COLUMBIA HERALD.

By Alfred S. Horsley. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY NOVEMBER 25, 1870. VOL. XVI.--NO. 14.

Religious.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called by harvest work to leave;
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be:
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveler in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from the world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell
Sailor on the darkening sea:
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike you see:
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Didn't Care to Go.

"Prayer meeting and lecture as usual, on Wednesday evening, in the lecture-room. Dear brethren, I urge you all to attend these weekly meetings. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."

Some of the "dear brethren" deported themselves in this way:--

Bro. A. thought it looked like rain, and concluded that his family, including himself, of course, had better remain at home. On Thursday evening it was raining very hard, and the same Brother A. hired a carriage and took his whole family to the Academy of Music, to hear M. Agassiz lecture on the "Intelligence of the Lobster."

Bro. B. thought he was too tired to go, so he stayed at home and worked at the sled he had promised to make for Billy.

Sister C. thought the pavements were too slippery. It would be very dangerous for her to venture out. I saw her next morning going down the street to get her old bonnet "done up." She had an old pair of stockings drawn over her shoes.

Sister D. thought there wouldn't be more than a dozen people at prayer-meeting. She doesn't like those little meetings, so she didn't go. If she had gone there would have been thirteen. I met her next evening at a social gathering, where there were just ten folks. She said she had spent a "delightful" evening.

Brother E. thought he might be called upon to lead in prayer, or make some remarks. He stayed at home. Next day he went around with a petition, praying Congress to repeal the tax on beeswax. His named headed the list of petitioners, and he spoke eloquently, and waxed warm as he urged his reasons in favor of repeal.

Three-fourths of the members stayed at home. God was at the prayer-meeting. The pastor was there. One fourth of the members were there, and God blessed them. The persons who stayed at home were each represented by a vacant seat. *God don't Bless empty seats.--United Presbyterian.*

"The Offending Resolutions."

The following are the resolutions passed at the recent session of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, which have occasioned considerable comment in some of the papers of other denominations:

"Whereas, That sprinkling of infants under the guise of Christian baptism is a practice unknown to the Scriptures, as is now conceded by the ablest scholarship of its friends; Therefore

"Resolved, That this practice is no longer defensible at the bar of the great Protestant principle 'expressed by Chillingworth: "The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants.'

"Resolved, That as in the order of the Master's teaching 'Belief and Baptism' are indissolubly joined; that as in the precepts and practice of apostolic times we find nothing interpolated between them, we do not, as Baptists, aspire to a charity which passes the charity of inspiration, but patiently await the baptism of our brethren, of whatever name, before inviting them to participate at the table of the Lord."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

There are about 200,000 Jews in the United States.

The Church of England, in Jamaica has been disendowed.

The Baptists in Louisiana have 235 churches and 14,795 white members.

There are now no American, English or German Protestant ministers in Paris.

In Italy the Wesleyan Methodists have 17 ministers and evangelists, and 686 communicants.

The Baptist Home Mission Society preaches the gospel in eleven different languages.

Of sixty Episcopal parishes in the diocese of Pittsburgh, only one-fourth rent their pews.

The United Presbyterians, with about six hundred ministers, and seven hundred and fifty churches, have four theological seminaries.

The Sabbath does not stand on argument alone, but on the everlasting want of the human soul of a seventh day's rest.

So many persons have entered their names for matriculation in the Keble College, Oxford, that no more can be admitted this year.

The Wesleyan Methodists in England, Ireland, France, Australia, Canada, British America, and mission stations, have 3,267 ministers, 570,790 members, and 42,281 probationers.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest, "Oh!" said he, "I belong to another church."

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists in this country number 100 ministers, 10,000 members, and have some 138 churches.

Both the *Watchman and Reflector* and the *Baptist Visitor* of St. John, Canada, have expressed the wish that there could be a union of Baptist with the Free Baptist denominations.

The Free Church of Scotland *Monthly Record* says that in Scotland there is a growing tendency among young people to leave the Presbyterian for the Episcopal Church.

Not the least of God's mercies is the apparent decay of the faculties by age as a provision for death. It is the ripening of the apple, that it may fall without violence.

Though a quarter of a million of strangers came to Texas last year to find a home, only a single Presbyterian minister came. It is said by reliable observers that there are fewer Presbyterian clergymen in Texas in 1870 than there were in 1860.

The whole Bible is now published in fourteen of the principal languages of India, the whole New Testament in five others, and some books in the Old and New Testament in seven more, so that the Word of God, in whole or in part is printed in no less than twenty-six of the living languages of India.

A missionary in Turkey remarks that there is a great work going on under the surface in all that region. The faith of many in the national superstitions is shaken. There is an interesting convert in Western Turkey, a merchant, who is very successful in his work.

Poetry.

LIFE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In vails, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly;
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
Invisible woe!

That motley drama! oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its phantom chased forevermore
By a crowd that sieze it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot;
And much of madness and more of sin
And horror the soul of the plot!

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes! it writhes! with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out--out are the lights--out all!
And over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan
Uprising, unvailing, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
And its hero the conqueror Worm.

Printing in the Chinese Language.

The editor of the New York *Observer*, in "The Tour Around the World," gives the following description of the difficulties of book-making in China:

"One of the first places that I visited on reaching Shanghai, was the Mission Press of the Presbyterian Church of the United States--a wisely founded institution, which has been doing a great work. It is the most extensive printing establishment in China, and has been sending its light into Japan as well. The great work of Dr. Hepburn, of Yokohama--his quarto Japanese Dictionary--was printed at this press; and during the last year, the third edition, 2,400 copies, of another Japanese Dictionary, the first two editions of which were printed at Yeddo, has been printed. It is a type foundery as well as a printing house, and, with judicious and liberal management, it may be made as important engine for good in time to come as it has been in the past. During the year 1868, 25,000,000 pages were printed at this press; and in the present year the whole of the New Testament and of the Pilgrim's Progress have been admirably electrotyped. I have before me a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress in Chinese, illustrated with engravings and drawings executed there, and also a copy of the Peep of Day, in Chinese, from the same press.

