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Life in Germany—Domestic and Social Aspects.

Rev. Dr. Stevens contributes to *The Methodist* the following interesting article on life in Germany:

I have said that the Germans are the most "comfortable" people, content to enjoy material life, of all European communities. Their plethoric temperaments has much to do, doubtless, with their easy, contented ways, but it does not prevent a somewhat eager endeavor to extract real enjoyment out of ordinary or daily life.

The Englishman's chief happiness is in his home; his house, according to the old common-law maxim, is his "castle," and his life is spent in fortifying it and enjoying its security. The Frenchman has no home, nor any word to express the English idea of home; he lives abroad, and only keeps lodgings in his house; society and gaiety, the drive, the promenade, the theater, are necessary for his daily life. The Italian is a modified Frenchman; his home is a slight fact in his existence; sunlight, scenery, music, rural recreations, and also ecclesiastical pastime, with as little work as possible, make his ideal; and the Italian insists that his ideals shall always become realities.

The German, more thoughtful and more realistic, combines, in moderation, the advantages of all these his neighbors. Home is as genuine a fact with him as with the Englishman. Like the Frenchman, he appreciates the pleasure of society and out door life, but he reserves only the latter part of the afternoon and the evening for them. The Italian does not excel him in the love of romantic resorts, of scenery, or music, or the dance. In all these relaxations, the German drops his natural phlegm and personal awkwardness, and enjoys himself perfectly—the more for having spent most of his day in sturdy labors.

A good German home is the best in the world. I say this peremptorily. German mothers are thoroughly maternal and extremely affectionate; German fathers are generally forbearing and moderate, and singularly inclined to "domestication." German children generally grow up, as by instinct, with an admirable mixture of filial reverence and affection. The Germans love large families; the more children, the better, according to their philosophy of life; and they generally have abundance of them. They despise the French and American misanthropy in this respect, and justly point to it as a proof of demoralization, unknown in their own better land. In their home-life they seem continually but unconsciously to be contriving agreeable surprises for each other, and this good feeling overflows the boundaries of home, and reaches all the intimacies of their lives—their kindred, their neighbors, their pastors, and their school-masters. No people make more pleasure out of *feite-days*, high-days, wedding anniversaries, etc.

Nones know better how to make "resents" or to invent souvenirs. For a German not to know the birthday and wedding anniversaries of all his intimate friends, and not to commemorate them by some token of affection, however slight (for the value is nothing compared to the sentiment) is a barbarism, a sacrilege. In large families, these commemorations, reaching from the grandparent to the yearling baby, and extending out to all dear friends, keep up, of course, an almost continuous exercise of kindly attentions and forethought; and the Germans have quite universally a peculiar tact of closing these beautiful little things with dramatic surprise, so as to render the "manner" infinitely more precious than the "matter." The lowliest village school-master's birthday is known to all his rustic flock, and his cottage on that day is a shrine of pilgrimage to all the little feet of the hamlet; flowers, books, cheeses, loaves of bread, embroidered slippers, chickens, geese, even young pigs, are showered upon him. He is decked with bouquets, and his humble home garlanded within and without; he is addressed in original doggerel, and serenaded with music and dancing. And thus, also, fares the village pastor; and all these things are done so heartily, so joyously, as to be evidently spontaneous, never ceremonial, as meet a joy to the donors as to the recipients. Add to these domestic occasions the public festive days of the church and the state, and you can imagine that Christmas life is holy days enough. Christmas, and similar days, are occasions of irrepressible festivities throughout Germany. Santa Claus has no better dominion.

But, besides his commemorative occasions, the German, except in the most depressed class, and even those to some extent, claims an interval, however short, of almost daily relaxation. Every city, town, and village has its "Bier Garten," and thither

