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Professional Cards.

J. B. DAVIS, M. D.—PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Brookville and vicinity. Office on Main-street, one door south of the Tyner House. Residence on Market-street, one door west of Tyner & Kimball's, Brookville, Ind. Will take acknowledgments of Deeds, take and certify Depositions, &c. 41-tf

W. MORROW,—ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office, No. 7, Hall's Building, Brookville, Ind. 21—tf

THOMAS J. WHITE,—NOTARY PUBLIC, Brookville, Ind., will take depositions and acknowledgments, and attend to Notarial business generally.

JOHN W. KELLY, NOTARY PUBLIC, BROOKVILLE, INDIANA, IS PREPARED to draw and take acknowledgments of Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Office—One door south of the Tyner Store.

DR. J. W. KELLY,—SURGEON DENTIST, Brookville, Ind. All work warranted. No charge for examination. Office adjoining Dr. Davis' Drug Store. 41-tf

OTHO HIGBEE,—ATTORNEY AT LAW, Brookville, Ind. Office, in the old County Clerk's Building, on the Public Square. 43—'53

Selected Poetry.

HOUSEHOLD DIRGE.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

I've lost my little Mary at last
She perished in the spring,
When earliest flowers began to hint
A promise of their coming.

I laid her in a country grave,
A rural enclosure,
A marble table at her head,
And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again,
Of all her childish blooms,
My lips, which her lips have followed so,
My heart is in the tomb!

I know that she is fled;
I know her companions, and yet,
Take not make her dead!

I wake the children up at dawn,
Hear each their simple prayer,
And draw them round the morning meal,
But one is wanting there!

I open a little chamber door,
A little plaything,
And memory fills the vacancy,
Yet she will—never more!

I sit within my room and write,
The long and weary hours,
And when the little maid again,
Among the window flowers,
And stop her with the toys beside
My desk, in silent play,
And then I turn and look for her,
Then she has flown away.

I drop my little pleasant work,
And seek the thickest wood,
She must be playing hide and seek
Yet lingers mute around.
Then I come and climb my chair again,
And peep my shoulder over,
I hear a stifled laugh—but one,
I hear no more—never more!

Yet I shall only pulse-tight,
The evening service read,
The fingered for my little's kiss,
Before she used to bed;
Remembering she had gone before,
To slumber soft and sweet,
A sentiment above her head,
And violets at her feet!

THE WIDOW,

AND HER DAUGHTER.

"And do you strip yourself of comforts for the sake of adding to this rich merchant's gains?"

The widow replied with flushed cheek, "It may seem a light thing to you, but the thought that I am slowly and surely wiping every stain from my husband's honor, is my greatest earthly comfort. Mr. Miner is his last creditor, and, God willing, every cent shall be paid."

His coarser relative responded with an emphatic "fiddlestick," and angrily left the presence.

"At least I have it," said a silvery voice, and a sweet face, glad and brilliant, brightened up the gloom.

"Only see, mother! ten dollars, all my own; ten more make twenty; so we shall have a nice little sum for Mr. Miner."

Tears trembled on the widow's lashes, and glittered on her pale cheek—"Is it to be the price of thy life, my precious one?" she thought. "Is the canker-worm at the heart of my beautiful flower? Must I give thee up to weary toil, a sacrifice upon the altar of duty? Can it be that God requires it?"

Eva kneeled at her mother's feet, where she had fallen with all abandon of a child, her hand fastened to the shining gold.

Lifting her glance, she met that of her mother, full of anxiety, touched with sorrow. A sudden smile broke over her delicate features.

"I was only thinking of the endless things this money would buy—don't look so grave, mamma, such a beauty of a warm shawl for you, and a neat crimson carpet for that untidy old arm-chair; a bit ever so little of carpet, to put down by the bed, that your feet need not feel this cold floor; and a pretty cap, besides coal, and tea, and sugar, and such nice comfortable things. But never mind"—and she sprang to her feet, brushed back her brown curls, and drew on her neat little bonnet—"never mind, I'll maybe write a book one of these days, and that'll make you and me rich. And, dear mother, you shall ride in your own carriage, and maybe those that scorn us now, only because we are poor, may be thankful for our notice. A trace to romance," she gravely continued; "stern reality tells me to go directly up to Madison-street, find Mr. Miner, give him these twenty dollars, take a receipt, and then come home read that ring to my mother."