"On entering this extensive printing establishment, I was confronted with a series of amphitheaters, in the interior of each of which stood a compositor; and I saw at a glance the immensity of the work which every one who learns to read or speak or print the Chinese language has to encounter. Each one of these ampitheaters was what printers call a case, containing, not twenty-six letters as in English printing offices, but more than six thousand different characters of types, and with the combination that are made, more than thirteen thousand. I do not much wonder that the Chinese adhere to their old method of engraving everything on wood that they print, for I should be very loth to attempt to hunt up many letters or words out of the six thousand boxes that I saw before me. And yet this mode of printing is a great improvement on the old."

A Skulking Soldier Cured.

I remember the apparent painful condition of a soldier whose right leg was drawn up at an angle from the knee--the result of rheumatism, he insisted. He was known to be a skulker, and several sugeons had examined the limb and found no appearance of contraction of the muscles; but all their efforts to pull it into shape were usless. Some of them becoming convinced by the stubborness of the member, insisted that it could not be fixed, and advised the man's discharge.

Dr. H. however, had seen much of the same difficulty in hospitals, and put in practice a mode of treatment which he had successfully tried in several cases. The man, by his direction, was brought over to the division hospital and confronted by the surgeon and two assistants with their sleeves rolled up.

"I understand perfectly well the nature of your difficulty, my man," said the doctor. "It is a species of sciatica, and I can cure it by cauterization."

"What's that?" the victim asked, in distrustful wonder.

"Cauterization! Oh, that's merely burning a blister from the hip to the heel with a white-hot iron. It's sure to cure. Get on that table."

"I--I don't want to," the shirk stammered, his face turning whiter that the docter's irons and his teeth clattering. "You shan't do it; it won't do me a bit of good."

"Mount that table, or I'll have you tied to it," was the stern command; and the poor wretch obeyed with groans, not yet quite certain that this extreme measure was really to be resorted to.

"Strip that leg! Steward, bring in those irons!"

They came hissing hot from the fire, and the miserable creature on the table shrieked: "Doctor! you ain't a going to burn me with those things, be you?"

"I am that--from hip to heel," replied the doctor, cooly, taking one of the ugly instruments in his hand and approaching the table.

"You shan't do it! Let go! my leg's well, I tell you!" the man screamed; and tearing away from those who held him, he jumped nimbly to the floor and ran out of the hospital with two as straight legs as there were in the whole army. He returned to duty the next day, and was effectually cured of his malingering propensities.--*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Among the letters found in the Tuilleries, is one written to the Emperor by the Empress while she was in Egypt. She warns him against proceeding with some new schemes of ambition, and concludes with these words: "Believe me you cannot make successfully two *coups d'etat* in one life.

"WHERE'S your wife, John?" asked a rural mother, of her son, who had been to the city.

"I haint got any."

"Why, you wrote us how you's going to marry a rich New York lady?"

"So I was, but just as we were about to be made one, a policeman come in and took the gal off for stealing; and I wouldn't try to marry another New York lady, if she was worth her weight in gold."

Miscellany.

ONE EVENING.

Faith polished the tea-cups, counted the spoons, brushed a little lint from one of the tumblers, and then arranging them upon the closet shelf to her entire satisfaction, closed the door upon them with an air of relief. Then she straightened the crumb-cloth spread the crimson table-cover, placed the lamp upon it ready for lighting, and laid her father's daily paper beside it. This done, she went to the door and looked out.

It had been a sultry summer day. The heated air in the meadow had seemed to vibrate visibly; and the cows had stood all day knee-deep in the water, lazily brushing away the flies, and browsing the thick herbage upon the bank, and the tender shoots of the overhanging willows. Faith was tired. The children had been troublesome; and her young step-mother--herself only ten years older than this girl of eighteen of whom I am writing--had had a headache. To tell the truth, she always had one--or some other ache--whenever it was hot, or the children were cross, or any unpleasant domestic exigencies arose. Miss Ophelia might have pronounced her "shiftless." She declared herself a martyr to feebleness and to her nerves.

But now the sun was lying low in the west; a bright breeze was dimpling the river, and the tree-tops nodded and beckoned invitingly. Tom and Janet would not to want to go bed for an hour, and Faith caught her little white sun-bonnet from the peg behind the door. She wanted to be alone for awhile, to be free, to think her own thoughts, and to open her heart to the sweet ministries of nature. She needed rest and medicine such as she could find nowhere else. No I am not speaking at random. I mean just what I say --such as she could find nowhere else. God reaches a young girl's heart more nearly through His woods, His flowers, His dews, His stars, His sacred solitudes, His holy calms, than through the lore of books, or even the revelations of His Word. These things touch it as with a human tenderness, and the closed doors fly open at their approach.

She had just got to the gate.

"Faith! Faith! Tom says he wants to go to bed," called Mrs. Harris. "Come and get him. He is driving me crazy."

Faith went back to the house, and hung up her bonnet again, casting one lingering glance at the cool, leafy recess beyond the river.

"You will not go to sleep yet, Tom," she said. "It is a whole hour before your bedtime. Where's Janet?"

But Miss Janet was not ready to go to bed. She was slowly shaking the sawdust out of her dolly, sitting with her face to the wall in a dark corner.

"Oh! leave Janet for the present," said Mrs. Harris. "She's quiet enough and I'll send her up by-and-by. If Tom doesn't want to go to sleep just yet, you can tell him stories."

Tell him stories? Faith knew just what that meant. She repeated "Mother Goose," and the "House that Jack Built," and London Bridge," and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" until her head swam. Then she began with "Noah's Ark," and went straight through to "Malachi" But all to no purpose. The great brown eyes still looked at her unwearingly from over the low foot board, and the persistent little voice still pounced upon every omission, and demanded the correction of every blunder."

"Ah, Tom!" she cried at last; "I knew you were not sleepy--and I am so tired! Do be a good boy now, and let me go down stairs. You can go to sleep without me if you have a mind."

"No, I ain't a-going to sleep for ever so long," said Master Tommy, kicking his feet against the wall. "Not for six or fourteen hours; and there's lots and lots of stories you've got to tell me! If you don't, I shall holler and holler and that makes mamma's head ache." Faith resigned herself to her fate, and began to improvise a fairy tale. That was at least better than ringing the changes any longer upon "As I was Going to Sell my Eggs," or "Little Jack Horner." But just then a lady and gentleman upon horse-back swept by, the latter raising his eyes to the window as he passed, and then, lifting his hat with a smile, bowing until his dark hair nearly touched his horse's chestnut mane.

