christian Globe.*

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledg and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.

Poverty never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

Every year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is the wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.

PROVERBS, NEW AND OLD.

Owe no man anything.
God promises nothing to idleness.
If you are insured, watch your policy.
Never make a loan on importunity.
Money easily gotten is soon spent.
Money earned is money valued.
Avoid a second mortgage for a fresh loan.
He that maketh haste to be rich is not wise.
Never sacrifice safety to large expected returns.
Little coins, like little drops of water, will fill a bucket.
Poverty is no bar to marriage if both parties will work and save.
The gods help those who help themselves—men or women.
As we saw in temporal affairs we shall reap.
It is easier to loosen up good property than to re-establish it.
In discussing business disagreements keep cool.
Poverty is in want of much, but averice demands everything it has not.

WATCHING ONE'S-SELF.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us:

"'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle, I want him to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"Ah," thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him looking off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed!" said he; "how do you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," I said;

"You did? and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

Stick to Your Bush.

The secret of the man who got rich by "sticking to his bush" will bear repetition even in these times. In answer to a question how he became so very successful, he told the following story:

I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to pick blackberries. I wanted to go with them, but was afraid father would not let me. When I told him what was going on he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself.

I rushed into the kitchen, got a basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out at the gate when my father called me back. He took my hand and said in a very gentle voice:

"Joseph, what are you going to do?"

"To pick berries," I replied.

"Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to seek for a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, passing a good deal of time, and getting but a very few berries."

I went and had a capital time. No sooner had one found a bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places, and ran off to the new found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries.

My father's words kept running in my ears, and I "stuck to the bush." When I had done with one I found another, and finished that, then I took another. When night came I had a basket full of ripe berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had taken ill. He looked at my basket full of ripe blackberries, and said: "Well done, Joseph. Was I not right when I told you to always stick to your bush?"

He died in a few days after, and I had to make my way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forget the experience of that blackberry party—"I stuck to my bush." When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months seeking one I thought might be a little better. When other young men said, "Come with us and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and stuck to my bush. Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the principals died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me and gave me a character, I owe all I have to this motto: "Stick to your bush."

Habits of Disrespect in the Family.

One of the dangers of home life is this habit of disrespect—that which is bred by familiarity. People who are all beauty and sunshine for a crowd of strangers, for whom they have not the slightest affection, and all ugliness and gloom for their own, by whose love they live. The pleasant little prettiness of dress and personal adornment which mark the desire to please are put on purely for the admiration of those whose admiration goes for nothing, while the house companions are treated only to the ragged gown and threadbare coat, the tousled hair and stubby beard, which, if marking the ease and comfort, or the *sans facon* of home, mark also the indifference and disrespect that do so much damage to the sweetness and delicacy of daily life. And what is true of the dress is still truer of the manners and tempers of home, in both of which we often find too, that want of respect which seems to run side by side with affection in the custom of familiarity. It is a regretable habit under any of its conditions, but never more so than when it invades the home and endangers still more that which is already too much endangered by other things. Parents and bringers-up do not pay enough attention to this in the young. They allow habits of disrespect to be formed—rude, rough, insolent and impatient, and salve over the sore with the stereotyped excuse, "They mean nothing by it," which if they look at it aright, is worse than no excuse at all, for if they really do mean nothing by it, and their disrespect is not what it seems to be, the result of strong anger or uncontrollable temper, but is merely a habit, then it ought to be conquered without the loss of time, being merely a manner that hurts all parties alike.

A Lesson to Young Men.

In these days of defalcations and breaches of trust, there are two causes which more than any other lead to such offenses, and these two causes, it is almost needless to say, are the drinking of spirituous liquors to excess and gambling. The first naturally leads to the latter, and the latter counts its victims by the score among young men.

There is scarcely a daily paper we pick up which does not bear us out in this assertion, but one case of recent occurrence demands more than a passing notice, and we propose to call the especial attention of young men occupying responsible positions to it.

