

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1870.

VOL. V.—NO. 14.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, wishing to reduce his stock, will sell Public Sale, at his residence, near Boston's Mill, on the road leading from Taneytown to Union Bridge, on Thursday, the 24th of February, 1870, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following property: ONE FIVE HORSE TEAM, will work in any harness, and is equal if not superior to any team in the district; 7 head COWS, 2 fresh by the day of sale; 2 Cows, 1 old Sheep, Ham and Bacon, Wether, took the premium at the Carroll County Agricultural Exhibition; a lot of Shoats, 1 combined Reaper and Mower, in good order; 1 Broad-tread Wagon, Plow, Harrow, Cultivators, Corn Plow, double and single Trees, Spreader and Fifth Chain, Log Chain, Bridles, Collars, Halters, Wagon Harness, and a variety of other articles. Oats and Corn by the bushel, Hay by the ton, Fodder by the load. Terms.—All sums of \$10 and under, cash; over that amount a credit of 6 months will be given, the purchasers giving note with security, bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed until terms are complied with. feb 23-34 JACOB KOONS.

CHAS. BILLINGSLEA, D. D. S., AND J. MERIKEN WELLS, DENTISTS.

Office Westminster, Md., 2d door West of Farmers and Mechanics Bank.

TAKE pleasure in informing their friends and the public generally that having increased their facilities for business, they are at all times prepared to perform any operations in operative or mechanical dentistry.

Full Sets of Teeth, \$10, \$15, and \$20. Pure Nit. Ox. Gas, on hand at all times. Dr. C. Billingslea will continue to visit the following places:

Union Bridge.—1st Wednesday in every month—remaining until Friday afternoon. New Bridge.—1st Wednesday in every month—remaining until Friday afternoon. Annapolis.—1st Friday in every month, remaining until the Wednesday following. Jan 13.—ly

Valuable Town Property FOR SALE.

THE undersigned, as Agent, offers for sale one of the most desirable residences in the city of Westminster. The property is a very short distance west of the Railroad, and consists of a HOUSE and LOT. The house is a new three story brick building, 40x50, with back Porch, Dining Room, Kitchen and large parlor on the first floor, and ten chambers in the second and third stories; cedar under the whole building, gas stoves with a capacity of 100 barrels; stabling for two horses, and is without any exception the finest property ever offered in this market. For terms or other information apply to sept 16 CHAS. B. ROBERTS.

House and Lot AT PRIVATE SALE.

IN NEW WINDSOR, MD. THE former residence of the subscriber, every thing convenient and in good repair, excellent well of water, fine garden, a choice variety of shrubbery and fruit trees, large stable and carriage house. Also an adjoining building lot. The above property is suitable for the private residence of a mechanic, as it contains an excellent room for a shop and is centrally located. DR. J. F. BUFFINGTON, oct 29.—ly

Valuable Town Property FOR SALE.

THE subscriber, as Agent, offers at Private Sale, a lot of land, containing one acre and lot situated on Main Street, near the Sentinel Office, and opposite to the P. Church. The improvements consist of a two story Dwelling in rear of same, embraced with the house is a fine garden containing choice fruit trees, such as Apples and cherries, with a great variety of selected currants, &c. There is also a fine Log Stable. For terms, &c., apply to sept 23 CHAS. B. ROBERTS.

LAND AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale, two parcels of land. No. 1 is a WOOD LOT, situated within a mile of the forks of the Washington and Deer Park Road; contains between 7 and 8 Acres, is heavily covered with Timber, principally Chestnuts, with some Oak and Hickory. No improvements, several fine Springs of excellent water. For terms apply to J. L. SHUEEY, Warfieldsburg, sept 2-6m

National Hotel, WESTMINSTER, MD.

NOAH SNEACH, Proprietor. HAVING thoroughly refitted and otherwise improved the National Hotel, no effort will be spared to insure the comforts of the guests, and make it the favorite resort of the traveling public. The Table will always be supplied with the very best the market affords, and the Bar stocked with the choicest Liquors, Wines, Cigars and Tobacco. The Hotel is within 20 yards of the Ticket Office of the Western Maryland Railroad and Telegraph Office. A liberal share of the public patronage is requested. nov 25-ly

Estate of Augustus E. Dorsy, dec'd.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, letters of Administration on the Personal Estate of AUGUSTUS E. DORSY, late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against said Estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same within six months from this date, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said Estate. Those indebted are requested to make immediate payment. FRANKLIN M. DORSEY, MARY DORSEY, Administrators. jan 27-4t

Furs, Furs.

A LARGE assortment Siberian Squirrel, Mink, and Children's Furs, in great variety and cheap, at H. L. Norris & Co's, oct 28.