Hurriedly Eva passed from her house along the narrow streets. As she went onward, street after street diverged into pleasant width and palace-lined splendor. The houses of greatness and wealth glittered in their marble beauty under the golden sunlight. Up broad steps, through portals carved and shining, passed the timid steps of Eva Sterne.

At first the pompous servant smiled contemptuous denial; but after a moment, perhaps softened by her childish simplicity and winning blue eyes, he deemed it best not to deny her urgency; and she entered this palace of a rich man's home.

Softly her feet sank in the luxurious hall-carpet. Statuary in bronze and marble lined all the way to the staircase. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in, with his kindly glance and handsome face, the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well, young lady," he said, blandly smiling, "to whom am I indebted for this pleasure?"

"My father, sir, died in your debt," said Eva, blushing, speaking very softly. "By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry, they must be small sir—we can in the course of a very few years liquidate the debt, and then—we shall have fulfilled my fathers dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor." She paused a moment, and said again falteringly, "my father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years, but, sir, he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

Mr. Miner sat awhile thoughtfully, his dark eyes fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence, he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said:

"I remembered your father well; I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow—a fine fellow," he added, musingly; "but my dear young lady, have you the means—do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

Eva blushed again, and looking up, ingenuously replied:

"I am obliged to work, sir; but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace."

This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glistened on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces; he took them and bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note, saying:

"There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add; that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is nine hundred and seventy-five dollars.—You will see by my note what arrangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory."

Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise.—His manner was gentle, so fatherly that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

At last she got home, and breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened the letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank note inclosed; she held it without speaking, or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said after a moments bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—"here are fifty dollars: what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears, "is a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your fathers debt. Kind, generous man—Heaven will bless him—God will shower mercies upon him.—From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. O what shall we say, what shall we do to thank him?"

"Mother," shall Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he were an angel of goodness. O, they do wrong, who say that *all* who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how happy he had made us, how much we love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of!"

"He has bound two hearts to him forever," murmured the mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have one cheerful blaze, please God! And the tea, the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you, dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live."

That evening the grate, heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to their benefactor. Her mother's face, lighted with the loss of cankering care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer calling down blessings upon the good rich man.

In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" asked Lina, a beautiful girl passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"Don't I always look happy, my little Lina?"

"Yes, but you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so;" and her bright face reflected his own. "I think you've had something very nice today; what was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy? Here is my Bible: let her turn to Acts xx, 35, and read it carefully."

The beautiful child turned reverently the pages of the holy book, and as she read, she looked up in her father's eyes:

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand; "you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said, 'God bless you,' and that's what makes you happy."

Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile; but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Health for Children.

Three times as many children die in cities as in the country, and half the children born do not reach ten years. Such a result could never have been intended by the wise and kind Maker of us all. A different result must be brought about, by the exercise of the reason which is implanted in all parents, and which, if properly cultivated and practiced in the lights of our time, would soon work a wonderful change in infantile mortality.

1. Children should sleep in separate beds, on mattresses of straw or shucks of corn.

2. Require them to go to bed at a regular early hour, and let them have the fullest amount of sleep they can take, allowing them in no case to be waked up.

3. Except a rug beside the bed, there should be no carpet on the floor of their chamber, no bed or window curtains, no clothing of any description hanging about, no furniture beyond a dressing-table a few chairs, no standing fluids, except a glass of water, and nothing at all in the way of food, or plants or flowers. In short, a chamber should be the cleanest, driest, coolest, lightest, and most barren room in the house, in order to secure the utmost purity of air possible.

4. Make it your study to keep your children out of doors every hour possible, from breakfast time until sundown, for every five minutes so spent in joyous play increases the probabilities of a healthful old age.

5. Let them eat at regular hours, and nothing between meals; eating thus, never stint them; let them partake of plain substantial food, until fully satisfied. Multitudes of children are starved into dyspepsia. The last meal of the day should be at least two hours before retiring.