The color flashed to Faith's face, for an instant she drew back and hid herself in the shadow of the curtain. Then as the riders swept round the corner, and commenced a more leisurely ascent of the hill, she leaned forward and watched them,--with a look of pain and longing.

"What you stopping for, Faith!" came a voice from the bed. "Why don't you tell me what became of the princess?" Did she ever find--"

"No," cried Faith, suddenly, "she never found what she was looking for, never never! Oh, Tom, Tom! do let me be! I can't tell you any more stories to-night."

"But you must, you see; because if you don't I shall cry and scream and get sick and then--"

Faith rose in her desperation and went up to the bed.

"Tom Harris, you will do no such thing; and I shall not tell you another story this night. Do you just turn over and go to sleep, or I shall go straight down stairs."

Astonished out of his wits, for Faith had never so dealt with him before, Tom turned quietly to the wall and said never a word. Faith went back to the window.

They were still going slowly up the hill--slowly, like those to whom the present moment is golden, and who would prolong its sheen. The lady was young, only a year or two older than Faith, probably, and very beautiful; so beautiful that the child who sat cowering there behind the window-curtain gazed at her with a strange sinking of heart; for the gentleman who rode by her side was--Kenneth Marston.

As they reached the brow of the hill they reined in their steeds, and Faith knew by the wave of Kenneth's hand that he was pointing out to his companion all that was worth seeing in the valley below--the wide sweep of the hills, the uplifting of the mountain peaks, the glories of earth and air and sky. She knew just how his eye dilated, how his form seemed to expand, how his voice grew deeper and tenderer. There was the sting of it.

But how could he help it? How could Faith help it that this beautiful, cultured, graceful woman had dropped down, out of the clouds, as it were, and for three or four weeks had sat beside him at the board, walked with him in the dim old woods, read with him out of the self-same book, rode with him over the hills and through the valleys, and knelt by his side in the same pew on Sunday? No one was to blame; but that did not make it any easier.

Faith looked at her as she sat there on her white horse, outlined against the sky, with her dark blue drapery falling in graceful folds. She was not so far off but that it was easy to see how her wavy hair, so wondrous fair, was with the sunset glowing; and how white were the little gloved hands that were fastening back some stray tresses that had become loosened by the rapid motion.

Poor Faith! "There is such a difference in people," she sighed, as the riders passed out of sight. "Now my dresses will never fall like that, every fold in the right place. If my hair comes down it will not waive [illegible] twist and coil itself until its disorder [illegible] prettier and more picturesque than another's painstaking. And just look at my hands!"

The sun went down, and the gray twilight crept over the earth. Janet came sleepily up-stairs, holding dolly clasped to her heart, bottom upward, and scattering sawdust all the way. Faith undressed her, and in two minutes she was in the land of Nod, to which place Tom had already betaken himself.

Faith was free now, for the baby was already asleep, and Mrs. Harris was reading the last magazine, undisturbed by nerves or headaches. But she had lost the desire for a walk. She wanted to think.

It was all over between her and Kenneth Marston. Of course it was. Or rather it had never been begun. Only she had thought--she had hoped --she had been sure--

But she did not blame him. Oh no! Why should she? Shall a man stoop to pick up a pebble when a diamond has fallen in his way? Shall he prick his fingers in attempting to pluck a wild sweet-brier when there is a moss-rose, dewy and fragrant, blooming at at his feet?

Ah, Faith! Men have preferred sweet-briers to moss-roses. But you have not learned that yet.

She had always known she was not good enough for him. She had always wondered why he sought her companionship. He was so much wiser than she--he knew so much more of books and of the world. He had been--why, everywhere; and she had never been farther than Burlington in all her life.

When she came home from her one year at Mrs. Worcester's school, which was all her father could afford, she had intended to do so much. There were her French books on the little shelf, and her Botany, and Ancient History, and Literature, and she meant to have gone on with them. She had come home with all a girl's eager ambition--her desire to do and to be. But she had washed dishes, and tended baby, and skimmed the milk, and put Tommy to bed, and darned stockings, and hemmed ruffling for Janet's aprons; and the French books were unopened, and she was forgetting who built St. Paul's and in what year Shakspeare died. That was the end of it. Her time was all fritted away, and there was nothing to show for it.

Yet she had thought--she had really thought sometimes that Kenneth Marston loved her; and she had dreamed--she was ashamed of it now, but she acknowledged it bravely as she communed with her own heart, sitting there with her head buried in her arms --she had dreamed of a beautiful home with him, where her innocent tastes and fancies might find free indulgence, and where a gentle, guiding hand would lead her in the flowery paths she loved. And now the dream was over. She had awakened the first time she saw him and Judith Grant together, and she should never dream again.

If she could only go away somewhere and do something!--teach, or make bonnets, or go into a shop, or keep books, she did not care what--anything that would take her out of herself, and open a new life for her. But there was no escape. She must just stay there and listen to her mother's complaints, and tell stories to Tommy, and mend Janet's doll, and grow old and homely, and fretful, maybe! That was the worst of it. To feel that she was growing down rather than up. Dwarfing herself when she had so longed to grow to the full stature of a perfect womanhood.

She stopped thinking for a moment and listened. There was a strange preternatural hush abroad--a portentous silence that startled her She raised her head. The soft, rosy tints had faded from the sky, and dense black clouds were gathering overhead. Presently window-blinds swung to with a crash at the other side of the house, and the trees swayed and bent before the courriers of the approaching tempest.

Faith went down stairs to close the windows and fasten the doors. Just as she did so a heavy peal of thunder rattled overhead, and lightning seemed to dart from every quarter of the heavens. This little girl of ours was physically brave. She did not know the meaning of fine-lady tremors, or what it was to shrink from real or imaginary dangers. In her present mood she rather enjoyed this fierce convulsion of the elements, and deliberately seated herself upon the door-step to watch the progress of events. Not a drop of rain has fallen; but now the rumbling of the thunder was incessant, and the black clouds were rent and riven by the fierce forked lightning. At one moment the darkness was intense, the very blackness of the densest midnight; the next both earth and heaven were lit with a lurid glare that seemed to come straight from the regions of everlasting flame.