toward sunset, resort, not idlers, hard drinkers, pickpockets, and ruined women, as at similar places in England and America, but the honest, respectable people—mothers with their joyous groups of children; merchants and comfortable mechanics; the professors of the gymnasium and universities; the grave thinkers and writers and pastors. They sit in groups at tables, drinking coffee or beer, eating brown bread and butter, or cake, smoking long pipes, conversing, and listening to superb musicians, who usually are stationed in a pavilion in the neighborhood. I shall have something more to say about the German beer-drinking hereafter, but remark now that the cost of these refreshments are kept so low as to place them within the reach of the poorer classes. They become even a means of economy, as they usually take the place of "tea," or supper, and, with the exhilarating open air and music, are quite a good substitute. The German is too much a domestic man to go to these places without his family; wife and children sharing his recreation, they all go home usually at an early hour, relieved of care-worn looks; and, as they can have similar relics almost daily, amidst romantic scenery, and the greetings of neighbors and friends they look to the close of each day's American or any other disorders in these "Gartens," so far at least as I have observed them; but I must remind the reader that I have not seen them in the great northern German cities. I have ever witnessed any dances at them, except (curious enough fact) at certain church celebrations. They are under good police inspection; but there seems to be in the German soul an instinctive sense of the importance of good order as a very means to real enjoyment, which renders public law and police superfluous among them. But more on the subject hereafter.

A Man with Two Hearts.

This man lives in Hartford. He is about fifty years of age and is abled-bodied. He had lived 25 years before the phenomena was discovered. The singular feature of the case is that there are separate arterial connections between the two hearts, and the best authorities, who have given attention to the subject, agree in saying that the smaller organ performs the general functions of the body in all blood relations, while the larger appears to have a distinct existence in that matter, and only operates upon the nervous system through peculiar mechanism not entirely unfamiliar to the profession. This larger organ shows frequently unusual activity, and gives evidence of a lurking disease, which, it is said, will sooner or later carry the man to his grave. The lower organ, dependent only upon the greater in such degree as the several organs of physical life are dependent for perfect working upon the healthful regulation of the whole mechanism, has been found to be in an almost perfect state—the same as ordinary persons of good health, who are not disturbed by the presence of a second organ. The effect of this second presence upon the person alluded to is at times melancholy beyond description. If it has a quick, active motion, showing the presence in the arteries of a superabundant quality of blood to vitalize the lesser organ, the man exhibits considerable elasticity of spirit, but this is only temporary; more frequently there is a sluggishness in the nervous connections, which is followed by loss of sleep and great prostration in wakeful moments. On such occasions, the family of the man find him a most agreeable companion. He betrays a mild form of insanity, which it is feared may develop in something worse. So severe have been some of his paroxysms of late, that a council has been called, and it has been decided that the larger heart may be removed without in the least disturbing the blood relations of the body, but the man, who has been approached on the subject, declares that of the two organs, he had rather have the vital one of the body taken out, which can not be done without producing instant death. This organ is situated under the vest watch-pocket of the man; the other is in the pocket where he carries his cash.—*Hartford Courant.*

A quaint old gentleman, in speaking of the different shotguns of men, by which some become useful citizens and others worthless vagrants, by way of illustration remarked, "So one slab of marble becomes a useful door-step, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

The complexion of the next Congress will be: 57 Republicans to 11 Democrats.—House 142 to 83.

WE CAN IF WE WILL.

When any new enterprise is to be undertaken in the Associate Reformed Church, it is not at all uncommon to hear it said, "We are not able—we are few and feeble." It is true that in ourselves we are not strong, but it may encourage us to look back and see what we have accomplished.

About thirty years ago, there was in Due West an academy for boys and girls, presided over by Rev. John S. Pressly. When it was suggested that this academy should be turned into a college, we have no doubt many good people said to themselves, "The thing is impossible—we are not able. What! raise six thousand dollars for a college building! It can not be done." And yet it was done, and done easily and done quickly.

About twenty years ago, a liberal friend offered to the College an elegant telescope, to cost at least one thousand dollars, on condition that the College would mount it. We were present when the matter was submitted to the Board of Trustees, and we recollect the question as to what should be done with it, was a perplexing one. Various schemes were proposed for fitting it for us. The idea of erecting the magnificent building of which the observatory is the crowning glory, was at first laughed at—we couldn't do it. And yet it was done, and done easily and done quickly, and no one was hurt.

About twenty-five years ago, the idea of starting a religious magazine for the use of the Synod was broached by some one. There is no doubt many felt the undertaking was too great. But it was started and sustained for a number of years—not as well as it ought to have been, but it lived and did much good.