6. Dress children warmly, woolen flannel next their persons during the whole year. By every consideration, protect the extremities well. It is an ignorant barbarism which allows a child to have bare arms, and legs, and feet, even in summer. The circulation should be invited to the extremities; warmth does: cold repels it.

It is at the hands and feet we begin to die. Those who have cold hands and feet are never well.

Plenty of warmth, plenty of substantial food and ripe fruits, plenty of sleep, and plenty of joyous out-door exercise, would save millions of children annually.—*Jour of Health.*

HE NEVER SWEARS.

"Mother," said a little boy, "you know Henry G——, the deaf and dumb boy, don't you?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, mother he never swears."

"Of course not, my dear, he cannot speak—he is dumb."

Well I know that; but then he never swears any way. He might write it, you know, but he never does; he is a good boy."

Young swearer! would you have been willing to write the first oath you uttered? Or would you now be willing to write an oath on nice white paper, in a firm hand and show it to your parents or Sunday School teacher, or to any of the friends whose love and esteem you desire? Would you feel proud of it as you would of an exercise in composition? No, no; you would be ashamed of it, for it is a low, detestable vice. Remember the Bible says, "For every idle word ye shall be brought into judgment."—The oaths you utter are written—they are written in your memory—in God's memory! And the time will come when the dark catalogue will be brought up for your condemnation.—O, swearer, whether young or old, add no more to what is already written!

But there are many little boys, I trust, who read this, who, like the deaf and dumb boy, "never swear any way," not even in their thoughts. Dear children, never yield to the temptation. Some boys think it is manly to swear, but there is nothing noble or manly about it.

As I was going along the streets today, I passed a well dressed man, whom I might have thought a gentleman if I had not heard him swear! If he had been dressed like a king, I should have despised him after that.

O, let your lips be as free from profanity as those of the dumb boy! Let your tongue be as guiltless in this respect as his pencil.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."—S. S. *Ad.*

Good Manners.—A lady who had boasted highly at a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him thus:

"Charles, my dear, will you have some more beans?"

"No," was the ill-mannered reply of the petulant little cherub.

"No!" exclaimed the astonished mother—"No what?"

"No beans, ma," said the child.

GOT A LIFT.

Every Tuesday morning, Captain Lewis Pilsbury drives down from the Penitentiary, for the purpose of taking up such prisoners as receive "condign" punishment at the Court of Sessions. On these occasions he pulls up his establishment, a large one horse wagon, in front of the City Hall. Captain P. did this on Tuesday last. He drove down about noon, hitched his horse to a post, and went into the jail to "burn a torch" with the Sheriff. Lewis smokes the best Havanas, three for a quarter. While he was lighting his cigar, and taking a memorandum of the prisoners, an old-fashioned old gent came along with a bundle under his arm. The old-fashioned old gent saw officer Whalen, with whom he enters into a conversation:

"Whose wagon is this 'ere?"

"A gentleman's who resides just out of the city."

"In which direction?"

"West!"

"Wonder if he would not give me a lift, and let me ride as far as the Cherry Valley turnpike? I'm very tired, having tramped over thirteen miles since morning."

"Let you ride? of course he will—get in and take a back seat."

The old gent accepted the invitation and got in. He was just adjusting himself comfortably when Pilsbury returned from the jail. Pilsbury seeing an old man with a bundle in the wagon, and an officer standing by it, came to the conclusion that the former was "under conviction," while the latter was keeping watch over him.—In a moment after this, policemen marched out of the City Hall with three "ladies" and seven "gentlemen"—convicts going up for various terms, from thirty days to six months. The ladies and gentlemen having taken their seats, Capt. Lewis jumped in, introduced a twenty shilling whip to the attention of a $100 horse, and started for the Penitentiary.

The old gentleman talked with the new comers in a friendly manner, and thought for the time being that he had got in the most agreeable society that he had met since he left "Varmount."

