



\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1870.

VOL. V.--NO. 17.

CHAS. BILLINGSLEE, 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. Billingslee will continue to visit the following places:

Union Bridge.—1st Wednesday in every month, remaining until Friday afternoon.

New Windsor.—2nd Wednesday in every month, remaining until Friday afternoon.

Uniontown.—3rd Wednesday every month, remaining until Friday afternoon.

Taneytown.—4th Friday in every month, remaining until the Wednesday following.

Jan 18--ly

PRIVATE SALE of Valuable Property in Westminster.

A valuable property lying in the city of Westminster, is offered at Private Sale.

The property consists of a Lot fronting on Main Street fifty five feet five inches and running back 198 feet to an alley.

The improvements thereon consist of a large new three story Brick House, with two story back building, and a small Brick building suitable and now used for a Store Room; also Stabling and other necessary out buildings.

There is a quantity of choice fruit on the premises, with such conveniences as make it one of the most desirable residences in Westminster.

Terms will be made easy.

For further particulars apply to W. H. Vanderford, Editor of the Democratic Advocate.

nov 4--17

House and Lot AT PRIVATE SALE.

IN NEW WINDSOR, MD.

THE former residence of the subscriber, every thing convenient and in good repair, excellent water, and 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--17

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 Chestnut, with some Oak and Hickory. No improvements, but several fine Springs of excellent water.

For terms apply to J. L. SHUEBY, sept 2--6m Wardfieldburg.

National Hotel, WESTMINSTER, MD.

NOAH SWEACH, Proprietor.

HAVING thoroughly refitted and otherwise improved this Hotel, no effort will be spared to insure the comforts of the guests, and make it the favorite resort of the traveling public.

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

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 trades. All policies are reliable and absolutely incontestable after second premiums. 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 wish to employ profitably, would do well to address

J. A. PROSEUS, General Agent, jan 15--2m Baltimore, Md.

A Good Chance to introduce the Citizen's Needle, a simple, strong, easy to use, and reliable needle, that can be knit by hand or by any knitter with far less trouble or time at \$25. Also a standard, double-thread, large, handsome, highly improved Sewing Machine at \$35. Machines sent on trial. Liberal discount. G. PATRICK, General Agent, 712 Market Street, Wilmington, Delaware, dec 9--ly

A Farm for Rent OF 200 ACRES OF LIMESTONE AND BLUESLATE LAND, well improved, and in good condition. Liberal terms. Share rent. dec 23--17

FOR SHERIFF.

THE friends of William Siner, of New Windsor, in Hampstead District, present him as a candidate for Sheriff in 1871, subject to the decision of the nominating convention of the Democratic Conservative Party. nov 11

T. L. Fritchey & Co., Stock and Bill Brokers, WESTMINSTER, MD. mar 18

NOTICE.

I AM closing up my old business. Those indebted will please call and settle either by Note or the Receipt. an 27--3t John L. Reifmider.

Bonnets and Hats.

BONNETS and Hats made at the shortest possible notice. Mrs. A. E. Armstrong, oct 21 a few doors West of Depot.

INDELLIBLE MARKING PENCILS,—some writing new, for sale by A. H. HUBER, No. 7, Carroll Hall. 7

Select Poetry.

WHO WILL CARE!

Who will care? When we lie beneath the daisies, Underneath the churchyard mould, And the long grass o'er our faces Lays its fingers damp and cold; When we sleep from care and sorrow, And the life of earthly life— Sleep to sleep no sad to-morrow, With its bitterness of strife— Who will care?

Who will care? Who will care to weep above us, Underneath the skies of summer, When all nature's pulses thrill To a new life, glad and tender, Full of beauty rich and sweet, And the world is clad in splendor— That the years shall o'er repeat— Who will care?

Who will care? When Queen Autumn's flowers blossom, And she stoops in pity down, With a white flower for our bosom, Taken from her royal crown? Who will come to kneel in pity By our long and narrow bed, When the wild winds sing their ditty In the grasses o'er our head— Who will care?

Who will care? When the Springtime's glad smile lingers On the meadows, far and wide, And she drops, from rosy fingers, Bloom and leaf on every side; Who will come, with tender yearning, To the graves of those they miss? Who will sigh for our returning, To their presence and their kiss— Who will care?