Out of the ashes of the *Southern Christian Magazine* the *Due West Telescope* arose, and for a dozen years went forth regularly on its mission, and at the opening of the war was growing in prosperity and usefulness. We found that we were able to do a great deal more than we had supposed.

When Lindsay Hall had been completed, and the new telescope had been mounted, it was suggested, probably by "H.," that Erskine ought to have an endowment of fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars! Somebody said, "Yes, let us have it." A thoughtful man, "No—the idea is preposterous! We are few in numbers, and poor besides. It can't be done." And yet it was done, and done easily and done quickly.

A little over a year ago, it seemed necessary to do something for Erskine again. The war had swept away, in a large measure, the old endowment, and it could not live upon the tuition received. A scheme for temporarily sustaining the College was proposed. Some may have thought it feasible; doubtless many thought it visionary. "We are too poor. Everything had been lost. The money could not be raised." And yet it has been raised, (at least, the most of it,) and raised easily and raised quickly.

The Associate Reformed Synod of the South has never failed in any enterprise that she has undertaken for the want of money. The people have always given for church enterprises whatever was asked, and have generally given it without being pressed. Our people, considering their circumstances, are a liberal people. They only need to know what is wanted—to have any measure presented fairly to them, and then they may be relied upon for any reasonable amount. The facts above show this to be true. Why, then, should the Synod hesitate to undertake any work to which she seems to be called? "O, ye of little faith, why didst thou doubt?"

We hope that by next September the Synod will see its way clear to enter at once upon the work of Foreign Missions. It is our duty. It would unite us in home enterprises. It would quicken our zeal in the domestic work. It would enlarge the views of the Church, and would stir up her zeal in the Master's cause, as perhaps nothing else would. *We are able—let us go up and help to possess the land.*

HEALTH OF FARMERS.—There are seven reasons why farmers are healthier than professional men, viz:

1. They work more, and develop all the leading muscles of the body.
2. They take their exercise in the open air, and breathe a greater amount of oxygen.
3. Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated, and far more simple.
4. They do not overwork their brain as much as industrious professional men do.
5. They take their sleep, commonly during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn night into day.
6. They are not so ambitious, and do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the fierce contest of rivalry.
7. Their pleasures are simple and less exhausting.

"I Will be Good Today."

RECALLED BY PAINTING.

"I will be good, dear mother,"
I heard a sweet child say;
"I will be good, now watch me:
I will be good all day."

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
With a soft and pleasing smile;
Then a mother's kiss was on her lips,
So free and pure from guile.

And when night came that little one,
In kneeling down to pray,
Said in a soft and whispering tone,
"Have I been good to-day?"

O many, many little tea
"I would save us, did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest hearts,
"I will be good to-day."

STRANGE STORY OF CAPTIVITY.—A CAROLINA GIRL AMONG THE INDIANS FOR MANY YEARS.—The Colorado Tribune has the following strange story:

We saw at the Planter's House yesterday a woman named Lizzie Blackburn, a native of Mount Jackson, South Carolina, who claims to have been a prisoner among different tribes of Indians about four years. She is now twenty-eight years old and is a cripple from the loss of both her limbs, which have been amputated twice, the first time at the ankle joints, and again about three inches below the knee. Her story of her capture and imprisonment are as follows, commencing with how she came to be in the Indian country: When she was five years old her father, Thomas Blackburn, emigrated from South Carolina, and joined the Mormons at Nauvoo, Illinois. He accompanied them to Florence, Nebraska, and finally emigrated to Utah, with the earliest emigrants, and preached among them. In 1863 or 1864, the father having become somewhat dissipated, and having for some time been accustomed to living among the Mormons, Indians, Lizzie and her mother and two younger sisters, aged respectively ten and fourteen years, concluded to run away from him and the Mormons, and if possible reach California. They took with them only what they could pack about their persons, and with a rifle and some ammunition started westward from Salt Lake, when they were captured by the Digger Indians. Lizzie was sold by the Diggers to the Foxes. The mother and two remaining sisters when they learned of Lizzie's sale ran away from the Diggers and were pursued. When found they had starved and frozen to death, and were buried on Horse Creek. The Foxes sold Lizzie to the Snakes. Then she learned the death of her mother and sisters and saw them buried. She ran away from the Snakes, but was captured. She was badly frozen in the attempt, and was afterwards again frozen. She says that two half-breed named Towantius and Puchanatch, took her to Washington, D.C., where her limbs were amputated, and that she was afterwards returned to the Snakes by his direction, he being among them as a kind of chief at the time. She says that her father has spent most of his time among the Indians for the last seven or eight years and is one of them now. He is with the Arapahoes or Cheyennes. The Snakes traded her to the Arapahoes, from whom she escaped about one year ago, by the assistance of Fred Jones, a government scout, and was brought into Ellsworth. At the time of her escape, the Arapahoes were camped at the Big Bend of the Arkansas. A portion of her time since her escape she has been engaged as a scout, but for the last few months has been doing housework at a stage station down on the Smoky Hill road. Fred Jones, her rescuer, was discharged from Government employ last spring just before the outbreak down on the Solomon in Kansas, and as he threatened to go with Indians, it was supposed that he was with them at that time. She says she counted one hundred and fifty white men in one Indian camp which she visited while acting in the capacity of scout and that there are a great many among all the tribes. The diggers treated her most cruelly, and all treated her very roughly. Her father though, often protected her from severe treatment. She says that she has an uncle living on the North Platte River and she is now on the way to him. She expected to leave this morning.

