

The Newberry Herald.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF USEFUL INTELLIGENCE.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

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A CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

I believe in dreams of duty,
Warning where they can't control,
Fragments of the glorious beauty
That once filled the unfallen soul
In the garden of Eden
Sin did in the sinner leave
That may still retain the stature
It hath fallen from, I believe.

I believe in human kindness,
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken:
In the gentleness that slowly
Sanctions what would others grieve,
In the truth that, deep and holy,
Heareth all things, I believe.

I believe in self-denial,
And its secret throbs of joy:
In the love that lives through trial,
By which, though death destroy:
In those fond and full believing
That, though all the world deceive,
Will not let its dark deceivings
Wake suspicion, I believe.

I believe in man's affection,
Tender, true, unselfish, high,
Infancy's almost perfect love,
And in woman's purity:
In his lofty soul, sustaining,
That can to one purpose cleave;
In her gentle, incomparable
Peace and patience, I believe.

I believe in self-devotion,
The long sacrifice of years,
Noblest fruits of deep emotion,
Man's blood-shedding, woman's tears:
In the pure revealing passion
Of an heart by God conceived,
And, despite the world's cold fashion,
Live and die for, I believe.

I believe in human kindness,
Trying to get along and true,
Owning in passion I mean
That it would be, but could not do:
In the consciousness of failing,
Which the least doth perceive,
Doth the more leave unavailing
All its efforts, I believe.

I believe in love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Ever like the deep life and
Night by night, and day by day:
In the power of its renewing,
In the grace of its reprove,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection, I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That breaths the deep life and
Hath a depth that's deeper still:
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear, and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of His triumph, I believe.

A Minister in Tights—Ludicrous Sit-
uation of a Reverend Divine—He is
Robbed While Honestly Telling.

A somewhat amusing affair, in-
volving the presence of a well-
known divine in a very ludicrous
position, occurred in Cincinnati, a
few days ago. The particulars of
the scene we obtain from the
Cincinnati Evening Chronicle, of
the 30th inst., which says:

A few days since a well-known
minister, who owns a house in the
West End which is now vacant,
paid the promised visit, for the
purpose of examining their condi-
tion. After taking a survey of
the house and finding everything
in condition, the reverend gentle-
man took a look into the cistern,
the bottom of which, to his sor-
row, he found to be covered with
sediment, old tools, tin pans,
stones, bricks, &c. After viewing
the filthy mess for some time, the
frugal-minded old gentleman came
to the conclusion that, in view of
the hard times and high price of
labor, the wisest course he could
pursue was to clean it himself, es-
pecially as his sermon was written
for the week, and he, in conse-
quence, had plenty of leisure.

Having once resolved, the old
gentleman lost no time in execut-
ing. Proceeding to the house, he
divested himself of every article of
clothing, save his drawers, and
thus attired, entered the cistern,
went manfully to work, with
hands and shovel, until the whole
mess was thrown up. Having
completed his task, he wended his
way to the house for the purpose
of donning his costume of sober
black, when, oh, horror of horrors,
not a garment was to be seen
where he had left them. All wore
gone. Thieves, it appears, who
had not the fear of the law, or the
reverend cistern cleaner before
their eyes, had entered the house
while the old gentleman was
digging away to the tune of "Old
Hundred," and stolen his clothes.

Here was a nice predicament to be
piled in. Not a stitch of cloth-
ing to hide his nakedness, save
the sadly damaged drawers, and
no means of procuring any save by
an appearance on the street, in
his rather primitive costume, which
modesty forbade, but the chilling
temperature of the house, urged.
Exercise was his only means of
keeping warm, while racking his
brain to decide upon a method of
relief. So at it he went, and not-
withstanding his conscientious
scruples on the subject of dancing,
some of the liveliest hoe-downs
ever executed by a minister at
least—in this city, the silent laws
of that deserted dwelling then wit-
nessed. The noise of the old gen-
tleman's terpsichorean perfor-
mance finally attracted the atten-
tion and brought to his aid a num-
ber of the neighbors, whose horror
and astonishment can be imagined
at witnessing the performance of
breakdown by their respected fel-
low-citizen in a costume almost as
seamy as a "Georgia full dress."

