Professional Notices.

DENTAL CARD.

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DRS. ARRINGTON & HAYS,

OFFER their services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity in the practice of their profession—Dentistry.

OFFICE—Over Hall's store, East side Public Square. sept 15, '66-tf.

DENTAL CARD.

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Surgeon Dentist

Office over J. W. Glass & Sons' corner Main and Market streets.
JACKSON, TENNESSEE.
[jan.30 39-tf.

J. T. Jones, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Jackson, Tenn.

Office on Shannon St. E. of Court House.

N. B. Special attention given to country as well a city practice.
july 20 3m

DR. JNO. CHESTER. DR. SAM. H. CHESTER

Dr. John Chester

Has associated with him in the practice of medicine, his brother,

Dr. Sam'l H. Chester,

And offer their services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity.

Office on the corner of Royal and Chester Streets. may20-tf

Dr. R. R. DASHIELL

OFFERS his professional services, in all branches of Medicine and Surgery, to this community and its vicinity.

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JACKSON, TENNESSEE,

Offers his services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity. Special attention given to diseases of women and children.

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Dr. L. B. HERRON,

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TENDERS his professional services to the city and surrounding country.—He is a regular graduate of Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, and has an experience of sixteen years uninterrupted practice. His charges will be moderate, and all calls promptly attended. Headquarters at Pendleton & Duncan's, No. 5 Bond's Block. Residence on College street, first door West Mob. and Ohio railroad. Feb 17, 1872-tf.

LAWRENCE E. TALBOT,

Attorney at Law,

AND

COLLECTING AGENT,

JACKSON, TENNESSEE.

Office over Neely and Roberts' new Drug Store. july 6-tf.

JAMES C. & JNO. T. HOGAN,

ATTORNEYS

And Counsellors at Law,

AND

Solicitors in Chancery,

JACKSON, TENNESSEE.

Office—In Tomlin's Block, room formerly occupied by Campbell & McCorry. mar8-tf.

JNO. A. HARRISON,

Attorney at Law,

—AND—

COLLECTING AGENT,

No. 517½ CHESTNUT STREET,

Room No. 1.

Dec 23-1y ST. LOUIS, MO.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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dec2-1m

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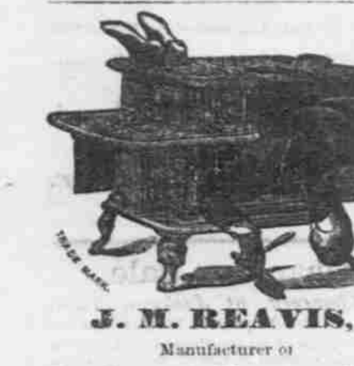

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feb11-1y

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SIMMONS'

LIVER

Regulator.

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The symptoms of Liver Complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general costive, sometimes alternating with lax. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility, and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them; but the Liver is generally the organ most involved.

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PLEASURE.

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FAVORITE RESORT

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STAPLE DRY GOODS,

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DESIGNS, Plans and Specifications, with full and accurate Working Drawings prepared for any description of building, Stores, Hotels, Churches, Court Houses, School Houses, Hospitals, Private Residences, &c. may 4 1y.

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AND POINTS IN MIDDLE TENN.

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J. W THOMAS, Gen. Supt.
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jan28-tf N. & C. and N. & N. W. R. R.

WHIG AND TRIBUNE.

VOL. XXVIII. JACKSON, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872. NO. 40.

State Librarian

WHIG AND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—

W. W. GATES. D. M. WISDOM.
J. T. HICKS.

Under the Firm and Style of

W. W. GATES & CO.

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY F. M. FINCH.

By the flow of an inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drop of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with rain, the Blue;
Wet with rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years now fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead,
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Doremy's Twins.

"Those? No, they ain't my grand-children;" said widow Blatchford, peering through her spectacles at the picture of two chubby, staring babies which I held up for her inspection. "Those are Doremy's twins."

"Dorema?" repeated I inquiringly, knowing by the italics in which the word was spoken that a story lurked behind it.

"Doremy Fletcher; her moher was cousin to my first husband. You've seen Doremy, surely."

So I had, if my memory was correct in connecting with the name a hard-featured spinster whose angular figure was in queer contrast with Widow Blatchford's fat proportions.

"I thought—" I began, when the old lady snipped the thread of my hesitating speech.

"They wasn't her own really, you know; she took 'em I declare! so you never heard about Doremy's twins? It's kind of a curious story."

"I should like to hear it," said I; and my kind old hostess settled her glasses with genuine satisfaction at my request.

"Well, the babies belonged to Roxy Hapgood. She was always weakly, and when her husband was drowned it seemed to beat her right out. She never held up her head again, and died when the babies were a fortnight old. Doremy went and took care of her a month before that; and when she saw the poor mother's tears on them little pink faces that was never going to look up knowingly into their mother's eyes, she just up and said: 'There, there, Roxy, I'll take care of 'em. Don't you fret.' So, with that comfort in her ears, Roxy went to sleep a smiling—and woke up in a better world than this, I do suppose."

"Were there no relatives to care for them?" I asked.

"No; Eban Hapgood came from the West a year before he married Roxy; nobody knew anything about him. She was an orphan without so much as a cousin to her name either. As for property, none ever stuck to Eben Hapgood's fingers; if there had he'd have made out to let some one else cat off. Well, after the funeral, folks began to talk of the poor-house for the babies. Then Doremy spoke right out; says she, 'I am a going to take those children.' It that didn't raise a breeze! 'Have you inherited a fortune, Doremy?' says Josephine Frye. Josephine's one of the folks that speak real soft and smiling, but always contrive to carry a nettle hid in their words. Fact was, Doremy and her mother hadn't hardly paid off the mortgage on their little place, and pinched themselves to do it, too. Deacon Quimby held up both hands when he heard it."