She had forgotten Kenneth Marston, forgotten Judith Grant, forgotten Faith Harris. Her thoughts had gone on the wings of the lightning to the uttermost parts of the earth. Man's voice is so small, so weak, when God speaks. But just then the sultry fires lit up the brow of the hill, and for one moment she beheld a vision.

A flying steed, white as the driven snow against the back-ground of ebony clouds, a mass of tossing drapery, a gleam of golden hair streaming out upon the night wind, a white faced fixed in terror and despair, and two hands clutching the silvery mane.

Faith took it all in at a glance. She thought as the drowning think. A life-time was condensed into one moment's space.

Straight down the hill came the frightened horse. At the bottom of it if he kept the road, there was a short turn, sharp and sudden as a right angle. If he did not keep it, there was a deep ravine straight ahead, and stones at the bottom. Faith Harris knew that Judith Grant was riding right into the jaws of death either way. For one instant she clasped her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out some fearful sight, then she darted across the road as if borne on the wings of the wind.

She said afterward that she could not account for it--that it was like an inspiration; but that during that one moment of doubt or irresolution she seemed to see herself standing on the smooth stump of a tree that had recently been cut down close to the road-side, with her left arm wound around a large sapling, an offshoot of the parent tree. That gave her the thought upon which she acted. In far less time than I have been writing this paragraph--in less time, perhaps, than you have been reading it--she had taken her position, and was awaiting Judith's approach.

On swept the herse. A second more and she shouted, standing there like a young Pythoness upon the tripod, with the lightnings darting about her:

"Judith! Judith Grant! I can save you! Turn him this way!"

The sharp accents pierced the nearly deadened ears, looking up, the white-faced rider saw Faith almost within reach. Instinct rather than reason taught her to give a sudden pull upon the side nearest to the stump. The horse swerved. Faith's arm was extended, and clasped Judith's waist; the steed rushed onward, and the two girls fell to the ground stunned and senseless.

A while afterward--Faith never knew how long--she sat up in the darkness. Her clothes were wet. The storm had spent its fury, and the moon was breaking through the clouds. At first she could not tell where she was or what had happened.

The girls had not fallen together. Judith, breaking from Faith's clasping arm, had dropped upon the side of the stump nearest the road. Faith, clinging to the little tree, had swayed around and fallen behind it. As she sat there now, trying to collect her senses, she heard footsteps and voices and the rumbling of wheels.

"Here she is, Mr. Gray," said Kenneth Marston's voice, "Oh, my God!"

Faith saw him drop upon his knees beside the body that looked so like death as the dim rays of the lantern fell upon it. She saw him place his hand upon Judith's heart; she heard murmuring words of thanksgiving as he found that she yet lived; she saw him put the hair back from the forehead with a tender touch; she saw him stoop over and kiss the pale brow, ere he lifted the slight figure in his arms and bore it to Mr. Gray's carriage; she heard him speak a few low words, and there was something in his voice that she had never heard before.

The wheels rolled away in the distance, and Faith got up, went home, and to bed. She had saved a life--that was all; for the next day Judith's horse was found in the bottom of the ravine.

The next morning Faith was paler than usual, and there were dark circles about her eyes.

"Mother," she said, "if you are willing, I will put the baby in her carriage, and draw her up in the woods I can sew just as well there as here, and--I can't breathe this morning.

Mrs. Harris looked at her in surprise.

"Go, if you want to," she answered. "But I expect the baby'll get all stung up by the mosquitoes."

Faith went, nevertheless; and before long Kenneth Marston joined her. He did not speak at first, but held out his hand silently, and looked at the patient little face very much as one might looked at a pictured saint.

At last he said:

"Where were you last night, Faith when I found Judith and took her away?"

"I was--there," said Faith hesitating "on the other side of the stump."

"And you did not speak to me--would not let me thank you! Oh, Faith!"

She did not answer, but her face was hidden in her hands. He removed them with gentle violence, and held them close prisoners.

"Judith has told me all about it," he whispered. "How brave and noble you were, and how you saved her from certain death. You know where they found the horse?"

Faith nodded, shuddering.

"She wants to know you better," he went on. "She told me to bring you to her to-day, for she is not able to sit up, and she wants to thank and bless you."

Faith shook her head.

"You won't refuse, Faith. Is is not like you--you who have given her life. See, she has sent you this," he added, slipping a costly ring upon her finger as he spoke.

Faith drew it off and laid it in his hand again, while her face grew white as ashes.

"I do not wish to be paid for what I did," she said, while her lips trembled painfully.

"Paid! Faith, she never dreamed of such a thing. How could she? She sent the ring simply because she could not come to you herself. She said, "It means less than my simplest word, Kenneth. But place it on her finger, and beg her to come to me.' She has the gentlest, truest heart, Faith. Do not misjudge her."

A shade of color had stolen back to Faith's face. But at these words it blanched again to the very lips.

"I can not wear your wife's ring," she said, presently, in a low, self-contained voice." "It is impossible. But tell her I am glad that I was able to be of service to her, and that I hope there are many years of happiness in store for you both."

"My wife--my wife's ring!" exclaimed the young man, detaining her as she was about to leave him. "My wife! Why, what do you mean Faith?"

Her eyes flashed, then fell as they met his.

"I mean that I saved your wife's life last night, Kenneth Marston, and--I want to go home now. I am tired."

She looked so, poor child!

"But, Faith, dear Faith"--and he twined one arm about her waist, while he tried to turn her face toward him--"look at me and listen to me. Judith Grant and my brother Hal are to married as soon as he comes back from South America. They have been engaged these two years. Did you not know it?"

What could our little Faith do but to shake her head, while the soft color went and came upon her cheek, and her heart fluttered beneath his hand like that of a frightened bird.

Kenneth Marston read the sweet face for an instant. Then clasping her closer, he kissed her lips.

"Faith, I love you and you only!"

And the baby looked on in wide-eyed wonder.

SOUTHERN NEWS ITEMS.

The Rome, (Ga.) Daily, wants two apprentices, regardless of sex.

The stock of Cotton on hand at Savannah is unprecedentedly heavy.

The Wilmington Journal advocates the introduction of coolie labor into North Carolina.

Longview, 68 miles beyond Shreveport, is the present terminous of the Southern Pacific railway.

There are sixteen thousand, nine hundred and sixty-nine members of the Masonic order in Tennessee.