Thinking, of course, that the
old gentleman had gone as near
stark mad as he was stark naked,
the neighbors approached him with
great caution, and not for some
time after his discovery was it de-
cided to furnish him clothing, in
order that he might go at large.
One of the boldest of the party,
however, finally approached near
enough to hear his explanation of
his strange appearance—which the
appearance of the cistern corrob-
orated when a suit of clothes was
procured, the old gentleman cloth-
ed and warmed, and allowed to de-
part in peace, amid the suppressed
titters and giggles of the specta-
tors. He has, we believe, since de-
cided to give up the cistern-clean-
ing business.

BE IN EARNEST.—The grand se-
cret of success, whether as a pri-
vate teacher or a public speaker,
is to be in earnest. To an orator,
a good voice is a gift to be com-
mended, and appropriate gestures
are at all times faithful adjuncts.
Polished periods and smooth,
graceful manner please the head;
but to win the heart, be in ear-
nest. As a general rule, let one
feel what he says, and he will be
very apt to say it in such a man-
ner that those who hear him will
feel it. This is what renders him
effective. He carries the impres-
sion that he is honest; realizing
that perishing souls are around
him, he speaks as one who sees,
as one who knows, as one who
feels. This renders many a man
eloquent who never went through
college. To effect anything, re-
solve to be in earnest. Then may
you hope that your labor will be
crowned with success; then may
you hope to see a mighty reforma-
tion through the land; then scores
of sinful trembling souls, through
the influence of the earnest worker,
will be gathered into the kingdom.
[S. S. Times.]

GROWLERS.—There is a class of men
in every community who go about
with vinegar faces, growling because
they are not appreciated as they
be, and who have a constant quar-
rel with their destiny. These men
usually have made a grave mistake
in their estimate of their abilities,
or are unmitigated donkeys. In ei-
ther case they are unfortunate.
Wherever this fault-finding with
one's condition or position occurs,
there is always a want of self-
respect. If people despise you, do
not tell it all over town. If you
are capable, show it. If you are a
right-down clever fellow, wash
the wormwood off your face, and
show your good-will by your
deeds. Then, if the people feel
above you, go right off and feel
above them. If they swell when
they pass you in the street, swell
yourself, and if this does not
"fetch them," conclude very good-
naturedly that they are unworthy
of your acquaintance, and pity
them for missing such a capital
chance to get into good society.

"Can't," is spoken ten times
where "can" is once. That is the
proportion and the direction in
which the world drifts.

In Charleston, whenever a man
is proposed as a candidate for two
or more offices, his supporters
say that they are going to "Cor-
binize" him.

In the distribution of official fa-
vors, Grant always manages to
"push things" right under the
noses of his relatives. This keeps
"peace in the family."

Young men who hang around
the cities for months, looking for
a clerkship, will find a splendid
field of operations in the country.

Facts for the People.

THE RING THAT RULES AT WASHINGTON.

The following is from a Fourth
of July oration at Xenia, Ohio, by
Brevet Brigadier General Donn
Piatt:

Last fall a distinguished journal-
ist sent me to Washington with
instructions to look impartially at
the transactions there, and write
the truth, regardless of consequences.
I did my best to comply with
his request. I strove to lift my-
self above partisan considerations
and feelings, and give to print a
fair statement of all that could be
seen. I say it now, as I wrote it
then, with a sickened heart, that
we have the most corrupt govern-
ment in the world. It is run by
rings. There is no moneyed in-
terest in the land that is without
its ring in Washington. We have
railroad rings, landjobbing rings,
Indian Bureau rings, whiskey
rings, protection rings, that branch
off in every conceivable direction.
And they are intriguing, caucusing,
boring, and, through vice and
women, baiting without cessation.

I do not wish to be understood
as charging that a majority of our
representatives in Congress are
dishonest men. On the contrary,
I was surprised to find that, living
in this atmosphere and under these
influences, there were so many
pure and upright men. But I will
say, without fear of successful con-
tradiction, that adding the incap-
ables to the rogues they are made
the majority.

Not the least disheartening part
of all this is to be found in the ut-
ter indifference with which the
public at large regard all this. It
is no longer a shame to steal. It
has ceased to be a dishonor to de-
fraud. I saw senators who came
to Washington with scarcely
money enough to pay boarding
house bills, rolling over the streets
in splendid equipages, and enter-
taining society in palatial residen-
ces. They are now millionaires,
and not only tolerated, but flat-
tered, sought and sued by men
and women who would be honest
were it the fashion to affect that
virtue; and if you turn from men
who have made their fortunes out
of their places, it is to stare at men
who bought their way in.