Rollings.

All widths and styles for sale at ap 1 Mrs. A. E. Armstrong's, oct 8.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

IN consequence of the purchaser at the former sale having failed to comply with the terms of sale as ordered by the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned, as Executors of Philip Dietz, deceased, will re-sell at Public Sale, on the premises, about 2 miles from Bechtman's Mill, and 1 from Yeiser's Store, on Saturday, the 26th of February, 1870, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate on which the deceased died, adjoining lands of B. Hixler, Andrew Smeach and others, containing

77 Acres and 60 Perches, more or less, about 30 Acres covered with excellent TIMBER, also about 8 Acres of Meadow. The arable land is in a high state of cultivation, having been recently mowed, fenced and plowed. The improvements consist of a Log BURNING HOUSE, 2 Log Barns, Spring House with a never-failing Spring of water, Smoke House and other buildings. There is an Apple Orchard of choice fruit, besides a large variety of Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Grapes, &c. This property is situated in a good neighborhood and is convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c.

A plot of the property will be exhibited on the day of sale.

Terms.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the said Court; the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in one year, and the other payable in two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

D. B. EARHART, MICHAEL DIETZ, Executors.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber, intending to quit farming, will sell at Public Sale, on Tuesday, the 1st day of March, 1870, on the premises, situated about three miles from Westminster, on the Littlestown Pike, on the home place of John Orendorff, deceased, the following Personal Property: 2 Work Mules, 3 Horses, 11 head of Milch Cows, 1 Heifer, 2 Bulls, 50 head of Sheep, 1 Sow, 6 Shots, 1 Boar, 2 six horse Broad Tread wagons, 1 one horse Wagon, 2 Carts, Grain Drill, 2 Mowers, 2 Hay Rakes, 1 Tooth Rake, new; one Thrashing Machine, 1 Winnowing Mill, Hand Cider Press, 2 Sleds, 1 Wheelbarrow, 2 Furrow Plows, 2 Shovel Plows, 2 Corn Forks, 2 Harrows, 1 Cultivator, 1 Stone, 1 Day Cartage, 1 Stretcher and 1 Fifth Chain, Double and Single Trees, Shovels, Forks, Rakes, Mat-hooks, Axes, Cow and Halter Chains, Halters, Grain Cradles, Mowing Scythes, 2 set of Breastbands, 4 pair Front Gears, Collars, Bridles, Wagon Saddle, 2 Gridstones, 2 Flux Brakes, lot of old Iron, 50 barrels of Corn, 20 bushels of Potatoes, Bacon, Lard, Tallow, lot of Grain, &c. Also, Household and Kitchen Furniture, consisting of 3 Bedsteads & Bedding, 1 Iron Kettle, 4 barrels of Vinegar, 2 Meat Hogsheads, Tubs, Buckets, Pans, 1 Churn, Tin Ware, lot of Apple Butter, Dried Fruit, together with the variety of articles too tedious to mention.

TERMS.—All sums of \$5 and under, cash; on all sums over \$5 a credit of 12 months will be given, purchasers to give notes with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale. No property to be removed until the terms of sale are complied with.

Private Sale to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M. JOSEPHUS A. ORENDORFF, Wm. Brown, Auctioneer. feb 13.—ly

Agent Wanted!

EMPIRE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. BRANCH OFFICE.—22 SECOND STREET, OPPOSITE P. O., BALTIMORE, MD.

NO distinction upon residence, occupation, or travel. All policies non-forfeitable and absolutely incontestable after second premium. Those contemplating Life Insurance will find themselves amply recompensed in the end, by sending for free circulars. Persons of any honorable profession or occupation, having leisure hours they will employ profitably, would do well to address: A. PROSEUS, General Agent, jan 13.—2m Baltimore, Md.

Estate of John Green, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, letters of Administration on the Personal Estate of JOHN GREEN, late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against said Estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same within six months from this date, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said Estate. Those indebted are requested to make immediate payment. LEWIS GREEN, Administrator. feb 3-4t

Estate of Nicholas Allgire, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, letters of Administration on the Personal Estate of NICHOLAS ALLGIRE, late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against said Estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same within six months from this date, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said Estate. Those indebted are requested to make immediate payment. MELCHOR F. ALLGIRE, Administrator. feb 24-4t

A Good Chance

To introduce the Circulars, no weights, is simple, strong, easy, and any thing complete that can be knit by hand or by any knitter with the least trouble or cost. Also a standard, double-thread, hand-knitted, highly improved Sewing Machine at \$35. Machines for sale on credit. Liberal discounts. G. PATRICK, General Agent, feb 9.—ly

A Farm for Rent

OF LIMESTONE AND BLUESLATE LAND, well improved, and in good condition. Liberal terms. Share rent. Enquire of the Editor. dec 23-4t

T. L. Fritchey & Co., Stock and Bill Brokers.

WESTMINSTER, MD. mar 18

WATER Proof Boots, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Skating Boots and Shoes, at reduced prices.