Who will care? Who will think of white hands lying On a still and silent breast, Never more to know of sighing, Evermore to know of rest? Who will care? No one can tell us, But if rest and peace befall, Will it matter if they miss us, Or they miss us not at all? Not at all!

Select Story.

THE FOOL'S FARM

John Mosgar was a wealthy farmer, with some few hundred acres of land, half of which was fertile and well-tilled, and the other half a range of rocky upland, from which nature drew forth nothing save scanty, almost worthless woods. The better half of the farm was well stocked and well ordered; the farm house was the best in the village of Daleford, and the out buildings were the envy of the neighbors.

John Mosgar had a knavish brother and a foolish son—his only relatives. Robert, the brother, by a just dispensation of Providence, was a man of comparative indigence, but his brother John overlooked his faults, and saw only his poverty and relationship; and when dying, he called Robert to his bedside, and placing the hand of his son Daniel in his, adjured him to protect the imbecile, for his father's sake.

The fool smiled, and the knave smiled, too; the one tickled at the idea of having a new friend, and the other at having a new victim, easily plucked and ruined.

"I will see after him, John," said Robert, with a look of assumed affection for his nephew. "I will prove a father to him when you are gone, and I will turn the farm to the best possible account, that your spirit, if it shall hover about the earth, may be pleased with what I shall do."

"Enough, Robert, adieu. We shall meet again in heaven. Farewell, my poor brain-wrecked son!" gasped the dying man.

"Good-bye, father," grinned Daniel, twisting his body awkwardly about.—"Hope you'll have a pleasant journey—he, he!"

John Mosgar died, and Lawyer Twistwell's assistance was called in to settle the affair. It had been the expressed will of Mr Mosgar that his estate should be equally divided between his son and his brother. "Half to one and half to the other," were his words, though the wisdom which prompted them was not equal to that of King Solomon.

Lawyer Twistwell, at the instigation of Robert Mosgar, made a cruel construction of the will, and awarded the better half, all fertile and arable land, to the uncle; while the meager portion, consisting of meagre woodland and rocks, fell to the share of poor Daniel.

The more heartless and unprincipled of the neighbors laughed at the fool, when they heard of the award, and congratulated him upon receiving so much "good upland." He, too, was well pleased, and expired about, singing mad songs, to find himself master of so much land. He thought his the better portion, and bounded over it with boisterous glee, climbing the trees, tearing up and hurling the rocks about, plucking up the bushes, leaping down declivities, and drinking of the stream, as if he would convince each inanimate object that he was their sole lord and proprietor.

The rough waste that had been be-

stowed upon the witless, friendless creature, through the crafty connivance of the lawyer, Twistwell, suited the fool's taste to a charm; for there he could wander in undisturbed solitude, in idiot "meditation, fancy free," un conscious of the wealth of which he had been robbed by his uncle. One little hut alone stood on it, and that served for his home; and his bodily wants were supplied by such of the neighbors as obtained their fuel from his farm.

"The Lord will never prosper him who steals his treasure from a fool," said one of these neighbors to her husband.

He shrugged his shoulders with a "humph!" for he was conscious of having repeatedly drawn more wood than he had bargained for from the fool's farm, and was unwilling to believe in Heaven's anger thereat.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," he dryly replied, casting an eye out at the mammoth pile of brush-wood, for which he paid but a trifle in barter. His wife seemed to understand the look, but she sighed as she poked the fire on the hearth.

"Poor Daniel!" she exclaimed; "I hope he will never suffer from cold or hunger; but he seems to be in a fair way for it, with his uncle on one side and a selfish world on the other. His half was little enough as it was, and all that is good upon it is fast dwindling away. What will he do when the wood is all gone?"

"We had better be thinking of our own circumstances," said the husband, snappishly, "and let the town take care of the fools. As for Daniel, no doubt he is happier now than many wiser people."

"Happier than his uncle, I'll be bound," said the woman, "well off in worldly goods though he be. Old Mosgar always looks distressed—suspicious and timid—as if he thought all the neighbors despised him for taking advantage of his nephew. And so they do. And though everything looks well for him in a worldly way, there will come some change yet, depend upon it."

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," replied the husband, indifferently. "But get the pudding ready, at any rate, for I'm in a hurry to be off."