"'Atooly, I call that flying in the face of Providence!' says the deacon. 'If there was property now, and a guardeen wanted, to be responsible for the interests of them babies, I should feel a duty rested—' but Doremy took him up pretty short. 'If you could make money out of it you'd take 'em yourself,' said she. 'But I'm going to make something else.'"

"'The poor-house does seem a dreadful cold place for such little dears,' says Mrs. Quimby. 'Our Hezekiah was just as helpless once.' You see the deacon's wife was just as soft as he was hard, and she'd have taken all creation into her heart if he'd have let her."

"'The sins of the father shall be visited on the children,' says the deacon, real solemn like. 'Eben Hapgood was—' but Doremy never gave him a chance to tell what he was. 'If that's so,' says she, 'I think, deacon, you'd better go home and look out what portion Hezikiah'll have, and leave me to tend these orphans.' That's the way it went. The neighbors buzzed like a swarm of bees, but Doremy just held to her own way as steady as a clock."

"Did her mother agree with her?" I asked.

"Well, the fact is, Susan Fletcher never had no more decision than a pink-eyed rabbit; she always pinned her faith on Doremy, and where Doremy got her will I can't see," answered Mrs. Blatchford reflectively rubbing her nose. "However, she always did rule at home, and so she kept the babies. I must say I was one that thought 'twas a foolish thing. One baby fills a house clear to the roof, but two!"

Mrs Blatchford completed her sentence by a sniff more expressive than words, and rocked thoughtfully a few moments before continuing.

"At last people got settled down that there wasn't much use in opposing Doremy. Mrs. Quimby kissed her kind of sly, and says she, 'The Lord'll keep his eye on you dearie;' she gave her a lot of baby clothes that used to be Hezikiah's too, when the deacon didn't know it. Some folks do get mated so, and go 'round piercing out each other's short comings. I rather think that was all the help anybody gave Doremy, for all the talking."

"But then it did beat all how cheerful she was over them little helpless, squirming creatures; rock this one, trot 'tother—catnip for this, saffron for that—up and down and all over—and she just laughing and saying: 'It's well the're boys, mother, 'cause I can make their clothes up to their freedom suits. Girls'd puzzle me.' Doremy was a tailoress by trade, you know. I will say I never knew babies to thrive better."

"What were they named?" I queried, mindful of the anxious discussion over a dainty morsel of humanity in a certain happy home not long before.

"Well, there was a fuss about that too. Deacon Quimby, he wanted 'em called Paul and Timothy; Lucindy Barnes—she's the school teacher—she wanted 'em named Damon and Pythagoras, or some such heathen nonsene. Lucindy was also highflying in her ideas;" said Mrs. Blatchford explosively. "Squire Luce said they ought to be George Washington and Patrick Henry. But when everybody got through talking, Doremy spoke: their names shall be John and James;' and somehow it never struck anybody at the time that one was the name of her father and the other of Doremy's intended, James Judson who died nine years before, just when he'd got his new house done, and the wedding day was set."

"It must have been hard for her to take care of them and support herself too," I said.

"It was; she slaved hard, you might say. But she seemed to do pretty well—I have an idea the Lord kind of prospered her after she took them orphans. When her mother went blind, folks said she'd have to give 'em up; but she didn't."

"Blind? how dreadful!" with a murmur of sympathy.

"Yes, it was a nerve trouble and came suddenly. Deacon Quimby went over to reason with her. Says he, 'I'm afraid you've been stiffnecked in this matter, Doremy; now you'll be made to see them twins as a burden, and have to put 'em where they belong.' Doremy answered just as quiet: 'I look at it different,' says she. 'If the Lord took mother's sight, he's sent her two pair of young eyes to grow in her use while mine have to be tied to the needle. The boys are her best comfort. Step in and read mother a Psalm, deacon, that'll do her good, more'n talking."

"The deacon did read to Susan Fletcher a spell, and came away clearing his throat as if he had a dreadful cold. Next day he sent her up a bushel of apples. Folks said it was the first present he ever made, but that isn't hardly likely," said Mrs. Blatchford mildly. "Doremy was right, though; her mothre had solid comfort in those boys. She taught 'em read, too."

"To read?" I exclaimed.

"It's a tact," replied Mrs. Blatchford, enjoying my surprise, "She knew pretty much of the Bible by heart, and Doremy would set 'em at some chapter and tell her what it was, so she could correct 'em as they read. I used to be kind of like a picture to see the old lady setting in her chair with them two chubby rogues leaning against her and spelling out the good words as sober as minister, and Doremy sewing away as fast and smiling to herself. Doremy wasn't never handsome, but I always thought she grew better favored after she had the care of them little ones. Somehow there is something real beautifying in loving and doing; it isn't a skin-deep prettiness I mean, but a kind of a look folks has to admire.

"If they have the eyes to see it," I suggested, as the good woman gazed meditatively over her spectacles as if bringing up the vision of some face so "beautified."

"Folks mostly has the eyes; the shutting 'em up is what hinders their seeing," replied she briskly. "But maybe you're tired. I never know when to stop talking, 'specially if it's about Doremy and the boys."