ELEGANCE DOES NOT MAKE A
HOME.—I never saw a garment
too fine for man or maid; there
was never a chair too good for
a cobbler, or cooper, or king, to
sit in; never a house too fine to
shelter the human head. These
elements about us, the gorgeous
sky, the imperial sun, are not too
good for the human race. Elegance
fits man. But do we not val-
ue these tools of house-keeping
a little more than they are worth,
and sometimes mortgage a home
for the mahogany we would bring
into it? I had rather eat my dinner
off the head of a barrel, or dress
after the fashion of John the
Baptist in the wilderness, or sit
on a block all my life, than con-
sume myself before I get to a home,
and take so much pains with the out-
side that the inside was as hollow
as an empty nut. Beauty is a
great thing, but beauty of gar-
ments, house and furniture is a
very tawdry ornaments compared
with domestic love. All the eleg-
ance in the world will not make
a home, and I would give more
for a spoonful of real hearty love
than for whole shiploads of fur-
niture, and all the gorgeousness
that all the upholsterers in the
world could gather together.—The
odore Parker.

A lady correspondent of the
Country Gentleman, gives the fol-
lowing recipe for:

MAKING SWEET PICKLES.—Cut
the tomatoes through, or if large,
slice in three; let them stand in
weak brine over night. To a
quart of vinegar three pounds of
sugar; in this vinegar cook the
tomatoes until a fork can easily
be passed through them. As fast
as they are cooked, take them
out with a fork and lay them
down in a jar—say two or three
layers of tomatoes, sprinkle pul-
verized cinnamon and cloves, and
a thin layer of sugar; then al-
ternately tomatoes, spices and su-
gar, cooking all the tomatoes in
the same vinegar; if necessary,
add more sugar and vinegar.
When the jar is filled, cover the
tomatoes with good cider vinegar
cold, throwing away the vinegar
in which tomatoes were cooked.
Lay some horse radish root over
the top of the pickles, and put a
weight on to keep them covered.
This recipe is equally good for
cucumbers. I have tested it for
the past two years, and found no
trouble in keeping good pickles.

The Unsatisfied Wife.

Temple Brent was a good hus-
band. So people said, and so he
thought. He saw carefully that
his house was kept well repaired,
and well furnished. Everything
for his wife's convenience was
promptly done, and she never had
to tease for money for anything
she or the children needed. Tem-
ple Brent was not the man to give
his wife, grudgingly, fifty cents
one day, and ask her for the change
the next. He did not like it, (he
heard) if he found that Mrs. Brent
was hesitating to ask for money
to buy anything she wanted.
Take note, her wants were always
reasonable ones. With such a
husband as this, how came it that
Mrs. Brent's face was a sad, un-
satisfied one? Surely she must
have had a very unhappy disposi-
tion. Wait a minute, Mr. Brent
was one of those cold, calm, stern
—yes, grim, righteous souls who
regard all affectionateness of word
and act as foolish and unbecom-
ing; except in and toward chil-
dren.

He would take his babe and hug
and kiss it, and talk a few words
of "love nonsense," which, if sin-
cere, is the dearest, sweetest sense
in all the world—to it; but to his
mother, though perhaps he did
love her, (he used to look as though
he did before he married her, and
sometimes she would see the same
expression in his clear grey eyes,
even years afterwards,) never had
he uttered, "I love you," in his life.
Scarcely did he ever kiss her, un-
less going from or returning home.
There was seldom any tenderness
in his voice, unless when she was
sick in bed. Poor soul! she would
have been willing to be so all her
days to have him as he was one
day when he thought she was go-
ing to die. Once from clear starva-
tion of spirit, aggravated, too, by
having heard a happy neighbor
express her wife's satisfaction and
delight in her husband's tender-
ness both of heart and manner,
she plucked up courage and com-
plained to Mr. Brent of what was
a heavy sorrow to her, and bow-
ing low beside him, she took his
hand and kissed it, and begged of
him to love her and to tell her
that he did so. Astonished Tem-
ple Brent! for a moment, while he
stared in amazement, his power of
speech forsook him. Then in
tones almost of anger he said:

"Are you crazy? What do you
suppose I married you for, if I did
not like you! Let's have no more
of such twaddle nonsense."