W. H. GEATTY, dec 8

FARMER'S Blood Cleanser, and Panacea, for sale by

Druggist, West End. jan 20

Select Story.

Novel Reading and Manual Labor.

Mr. Thornton returned home at the usual hour, and as he passed by the parlor door, he saw his daughter, a young lady of nineteen, lounging on the sofa with a book in her hand. The whirr of his wife's sewing machine struck on his ear at the moment. Without pausing at the parlor door, he kept on to the room from which came the sound of its lustrous.

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the entrance of her husband. She was bending close down to her work, and the noise of her machine was louder than his footsteps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood looking at her for some time without speaking.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the tired woman, letting her foot rest upon the treadle and straightening herself up, "this pain in my side is almost beyond endurance."

"Then why do you sit killing yourself there?" said Mr. Thornton.

Mr. Thornton's aspect was unusually sober.

"What's the matter? Why do you look so serious?" asked his wife.

"Has anything gone wrong?" Mrs. Thornton's countenance grew slightly troubled. Things had gone wrong in her husband's business more than once, and she had learned the occurrence of disaster.

"Things are wrong all the time," he replied, in some impatience of manner.

"In your business?" Mrs. Thornton spoke a little faintly.

"No, nothing special out of the way there, but it's all wrong at home."

"I don't understand you, Harvey—what is wrong at home, pray?"

"Wrong for you to sit in pain and exhaustion over that sewing machine, while an idle daughter lounges over a novel in the parlor. That's what I wish to say."

"It isn't Effie's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put down to household drudgery. Her time will come soon enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she can."

"If we said that of our sons," said Mr. Thornton, "and acted on the word, what efficient men they would make for life's trials and duties."

"You are wrong in this thing—all wrong," continued the husband. "And if Effie is a right-minded girl, she will have more true enjoyment in the conscientiousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens, than it is possible to obtain from the finest novel ever written. Excitement for the imagination is no substitute for the deep peace of mind that ever accompanies and succeeds the right discharge of daily duties. It is a poor compliment to Effie's moral sense to suppose that she can be content to sit with idle hands, or to employ them in light frivolities, while her mother is worn down with toil beyond her strength. Hester, it shall not be!" said a quick, firm voice.

Mr. Thornton and his wife started, turned to the speaker, who had been the room unobserved, and had been listening to nearly all the conversation he had recorded.

"It shall not be!" and Effie came and stood by her father. Her face was crimson; her eyes flooded with tears, through which light was flashing; her form drawn up erect; her manner resolute.

"It isn't all my fault," she said, as she laid her hand on her father's arm. "I've asked mother a great many times to let me help her, but she always puts me off, and says it's easier to do a thing herself than to show another. May I be a little dull—but every one has to learn, you know. Mother did not get her hand in fairly with that sewing machine for two or three weeks; I am certain it would not take me any longer. If she would only teach me how to use it, I could help her a great deal. And indeed, father, I am willing."

"Spoken in the right spirit, my daughter," said Mr. Thornton, approvingly. "Girls should be usefully employed as well as boys, and in the very things most likely to be required of them when they become women in the responsible position of wives and mothers. Depend upon it, Effie, an idle girlhood is not the way to a cheerful womanhood. Learn to do now the things that will be required of you in after years, and then you will have an acquired facility. Habit and skill will make any work that might seem hard, and be felt as very burdensome."

"And you would have her abandon all self-improvement," said Mrs. T.—"Give up music, reading, society—"

"There are," said Mr. Thornton, as his wife paused for another word, "some fifteen or sixteen hours of each day, in which mind or hands should be rightly employed. Now let us see how Effie is spending these long and ever recurring periods of time. Come, my daughter, sit down; we have this subject fairly before us. It is one of great importance to you, and should be well considered. How is it in regard to the employment of your time? Take yesterday for instance. The records of the work of a day will help us to get toward the result after which we are now searching."

Effie sat down, and Mr. Thornton drew a chair in front of his wife and daughter.

"Take yesterday, for instance," said father, "how was it spent; you rose at seven, I think."

"Yes, sir; I came down just as the breakfast bell was rung," replied Effie.