"There's no romance about the story, but seems to me it tells considerble for one woman's patience and courage, and smartness too. There's a saying about old maid's children, and I must say I rather expected Doremy'd bring 'em up either to have their own way in everything, or never have it all. But the're just right; healthy, well mannered, and loving their Aunt Dory, as they call her, just as much as they'd ought to love her. And that's saying considerable," added Mrs Blatchford, with emphasis, as she bustled out of the room obediently to the old clock's wheezy signal of the tea hour, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, altered not in this primitive region all the year round.

Three summers went by before quiet little Cherrywood again held me as a seeker after rest and refreshment among its hills and hospitalitable rustic people. Once more widow Blatchford opened her door to me and installed me Monarch of her "keeping-room," and the breezy chamber above it. It was not her displeasure that one of my first inquires should relate to Doremy Fletcher and her adopted children.

"There, I knew you wouldn't forget about them!" said she, delightedly. "I thought you'd like to hear of it when things happened as they did. You remember I told you how well Doremy trained the boys. Well, 'twas the fall after you left that Squire Luce's wife died, and along the fall after he spoke to Doremy. Said he'd noticed how well she brought up Johnny and Jimm , and he had seven boys and girls needing to be taken in hand, and—well, the upshot was Doremy could be Mrs. Luce for saying so. What did she think of it? 'I don't know,' says she, kind of flushed up but steady spoken. 'Tisn't exactly my idea of marriage to make just a convenience of it. And I can't say that I feel a calling toward your children as I did to my boys.' 'Well,' says the squire, 'can't you take it as a kind of a duty? Besides, I calculate my wife'll be considerably respected, and have as good as the best.'"

"'How about Jimmy and Johnny?' says she. 'Well,' says the squire again, 'about the boys— I calculate to do well by them, of course. Might bind out one, and let the other help on the farm, I guess.' 'The're old enough to work considerable.' He talked a spell longer, and Doremy listened as quiet as ever. Then says she, 'I thank you kindly, Squire Luce, but I don't go to no house that isn't open to my boys too. Do you think I've loved 'em and worked for 'em all these years to turn 'em off now for seven strangers? And you expect silk dresses will make it easy. Furthermore,' she says, 'I aint very young now, but I do hold to love being the only ground for folks to marry on, and that's out of the question for you and me.'"

"The squire was real provoked, but my, the feelings of other folks when they found out about it! Singular how interested everybody is in the settlement of what don't concern but two people, isn't it?" said Mrs. Blatchford, taking breath after her eagerly told story.

"So she and the boys live as they did?" I said.

"That's the best of it," said my smiling hostess. "Along back, two months or so, when everybody'd got tired of berating Doremy for throwing away her bread and butter, and sacrificing herself and her blind mother to those boys, a stranger came to town. He was a nice appearing man from the West, and began to inquire all around for any family by the name of Hapgood. Come to cipher it all out, why he was Eben Hapgood's brother, and an own uncle to Doremy's twins. He'd worked along until he was tolerable rich, and concluded to come eastward and hunt up his brother, never expected to find him dead you see."

"Well, he was just delighted with the boys; seemed as if he couldn't make enough of 'em. His mind was set on taking 'em home with him, and who could gainsay it? He was rich, had no children, and was their next of kin. Doremy's heart was like to break, but she faced the trial. 'I ought to feel it a Providence,' said she, 'I suppose. They are getting to need better advantages than I can give 'em; mother's health failing, and I can't even do as much as I have. I must try and be willing anoth[er] should take what I ain't equal to carrying; and not stand in their light. But, my boys, I'd keep you if I had a right, and nothing should part us this side of heaven.'"

"With that Doremy broke down and hid her eyes. But Jimmy hugged her 'round the neck and says 'I won't go, Aunt Dory. Not a step away from you. It's getting my turn to work for you soon.'"

"Then Silas Hapgood spoke. 'Do you take me for a stone?' says he. 'Do you s'pose I'd part a mother and her children? If anbody has a right to these boys, it's her that has toiled for them since they were born. Miss Doremy, you've been lending to the Lord for nigh fourteen years, and his pay is pretty certain, but I want you to let me have a hand in settling too. If you and your mother will come with the boys, I'll take 'em. Not without. I've enough and to spare for us all; my wife asks it of you to come and be our dear sister and the boy's mother; I ask it of you; and if you'll say yes, you'll make glad hearts. There isn't no obligation in it, for we owe you more'n money can pay for saving our nephews from the poorhouse and bringing 'em up to what they are. Come Miss Doremy, say yes, and don't part me and my only kin; for I won't take 'em without you, and I want 'em as only a man can whose own baby went back to heaven 'fore it could speak his name. Let's make one family and be happy as the Lord meant we should when he sent me here to find you.'"

"Of course Doremy made objections, but my, she came to see it was the only sensible thing for her to do. So she's going next week and her toiling days are over. Folks don't generally get paid off here below, and I do say Doremy has a big treasure waiting ahead. But it's kind of a satisfaction to know she's beginning to reap some reward here, before it's time for her to hear the voice a calling her up higher and saying. 'Ye did it unto me.'"—*Christian Weekly.*

"STICK TO YOUR BUSH."

A True Story.

Mr. Morgan was rich and, also, a good man. The people of the town respected him, sent him to Parliament and seldom undertook anything without asking his advice. If a school house was to be built, the plan had to be talked over with him. Widow P.——asked him what she should plant in her field; farmer S—— always got his advice in buying cattle, and Mrs. R—— consulted him about bringing up her boys.

When asked how he was so successful, Mr. Morgan replied: "I will tell you how it was. One day, when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket on my arm, and was just going out of the gate, when my father called me back. He took me by the hand and said, in a gentle voice:

"Joseph, what are you going for, to pick berries, or to play?"