Poor little Mrs. Brent; she
blushed painfully and crept away
and cried herself into a headache;
then took her babe from its crad-
le and fondled that, and it re-
turned all her caresses. But was
her heart satisfied? Well, she has
gone now where such rebuffs are
never known. She died one day,
at evening, and over her still, cold
form, Mr. Brent was heard to say
—(did she hear him even then? per-
haps so.)—"O Mary! Mary! true
and tender wife! I love you, love
you." Whether she heard or not,
she now looks sad no more, her
soul at last is satisfied.—Augusta
Moore.

When To Mature Orchards.

Inquiry is often made as to the
frequency and amount of manur-
ing or cultivation for fruit trees.
The answer must be: Act ac-
cording to circumstances. The
question again recurs: How shall
we know what our soils need?
The answer is: Observe the re-
sults of growth. An examination
or analysis of the soil will be
of little use. But the trees will
tell their own story. If the soil
is so rich that they make annual
shoots of two or three feet or
more in length without any cul-
tivation or manuring at all (which,
however, is rarely the case), then
it will be needless to give addi-
tional care. The annual growth
is the best guide to treatment.
There are very few apple or other
orchards which, after reaching
a good bearing state, throw out
annually shoots more than a foot
or a foot and a half long, and
many not half this length. The
owner may lay it down as an un-
alterable rule, that when his trees
do not grow one foot annually
they need more manuring or cul-
tivation or both. By observing the
growth he can answer all questions
of the kind referred to without
difficulty.—American Fruit Cultu-
rists.

"A woman in America, Georgia,
has married two brothers and
is now betrothed to the third."
Grant ought to give that woman
an office, as an appreciation of her
devotion to his policy.

A Crazy Creed.

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS" CARRIED TO
EXTREMES—REV. MRS. BUFFUM'S
"NEW AMERICAN CHURCH."

The vagaries of the human
mind in respect to religious mat-
ters, are sometimes past ordinary
belief, but the strangest combina-
tion of folly, blasphemy and cred-
ulity which has come to light of
late is that embodied in what is
called "the New American Church,"
of which one Mrs. Buffum, of New
York claims to be the "President,"
and which she says, in a note,
"is regularly formed and contains
about 300 members." This de-
clared woman transmits, to the
Day's Doings, with a request for
publication, the following notice:

"Rev. Mrs. Buffum preaches the
gospel of Lord the Mother, God
the Father, Christ the Son, and
Soul the Daughter, sustaining her-
self by the Holy Bible, at the New
American Church, every day in
the week, Sunday excepted, at
194 South Clark-st., Room 11."

She also sends her "little book,"
filled with innumerable nonsense
on the subject of "the new Church,"
with women at the head, and the
following "prayer," which is al-
most too mocking to print:
"Let us pray to the Divine Family:
—Lord the Mother, God the Fa-
ther, Christ the Son, and Soul the
Daughter, hallowed be your names;
may your Queenhood and King-
dom come and be with us as it
is with you. We render thanks,
that the Trinity or triangle has
been succeeded by the square,
upon which the Daughter is rep-
resented, as well as the Son. The
Trinity—Father, Son and Holy
Ghost, denies the Pope, Christ's
vicegerent, a wife and family. But
the Square, Father, Mother, Son,
and Daughter, grants him a com-
panion, and lets him stand an
honored father in the church. On
the Square all live in the holy
dual marriage relation. On the
Trinity all live in free lust, (see
Catholics, Protestants, convents
and houses of ill-fame.) Pope,
Bishop and Priest ignore the
marriage relation. Is it any
wonder their followers do like-
wise? Then away with the
Trinity and up with the Square.
One man and one woman, every-
where, in the Capitol at Washing-
ton, in the Vatican at Rome.
Away with the old three-cornered
heavens, and let the North, South,
East and West be responded to.
Let the Daughter's voice, Christ's
sister, come out from the fourth
corner of heaven, and resound
through the earth, then will the
human race be redeemed, and not
till then—Amen [not Amen]."

The doctrine of "woman's
rights" is set forth in this crazy
verbiage with sufficient distinct-
ness to please the most ardent
"agitator." It is needless to say,
however, that "Rev. Mrs. Buffum"
is not a fair representative of the
"female suffrage" cause.

Spiritual Testimony.