A young man of highly respectable appearance, whose name it is not necessary to give here, stood at the bar of the Court, charged with the crime of robbing his employer. He did not deny his guilt, but told the story of his crimes and begged the clemency of the Court. His story in substance was that he did not intend to steal the money, but had only used it to recover money that he had lost in gambling, intending to return it when fortune favored him.

He was a graduate from the Western University, of highly respectable parentage, and held a position which insured him a liberal salary, troops of friends, and the *entree* to the best society; but in an evil hour he was led into gambling. He lost his money, of course, and in the vain hope of getting it back he was tempted to rob his employer. The next night he visited the house again, and lost all his money. Then it seemed to him that he could not lose on the third night, and so he took $40 from the money-drawer and went a third time to the house thinking that he certainly would be able to replace the money in the morning. This money was lost, and at the end of the week he had taken $200 from the money-drawer.

"I was nearly wild," he said, "because I only took the money to win back what I took the first time, and all this time my employer was treating me so kindly that I felt as if I should go crazy. One night I called at my employer's house to make a clean breast of it, but he was not at home, and on my way back I stopped at a gambling house and won $125. I felt then I could win enough to pay him back, and I thought it would be foolish to make a confession and ruin myself when I could pay it back without letting any one know I had taken it. The next night I won again, and had within $40 or $50 of what I had taken. The day after I went to the gambling house as soon as I could get away from the store, and then I lost all the money I had gained."

This, probably, is the history of ninety-nine young men out of every hundred who are similarly tempted, and as it is highly probable that this will meet the eye of some youth who has taken the first downward step in the same direction, we appeal to him by his own self-respect, by the love of his relatives and friends, by all his hopes of the future, to stop at once before it is too late. If he has already taken the first step, let him go to his employer without delay, make a full confession, and throw himself on that employer's mercy. Should he do this, all may yet be well with him. Should he stifle the voice of conscience and listen to the siren voice of the tempter, nothing is more certain than he will eventually become an inmate in a felon's cell—despised by his friends and condemned forever after to herd with felons.

Money won at gambling brings with it no blessing under any circumstances. No professional gambler ever died rich, while the same exertion to accumulate money by such means used in any honest direction would insure at least a comfortable living, and the love and respect of all good men. Let young men lay this lesson seriously at heart, and be ever ready to exclaim, when temptation assails them: "Get behind me, Satan."

Influence of Newspapers.

A school teacher who had been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of family and children, writes as follows: "I have found it to be a universal fact without exception, that scholars of both sexes and all ages, who have access to newspapers at home when compared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.
2. They are better spellers and define words with ease and accuracy.
3. They obtain practical knowledge of geography in about half the time it requires the others, as the newspapers have made them acquainted with the location of important places, of nations, their government and doings on the globe.
4. They are better grammarians for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the commonplace advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and constantly analyze its construction with accuracy.
5. Those young men who have for years been readers of newspapers are always taking the lead in debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge, a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness.

WITTY GIRLS.

"Don't put too fine a point to your wit," said Cervantes, "for fear it should get blunted." He spoke to men; if he had been addressing young women, he might have said: "Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should wound rather than tickle." Men don't take kindly to the sharp, clever young woman who is always hurling her shafts of wit. They not only believe, with Shakespeare, that a "soft, gentle and low voice," is "an excellent thing in women," but that it should be accompanied by gentle manners and a tender heart. The Philadelphia *Times* utters thoughts about the too-clever young woman, the good sense of which makes them worth heeding:

Occasional indulgence in repartee with a bright man or woman is entertaining, but if either insists upon carrying on the game unduly, it becomes a nuisance, and the persistent one lays himself or herself open to the gravest of social charges, "bad style." To talk with a girl who will do nothing but cut and thrust, and whose constant attack necessitates a constant defense, is a bore. Nobody cares to live constantly on spiced meats.

Nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity, whether it be that we always prise those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants—truth, fidelity and constancy—gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.—*Addison.*