At the top of State street the old gent said, "hold on." Mr. Pilsbury said, "silence." Old gent said, "don't want to go no farther." Mr. Pilsbury said, "quite likely, but he must ask him to finish up the ride." Old gent insisted that business called him to Cherry Valley turnpike. Mr. Pilsbury said he would have to postpone it to a more auspicious period. Old gent persisted in getting out. Mr P. said if he undertook it he would shoot him down. Old gent said, "such conduct was outrageous," and wanted to know what he meant. Mr. Pilsbury said he would drop him a line by the next mail, and let him know. Old gent said if he didn'at stop the wagon, he'd jump out. Mr. Pilsbury said if he did, he'd chuck him in again. The old gentleman undertook to jump, but was caught "in the center," and made to take his seat in the bottom of the wagon. In this condition he reached the Penitentiary.

"What place is this?"

"A chair factory—jump out and take a look."

"Chair factory! I want no chair factories. I tell you again I've got business on the Cherry Valley turnpike, and can't fool away my time in looking at ratan."

The protest, however, did no good. The old gent was bundled out. He was marched into the receiving room, where he was astonished "past belief." He was undressed, and before he could enter a protest, he was washed and put into prison dress. He was then registered and sent to the shop for a job of work. Here his indignation broke afresh, and was rapidly leading to rebellion, when one of the helpers proposed to give him a "showering." Instead of that he was locked in a cell. This finished up his business on Tuesday evening.

On Wednesday, Mr. Pilsbury went down street, called at the police office and entered into conversation with Whalen.

"Got a queer old customer at the Penitentiary."

"Who is he?"

"That old fellow I took up yesterday."

"What! the old fellow with the bundle, who sat in the back part of the wagon?

"The same. He is the queerest acting prisoner I ever saw."

"Prisoner! Why he is no prisoner. He is an old chap that got in the wagon for the purpose of riding to the top of Washington street."

"How did he get in the wagon?"

"I told him he might. Didn't he tell you?"

"Of course, not. I would not give him a chance."

The result of this interview may be very easily guessed. Mr. P. discovered that he had made a mistake, and made all speed to rectify it. As soon as he could return to the Penitentiary he released the old gent and apologised. The old man said, "want no apologies: man that shaves my head has got to pay for it."

Saying this, the old man seized the bundle, slamed to the door, and came into the city. He called at the Police Office and made the acquaintance of Counsellor Brice. Brice heard the story and immediately commenced a suit for false imprisonment. He lays the damages at $5000. The old gent resides in Burlington. His name is S. W. Sheppard. Should a verdict be rendered against Capt. P., Barney Whalen should at least "go halves." Let us hope that he will do so.—*Albany Jour.*

Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.

A Cigar.

Dr. M——, as skillful a physician as New York can boast of, tells us the following story—which the medicine man vouches for, and which we feel safe therefore as endorsing for a fact.

Two or three years ago, a Spaniard from Cuba came to this city to be treated for a disease of the lungs. He came to Dr. M——, described his symptoms, and put himself in the Doctor's hands.

"Well," said the doctor, "if I undertake your case, I shall be obliged to impose one condition—and that is rather a hard one for you to comply with."

"What is it?" asked the Cuban.

"That you entirely cease smoking until I give you permission to resume.

"Never! I'd rather let the thing kill me. What pleasure is there in life if one cannot smoke?"

The Doctor was a smoker himself, and felt some sympathy. So he replied:

"Well, perhaps that is beyond your power. But you must promise me solemnly to smoke but one cigar per day, or I will not undertake your case."

The Cuban promised; it was his only chance.

Four or five days afterwards, the Doctor thought he would call upon him as he passed his house, and thus save him a walk to the office for the day. He walked up stairs—knocked—"Come in"—behold the Cuban with a cigar about eighteen inches long and a proportionate thickness!—He confessed that he had that brand made to order for him—but, said he:

"Doctor, I smoke but one a day, as I promised."

The Cause of the Present High Prices of Sugar.

The present exorbitant prices of sugar, an article so necessary to the comfort of every family, affords one of the clearest evidences of the violations now so prevalent of the good old Democratic rule, 'THE GREATEST GOOD of the greatest number.' The Democratic Tariff of 1846, imposed an ad valorum duty of 30 per cent upon all kinds of imported sugars, raw and refined; the effect of which is to fill the pocket of less than six hundred southern planters, at the expense of the millions who consume; so that sugar which would not cost more than seven; now sell for thirten. For this oppressive duty there is no good excuse; no financier pretends that the South can ever raise a supply adequate to the demand, nor is this import needed for revenue—we have millions of surplus. There is no reason under the Heavens, why it should be continued, except to enrich the few planters of Louisana.—And yet no Democrat has ever opened his lips to advocate the removal of such an unrighteous burden upon the poor. The above is commended to John and Simeon.