So they smothered their sympathy with pudding and forgot the fool. Some one talked with Daniel about his farm, and found him satisfied. "What will I do with my rocks?" said he, with a vacant, self-satisfied smile. "Pile them up. Make walls and forts, they will last longer than wood, and never burn up."

"But you have got no cattle, Daniel, nor crops."

"I couldn't take care of them, if I had; I can get enough meal and milk to eat, and I don't want to work. I want to play with the children and walk about. Uncle Robert can't do it. I am much better off than he is."

"Your wood will all be gone soon.—Then what will you do? You've got no money."

"It will be time enough for me then to pull up my rocks and plant seed," said he looking wise. "And I'll do it all myself, so that the seed will know me when it comes up, and how to me in the morning, when I walk in the fields. O, I don't care for anything or anybody, with my farm!" he chuckled, flinging himself upon the ground, and turning somersets in his torn clothes. "Ha! ha! ha! I'm not proud," he added, raising and looking grave. "That's the reason I lay with the dogs; and the boys and the ducks and the geese laugh when I roll in the straw."

"What do you think of the division of the property?" was the question of one. "Was it not cruel?"

"Daniel, come to my house. Cruel? no!" replied Mr. Fontley, his face brightening up with a meaning smile, as they left the sterile uplands. "Robert Mosgar did a greater favor to his nephew by the division than his ignorance intended, if I am not much mistaken. But we will see, soon, how it turns out."

From that day Daniel was amply provided for in the house of Mr. Fontley, and meanwhile the secret of the latter's words became revealed. The fool's farm proved rich in coal. The experienced eye of Fontley had detected, in the course of his visit to it, indications which had escaped the notice of all others, and which subsequent prospecting proved true. Those barren undulations of soil contained a mighty mine of coal, and the wealth of the grateful and delighted Fontley developed the black treasure for the benefit of Daniel.

his sterile apology for a farm. Slow and sad was the step of the sauntering scarecrow through the town—the melancholy cynosure of pointing fingers, the desolate victim of shameless relationship and a shattered brain. Alas for the spectral land proprietor! Had Heaven's all-embracing glance no ray to guide his listless steps.

One day, as instinct sent him begging, after dinner-time, for the dismal miscellany of his daily food, a summer storm darkened the heavens and the earth, and peals of thunder startled all animated things. The flowers bowed in terror, and the invisible milliners who deck the bonnet of nature fled to their most secret haunts. But the fool stalked abroad in the pelting rain, and lifted his lack-lustre eyes to the furious source of the tempest, half-amazed, half-delighted, at the intermittent fires.

Suddenly a shriek was heard along the road; and, looking backward, he saw upon a frightened horse a young maiden of the village, clinging to the mane of the galloping animal, which, snorting with alarm, approached him.

Daniel Mosgar was a fool—but he was a man. A wise one might have stepped aside in fear, but Daniel seized a broken bough by the wayside, and, brandishing the huge weapon for a moment, darted into the middle of the road; and, as the wild, careering steed came thundering on with his insensate burden, with a well directed force the limb was brought in contact with the horse's head. The concussion was tremendous, and the animal, panting and quivering, with well-veined, fell heavily to the ground.

Happily for the girl, whose hold was upon his mane, she was hanging upon the opposite side to that on which he fell; and before the half-stunned animal could struggle to his feet again, the idiot, inspired by the emergency, sprang forward and pulled the maiden from her perilous position. The shouts of approaching men, one of whom was her father, now attracted his attention, and in a few moments the girl, still unconscious, was in her father's arms.

"Well done, Daniel! God bless you for saving my daughter's life!" was the grateful exclamation of Mr. Fontley, as the party, bearing the girl and leading the now passive horse, proceeded to his house, near by. "You have done that which I shall never forget, and I will do what I can to repay, poor fellow!—but he does not understand me," added the father shaking his head, as the fool, unheeding, followed them, proudly brandishing the huge branch with which he felled the horse, and smiling at it. "What agents the Almighty sometimes chooses for his work!" continued Fontley. "A fool has been the means of saving my only child from a ride to a bloody grave!"

Heaven Fontley was but fifteen on that day of her great danger, and was returning home from a customary jaunt when overtaken by the storm. The father was wealthy, and content in her all his most cherished hopes. The heroic deed of Daniel affected Fontley deeply, and filled him with active compassion for the young man. He resolved to be his friend, and he was so. Out of the mouth of the thunder followed blessings for the fool. With the passage of the clouds on that day came sun upon the soul of his fortunes.