It is estimated that the value of the cotton crop received at Rome, Ga., will be $1,300,000, and the wheat crop $200,000.

In consequence of the late flood and destruction of crops in Texas, corn has risen to a dollar a bushel on the Guadaloupe.

The Gulf road has been extensively patronized of late by Northern Invalids, seeking to regain their lost health by breathing the invigorating air of Florida.

Twelve freedmen--six men, two women and four boys--picked 5,095 pounds one day recently on Mr. Frank Fontaine's place in Muscogee county, Ga.

Recently in Ashe county, Mr. John Walker, aged 65 years, married Miss Nancy Green, a gushing damsel of 72 summers. A most happy consummation of "love's young dream."

Mr. John Potter, a native of Wilkes county, North Carolina, died recently at the home of his son in Carter county, at the remarkable age of one hundred and ten years. He came at an early age to the new settlement on the Watauga, before the organization of the State of Tennessee.

The pillars of the colored Baptist Church, in Macon, Georgia, having quarreled among themselves, the deacons resolved to nail up the church, which was done. On Wednesnay the prosecutor, a trustee, had the defendant, a deacon, arrested on a charge of having committed the act.

The Lynchburg (Va.) papers state that Mr. Samuel F. Beale, of that city, evinced such symptoms of insanity on Monday night that il was thought proper to place him in confinement. His conduct was so violent and desperate that it required the united exertions of several men to prevent his doing serious and probably fatal injury to some of his family with an axe with which he armed himself. Mr. Beale is about twenty-four years of age, and was married but a few weeks ago to an intelligent and accomplished lady of Lynchburg.

"John," said a poverty sticken man to his son, "I've made my will today." "Ah!" replied John. "You were liberal to me, no doubt." "Yes, John; I came down handsome. I've willed you the whole State of Virginia--to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better."

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

Curious Experiment in Behalf of Old Topers--A Floating Inebriate Asylum.

[From the New York Sun.

Captain Edward Hopper may be considered a practical temperance man. He has paid a visit to the inebriate asylum on Ward's Island, and speaks favorably of the institution. He entertains however, serious doubts concerning any system of reformation, and thinks that everything depends upon the man. A novel experiment tried by him before he left the sea to reform a few forlorn drunkards is full of romance. In June, 1864, he sailed from this port with, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary crews that ever shipped on board any vessel. He had fitted his craft out at New Bedford, Mass.; for a whaling voyage, and had manned her with only a sufficient number to work the ship to New York. Here he intended to increase his crew to the complement of thirty-five men. The Captain was rigid in his total abstinence principles. He was a Son of Temperance, and had been the President of a flourishing society for the prevention of the sale of alcoholic stimulants in his native town. He had spent many years at sea, and had always sailed under the temperance banner; consequently he had conceived the notion that rum-drinking was but a temptation, and that men were not so much the creature of vitiated tastes as the victims of habit; that it was only necessary to remove temptation to destroy the taste for liquor. Practically to demonstrate this theory, he determined to make his last whaling voyage a double undertaking. He hoped to fill his ship with many barrels of oil and bring back a crew of reformed inebriates. The Captain knew very well that at sailor boarding-houses the men were made drunk before they were shipped. It was not that kind of people he wanted to experiment upon. Neither was it the common barroom sot nor the ordinary saloon bummer that he desired to deal with. What he hoped for was the reformation of gentlemen. His plan was to engage as a portion of his crew a number intelligent men who had brains enough to know the error of their ways, but who could not withstand temptation sufficient to break themselves of their bad habits unaided. With these men he proposed to reason, persuading them to ship with him as a matter of self-preservation and profit to themselves, and finally on their return to entire reformation. Although the captain's plans were well matured, he found some difficulty in obtaining the right kind material for his experiment. He knew that under the most favorable circumstances it would not do for him to take a crew of entirely green men. He therefore wisely shipped a sufficient number of trained seamen to work his vessel in an emergency. The others he managed to call around him by means of several ingeniously-worded advertisements. He announced in the papers that gentlemen who, in consequence of free living, had become embarrassed, could hear of an opportunity of making favorable arrangements for a whaling voyage of profit and health, provided they were willing to work about the ship. There were many applicants, but few of the class he wanted. It was not until after the expiration of two months that he secured twenty-three gentlemen, several of whom represented professions--all educated and refined--but known among their acquaintances as hard drinkers. With these he entered into an agreement, the substance of which was, that they were to "touch not, taste not, handle not," any kind of intoxicating liquors during the voyage, and they were to take none on board the trip. Of course, the first two days out were spent very miserably by those of the crew who had been accustomed to stimulants. The Captain says that no pen can describe their misery. Some of the poor fellows raved like madmen, and accused him of conspiracy to take their lives. Others demanded liquor, and swore that there was plenty to be had, but that it was withheld to torture them. Irons had to be resorted to in extreme cases, and a few were with difficulty restrained from jumping overboard.

The working of the ship devolved upon the old sailors. Fortunately the weather was fine, and but little was required to be done to manage the vessel. Gradually, however, the whole party began to recover, and in less than three weeks a happier set of men never trod a ship's deck. The duties of each individual were soon determined upon, and as rapidly as the crew were reported well they were assigned to such work as they were best able to perform. The captain had provisioned his ship with a view of keeping out as long as possible, and he hoped to be able to remain at sea at least three months before finding it necessary to enter port for supplies.

There was some difficulty experienced at first in apportioning the work to the men. The captain's subjects for reformation were not used to anything very laborious. Some had never seen a ship under sail, and had had no experience except in the counting-room. But the voyage had not been undertaken for instruction in navigation, nor for profit to the owner. Capt. Hopper's paramount object was to reform his men and restore them to lives of sobriety and industry. To this end he had determined to bend all his energies, making everything else a matter of secondary importance. He had promised not to divulge the names of those who sailed with him; in fact, it was naturally understood that the vessel was a sort of bethelship, and that all had embarked with a view to lasting improvement and permanent reformation. The minor details of the voyage are uninteresting. The work aloft was done by the old sailors, and that below by the inexperienced portion of the crew. It was not until they had reached the Gulf of Mexico that anything of importance occurred. The weather had been mild and the ship had been lying nearly becalmed for several days, when one morning the Captain went on deck and found a majority of his crew drunk. His astonishment may be imagined. How such a thing could occur was beyond his comprehension. There was not a drop of liquor in the ship to his knowledge, and yet his crew were unmistakably intoxicated. Some of them known only to the captain as mild and inoffensive men, had suddenly become demons. The few who were sober gathered around their commander and obeyed his orders cheerfully.