In a case in New York the
other day, Judge Edmunds testi-
fied under oath as follows:
"I believe those pictures are
photographs of spirits; I believe
that the camera can take a photo-
graph of a spirit, I believe also
that spirits are not immaterial;
in my opinion everything has ma-
teriality; they are sufficiently
so to be visible to the human eye;
and, therefore, I do not see why
they cannot be taken by a camera.
I believe that the camera can take
photographs of spirits which I can
see. The other day I was in a
court in Brooklyn, when an ac-
cident insurance case was on trial.
I saw the spirit of the man who
had been insured; that spirit told
me the circumstances connected
with the death; he told me that
he had committed suicide; I drew
a diagram of the place at which
his death occurred, and on show-
ing it to the counsel, was told that
it was exact; I had never seen the
place nor the man, and no one in
the court-room saw the spirit ex-
cept myself; the appearance of the
spirit was shadowy, transparent;
I could see material objects through
it. The first spirit that I ever
saw was that of Judge Talmage,
who was leaning against a window
casement, which was plainly to be
seen through his body. I have
seen spirits clothed in their every-
day dress as well as in grave
clothes, but never saw one with-
out clothing."

The laziest man—the printer, he
is always setting. His case is hard,
poor fellow, but he makes it a rule
to stick to it till a period closes his
paragraph, when he gives up the
case and yields to the devil.

Bachelors and Flirts.

BY JOSE BILLINGS.

Some old bachelors get after a
flirt, and don't travel as fast as
she does, and then concludes all
the female group are hard to
ketch, and good for nothing when
they are ketched.

A flirt is a rough thing to over-
haul unless the right dog gets af-
ter her, and then they are the
easiest of all to ketch, and often
make the very best of wives.

When a flirt is really in love
she is as powerless as a mow-
daisy.

Her impudence then changes
into modesty, her cunning into
fear, her spurs into a halter, and
her prancing look into a cradle.

The best way to catch a flirt is
to travel the other way, from
which she is going, or sit down
on the ground and whistle some
lively tune till the flirt comes
round.

Old bachelors make the flirts,
and then the flirts get more than
even by making the old bache-
lors.

A majority of flirts get married
finally, for they have a great quan-
tity of the most dainty tit-bits of
woman's nature, and always have
shrewdness to back up their sweet-
ness.

Flirts don't deal in poetry and
water-gate; they begot to her
brains, or else somebody
would trade them out of their cap-
ital at the first sweep.

Disappointed lust must av course
be all on one side. This ain't any
more excuse for being an old
bachelor than it is for a man to
quit all kinds of manual labor just
out of spite, and jine a poor-house
because he can't lift a ton at one
pop.

An old bachelor will brag about
his freedom to you, his relief from
anxiety, his independence. This is
a dead beat past resurrection, for
everybody knows there ain't a
more anxious dape than he is.—
All his dreams are charcoal sketch-
es of boarding-school misses. He
dresses, greases his hair, paints
his grizzly mustache, cultivates
bunions and corns, few please
his captives (the women), and
only gets luffed at for his pains.

I tried being an old bachelor
till I was about twenty years old,
and came very near dying a dozen
times. I had more sharp pain in
one year, than I hev had since,
put it all in a heap. I was in a
lively fever all the time.

Fearful Discovery.

Mr. A. Rabb, a farmer who re-
sides about three miles west of
the city, brought a strange story
in on Saturday. Mr. Rabb has a
son-in-law living on a farm about
four miles from Lafayette, named
Miller. Mr. Miller has a German
laborer, who, in plowing over a
corn-field, struck the upper crust
of something very much like the
infernal regions. A suffocating
odor was first emitted, followed
by a dense volume of smoke. Ac-
cording to the German's state-
ment, the stench was several de-
grees above the flavor of the Illi-
nois street gutter. A sheet of flame
soon burst from this terrible vol-
cano, and a great conflagration
was imminent for a time, but the
flames were finally subdued by a
few shovelfuls of earth tossed in
the mouth of the crater. The
lava thrown out looked very much
like Castile soap, only it was not
so highly perfumed. On the con-
trary, it was exceedingly offen-
sive. It ignites easily, and burns
as freely as brimstone. The Ger-
man was very badly frightened,
and after viewing the scene in utter
bewilderment for a time, ejacu-
lated, "Vell, dat ish hell." We
understand that Prof. Cox will
examine the ground, and if it
should prove an entrance into the
infernal regions, he will send for
Parson Brownlow to look further
into it. The people of Lafayette
are greatly alarmed, and already
it is said that a roaring noise can
be heard underneath that doomed
city. We await further develop-
ments with intense anxiety.—
Many persons may think this a
hoax, but it is not. Mr. Rabb
doesn't look like a man who would
deceive a whole community about
as trifling a thing as the discovery
of hell in Indiana.