Influence of a Smile.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embelishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result, nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character—some announce goodness and sweetness—others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride—some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness—others brighten by their spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror can not aid in acquiring beautful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautiful by all sweet thoughts.

Don't Worry.

When Bulstrode Whitelock was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden in 1753, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich the previous night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said—

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust Him to govern it as long as you may live?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply; but turning about, soon fell asleep till he was summoned to embark.

☞ A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift on his conduct: "My love," said he, "I am only like the prodigal son. I shall reform by and by."—"And I will be like the prodigal son too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."

—When Love finds the soul, he neglects the body and only turns to it in his idleness as to an after-thought. Its best allurements are but the nuts and figs of the divine repast.

Hire a Clerk.

A tall, rough-shod, rough-visaged, good-natured looking individual arrived in our city about a week ago, fresh from the "mountains," and put up at what might be called one of our third-rate houses. The rules were like those at most other establishments of the kind, boarders being taken by the day, week or meal. Jim Polter (we take the name from the register), had "gone in" by the week with the understanding that he was to be credited for what he called "lost time," at the usual rate. There was nothing very unusual in this, although it did not turn out altogether to the landlord's satisfaction.

At the end of the second day, it occurred to Jim that he had not seen Sacramento for upwards of a year, and, as thought with him was almost a deed, he, without saying a word to the landlord, disappeared. He spent the remainder of the week a Sacramento, and reached his boarding house here just in time to find the proprietor calculatihg Mr. Jim Polter was indebted for one week's board.—It didn't take Jim long to prove that he had been out of town four days, and the bill against him was cut down

"See yere, old feller," broke out Jim, a the bill was being altered, "ef it's all one to yeou, I'll take a squint at them 'ar books."

"There's your account, sir," said the landlord, pretending not to notice Jim's last remark. "Two days' board—$2.62½."

Jim took his bill, and eyeing the puzzled landlord as though he suspected some "shenanigan," he broke out,

"I want to see them 'ar books!"

The landlord told him he was asking too much—that no outsider was permitted to examine his books.

Jim was satisfied now that all was not exactly right, and resolved to see the end of it.

"Give me pen, ink and paper," said he. I want to show you how to keep books."

He took the pen, and, after having added up various small sums, made out and handed to the amazed landlord the following account.

Jim Porter to Landlord—Detter two dais bord	$2,62
Landlord to Jim Polter—Detter 4 dais lost time	$5,00

"Thar she is!" said Jim, as he passed the slip of paper across the counter. "'Cordin' to your own way of keepin' books, a feller ain't 'lowd nothin' for lost time." The landlord said nothing, but gazed with astonishment. "You see," continued Jim, anxious to establish the correctness of his bill, "I tuck board by the week, you know."

"Yes," muttered the half-choked landlord. "And the bargain was that you was to credit me for lost time at the usual rate, you know. "Yes." "Well, I boarded with you two days, you know." "Y-e-s." "I didn't board with you four days—you see."—"Y-e-s." "And you owe me for that." The landlord took a long breath brushed the perspiration from his face, and casting his eyes vacantly about the ceiling, slowly ejaculated, "Oh, yes." "Now I ain't going to be hard on you," said Jim; "you feed very well—and as I'm goid' up in the country to-morrow, we'll spend that little balance for champagne to-night. But i'll tell you one thing, landlord," he added, after a pause, "you would make money if you would hire a clerk!"

We are inclined to think it would have taken a number of clerks to make Jim believe that the landlord did not owe him for four day's board.—*Cal Herald.*

The New Key.

"Aunty," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and make them so willing; for you know, aunty, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked her aunty.

"It is only one little word—guess what." But aunty was no guesser.