A very touching incident recently occurred in a Chicago horse car, going west on Randolph-street. The car was crowded. Many were standing; among them an old man of perhaps seventy, whose appearance indicated great weariness. There were strong men sitting on either side; there were young men and boys; but no one offered the old man a seat. Presently a young and beautiful woman rose, and, with a winning smile, offered him her seat. He seemed bewildered, and refused; but she insisted with so much earnestness that he finally settled himself into her seat, while she took the place where he had stood. This proceeding created such a sensation that the conductor pulled the bell and kindly inquired if anybody wanted to get out. A fat old gentleman whose eyesight was rather dim, deliberately took out his spectacles, and having wiped them carefully, put them on his nose, and said: "Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! No less than four gentlemen sprang from their seats at the same moment, and offered them to the lady, but she politely declined. After the lady had left the car one gentleman remarked that he had never seen the like in his life, and that in all probability she was insane. Another said she was no doubt a stranger in Chicago. The conductor was indignant as to whether she was a frequent passenger in the cars. He replied that she was not—that nothing of the kind had ever before occurred in the course of his experience as a conductor. A youthful dandy, who had a seat next the lady, said, with a twirl of his moustache, that it was an awkward position for a man to be placed in; but he has spent his time since the event in riding up and down in the same car, and has offered his seat to no less than fifty-four elderly gentlemen. He has likewise invoked the muses in a poetical effusion of seventy-two stanzas "to the beautiful young woman," which he proposes to publish.

Ploughing in the Fall.

A writer in an exchange paper recommends to farmers to plough their grounds and prepare them in October and November for planting in the Spring.

1. Because their teams are in better condition for work in the Fall than in the Spring.

2. Sod land, broken up late in autumn, will be quite free from growing grass the following spring; the roots of the late overturned sward being so generally killed by the immediately succeeding winter, that not much grass will really start in spring.

3. The frosts of winter disintegrate the ploughed land, so that it really crumbles in fine particles in spring, and a deep, mellow seed-bed is easily made. The chemical changes and modifications resulting from atmospheric action during the winter, develop the latent fertility in the up-turned furrows, which, together with the mellowing influences, materially increase the crop.

4. Most kinds of insects are either wholly destroyed, or their depredations materially checked, by late fall ploughing, especially the common white grub and cut worm.

5. Corn stubble land may be ploughed late in the fall, and thus be all ready for very early sowing in spring, therefore, going far to insure a good catch of grass; the roots of the new seed getting hold well, or being well established, before the drouths of summer comes on.

6. A great deal of land needs deeper ploughing than has generally been practiced. Where the subsoil is fine grained, and unctuous, and close, or where there is a hard pan of good quality, deep ploughing may be at once resorted to, with decided advantage. Where the subsoil is poorer, the ploughing may still be advantageously deepened by degrees, say an inch at each breaking up. But in by far a majority of cases, deep ploughing may be practiced at once—indeed, it may be the rule, with safety, while shallow ploughing may be the exception. Plough, say nine, ten, eleven or twelve inches in November. The subsoil turned up will grow several shades darker by spring. The frosts and atmospheric influences of winter will mellow the soil. The jurganic elements and all latent fertility will be made more active for benefitting the crop. In spring, spread the manure and plough it in, or otherwise work it in, or mingle it with the soil to the depth, say of four inches, or a little more or less, and you have the best attainable conditions for realizing good crops. Deeper ploughing may thus be practiced than would at other times be safe and expedient if the ploughing is delayed till spring.