"To pick berries," I replied.

"Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing; it is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come with an empty basket. If you want berries, 'stick to your bush.'"

"I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush then he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the new found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture got very tired, and at night had but very few berries. My father's words kept ringing in my ears, and I stuck to my bush. When I had done with one, I found another, and finished that; then I took another. When night came. I had a large basket full of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy; but when I entered, I found that my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basket full of ripe berries, and said:

"Well done, Joseph." Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush."

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

Gone Out Forever!

Like drooping, dying stars, our dearly loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shine before us, suddenly pale in the firmament of our hearts and their place is left empty, cold and dark. A mother's steady, soft and earnest light, that beamed through wants and sorrows; a father's strong, quick light that kept our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light so mild, so constant and so firm, shining upon us from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and goodness; a brother's light forever sleeping in our soul, and illuminating our goings and coming; a friend's light, true and trusty—gone out forever! No! the light has not gone out. It is shinning beyond the stars, where there is no light and no darkness forever and forever.

OUR DOUBLE NATURE.

Two lives the meanest of us live;
One which the world beholds, and one
Whose hidden history none may give
But he who lives it, he alone

Its wondrous ecstacies can know,
Its ever changing streams of th[illegible]
Its deep unutterable woe,
Its visions bright and h[illegible]

He o'er its secret sins ma[y] groan,
And blush to hear th[e] [illegible] praise
Of actions which, if right[illegible]
Could only loudest cen[illegible] rai[se].

He o'er its noblest may rejoice,
Though none the virtues can behold;
For acts that win the common voice
Demand a blazonment of gold.

And so with full potential power
For vilest sins or purest deeds.
We pass through life and win a dower
Of mingled praise and blame, that needs

A juster judge the scales to hold
Than e'er on earth weighs cause and deed,
Ourselves and God alone behold
The motives which to actions lead.

And thus we gather fame and shame,
Alike unearned—alike untrue;
Receiving praise where men should blame,
And blame where praise is rightly due.

Rest.

There comes a time in a man's life when he looks out for pauses and and periods of rest. There is a time when a man is overflowing with energy. He both finds work and makes work. He cuts down trees in the forest of difficulty. He fights with wind-mills. He sketches out a programme which it would take several lifetimes to incompass. He puts no limits to his energies or his range of possibilities. By and by a man finds that his sphere is strictly limited and defined. He seeks to curtail rather than extend his engagements. He no longer thinks that he can know everybody and go everywhere, but recognizes that in fact he can, comparatively, only know few persons and go to few places. He understands small economies of time and circumstances. He appreciates the *laissez faire.* He has a growing opinion in favor of holidays. Instead of being always busy, he appreciates pauses from business. He studies to be quiet. He begins to think that speech is silver and silence is golden. He appreciates rest.

He appreciates rest if it is only for the sake of work according to the laws of action and reaction. Hence, if you can economise seasons of rest you really secure opportunities of work. In New York every man seems in a hurry, and every man has his programme too full. You note the New Yorker's short, quick and somewhat impatient walk. If he goes out to dinner he has been working up to the last minute; at a place of amusement he is too thoroughly tired to enjoy himself; even on a holiday he is busy with his schemes of work. A man can do no justice to dinner, holiday, or concert when his most pressing need is that he should lie on a sofa or go to bed. Hence comes nervousness, indigestion, bad nights, fatty degeneration, and all kinds of horrors. It is here that the smokers have a great pull over the non-smoking part of the community. They understand how to take things quietly. They may like the aroma of the weed, but the direct result of the rest is chiefly valuable to them.

The taste for rest grows with our growth in wisdom. A child cannot understand it. When a child is told that his father or mother wants to be quiet, the sentence is a wonderment to him. The taste for quiet and thoughtfulness ought to be developed as much as any other taste. Rest is an investment for action. All mere friction, friction and nothing more, is waste and loss. The wasted sparkle and glitter might have been consolidated into the diamond. There is a balance and equipoise in nature, and any caloric that is uselessly given off is a deduction from the sun of vital heat. If you watch agricultural life, you may see, on a large scale, how rest affects labor. In the winter the laborer's day is very short. He gets up at a very late hour, and goes to bed at an extraordinary early hour. His object is to economise light and fuel. He often takes in winter nearly twice as much sleep as he takes in summer. In summer, he will get up at four in the morning, and work at night as long as the last gleam of sunset lasts. It would be utterly impossible for a laborer to do his summer work unless he had stored up force during his winter rest. In the old days when warfare was chronic, winter-quarters were necessary to the summer campaign. In rest you recuperate from fatigue, and you also store up forces for action. The prophet is sent into the wilderness before he begins his mission amid cities. In the lives of various great men, you will find periods in which they seemed condemned to inactivity. But they were merely couchant for a spring.

There are all kinds of ways for economizing rest. And just in proportion as a man realizes the preciousness of effort and of work, as he would desire not to lead a feeble life of intellectual aims, so far will he be jealous of useless effort, and desire to spare himself all friction and controversy. Life is too short for quarreling, and for a lot of other things as well. As far as possible let there be no waste in life, as there is none in nature.

The Andes Gradually Sinking.