"It is PLEASE," said the child; "aunty, it is please. I ask one of the great girls in school, 'Please show me my parsing lesson?' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, please do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask uncle, 'please,' he says, 'Yes puss, if I can;' and if I say, 'please, aunty—' "

"What does aunty do?" asked aunty.

Oh, you look and *smile just like mother;* and that is best of all, cried the little girl, throwing her arms around aunty's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children will like to know about this key; and I hope they will make use of it.

☞ Advice Gratis.—Don't blunt your razor to open another man's oysters. Keep your wit as a buckler to defend yourself, and not as a sword to wound others. Persons who wash at home should take care to keep the kitchen door shut.

Respect gray hair, especially your own.

Lock up the piano, when you are going out of town.

Estimate a man according to his worth, and not according to what he is worth to you.

Bills are chickens that always come home to roost.

The waistcoat with a farthing in the pocket commands a high price from a Jew.

To be candid—speak of the present as though they were absent.

To be charitable—speak of the absent as though they were present.—*Punch.*

The Chinese Sugar Cane.

The cultivation of this cane is receiving a considerable degree of attention, and it promises to be attended with great success. In Minnesota Territory it has been cultivated upon a pretty extensive scale, and with the most flattering prospects of entire success.

The imagination fails in an attempt to picture the wonderful revolutions that the successful culture of this cane would bring about. If it shall even happen that the sugar cane will grow along side of corn, wheat, potatoes, &c., in the fertile valleys, and on the vast praries of the States of this Union, our people will no longer be dependent upon foreign countries, or upon one State for their sugar and molasses, and our citizens will be supplied with these commodities as they are now with corn, wheat, apples, potatoes, butter, &c. A correspondent of the Boston *Traveler*, who has been cultivating the cane, notes his success as follows:

"My cane was planted about the 20th of May. It came up well and has grown well, having reached the height of ten feet. A few days ago, the plant being just out of flower, or in other words past its bloom, I cut several stalks and stripped off the leaves, crushed the cane and pressed out the juice, which I boiled down to molasses; and a fine article it is, of which I intend to give you both ocular and "oscular" proof; as good as can be bought for fifty and rixty cents per gallon. The juice is very rich in saccharine matter, yielding from a fourth to a fifth of its bulk in good molasses. I was anxious to make some sugar, but not knowing the art, I did not succeed. I have not a doubt but the finest of sugar can be made from it and make it pay. I did not attempt to make champagne from it, though it is said to make a good article. The great difficulty is to press the juice from the stalks, and nothing that I know of will do it effectually but a sugar mill, and those we do not have in these parts. But if this article proves on a further trial, to be what I think it is, sugar mills will be erected in almost every town in the good old Bay State.

* * * * *

I fully believe, from my limited experience, that we may successfully compete with Louisiana, for we have in this variety of sugar cane a great advantage over that which they cultivate, for this can be grown from seed, while that which they grow never seeds, but is reproduced from joints or cuttings of the cane, and consequently they are obliged to save by from a third to a fourth of their entire crop for the next years setting.

Then again with this sugar cane no part is lost, as with them, but the leaves are stripped off for fodder; the top will answer for brooms like the broom corn and even the refuse cane is said to make a fine article of paper. Then again most any of our land that will grow Indian corn will grow sugar cane, while their sugar land—at least much of it—has to be drained, at considerable expense, and kept dry, or the cane will not flourish. If there is so much in our favor, why may we not grow enough of this article to supply our own wants, if we do not wish to compete with them in other markets. It is a fine article for stover, it is so rich saccharine matter; cows, pigs, and even horses will eat the stalk as well as the leaves with the greatest avidity. It is said that the juice when set with alumn, dyes a beautiful red, but in this I was only partially successful, it coming short of my expectations. The seed when ripened is good for fattening fowls, pigs, &c. I believe it to be one of the most valuable articles that has been introduced for many years, second in importance to few things that a farmer can grow. It is very desirable that it should be more extensively raised another year, and careful experiments made with it so as to determine its comparative value as a field crop. I hope we may hear from others who have raised it, that we may the better judge its value on different soils and under different circumstances.

J. F. C. HYDE.

NEWTON CENTRE, Sept. 29th, '56.

The Child's Faith.