"And your mother was up at half past five, I know, and complained of being so weak that she could hardly dress herself. But for all this, she was at work until breakfast time. Now, if you had risen at six, and shared your mother's work until seven, you would have taken an hour from her day's burden, and certainly lost nothing from your music, self-improvement, or social intercourse. How was it after breakfast? How was the morning spent?"

"I practiced an hour on the piano after breakfast."

"So far so good. What then?"

"I read the 'Cavalier' until eleven o'clock."

Mr. Thornton shook his head, and asked:

"After eleven how was the time spent?"

"I dressed myself and went out."

"I suppose an hour was spent in dressing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you go?"

"I called on Helen Boyd, and we took a walk down Broadway."

"And came home just in time for dinner? I think I met you at the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"How was it after dinner?"

"I slept from three until five, and then took a bath and dressed myself. From six until tea time I sat at the parlor window."

"After tea?"

"Read the 'Cavalier' until I went to bed."

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"After tea?"

"Read the 'Cavalier' until I went to bed."

"At what hour did you go to bed?"

"Eleven."

"Now we can make up the account," said Mr. Thornton. "You rose at seven and retired at eleven—sixteen hours. And from your own account of the day, but a single hour was spent in anything useful—that was the hour at the piano. Now, your mother was up at half past five, and went to bed, from her sheer inability to sit at her work any longer, at half past nine. Sixteen hours for her also. How much reading did you do in that time?"

"And Mr. Thornton looked at his wife.

"Don't talk to me of reading! I've no time to read," Mrs. Thornton answered, a little impatiently. The contrast of her daughter's idle hours with her own life of exhausting toil, did not impress her mind very pleasantly.

"And yet," said Mr. Thornton, "you were also fond of reading, and I can remember when not one day went by without an hour or two passed with your books. How do you lie down after dinner?"

"Of course not."

"And didn't you take a pleasant walk down Broadway, nor sit at the parlor window with Effie?"

There was no reply.

"Now, the case is a very plain one," continued Mr. Thornton. "In fact, nothing can be plainer. You spend from fourteen to sixteen hours in hard work, while Effie, taking yesterday as a sample, spends about the same time in what is little better than idleness. Suppose a new adjustment were to take place, and Effie were to be usefully employed in helping you eight hours each day, she would still have eight hours left for self-improvement or recreation; and you, relieved from your present overtasked condition, might get back a portion of your health and spirits, of which these too heavy household duties have robbed you."

"Father," said Effie, speaking through the tears that were falling over her face, "I never saw things in this light. Why haven't you talked to me before? I've often felt as if I'd like to help. Mother always says: 'You can't do it; I'd rather do it myself.' Indeed it is not all my fault."

"It may not have been in the past, Effie," replied Mr. Thornton. "But it certainly will be in the future, unless there is a new arrangement of things. It is a false social sentiment that lets daughters become idlers, while mothers, fathers and sons take up the daily burden of work and bear it through all the business hours."

Mrs. Thornton did not come gracefully into the new order of things proposed by her husband and accepted by Effie. False pride in her daughter, that future lady ideal, and inclination to do herself, rather than take the trouble to teach another, were all so many impediments. But Effie and her father were both in earnest, and it was not long before the overtasked mother's weary face began to lose its look of weariness, and her languid frame to come up to an erect bearing. She could find time for the old pleasure in books, for a healthy walk in the street, and a call on some valued friend.

And was Effie the worse for this change? Did the burden she was sharing with her mother depress her shoulders and take the lightness from her step? Not so. The languor engendered by sickness, which had begun to show itself, disappeared in a few weeks; the color came warmer into her cheeks; her eyes gained in brightness. She was growing, in fact, more beautiful, for her mind, cheerfully conscious of duty, was moulding every lineament of her countenance into a new expression.

Did self-improvement stop? Oh, no! From one to two hours were given to close practice on the piano every day. Her mind, becoming vigorous in tone, instead of enervated by idleness, chose a better order of reading than had been indulged before, and she was growing towards a thoughtful, vigorous, intelligent womanhood. She also found time amid her home duties, for an hour twice a week with a German teacher; and she began also to cultivate a natural taste for drawing. Now that she was employing her hours usefully, it seemed wonderful how much time she found at her disposal for useful work.

A good minister once said: that if we were so foolish as to let people laugh us out of our religion, till at last we dropped into hell, they could not laugh us out again.

As the shadow of the sun, is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

Select Poetry.

CLOUDED STARS.

The daylight was fading softly And I shut up my book with a sigh, And I waited for the lamps of evening To brighten the twilight sky; And one after one they sparkled The beautiful arch above, And answered my gaze softly As the eyes of the friends I love.