Travelers who wish to ascend the Andes should lose no time in carrying out their intention, otherwise they will perhaps find no Andes to ascend. These unfortunate mountains seem to be sinking rapidly. A list of the altitudes of some of the most important points determined at distinct intervals of time is given in a recent number of the Ausland, and tells a sad story of diminished proportions. Quito was found by La Condamine, in 1745, to be 9596 feet above the level of the sea; Humbold, in 1803, could only make 9570 of it; Bousingault, in 1831, was startled to find it was only 9567 feet; Orton, in 1867, found it reduced to 9550 feet; and Reiss and Stubel (doubtless to their honor) found, in 1870, that it had shrunk to the ridiculously small size of only 9350 feet above the level of the sea. Quito, it seems, has sunk 246 feet in 125 years, and Pichincha 218 feet in the same period. Its crater has sunk 425 feet during the last twenty-six years, and Antisana 165 feet in sixty-four years. It is, however, a doubtful point whether this continued depression of the Andes is attributable to the sinking of the mountains or the rising of the world.

A New Jersey editor publishes the following "notis to the publik": "No notis will be took from this date, hereafterward, ov letters that haint got a post office onto them.—Don't write only on one side of the manuscript, and don't write on that. Don't send a manuscript unless you can read it after it gets dry. We pay all the way up-hill, from ten cents to one dollar, for contributions, according to the length; and settlements made promptly at the end of the next ensuing year. Poetry and prose pieces are respectfully solicited. The highest market prices paid for awful railroad smashes and elopements with another man's wife. No swearing aloud in our paper."

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the reward is distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.—*Sam'l. Johnson.*

For the Children.

"Just one more story, grandma, about when you was a little girl and lived in the woods," said Frank.

And grandma drew off her spectacles and shut her book. She leaned her head back against the large easy chair, and shut her eyes thinking.

"I remember as if it was yesterday," she said, raising her head and looking at the children, who had gathered around her: "I was only seven and my little baby wasn't a year old."

"'I'm going to the spring-house,' said mother, "and you must stay in the room and rock the baby if he wakes.' So I took my knitting, for I had learned to knit, and was very proud of the stocking that was growing under my arm.

'It was a cool day, late in the Fall, and the doors were all shut Baby slept and I knitted for an half hour. Then he awoke and began to cry.—As I got down from mother's great easy chair, where I had been sitting, I thought I heard a strange noise outside. It wasn't Lion, for he had gone off with father to mill. Something rubbed against the door and made the latch rattle. I felt afraid, and went to the door and fastened the bolt. I stood still, listening, with the baby in my arms—he had stopped crying—and I could hear my heart thump, thump, thump!

"All at once there came a short, cruel kind of a bark, and then a snarl. A moment after the window broke with a loud crash, and I saw the long head, open jaws and fiery eyes of a wolf glaring in upon me. An angel sent by our Father in Heaven must have told me what to do. The wolf was climing in through the small window, and to have lingered but a second or two would have been death. Moved as if by a power not by my own, and without thinking what to do, I ran, with the baby in my arms, to the stairs that went into the loft. Scarcely had my foot left the last step ere he was in the room below.—With a savage growl he sprang after me. As he did so, I let the door, which shut like a cellar-door, fall over the stairway, and it struck him on the nose and knocked him back. A chest stood near, and something told me to pull this over the door. So I laid the baby down and dragged at the chest with all my strength. Just as I got one corner over the door, the wolf's head struck it and knocked it up a little. But before he could strike it again I had the chest clear across. This would not have kept him back if I had not dragged another chest over the door, and piled ever so many things on top of these. How savagely he did growl and snarl! But I was safe.

"And now I grew frightened about mother. If she should come back from the spring-house, the wolf would tear her to pieces. There was only one window or opening in the loft, and that did not look towards the spring-house; and so there was no way in which I could give her warning, or let her know, if she had seen the wolf, that we were safe.

'For a long time the wolf tried and tried to get at us, but at last I could hear him going down stairs. He moved about in the room below, knocking things around for ever so long, and then I heard him spring up to the window. At the same moment I heard my father's voice shouting not far off. O how my heart did leap for gladness! Then came Lion's heavy bark, which grew excited, and I soon heard him yelling down the road in the wildest way.—The wolf was still in the window. I could hear him struggling and breaking pieces of glass. Lion was upon him when my father called him off in command. All was silent now, but the silence was quickly broken by the sharp crack of my father's rifle, which sent a bullet into the wolf's head, killing him instantly.

"Father! Father!" I cried from the loft window. He told me afterward that my voice came to him as from the dead. He ran around to that side of the house. Mother was with him looking as white as a sheet. I saw them both clasp their hands together, then lift their eyes in thankfulness to God.

When I tried to pull the chests away I could not move them an inch. In my great danger God had given me strength to drag them over the door, but, now that the danger was past, my little hands were too weak to remove them. So father had to climb up by a ladder to the loft window to release baby and me from our place of refuge.

'Mother did not know anything of our danger until she had finished her work in the spring-house. Just as she came out she saw the wolf's head at the window, and at the same moment father and Lion appeared in sight.

Here is a story that is going the rounds. You know it is the custom of usurers when they agree to advance a certain sum of money to fast young men to make them take part payment in the most useless trash, such as mouse traps, old candlesticks, etc. A vulture of this species died the other day in the Rue de Maubeuge. The old fellow was very superstititious and one day a farceur, furnished with horns and tail, appeared in his room at midnight and announced that he was the devil come to take possession of his soul. The old miser was terribly sacred, and finally offered his midnight visitor 10,000 francs to let him off, which was accepted. Old Harpagon tottered to his safe to get the money, when a thought occured to him. 'I say, sir," said he, 'wouldn't it be all the same to you to take part payment in goods? I've got 9,000 francs worth of stuffed parrots, and —" A roar of laughter revealed the trick, and the identity of the wag who was deeply in debt to the miser. In three days the old hunks had him in Clichy, for imprisonment for debt had not then been abolished.