We had a long cold ride, and I was very tired. After a short interview with the friends to whom the visit was paid, we retired to our chamber. Our little son, a lively, restless child, not yet three years old, was with us, and not at all inclined to sleep. At length I said to him:

"Charley, mother is sick and tired, and can not talk to-night."

"Ma," said the little fellow, "God can make you well can't he? Shall I ask him?"

"Yes, my son;" I replied. Then the little fellow started up in the cold room, and kneeling down on the bed-clothes, folded his little hands and prayed: "O, good heavenly Father, please to make dear mother well by morning, for Jesus' sake." After this, he crept back into his bed, and in a few moments he was fast asleep.

Next morning he awoke with the earliest light, and, waking me, said: "Are you well this morning, mother?"

"Yes, my son, I feel very well indeed this morning."

"O, I knew you would," said he, clapping his hands for joy: "I knew you would; for I prayed to God to make you well, and Jesus *always* hears little children when they pray."

Often since that time I have recalled my little boy's faith, and wished that the same simple, child-like confidence in the word and promise of God, were mine.

—A correspondent wants to know if a joke is good for anything after it is "cracked."

An Amusing Story.

That "they who dance must pay the piper," is a saying well illustrated in the following anecdote, sent to us by a friend for preservation in the Drawer. "It may not be new," he says, "where the parties are known—for the story has been told in print once before by one who was at one time a resident of the county where the circumstances occurred—but it will be new to the great majority of your readers."

Sam—— happened to arrive at the pleasant village of S—— one mild autum evening, and "put up" at its only tavern; and as he entered he heard "music and dancing in an upper chamber." The landlord, who was an old acquaintance, told him that a ball was going on in the hall above. "Come, Sam, go up, there'll be fun and good music!"

"Can't do it," said Sam, "haven't the trimmings; (he was a hatter, and knew the value of trimmings;) look at my shirt; 'twouldn't do."

"Never mind that," said his friend, "I can give a shirt of my own," and stepping into an adjoining room he brought out a shirt big enough for Daniel Lambert. Holding it up, he said:

"There, now, is a comfortable roomy shirt for you."

"Oh, that won't do—I should lose myself in it entirely."

"Well," said the good-natured Boniface, "I guess, after all, I can do better for you. One of the girls in the kitchen is ironing some shirts for the boarders, and I can get you one that will fit any how; jest you hold on."

He presently returned with a nice shirt of quite another pattern, into which, having thrust himself, in an adjacent bed room, he made a hasty toilette, and entered the ball-room.

Being young and good looking, he found as many partners as he wanted, and had a selection from the prettiest girls in the room.

The other rustic beaux and homely belles "did'nt seem to like it" much. The jealous lover went so far as to say:

"I'll cut the comb of that conceited cock mighty quick if he dont mind his eye."

Meanwhile Sam—— felt that he was the observed of all observers, and his pride was not a little elated.

Presently there came the toot! toot! of an old-fashioned stage-horn in the distance. The coach lumbered up to the inn; the driver threw out the mail and went into the bar-room, it being his stopping place at the inn for the night.

"Won't you go up stairs and join the dancers? asked the landlord; "they're having a great time up there; don't you hear the fiddle and the floor a trembling?

In those days stage-drivers were of the most "popular" class of the community; and our hero, knowing this readily consented. He called to the maid for his clean shirt.

She came in with the answer that the landlord had lent it to Sam—— to dance in to-night, not knowing, or not thinking that the stage driver would "want to use it that night."

Here was a "pretty kettle of fish!" his only clean shirt loaned to a stranger to take his place in the ball-room, to which the landlord had just invited him! He was "tearing mad," and after a few observations, which were rather more nervous than elegant, he entered the ball-room, his face flushed, and his voice somewhat husky with passion, and strode into the middle of the hall.

The music stopped, and the driver broke the ensuing silence with the sudden question:

"Is there a man of the name of Sam—— here?"

"That's me!" said Sam, stepping forward, evidently expecting some new evidence of his sudden popularity.

"Oh! you are Sam——, then are you?"

"Yes, and what do you want with me?

"Nothin' in partick'ler, only when you get through with that shirt of mine that you've got on your back, and Are struttin' round in, I'd just thank you to leave it at the bar!"