A desperate fight ensued. Reason did not enter into the contest on the part of the mutineers. The battle was for the mastery of the ship. The experimental portion of the crew had drunk until they became madmen. They had determined among themselves to run the ship to land, no matter where. The Captain and the few who had rallied around him were driven between decks, and the hatches were battered down over them. In this situation they remained with but little food and no water, for five days. During that time a storm sprang up, and the ship became unmanageable in the hands of her drunken masters. For a time the lives of all on board were in peril. When the Captain and his fellow prisoners escaped from the hold, they found the deck strewn with men nearly dead from exhaustion or sick of brain fever. It was not until after the sober portion of the crew had regained possession of the vessel that the facts were ascertained. It then leaked out that among the number of the Captain's experimental crew were two practical brewers. These men had learned by some means that there were several casks of prunes on board, and totally regardless of their pledges, they had connived with the cook, and through him managed to start a distillery in the forecastle.

Here they manufactured nearly a barrel of raw spirits. For a few days they kept their secret to themselves, but it soon got out and terminated, as described, in a wretched and perilous debauch. This extraordinary occurrence did not discourage the Captain. There had been really no serious damage done. Consequently all that seemed necessary to do was to throw the prunes overboard, get the men well as soon as possible, and provide against accidents in future. The Captain's plans for reform worked admirably, and in a short time order reigned. Once a week, when the weather would permit, the crew were called aft to receive a lecture on discipline and temperance, delivered by the Captain. The first port touched at during the voyage was Hawaii, in the Sandwich Islands. Here the strictest guard was kept over the ship to prevent the smuggling of liquor on board, and none of the men, except a few of the old sailors, who accompanied the Captain, were permitted to go on shore. But on the first day of the arrival some of the men were found drunk.

Whence they obtained their liquor could not be ascertained, but it was presumed that it must have been brought to them by some of the natives who had been swimming around the ship. The Captain, seeing that it would not do to remain long in port, soon sailed, shaping his course for the South Pacific. His men behaved unusually well, and he began to entertain strong hopes of the final success of the temperance enterprise. He reached the whaling grounds in good season, and was fortunate in taking several hundred barrels of oil. Everything went along smoothly until the Captain went to the Navigator Islands to make some repairs on his ship. While lying at Apia his crew were clandestinely furnished with liquor, and nearly one-third of the crew got drunk and deserted him. This was a severe blow, but it was not until some months afterward, when he entered the port of Talcuhana, Chili, that he met with his greatest mishap.

Here he was prostrated by sickness, and his men, taking advantage of the circumstance, openly mutined and went ashore. When he recovered, of his original experimental crew but six could be found. Some died of drunkenness in the town, and others had strayed inland beyond his control. With a heavy heart he strengthened his force with such seafaring natives as could be persuaded to ship, and sailed for home. On his return voyage, he buried two men at sea, and when he reached New York after an absence of eighteen months, he had but four of his original crew. Of this small number the Captain does not speak encouragingly. He says they fell into their old habits soon after reaching shore, separated, and finally all died. The last one, John Frencher, was buried recently at Prince's Bay, Staten Island, a victim of the bottle.

SUNDRIES.

Connecticut granted 481 divorces last year.

Seven counties in Kansas work coal mines.

Vermont has a man with a bear seven feet long.

Base ball has killed twenty-five persons during the past season.

Louisville has a child only five months old that can talk and walk.

The dregs of Petroleum oil are now used in the making of spruce gum.

It is estimated that 30,000 Jews are serving in the German armies.

It is said there is no church choir in the world free from jealousy.

Alabama has a town of 500 people where there is no lawyer, doctor, or tailor.

The Mormons predict a civil war between them and the United States within a year.

Paris ladies now wear the same style of hat that was worn one hundred and five years ago.

One-half the children of England do not go to school. Thirty per cent. of the English army cannot read or write.

A New Orleans broker, awakening from a nap the other day, found that his tender child had used $12,000 in notes and drafts to make a kite of.

It now appears that the "bone-sweaters" no longer sell the fat from dead horses to soap-boilers, because the cheap butter-makers offer better prices for it.

A queer temperance pledge was circulated in Russia. It bound the signer to abstain from brandy till brandy should be better and tolerably cheap.

Barbecue is derived from the French phrase *de barbe a queue*, which means from snout to tail, and is equivalent to "the whole hog."

A little boy hearing his father speak about the war in progress in Europe, said, "Which had you rather belong to, father, an engine company or a battle?"

A bridge at Denver, Cal., sports this notice: "No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time"

Beecher writes: "Tobacco is the one best remedy for all stings of insects. Wet it so that the juice shall start, and place it on the place stung and in one moment you are all right again."

A white man in one of the bar-rooms of Atlanta, the other day, offered to pay for a quart of whiskey if a negro present would drink it. The offer was accepted, and the darkey is now a colored angel.

The German armies use field telegraphs very extensively. They are of three kinds--flying, provisional and permanent. The first consists of wires surrounded with gutta percha, which are payed out on level ground. The second are wires of iron, used in hilly and wooden districts, and affixed to pegs on trees. The third are constructed in the ordinary manner by a department especially intrusted with the duty.

The New York Herald made the following final exhortation before Mr. Greeley was voted upon: "Pious people who intend to vote to-day for Horace Greeley should append to their tickets the following, which we find in a Western exchange: 'Horace Greeley lately visted a Western town where swearing is punished by a fine of twenty-five cents for each offence. Some one stole his umbrella and put a litter of kittens in his old hat, and, by compromising the matter, the $200 he got for his lecture just paid for his swearing and four dollars over.' Horace, therefore, is hardly a fit man to send to Congress, for if he were to get in one of his rampant moods he would swear the dome off the Capitol. What Horace don't know about swearing it would be a difficult matter to tell."