The Broad Gauge Women of Kentucky.

Says the Mt. Sterling Sentinel: "The ladies of Bath are carrying their railroad sentiments to extremes. One night last week, at Sharpsburg, three of them gave birth to a railroad baby apiece, all of whom were incontinently named after the great railroad trinity of Bourbon—Clay, Pullen, and Croxton. Our good friend, McChesney, of the Paris Citizen, who did more work for the railroad than any of them, is to have his reward, as we learn that another Sharpsburg baby is on the stocks, which, if it turns out to be a boy, will be named after him."

AT CHAPPAQUA.—"Are there any snakes in here?" asked Senator Gwin, as they entered the wood.

"Yes," said the Philosopher; 'but they are friendly."

"Well, if I were you," said Gwin. "I'd advise 'em to emigrate. Tell 'em to go West."

"No, no," replied Mr. Greeley, 'I find them very useful in killing vermin."

"Well," said Gwin, quietly, "between snakes becoming useful and old abolitionists and secesh like you and me associating again, I think the millenium's coming."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Nothing is so egotistic as the enjoyment of romance and poetry. It is nothing more than looking in a mirror. The novel reader crawls into the skin of all the heroes he admires; he fills them out, strides in them, and, when he glorifies the original, is secretly glorifying himself. —*Oliver Bunce.*

A sweet "girl graduate" of Massachusetts school recently told an examiner that "Esop was the author of Latin tables, covered with hair, and sold his birthright for a mess of potash."

Manna.

Botanists and travelers have been rather unsuccessful in attempts to ascertain the origin of different kinds of manna known in commerce. In the Valley of Gohr, to the South of the Dead Sea, sixteen hours onward, which leads into a long valley, Buckhardt found what he called manna, dropping from twigs of several kinds of trees.

According to his representations, Arabs collect it and make it into cakes, which are eaten with their nauseous butter made from the milk of sheep. They churn it thus: A goat skin is filled with milk and suspended between two poles, swung to and fro by pulling an attached cord until it assumes a new character—a greasy, soapy mass—and that is Arab butter.

Commercial manna, principally in the hands of druggists, is a product of the punctured stems of Ornus Europæ, growing in Calabria. An article very similar in appearance and medical properties is procured in Sicily by the same kind of process. Both have a sweetish taste, are soft, of a pale yellowish color, and used for their mild laxitive quality rather than food.

From the foregoing facts, it is very clear there is not the slightest resemblance to that extraordinarily nutritious article which was miraculously provided for the children of Isreal in a barren wilderness, on a memorable occasion, while in their forty years perigrinations toward the Promised Land.

Love, Fortune or Position.

Who marries for love takes a wife; who marries for fortune, takes a mistress; who marries for position, takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, and your lady your debts.—If you die, your wife will weep, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning. Which will you have?

The Unwearied of the Heart.

The effect of everything that touches the heart is multiplied by the intensity of the heart's own changes. Hence it is that it is so sensitive, so true an index of the body's state. Hence, also, it is that it never wearies. Let me remind you of the work done by our hearts in a day. A man's total outward work, his whole effect upon the world in twenty-four hours, has been reckoned about 350 foot-tons. That may be taken as a good "hard day's work." During the same time the heart has been working at the rate of 120 foot-tons. That is to say, if all the pulses of a day and night could be concentrated and welded into one great throb, that throb would be enough to throw a ton of iron 120 feet in the air. And yet the heart is never weary. Many of us are tired after but feeble labors; few of us can hold a poker out at arm's length without, after a few minutes, dropping it. But a healthy heart, and many an unsound heart, too—though sometimes you can tell in the evening, by its stroke, that it has been thrown off its balance by the turmoils and worries of life—goes on beating through the night when we are asleep, and when we awake in the morning, we find it at work, fresh as if it had only just began to beat. It does this because upon each stroke of work there follows a period, a brief but a real period of rest; because the next stroke which comes is but the natural sequence of that rest, and made to match it, because, in fact, each beat is, in force in scope, in character, in everything, the simple expression of the hearts own energy and state.

From Music and Morals.

Shall Girls Play the Piano.

Most young ladies play the piano as an accomplishment. A girl's education is as much based on the piano-fort as a boys, is on the Latin grammar, and too often with similar results. A girl without musical tastes object to Mozart, as a boy without a classical turn hates Cæsar. By all means let every girl begin by learning the piano. Such a chance for gaining a sympathetic companion for life should never be thrown away. Even to the unmusical girl it is valuablo as a training, and to the musical girl its value is beyond price. But if a person is not musical, piano-farte instruction, after a certain point, is only waste of time. As a general rule, musical talent developes early, or not at all. Why should not the girl try drawing, or painting, or literary composition? Why should the money be spent on her music, when she has, perhaps, shown some other gift? Many a girl with real literary or artistic taste has achieved excellence in nothing because her energies have been concentrated upon the piano, which she will never be able to play or upon songs which are just as well left unsung. How many there are who would fain be spared the humiliation of exposing their weak points! The piano is a source of trouble to them and their friends. They cry over their music lessons, their friends groan over the result, and it is difficult to say which is the worst off—the professor who has to teach the pupil who has to learn, or the people who have to listen. But the course of music suffers most of all.

A Pathetic Picture.