STREET CAR MANNERS AT THE NORTH.—A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A Chicago paper says:

A very touching incident recently occurred in a Chicago horse car, going west on Randolph-street. The car was crowded. Many were standing; among them an old man of perhaps seventy, whose appearance indicated great weariness. There were strong men sitting on either side; there were young men and boys; but no one offered the old man a seat. Presently a young and beautiful woman rose, and, with a winning smile, offered him her seat. He seemed bewildered, and refused; but she insisted with so much earnestness that he finally settled himself into her seat, while she took the place where he had stood. This proceeding created such a sensation that the conductor pulled the bell and kindly inquired if anybody wanted to get out. A fat old gentleman whose eyesight was rather dim, deliberately took out his spectacles, and having wiped them carefully, put them on his nose, and said: "Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! No less than four gentlemen sprang from their seats at the same moment, and offered them to the lady, but she politely declined. After the lady had left the car one gentleman remarked that he had never seen the like in his life, and that in all probability she was insane. Another said she was no doubt a stranger in Chicago. The conductor was indignant as to whether she was a frequent passenger in the cars. He replied that she was not—that nothing of the kind had ever before occurred in the course of his experience as a conductor. A youthful dandy, who had a seat next the lady, said, with a twirl of his moustache, that it was an awkward position for a man to be placed in; but he has spent his time since the event in riding up and down in the same car, and has offered his seat to no less than fifty-four elderly gentlemen. He has likewise invoked the muses in a poetical effusion of seventy-two stanzas "to the beautiful young woman," which he proposes to publish.

THE LAW OF LOVE BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.—People can hardly be conscious of their existence except as matter of speculation, so long as they and their wives love each other. Where mutual love exists—that is to say, in all common cases—the supremacy of the husband in his family is established at once and without dispute, and the legal rights of the parties cease to possess any value for them, or, indeed, any significance, except in so far as they set up a standard of thought and feeling which is useful as a guide. No man happily married congratulates himself on having the power to control the family income. No woman happily married congratulates herself on her having a legal right to pledge her husband's credit for necessities. Law is required only when hard comes to hard. It is meant to provide for the case of careless or unhappy marriages. If these are not to be disclubable at the will of the parties (and if they are, all marriages are made insecure,) it is necessary that the legal rights of the parties should be defined, that in case of need one should be authorized to govern and the other be compelled to obey, and our argument is that in such cases the husband ought to govern.—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

JOSH BILLINGS ON GRASSHOPPERS.—The Bible says: "The grasshopper is a burden," and I never knew the Bible to say anything that wasn't so. When the grasshopper begins to live they are very small; but in a little while there gets to be plenty of them. They only live one year at once, and then go back and begin again. Their best gait is a hop, and with the wind on their quarters they can make some good time. They are a sure crop to raise, but some years they raise more than others. I have seen some fields so full of them that you couldn't stick another grasshopper in, unless you sharpened him a pint. When they get so plenty they are apt to start, and then they become a trivolt famine, and leave the road they take as barren as the inside of a country church during a week day. Grasshoppers don't seem to be actually necessary for our happiness, but that may be—we don't even know what we want most. I don't want grasshoppers entirely out, not if they are a blessing, but I have thought (to myself) if they would let grass and corn stalks be, and pitch in to the birds and Canada thistles, just to encourage the fight, I wouldn't care a cent if they both got finally licked. But my best judgment would be to bet on the grasshoppers.

A standing dish in Utah—spare rib.

Sin Found Out.

Halloo! Bill Hartwell is a famous batter. He has just given the ball a tremendous blow, and was running full speed, when he stubbed his toe and fell. The boys gather round him; and I wish you could have seen their looks of surprise and indignation. He got no pity from any quarter; only just such words as must have filled him with shame and confusion.