A loud laugh followed this exposure: the cock's comb was cut; his feathers drooped, and amidst much cackling he vanished from the "gay and festive scene."—*Har' Mag.*

☞ A good joke is told on James M. Gregg, Old Line candidate for Congress, in this District. Some time since he and Mr. Coburn had a joint appointment at Franklin. Mr. C. made a fine speech, as he is capable of doing, at all times. Mr. G. followed, and made rather a failure.

After the meeting was over, Gregg's friends gathered around him and told him he must make better speeches thereafter than the one had just delivered.

Gregg contended it was a good speech for the old line side of the question. His friends remonstrated, and told him that it was not near as good a speech as Coburn's.

"Oh!" says Gregg, "give me Coburn's side of the question, and I will make as good a speech as he does!"

Here is an admission that Old Lineism, like Jordan, "Is a hard road to travel."—*Ind. Jour.*

☞ In going on board a Mississippi steamboat the other day, Mr. Jones met Mr. Smith. "Which way are you going, Smith—up or down?" "That depends on circumstances. If I sleep over the boiler, up—if in the cabin, down."

—Dick told his wife when he saw her out walking in her spring silk dress, that he never before realized the force of the novelest's remarks of his heroine—"that she *swept* gracefully along."

—Keep that man at a distance who hates music and the laugh of a child.

—All native countries are most beautiful.

—He that has a high forehead will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life.

—Why should a deed not be dated in a glen? Because it would be invalley-dated—(invalidated.)

—The Englishman is rather an island than an Islander; bluff, stormy, rude, abrupt, repulsive, inaccessible.

—If you want to be any body, or any thing, you must get up early in the morning.

—A rib of Shakespeare would have made a Milton; the same portion of Milton, all poets born ever since.

—The man who has a right to do as he pleases, generally pleases to do wrong.

—A man never forgets an insult to his pride or purse; a woman to her beauty or love.

—A man loves when his judgment approves; a woman's judgment approves when she loves.

—Democracy is always the work of kings. Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilize the land they are cast on.

—Every man in the world would be a republican, if he did not hope from fortune and favor more than from industry and desert.

—Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains, it creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptable that he is bound tight before he knows it.

—When a kiss passes between Albert and Victoria, what London public buildings does it resemble? The Royal Exchange.

—Like the ocean, love embraces the earth; and by love, as by the ocean, whatever is sordid and unsound is borne away.

—Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand, the stronger in the vale of tears.

—A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it.—What is the dawn without its dew?—The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

—In New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together previous to their union.

—In our road through life, we may happpen to meet with a man casting a stone reverentially to enlarge the cairn of another, which stone he had carried in his bosom to sling against that very other's head.

—Temperance puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, meat in the larder, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and happiness in the whole family. Remember this all ye who drink, or would be tempted to do so.

—There is, however, no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisoning clusters over the path of life.

—A stick of phosphorus placed in a large dry phial will afford light enough to discern objects in its immediate vicinity and will last for a twelve-month. The phial should be kept in a cold place where there is no great current of air.

—Give me the poetical mind, the mind poetical in all things; give me the poetical heart, the heart of hope and confidence, that beats the more strongly and resolutely under the good thrown down, and raises up fabric after fabric on the same foundation.

—The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensible are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.

☞ "Isn't that a pretty baby, Mr. Brown?" said an exceedingly modest young lady. "Yes, my dear," said Brown; "boy or girl?" "He—a—belongs to the female persuasion, sir," said the young lady.

☞ During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counse' asked,

"Which way does the stairs run?"

The witness answered:

"One way they run up stairs, but the other way they run down."

The learned counsel winked both his eyes, then looked at the ceiling.

Wealth.—The less you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterward.—Wealth inherited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that, "it is the title deed to sloth." The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made clothes, seldom fits the man who comes into possession.

☞ A highwayman and a chimney sweeper were to be hanged one for a highway robery, the other for a burglary. The first was attended by the priest on the occasion, at the place of execution, the second wished to be so, and advanced nearer to him, but was repulsed by the highwayman, who desired him to keep farther off. "Sir," replied the sweep, "I won't; I have as much right to be here as you have."