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, who recently visited Mont Plaiser, where Peter the Great died, writes: "It is a little, low villa, consisting of a large hall with a row of small chambers on either side. It stands on a terrace, close to the water's edge; and it was while watching the bay with his spy-glass from the terrace, that the Czar saw a boat in trouble, and hastening to the rescue, caught the cold that cost him his life. He died in a little room opening out of the great hall.--Behind a tall screen is the iron bedstead in which he breathed his last; the sheets and pillow lie upon it, and his faded silk dressing-gown is folded on the foot. His slippers are on the floor close by, and everything is preserved as it was the day after his death."

THE CLERGY OF NEW YORK.

Prominent Preachers and their Rates of Pay.

[Correspondence of the Troy Daily Times.]

NEW YORK, November 6, 1870.--Our clergy are opening the Fall campaign in a manner which shows that they are in earnest. They now seem conscious of the importance of the press, for on Saturday they advertise the services of the coming Sabbath, and on Mondays they look in the papers for a report of their sermons. Reporting sermons is now an admitted feature in journalism. Once a week the dailies give a bird's-eye view of the utterances of the most important pulpits, and thus keep before the non-church-going public the fact, which it otherwise might forget, that there is such an institution in existence as a Gospel ministry. Some preachers complain that these reports do injustice to their efforts, but brevity is indispensable in the operations of the press, and they must accept this kind of notice or none. I think that it would be a good plan for each clergyman to prepare a condensed sketch of his views, and place one or more of these in the sexton to be given to any reporter who might happen to come for notes. This would put the statement under the clergyman's control, and at the same time would improve him in the important art of condensation.

OUR IMPORTANT PREACHERS.

In the Episcopal order there are Vinton and Dix in the High Church, with the Tyngs, both father and son in the Low Church. In the Presbyterian, we have Adams of Madison Square, and Hall of the Fifth Avenue. In the Reformed Dutch branch there are Ormiston, a new comer, and Dewitt, who is now just entering the retired list. The Baptist can boast the learned Williams, the heavy-toned Armitage, and the noisy Westcott, while the Methodists have Smith, Newman, Harrower, and a score of other acceptable divines. Out of all this number, Beecher being a Brooklyn man, there are but three men of first-class talents. These are Dewitt, who as I have said, is just about retiring; Tyng, senior, who is also nearly worn out, and Hall, of the Fifth Avenue. The latter being not much over forty, may be expected to yield considerable service, and is in all respects the most able and most popular preacher in this city. There are a large number of useful and worthy clergymen here, but with all their excellence they have not reached distinction. It is perhaps much to their advantage that they have not, for an excess of reputation is one of a professional man's greatest mishaps.

RATES OF PAY.

Hall receives about $10,000--not all salary--but perquisites and donations will reach this figure. His salary is marked by a distinction peculiar to his own case, being payable in gold. This arose from his being called from Dublin, where all currency is on a gold basis, and also because he came at a time when our paper money was fluctuating in no small degree. In order, therefore, to place his call on a solid basis, it was made payable in gold. Dr. Tyng's office is worth $7,000 per annum and a comfortable rectory. Dr. Potter, of Grace Church, takes in not less than $10,000, beside the use of the best rectory in New York. Dr. Adams being very rich, is not so well paid, his berth being not worth more than $6,000, and Howard Crosby, who is also rich, is paid in a manner equally poor. Dr. Dewitt and Dr. Ormiston, of the Dutch body, get $7,000. Dr. Dix, of Trinity, gets his $10,000, and Vinton, his right hand man, must receive nearly as much. As Trinity has an estate worth twenty millions, her clergy ought not to go hungry. From the rates above mentioned, clerical pay declines to the pittance received by the city missionaries, which is about $800 per annum. These men, instead of enjoying a parsonage of palatial extent, are glad to have a pair of apartments in a tenement house, and instead of being invited to splendid wedding and and similar entertainments, they are called to mingle with the poorest and most degraded of society. Many of the rich churches have mission schools and chapels which are doing much good. Occasionally some very talented as well as pious young men are willing to pass a few years at the outset of their work in just such a field as this. One of the difficulties to which they are subjected is the restraining influence of the patronizing pastors. These gentlemen often make an effort to keep the missions simply as appendages to their own churches, and hence oppose their assuming an independent existence. Any enterprising evangelist prefers to see such an effort rise above a condition of dependence, and hence, if not encouraged in this, he can hardly be expecting to remain in service. Every missionary effort should be looked on as the germ of an independent church, and not as the mere tender on some important congregation.

WEDDING FEES.

Our clergy have very have handsome perquisites for uniting the young and happy couples who abound in our rich congregations. It must be understood that the prestige of high clerical position adds much to the *eclat* of a marriage *fete*. As a matter of course there is a great impropriety in demanding the time of a distinguished minister without a fitting compensation. Such men as Tyng and Beecher are not to be put off, like a country dominie, with a five dollar bill. Any one who is ambitious of advertising his marriage by such pompous officials should touch a $50 note at least, and I presume that from $100 to $500 are the figures most in vogue, but double the last has been fingered on such an occasion by a happy divine, In addition to these fees, our popular clergymen are often the recipients of handsome presents. If any wealthy member of the society desires to distinguish himself among them let him make the pastor a New Year present of $100 or $500, or let him send the honored divine a fine piano. It will soon be noised abroad with the most flattering comments, and the next time the donor appears in church he will observe that the eye of the public is directed toward him in a very marked and gratifying manner.

The St. Cloud (Minnesota) Journal relates that a hunter recently came across two bucks, with locked horns, engaged in a vigorous combat. He hastily fired, the ball striking one of deer in the neck. Being very much excited, Mr. H. did not wait to reload his gun, but ran up to pull the animals apart, the wounded one having dropped upon its knees. But the infuriated buck knocked him over in a trice, and sprang on his breast with his fore feet. Catching hold of the lowered horns, he was jerked up again. This was all done in an instant, and just then the other buck rushed up to renew the contest. Instead of taking advantage of this to reload. The excited hunter struck the wounded buck with his clubbed gun, without any other effect than to break off the stock. But a well directed blow with the barrel knocked the animal down, and the other ran off. Mr. H. succeeded in dispatching the prostrate buck.

Apropos of weddings, the latest code of etiquette in regard to young ladies about to be married is said to be that they should not make calls after the engagement is announced. There is also another new decree of fashion in this connection. It is not in good taste to divulge in advance the direction to be taken in the wedding tour. One young lady observed this rule so strictly as to decline taking any member of the family, even her mother, into her confidence as regarded this important matter.--*N. Y. World.*

Youths' Department.