Having inquired after his affairs, on the next day Mr. Fontley rode over to the fool's farm, and made a brief survey of it, Daniel and few others accompanying him.

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Numerous workmen were soon employed upon the before derided waste, and Daleford in a few years derived its chief importance from those fields.—Capital and enterprise were attracted to the town, and hundreds of families were supported by labor in the mineral "bowles of the harmless earth," and

the star of the fool rose suddenly up in the sky of beneficence. Fontley, his patron and self-appointed agent, was true to his great instincts and his important trust, and Daniel Mosgar became the possessor of untold wealth.

As if Heaven's rebuke were designed to be immediately manifest, the strata did not extend into the land of Robert Mosgar, and he saw with double mortification the contrasted wealth of the nephew he had despoiled. Between his efforts to purchase any part of the fool's farm, or all of it, at any price, stood the sagacious, watchful and honest Fontley; and of what pitying Providence had held in mysterious reserve for the day of the idiot's destitution, the mind and heart of Fontley became the guard.

Nor was this all the fortune of the fool. In his youth he had been "bright," as the saying is; but a disease of the brain had settled there, converting it to idiocy. Years of full darkness had left no hope for a revolution of reason, but now the reign of folly had expired. The sudden change in his lot threw Daniel into a state of feverish exultation, which resulted in severe sickness, from which skilful treatment raised him gradually to health and sense again.

It appeared as if joy had started and loosened from his brain the disease which had made him idiotic, and the long latent bane was expelled forever. He arose a man! Man, in the sane and all glorious control of all his faculties. Man, in the full possession and free use of that immortal mind, without which he would be no kin nor part of the Creator, nor dream that our final home and harbor is the bosom of our yearning God. A man! Fool no more; and like one who wakes from some long vision of dread images, he moved and spoke with an unladen mind, and wept in joy at the coming of the morning of his liberty.

The tears of Fontley and his daughter were freely mingled with his—a happy trio. And still prosperity, with brighter smiles, marched fondly on with him. The darkness fitly fell on the other side of the canvas, and the justice of God was vindicated.

The harvest of Robert Mosgar became the prey of various misfortunes. They were backward, scant, mis-timed, here shored by too much heat, and there destroyed by tempests. Murrain blighted his cattle, fire destroyed his buildings, and as if the hostility of the elements and of man were not punishment enough, and sickness prostrated him, and in the midst of his ruining adversity his only child died.

So fled the promise of the better farm. So perished like the golden mists of sunset the vision of the villain. When he recovered from the couch of physical prostration, he learned for the first time of all the good fortune of the nephew he had wronged—his reason added to his riches—his father's bliss—his union with his benefactor's daughter. Then walked Robert Mosgar forth into the air, and confessed, in anguish, his wretchedness. He beat his breast, and strode among the ruined fields, and knelt and sobbed aloud:

"Now, O Lord, I know my sin! And though my heart is broken, it is purified."

And so ends the story of the "fool's farm." So it closes with a moral. Let not the oppressor be too confident.—The changes of the New England's April are not so great as the changes of man's estate; and they who exult in cruel self-reliance, over the unfortunate and unhappy, may take their place to-morrow.

Memorials of Life.

No matter what may be your sphere in life, you may so act, work in it as to secure some good result. In our mere contact with others, as friends or acquaintances, we may produce an influence which will remain an ever fresh memorial of a soul illuminated with truth and purity. No stately monument may rise to grace the spot of earth which incloses our ashes, but our name may be enshrined amid the sweetest associations in the deepest recesses of loving hearts, "Tis true that

"The evil that men do lives after them." But what a legacy? crushing, blasting, withering much that would otherwise have been good? How great the accountability of those who wield a potent influence for nefarious influences.

"The memory of the just is blessed." Let this urgent yet inspiring truth be prominently fixed in our minds. How vividly illustrated it is by the examples of those holy men who far back in the centuries sought to promote the welfare of others rather than exalt themselves; whose very nobility and power grew out of the saintly lives, whose names are as fresh now as the dews which still brighten the hillside were once their feet pressed the springing grass, and whose deeds and ringing precepts stimulate us to lives of Christian manliness and virtue

SCANDAL. I heard it! Who told you? Her friend, (?) You don't say? 'Tis dreadful! Yes, awful! Don't tell it! pray!