Why? there no harm in stubbing the toe, is there? No, no. But when Bill fell, out fell a watch from his bosom or pocket, or wherever he hid it. And was it not his watch? No. George Arnold, one of the older scholars, had a little while before lost his watch; and it had not gone without an extra pair of hands. Who took it was the question. Bill Hartwell had more fuss about finding the thief than every body called him thief. Poor Freddie Howe had a tough time of it.

It was in vain he declared his innocence. The story, somehow or other, got going and could not be stopped, for a lie at first runs faster than truth; and the consequence was, Freddie had a great many bad things said to him which hurt his feelings so he did not dare to show his face on the playground; and yet Bill Hartwell, who set the story going, was a proud, boastful, selfish, cruel boy, whom nobody liked or believed in.

The old saying is—"Murder will out," which means, that if a person is guilty, the smallest thing may bring his guilt to light. There are swift witnesses all along his path, ready, when least expected, to testify against him, which was now the case. Bill just stubbed his toe and fell as other boys do. Out jumped George Arnold's watch, and there it lay, right side up, on the ground, pointing him to every boy who saw it as the real thief, and the meanest thief that could be; for he not only robbed George Arnold of his watch, but he tried to rob poor Freddie Howe of what is worth infinitely more than any watch that was ever made—his GOOD NAME.

Announcements of the opening of successive sections of the Union Pacific Railroad succeed each other so rapidly that one can hardly keep pace with them. Last year five hundred and forty miles was the limit of the locomotive's advance; last summer the laying of the seven hundredth mile was witnessed by a party of eastern editors, who told the story of the road's progress to their readers; September saw eight hundred miles in operation; and the pamphlet of the company, then issued, made that stage of progress familiar to thousands of interested readers; but now we have another bulletin from the end of the track that nine hundred miles are completed.

Governor Fairchild of Wisconsin, having lost his left arm in battle, recently presented a number of old gloves to Gen. Stannard, of Vermont, who has lost his right arm. Hereafter they will probably do their glove buying in partnership.

The new peanut crop is coming into market. The yield is good, and the quality of the crop is excellent. There is a large demand reported at Norfolk, Virginia, for the article from the North.

SAVANNAH.—All quiet in the city. Two policemen were shot by negroes. One is dying the other is badly wounded. The negroes on the Ogeechee are reported to be arming and gathering in large numbers, with the design of entering the city under the lead of Bradley.

In Connecticut a boy of twenty has just married a widow of fifty, who has seven children. The oldest is six years older than his new "papa."

General Canby relieves General Roy nolds in Texas. He will also act as assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's bureau for Texas.

A man who was away from his wife in Indiana twenty-six years ago, has just returned. She had married again but willingly rejoined her first husband. He had been to Califor and brought back a fortune.

EXTREMES.—To take no amusement is bad, for it deprives the mind of needful rest and recreation; so likewise it is bad, to be altogether given up to amusement, for then all serious objects are lost sight of. The true plan is to take amusement in moderation. To be very much in society is sure to deteriorate the human character, making it frivolous, and incapacitating it for taking abstract and elevated views; on the other hand, a perfectly solitary life weakens the mind, lays it open to odd fancies and eccentricities, if not to hypochondria, and ends in some instances by altogether throwing it from its balance. The medium is here also found alone salutary. Even in the simplest points of behaviour, an extreme is to be condemned. To be excessively gay, in a world where so many evils lurk around our every step, and so many onerous things call for our attention, is wrong; so it is to be always serious, seeing that the world also contains materials of much happiness, and that gaiety in a certain extent is positively salutary. What is proper is, that we should be ready to rejoice and mourn, in moderation, on appropriate occasions.

FOOD.—"Did you ever hear the story of the fishman and the koreradiah?"

"No, how was it?"

"Well, seeing a dish of graded horse radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the sauce, supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first putting a knife into his mouth, jerked his hand back from his throat and commenced spitting his eyes.

"What troubles yer, Jenny?" inquired the other.

"I was, and I was."