George William Curtis paints the following pathetic picture, which every one could wish were less true to nature: "I think of many a sad-eyed woman I have known in solitary homes who seemed never to have smiled, who struggled with hard hands through melting heat and pinching cold to hold back poverty and want that hovered like wolves about an ever increasing flock of children. How it was scour in the morning and scrub at night and scold all day long! How care blurred the window like a cloud, hiding the lovely landscape! How anxiety snarled at her heels, dogging her like a cur! How little she knew or cared that bobolinks, drunk with blithe idleness, tumbled and sang in the meadows below, that the earth was telling the time of year with flowers in the woods above. As I think of these things, of this solitary incessant drudgery, of the taciturn husband coming in heavy with sleep, too weary to read, to talk, to think, and I do not wonder that mad houses are so richly recruited from the farm houses as the statistics show."

Truth.

Kings and princes, and the mightiest men of earth are unable to compete with truth. For the earth, the sun, and all the planets that revolve aound him are sustained by the power of God, who is true; therefore, we ought to consider truth to be the greatest of virtues. All other things that have any strength are mortal, but truth is immortal and eternal. It does not give such pleasures as time may destroy, or afford suce benefits as can be removed by fortune; but it is a distinguisher of justice and injustice, and an enemy of sin.

THE OLD COUPLE.

"They sat in the sun together,
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close,
Stepped over the threshold stone.

'He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated upward
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

'Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road,
That leads to the Beautiful City,
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

'Perhaps, in that miracle country,
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of a vanished spring-time
Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

'One draught of the living waters
Shall restore his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlives time.

'But the shapes they left behind them,—
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made sacred to us by the kisses
The angel imprinted there,—

'We'll hide away in the meadow,
When the sun is low in the west,
Where the moonbeams cannot find them,
Nor the wind disturb their rest.

'But we'll let no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, arise
Over two that are old no longer—
In their Father's House in the skies."

ALMOST.

BY REV. WM. M. TAYLOR.

Agrippa felt the power of Paul's appeal to him. Felix trembled as the same apostle reasoned before him, and Herod heard John the Baptist gladly. Yet the first went no farther than 'almost;' the second stifled conviction; and the third murdered the teacher whom he once delighted to hear. But such occurrences, the murder only excepted, are by no means uncommon in our own days, and it becomes an interesting question, why so many who have been deeply impressed by the teaching of the gospel, are content with stopping short of conversion, and fail to enter into the kingdom.

The answer may be given in a sentence. It is because they feel that, if they become Christians, they must give up something which they are not willing to part with. I once heard two men, who, in a state of intoxication, set out during the night, to cross a wide frith in a open boat. They rowed, and rowed, and rowed, till the gray light of the dawn began to open upon them, when to their astonishment they found that they had not moved a yard. Would you know the reason? In the stupidity of their intemperance they had neglected to lift the anchor before they began! Now so it is with many, in their endeavors after Christian life. They hear ministers gladly, and the more earnest the sermon is they are the more delighted; they converse with Christians about their souls, and are considered to be in a hopeful state, but somehow they never move out of their position. Why? Because deep down their hearts are anchored to some hidden thing, and they have not lifted the anchor when they began. There is a righteousness of their own, which they will not part with, even for the spotless robe which Jesus would bestow upon them. There is a sum of money, of which they do not choose that Christ should have the disposal. There is a secret chamber in their souls, of which they are determined that Christ shall not have the key. There is a darling lust which they are resolved yet to gratify, and so they still hang back and are only almost persuaded after all.

They are like the man who came to Jesus long ago, saying, "Lord, I will follow thee, but."—But what? Look the thing in the face, and tell it out. Is it the love of the world that keeps you? What will the world do for you? What has it done for you? Look back upon your past experience and see. Is it not true that your only happiness has been in the pursuit, and that when you have gained your object it has burst in your hand like some glittering bubble, or crunched in your teeth like apples of Gomorrah? As the child vaults for a brief hour in his new toy, and then, breaking it in pieces, cries for another, so has it been with you and the various objects of your ambition. But this dissatisfaction of your heart with the world's things, is, if you only interpret it aright, the thirsting of your soul for God. Why then will you persist in chasing those things which, after all can give you no abiding satisfaction? Over every earthly fountain these words are written: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," but it is Christ alone who can say, "Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up to everlasting life."

But perhaps you are kept back by your love of sin. And what will sin do for you? It may clothe your body with rags, and consume it with rottenness. It certainly shall fill your heart with poisonous stings, and when, at length, all miserable and forlorn, you crawl to the feet of that master whom you have served so well, and throw down at his feet the money he has given you, saying, 'I have sinned,' he will reply with fiendish malice, 'What is that to me, see thou to that.' Oh who would serve a master like that? I know a better. Come and be a follower of Christ. He may give you sorrow, but he will give you peace beneath it. He may lead you through suffering, but he will bestow upon you, even in the midst of it, a calm, abiding joy, such as the sinner knows not even when corn and wine abound. And in the end, when you appear before him saying: "Alas, I have been but an unprofitable servant," he will reply, "No, no. Well done! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

Reader, are you in this critical condition of almost pursuaded? Then take with you these two thoughts. You may never be so near salvation again. You are on the very threshold of decision, but if you go away back into your sins, you may never again be brought so near the gate. Felix never found the convenient season for which he professed to wait. Do not, therefore stifle conviction. Do not choke down the cry that is pressing for utterance in your heart. Let it come out now, least it never come again. Look at that blind man sitting at the wayside. Hear how he raises his voice above the noise of the passing crowd, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." They bid him hold his peace, but does he? Nay, he cries so much the more a great deal, 'Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me." Would you know the reason of his earnestness? Here it is. Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. It was a glorious opportunity, but it was a transient one and if he allowed the Saviour to pass then, he might never come that way again; so he cried and cried again until he received his sight. Go, then, imitate him. Seize the present opportunity and let the "almost" ripen into the "altogether."