Good gracious! Who'd think it? Well! well! well! Dear me! I've had my Suspensions! And I too, you see!

Lord bless us! Poor creatures! So artful! So sly! No beauty! Quite thirty! Between you and I!

I'm going! Don't stay love! I can't! I'm forlorn! Farewell, dear! Good-bye, sweet! I'M GLAD SHE'S GONE!

Miscellaneous.

The Thoughts of a Day.

If all the thoughts which pass through the mind of a person in a day could be gathered together and placed in the order in which they first appeared, what a mountain of ideas would be brought to view! They would form a monster quilt of mental patchwork, checkered with pieces of every shape, size and hue. They would prove time, space and order to be nonentities compared with thought. The speed with which they travel from place to place far exceeds that of electricity, as the rapidity of motion of that annihilating substance does an ordinary casual boat. One thought is resting upon the edibles for breakfast, the next, in a second of time, has traversed the universe and reached the sun's centre, wondering what it is made of; while a third is peering into the snow wreaths that circle round the cap of the topmost point of Mount Blanc. Then follows half a thought on death, twenty on the means of keeping alive; two on the former Presidents and ten on the President elect; three on a new coat, and one on getting a pair of boots mended; six on the change of life, and twelve on the change in the pocket. And if the thinker should chance to be an editor, a thought of a piece on shocking murders, horrible accidents, funny stories, sentimental poetry and telegraphic news. Never for a moment is the brain at rest; only differing in intensity, the mind of the giddy maiden and the profound philosopher are ever busy with thoughts, noble or commonplace, revelling in pleasure's busy whirl, or soaring aloft into the mysteries of the universe.

THE FOLLIES OF GREAT MEN.—Tycho Brahe, the astronomer changed color and his legs shook under him on meeting a hare or a fox. Dr Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost; if, by mistake it did get foremost, he would step back and place his right foot foremost. Julius Cesar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get into a cellar or underground to escape the noise. To Queen Elizabeth, the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so; whenever he sat foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped himself; if any of the article happened to be split on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.

If you would enjoy good health, be regular in your habits. Have regular times for eating, and eat as no other times. Whatever system you adopt, one, two, or three meals per day be regular about it. Do not eat two meals one day, and three the next. Better eat three meals every day. Retire and rise at regular hours. Have a regular term for exercise. Arrange your work, whatever it may be, so that it can be attended during certain hours, study and other regular hours for recreation, and so forth. In short, have a regular time for everything, as far as possible, and let everything be done at the appointed time.

SULEN CHILDREN.—Sullen children should not be punished in such a way as to provoke their sullenness. Whatever punishment they are able to bear with dogged obstinacy is plainly not for their good. If the necessity for inflicting pain cannot be avoided, it should be sparingly done, rather than continue for any length of time. Hence, all task-work, confinements, and prohibitions of whatever kind which restrain action, are to be especially avoided with children given to "sulks."

There is one single fact which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, viz: that no man ever repented being a Christian on his death-bed.

Sure way to turn people's heads—Go late to church.

Who cheats his friend would cheat his God.

If you would be nothing, just wait to be something.

Never be ashamed to do a kind action to any one under any circumstances.

Select Poetry.

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On Wasting Time.

"Here you are Sir, wasting your valuable time—as they say to me," said Charles Dickens one morning, many years ago, as his little boy ran up to the Broad stairs sands, splashed in hand. And we have often wondered since how many people there are who know what is meant by wasting time.

It is very easy to make mistakes on this subject, for nothing is so deceitful as appearances. We all know that Penelope, that classical model of propriety and all the virtues, employed all her time in weaving a garment by day, and unraveling it at night. She did this to keep off her lovers, who wanted to persuade her that her husband Ulysses was dead. When the suitors found her out, of course they accused her of wasting her time—but at that moment Ulysses knocked at the door, after seeing many men and cities. In fact, he had come home and the fair Penelope had her reward after all.

Surely it is waste of time for that old tortoise to try and beat the nimble hare at racing, but the silly old thing will crawl on, without once stopping, at about the pace one gets down the Strand in a cab on a rainy day. Presently, down comes the hare at a furious pace—there is no wasting time with him, at all events—but, alas! when he arrives breathless at the winning post, he