But soon 'er the blue sky's beam A shadowy cloud was drawn, And the stars that had beamed so brightly Were all from their places gone; And I thought the morning brightening Where the sky is forever clear, And I knew that by patient waiting, I should see them at length appear.

Then gently, oh! very gently A delicate breeze swept by, And I knew they were once again, The clouds from the azure sky; And there, in their tranquil beauty, Like pearls in a crystal still, The beautiful stars of heaven Were shining above me still.

Ah! thus from affliction's circle The jewels of love depart, Thus fall the clouds of darkness And I know they were once again, But when from our tearful faces The shadows of earth shall fall, And we see our robes immortal, Then, then shall we see them all.

Miscellaneous.

City Editors vs. Country.

"Dad" Lewis, of the Huntingdon Globe, goes in the following style for city editors, Country editors, of whom we are one, are not city editors, by any means; nor would we exchange boots or chairs with any such, although they do live in big houses, have princely sanctuaries, eat fat turkeys, and sport broadcloth. We are poor but proud; and live in a frame, a corner for a sanctum, a box for a desk, eat sauerkraut and sweat in shoddy. City editors can write their columns day, but we will start their best bit and laugh at their calamity; they can poke their fan and big words at us, but we will grin and bear it, and mock when their grin counth. They can sit up all night and write a leader on the latest sensation and make a hullabaloo about the last scandal, while we, who can tell as much and more about our neighbors, will keep quiet and hope that our heroes and heroines in imagination will read the dailies and draw the application for themselves and save our minds the trouble and the fever the cow-hide castigation. City editors can copy our locals, on which we spend our best "liks," and never give us credit; we don't care so they keep them when we steal from them. They can send their large circulation, and try to steal our subscribers, but when it comes to publishing home matters, such as who has the biggest hog, the best cabbage, the finest wheat, who was elected town constable, and who died and who got married, the home markets, etc., etc., why we have got 'em. They won't do it, and we will, and there is the big difference. We are humble and won't try to stick our weak weakly productions and uninteresting locals under the nose of well informed city readers who learn so much from the highly polished ink-slingers. We are independent and don't care a penny for city patronage so far as readers are concerned; but why is it that those city chaps will send away up in the country to steal our subscribers, we can't tell. How often does a man living in the country throw aside his county paper to take up a city one. And it is all because the man who gets up that city paper wears a stove pipe hat and smokes 10 cent cigars? We would just like to know; because if it was, we would not care a cent for expenses, but would spend our last bottom dollar but what we should do likewise. City editors "aint got no" business throwing their trash under our people's noses, and our people "aint got no" business saying when they pay five times as much for the city stuff. And we mean just what we say, and there's an end on it.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM—HOW THEY DRESSED A CENTURY AGO.—To begin with the lady: Her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white roebuck lay on its top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck a rich bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a brooch, rather larger than a copper cent, set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her pedal members peeped cautiously out. Now for the swain: His hair was sleeked back and plentifully bedewed, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches, of the same tint, at the knee with pink ruffles. White silk stockings, and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrists, and a portentous collar, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

In Africa, if any one comes before a king without a full dress costume—that is, a straw hat and a ring in his nose—his head goes into the waste basket before he can wink twice.

To Young Men.

It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to business, and add to the profit and reputation of your work. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night—If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties and to direct with regularity, promptness and liberality. Do not meddle with the man that sells will take it out in trade—Trade is money. Time is money. A good business is pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on customers.

Never use quick words, or allow your self to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ, for you and your influence over them. Help yourself, and others will help you. Be faithful over interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to get rich—Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope to work for success—spend your time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal it than to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable—Learn to say no. No necessity for snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead, rather than behind the times. Young man, cut this out; and if there is a folly in the argument, let us know.

PROPERTY.—Merriment at a funeral, or in the house of worship, is not only disgusting, but painfully abhorrent to all our kind and respectful feelings.—There is a simple and beautiful propriety, pleasing to all, which gives grace to the manners, beauty to the person, sweetness to the disposition, and loveliness to the whole being, which all should strive to possess. It is to be neither too gay nor too grave—too gleesome nor too sad; nor either of these at improper places. It is to be cheerful, without being silly; joyous, without being foolish; sober, without being despondent; to speak plainly without giving offense; to be grave, without casting a shadow over others. In fine, it is to be what every body loves and nobody dislikes, and just what makes us and others happy. This is propriety; and those who possess this richest, flowering virtue of the soul, which breathes ambrosial sweetness along every walk of life, get the credit of possessing its counterpart, that rare quality of character honored everywhere, humbly christened common sense, universally acknowledged to be the best of all sense.

SMALL MEANS.—The power of money is, on the whole, over estimated. The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and