One thought more. Almost saved if it be no more, is, in the end, altogether lost, and that too in the most melancholy of circumstances. When after safely circumnavigating the globe, the Royal Charter went to peices in Moelfra bay, on the coast of Wales, it was my melancholy duty, as a minister in Liverpool, to visit and seek to comfort the wife of the first officer, made by that calamity a widow. The ship had been telegraphed from Queenstown, and she was setting in the parlor expecting her husband, with the table spread for his evening meal, when the messenger came to tell her he was drowned. Never can I forget the grief so stricken and tearless, with which she wrung her hand, as she said, "so near home, and yet lost." That seemed to me to be the most terrible of human sorrow. But, ha! that is nothing to the anguish which must wring the soul who is compelled to say at last, "Once I was at the very gate of heaven, and had almost entered in, but now, I am in hell." My reader, may this awful soliloquy never be yours, and to this end, let the "almost" in you become now the "altogether."

Drinking.

No man ever became a drunkard, lived a drunkard's life, died a drunkard's death, and filled a drunkard's grave, as a matter of free choice. No one ever became an excessive drinker who did not begin by habit of being a moderate, a very moderate drinker. If it were the habit of all not to take the first step and thus become moderate drinkers, the unutterable horrors and woe, the destitution and crime, which result from this master evil of intemperance; would cease. Wives and children and communities would not mourn over loved ones thus dishoned and lost. But it is the habit of drinking becoming the law of their being and of their daily life, the lack of resisting power resulting from this terrible thraldom, the fever of habitual temptation and appetite, which causes that yearly death-march of sixty thousand of our people to the saddest of all graves, followed as mourners by half a million of worse than widowed wives and worse than orphaned children.

How dangerous to defer those momentous reformations which the conscience is solemnly preaching to the heart. If they are neglected, the difficulty and indipoisition are increasing every month. The mind is receding degree after degree, from the warm and hopeful zone; till at last it will enter the arctic circle, and become fixed in resentless and eternal ice.

A good, finished scandal, fully armed and equipped, such as circulates in the world, is rarely the production of a single individual, or even of a coterie. It sees the light in one, is rocked and nutured in another, is petted, developed, and attains its growth in a third, and receives its finishing touches only after passing through a multitude of hands. It is a child that can count a host of fathers, and ready to disown it.

The Columbia Herald says:

In the Criminal Court at Knoxville, on the 12th inst., on the trial of Col. John M. Fleming, W. J. Ramage, and S. C. Ramage, editors and publishers of the Knoxville Daily Press and Herald, indicted for libel, the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," without leaving the box. This is the second attempt that has recently been made to injure Col Fleming's character by legal proceedings, and we congratulate him on again being triumphantly acquitted by twelve of his peers. It is believed that Col. John Baxter is the real prosecutor in this, as in the former case. If so, he is probably beginning to learn how the people appreciate his malicious proceedings against one of the purest hearted and highest toned gentlemen in the State.

Don't be too Sensitive.

There are some people, yes many people, always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fact of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offense are astonished to find some unfortunate word or momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less constraint, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased.

From Parton's Life of Jefferson.

James Madison.

But there was a new member in the House this year, a young man of twenty-five, small of stature, wasted by too much study, not in the least imposing in appearance, and too modest as yet to utter one word in debate, who was destined to be Jefferson's most efficient ally during all his career. This was James Madison, to whom we all owe so much more than we know, whose services are so little remarked because they were so great. He never shone resplendent in debate; he never wrote or spoke anything that was striking or brilliant; but few countries ever possessed so useful a citizen as he. From 1776 to 1817, look where you will in the public affairs of the United States, you find this little man doing or helping to do, or trying to get a chance to do, the thing that most wanted doing. He was the willing horse who is allowed to draw the load. His heart was in the business of serving his country. He was simply intent on having the right thing done, not to shine in doing it. Among his virtues was his joyous love of a jest, which made him one of the most agreeable of comrades, and preserved his health and spirits to his eighty-fifth year, and lighted up his dying face with smiles.

TIMID PEOPLE.—It is the habit of some people to laugh at the terror which is experienced by others at a heavy thundercrash or the flashing lightning. This is both cruel and wicked, since the victim is no more to blame for it than the color of his eyes and hair—in fact, like them, it is hereditary. Such persons should be pitied and soothed, and allowed during these periods to be always near some one whom they love and confide in. More especially is this true of children, some of whom suffer more than words can tell from this as well as from other causes of fear. Deal gently with such: it is the only way to eradicate their fears; ridicule and harshness will only confirm them. The child "afraid of the dark" should never be forced to encounter it unattended and unwatched. Idiocy has often been the sad result of contrary treatment. Let both parents and teachers, then, be thoughtful in these regards.

WHY LACE IS COSTLY.—The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used; and for a larger width as eight hundred on the same pillow.

There was once a young widow and she married a doctor. Her husband had had a very serious and difficult case upon his hands, but in course of time, to the surprise of every everybody, he succeeded in conquering the disease, and his patient was pronounced cured. The joy and pride of the doctor's wife can not be described. With tears in her eyes, she said: "O, Charles! I do really think you are the very best doctor in the whole world.—You ought to be known everywhere. Such a man as you should have a world-wide reputation. Oh! if I had only known you five years ago, I believe my poor Thomas would have been living now."

"Prisoner," said Squire Johnson, "in awarding judgement it is a maxim of the law it is better to err on the side of mercy. The court has made up her mind which side she will err on, and nothing remains but to err on that side."