[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

Words are little things, but they
sometimes strike hard. We would
then so easily that we are apt to
forget their hidden power. Flirt
spoken, they fall like sunshine,
the dew, and the fertilizing rain;
but when unfitly, like the frost,
the hail, and desolating tempest.

People who always keep their
word—mutes.

Repelling Flies from Horses.

It is an act of humanity to come
to the aid of the horse, powerful
as he is, against his nimble assail-
ant, the fly. Here is a recipe
which is said to be an excellent de-
fence against it; at all events a
trial of it will not involve much
expense, nor will it do harm should
it prove unavailing as a defence to
the horse:

Take two or three small hand-
fuls of walnut leaves, upon which
pour two or three quarts of cold
water; let it infuse one night, and
pour the whole next morning into
a kettle and let it boil for a quar-
ter of an hour; when cold it will
be fit for use. No more is required
than to moisten a sponge, and be-
fore the horse goes out of the stable,
let those parts which are most
irritated be smeared over with the
liquor, namely, between and upon
the ears, the neck, flank, etc. Not
only the lady or gentleman who
rides out for pleasure will derive
the benefit from walnut leaves
thus prepared, but the coachman,
the wagoner and all others who
use horses during the hot months.

The fly, insignificant as it is in
size, and devoid of the power of
doing any great harm, is one of
the most annoying of the insect
tribe. A nuisance to man, the fly
is at error of the horse whose flesh
is made to quiver, whenever the
foot of one touches him.

Cheap Wash for Buildings.

Take a clean water-tight cask
and put into it one-half bushel of
lime. Slack it by pouring water
over it boiling hot, and in suffi-
cient quantity to cover it five
inches deep, and stir it briskly,
till thoroughly slackened, dissolve
it in water, and add two pounds of
sulphate of zinc and one of com-
mon salt. These will cause the
wall to harden and prevent its
cracking, which gives an unseemly
appearance to the work. A beauti-
ful cream color may be given to
the wash by adding three pounds
of yellow ochre; or a good pearl
or lead color, by the addition of a
lump of iron black. For fawn
color add four pounds umber, one
pound of Indian red, and one pound
common lampblack. For stone
color add two pounds lampblack.
When applied to the outside of
houses and fences, it is rendered
more durable by adding about a
pint of sweet milk to a gallon of
wash.

A CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.—Ex-
ercise for the body, occupation
for the mind; these are the grand
constituents of health and happi-
ness, the cardinal points upon
which everything turns. Motion
seems to be a great preserving
principle of nature, to which even
inanimate things are subject; for
the winds, waves, the earth itself,
are restless, and the waving of
trees, shrubs, and flowers is known
to be an essential part of their
economy. A fixed rule of taking
several hours' exercise every day,
if possible in the open air, if not,
under cover, will be almost cer-
tain to secure one exemption from
disease, as well as from attacks of
low spirits, ennui—that monster
who is ever way-laying the rich
indolent.

A WOMAN'S SMILE.—A woman
who lived very unhappily with
her husband, came to a great di-
vine to ask his counsel. "Always
meet your husband with a smile,"
said the wise man. She followed
his advice, and very soon returned
to thank him for the blessing of a
happy home. Whenever a home
landscape is dreary and its hori-
zon clouded, we believe that it
proceeds not so much from the
storms of man's petulance and un-
reasonableness, as because woman
has forgotten to draw a sunbeam
from the Sun of Righteousness.

A certain queer genius, whose
prominent specialty was an av-
ersion to water, happened home late
one night, with that peculiar,
furry sensation about his tongue
and tonsils which gentlemen who
rejoice in Clubs will remember as
part of their experience. His
wife had left standing upon the
bureau a tumbler, in which—for
some purpose known to house-
wives—she had put a small ball of
silk thread to soak. Without
observing this fact, Bibulous
seized the tumbler, and swallowed
its contents. Feeling a thread in
his mouth, he began pulling upon
it. To his horror, yard after yard
came stringing forth, until, in an
agony of excitement, he cried out:
"Lucy, for God's sake come here!
I'm unraveling!"

The wheels of time—those of a
velocipede.