JANE AND MAUD.

Jane and Maud were sisters pretty,
Living in a busy city;
Jane had eyes of darkest hue--
Maud's were like the violet blue.

Different as the night and more
Were these sisters, lo lowly born;
When Maud's face was smiling gladly,
Jane's was always frowning softly.

Little Maud, you'd ever find
Patient, happy, good and kind;
While Jane's temper, like a rifle,
Would explode at every trifle.

In their picture, you will trace
Naught but frowns on Jane's face,
While Maud's smiles and dimples rare
Make her very sweet and fair.

Though these sisters both were petty,
Living in this busy city,
One was called, oh! VERY plain--
Homely, ugly--that was Jane.

* * * * * * *

At all times and in all places
Pleasant ways and smiling faces
Make the plainest features [illegible],
And the prettiest onces divine!

Thanksgiving Day.

Georgia was hunting through the almanac to find Thanksgiving day.--"Thanksgiving month; now, what day of the month is it?" he asked, stopping at November.

"It is just what day the President or the Governor appoints," said Harry; "there is no particular time for it."

"Is it not *every day?*" asked grandmother.

"I know how Christmas and the Fourth originated," said Harry; "how did Thanksgiving begin, I wonder?"

It began with the Pilgrim Fathers who settled New England. The first settlers of any country have a great deal of rough work to do--cutting down forests and getting out timber, building houses, clearing up the land, laying out roads. Everything has to be done which *we find done* for us. They had poor tools to work with, and no shops this side of old England where they could get them mended if broken; or buy new ones, if they were destroyed. Indeed, they had nowhere to buy anything at all. A ship from England brought over supplies.

One Spring the ship from England did not arrive when it was expected. The winter hand been hard and long, the cold severe, the spring backward; barns and cellars were getting empty, and the corn-bins were low. There was danger of a famine, and the people had to be put on short allowance. I have forgotten how many kernels of parched corn a day they were reduced to, but not many. Every morning they were on the lookout for the ship. Night came, and no ship hove in sight.

At last they appointed a day of fasting and prayer, and all the people flocked to church to pray to God for help, He and He only could send them relief. Yes, and he *did*. Before the day was over the joyful news of a vessel in sight rejoiced the hearts of men, women and children. Supplies have come! Supplies have come! And like good people, they flocked back to church to thank God for the good news and to praise Him for His goodness. And so the day ended in a real thanksgiving, as you may suppose.

This was in spring. But *our* supplies come in fall. Year after year the great grain ships of September and October arrive in good time, heavily laden with good things in abundance; enough and to spare; and so in November a day is appointed for all the people to go to church and thank God for it. The parents and children and friends spend the day together, as happy as happy can be. Thankfulness always makes people happy.

Georgie said he did not go to church Thanksgiving day. Oh, I am sorry for that. It is very sweet to go to God's house and sing His praises. If He is our dear Heavenly Father, do we not want to show ourselves his loving, thankful, happy children?--*Child's Paper.*

Signs of the Hands.

A. R. Craig, in his "Book of the Hands, or Modern Palmistry," brings together a large amount of amusing gossip, without saying how much of it he believes. He founds his story upon the system of D'Arpentigny and Desbarolles, the celebrated French chiromancers. From them are taken into detail the rules for interpreting all the knots and hollows, lines and furrows that occur in varions hands; and he who studies them aright will be able to tell fortunes and read characters at any rate as wisely as any wandering gipsey. Without much study he may be, in a superficial way, a palmist. Thus,

If the palm of the hand be long, and the fingers well proportioned, etc., not soft, but rather hard, it denotes the person to be ingenious, but changeable, and given to theft and vice.

If the hand be hollow and solid, and well knit in the joints, it predicts long life, but if overthwarted then it denotes short life.

Observe the finger of Mercury--that is the little finger, if the end of it exceeds the joint of the ring finger, such a man will rule in his own house; and his wife will be pleasing and obedient to him; but if it be short, and does not reach the joint, he will have a shrew, and she will wear the breeches.

Broad nails show the person to be bashful, fearful, but of gentle nature.

Narrow nails denote the persen to be inclined to mischief, and to do injury to his neighbors.

Long nails show a person to be good natured but distrustful, and loving reconciliation rather than differences.

Oblique nails signify deceit and want of courage.

Little round nails denote obstinate anger and hatred.

If they be crooked at the extremity, they show pride and fierceness.

Round nails show a choleric person, yet soon reconciled, honest, a lover of secret sciences.

Fleshy nails denote the person to be mild in temper and lazy.

Pale and black nails show the person to be very deceitful to their neighbors and subject to many diseases.

Red and marked nails signify a choleric and martial nature, given to cruelty, and as many little marks as there are speak so many evil desires.

How German Children take Medicine.

First, a little boy or girl has to be considered sick. Then somebody shakes a bottle, and all the children in the room feel awfully, especially the ones who are not going to take a dose. Next, somebody lifts a spoon, and looking very solemn, begins to fill it full out of the bottle. A strange, dismal ordor creeps into the air, the sick boy or girl feels just like screaming or running away; but that would never do. Then the scene begins in earnest. Somebody has to coax or command or scold, as the case may be, perhaps for a minute, perhaps for an hour; the other children, standing by, feel worse than ever, though they still want to "look;" the neglected dollios faint away--even pussy knows something dreadful is going on; then there's a half cry, a gulp, a shiver, and somebody throws aside the empty spoon to lay the poor distorted little face close to her heart, and kiss and comfort it.

Have you ever before heard of this strange German custom, and do you think there is any danger of any thing like it being introduced into our own happy country?

SIX DEGREES OF CRIME.--He who steals a million is a shrewd financier.

He who steals half a million is a defaulter.

He who steals a quarter of a million is an "irregular" financier.

He who steals a hundred thousand is a great rogue.

He who steals fifty thousand is a great knave.

He who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves incarceration in a prison.

M. Sedillot, one of the most distinguished surgeons of Paris, has found a means of preventing the pain and suffering occasioned by surgical operations. By means of an electrical apparatus he raises the temperature of his instruments to a white heat, and then performs the operation, which is scarcely felt by the patient, as burns at that intense heat cause little or no pain.