THE RAINY DAY.—When there comes a dark, bleak, rainy day, then mother of the flock, "gather them in, gather them in," and feel that a precious opportunity is given for sowing seeds that shall spring up and bear fruit long after you are at rest from your labors. For one more day they are all with you, sheltered from the storm, safe from evil influences, and ready to receive impressions that time can never efface. Never mind if two or three little pairs of muddy boots leave mark on your clean floor or carpet; call them into the cheerful family sitting room, stir the fire to a brighter blaze, loop back the curtains, draw the large table between the windows, and cover it with books, slates, drawing materials, and simple objects for copying. As a great favor you might lend them your cherished box of water colors, for who knows but some future art gallery may owe its choicest gems to the hand that today paints little pictures in a story book.

Perhaps as the day wears on, they will grow weary; then, when the rain beats wildly on the window panes without, and the shadows deepen within, gather them around the hearth—in your arms—close to your heart; lay their bright heads on your lap—on your bosom, and tell them "that sweet story of old;" they will never forget it; and sing to them of heaven; they will hear no sweeter music till the songs of the angels fall on their ears.

A judge, on a journey, fell in company with a Quaker. "Sir," said the judge, "how is it that you Quakers always have fat horses and money in your pockets?"

Quaker. By and by I will tell thee.

Shortly afterward they arrived at a tavern. The judge called for a glass of biters, and urged the Quaker to drink, but he refused, saying I have no need. He then called for two quarts of oats for his horse, and the Quaker four for his.

Quaker. Now I will tell thee; we drink no spirits at the tavern. How much didst thou pay for the biters?

Judge. Sixpence.

Q. How much for the oats?

J. Sixpence.

Q. My oats cost ninepence; and what good did the biters do thee?

J. They procured me an appetite.

Q. Abstinence gives me an appetite. Thus you see that we spend no more than thou, and our horses are fat. But I have not done with you yet. I see silver buckles on thy shoes. How much did they cost?

J. Nine dollars.

Q. How long hast thou had them?

J. Eight years.

Q. Do they answer any better than my strings?

J. No.

Q. With nine dollars we should have bought live stock, and at the expiration of five years we should have had fifteen head of cattle. Here, thou can have money in our pocket. Instead of wearing silver on our shoes, we have leather strings.

NEWS SUMMARY.

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Governor Fairchild of Wisconsin, having lost his left arm in battle, recently presented a number of old gloves to Gen. Stannard, of Vermont, who has lost his right arm. Hereafter they will probably do their glove buying in partnership.

The new peanut crop is coming into market. The yield is good, and the quality of the crop is excellent. There is a large demand reported at Norfolk, Virginia, for the article from the North.

SAVANNAH.—All quiet in the city. Two policemen were shot by negroes. One is dying the other is badly wounded. The negroes on the Ogeechee are reported to be arming and gathering in large numbers, with the design of entering the city under the lead of Bradley.

In Connecticut a boy of twenty has just married a widow of fifty, who has seven children. The oldest is six years older than his new "papa."

General Canby relieves General Roy nolds in Texas. He will also act as assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's bureau for Texas.

A man who was away from his wife in Indiana twenty-six years ago, has just returned. She had married again but willingly rejoined her first husband. He had been to Califor and brought back a fortune.

EXTREMES.—To take no amusement is bad, for it deprives the mind of needful rest and recreation; so likewise it is bad, to be altogether given up to amusement, for then all serious objects are lost sight of. The true plan is to take amusement in moderation. To be very much in society is sure to deteriorate the human character, making it frivolous, and incapacitating it for taking abstract and elevated views; on the other hand, a perfectly solitary life weakens the mind, lays it open to odd fancies and eccentricities, if not to hypochondria, and ends in some instances by altogether throwing it from its balance. The medium is here also found alone salutary. Even in the simplest points of behaviour, an extreme is to be condemned. To be excessively gay, in a world where so many evils lurk around our every step, and so many onerous things call for our attention, is wrong; so it is to be always serious, seeing that the world also contains materials of much happiness, and that gaiety in a certain extent is positively salutary. What is proper is, that we should be ready to rejoice and mourn, in moderation, on appropriate occasions.

FOOD.—"Did you ever hear the story of the fishman and the koreradiah?"

"No, how was it?"

"Well, seeing a dish of graded horse radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the sauce, supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first putting a knife into his mouth, jerked his hand back from his throat and commenced spitting his eyes.

"What troubles yer, Jenny?" inquired the other.

"I was, and I was."