

AMY WENTWORTH.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Her fingers shone the ivory keys  
They dance so light along;  
The bloom upon her parted lips  
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed sultan, spare thy smiles!  
Her thoughts are not of thee;  
She better loves the salted wind,  
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an out-bound ship  
That at its anchor swings;  
The murmur of the stranded shell  
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and smiling, hears her praise,  
But dreams the while of one  
Who watches from his sea-blown deck  
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow  
And every fur-wreath dim,  
And bids the sea-birds flying North  
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men  
He perilled life to save,  
And grateful prayers like holy oil  
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown tilting of the fishing smack!  
Fair toast of all the town!—  
The skinner's fork in ill bessems  
The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear  
For him the blush of shame,  
Who dares to set his manly gifts  
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
And blood is not like wine;  
Nor honored less than he who heirs  
Is he who founds a line.

Fall lightly shall the prize he won,  
If love be fortune's snare;  
And never maiden stoops to him  
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey street,  
With stately stairways worn  
By feet of old Colonial knights,  
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch  
The English ivy twines,  
Trained back to show in English oak  
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,  
Ancestral faces frown—  
And this has worn the soldier's sword,  
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,  
She walks the gallery floor,  
As if she trod her sailor's deck  
By stormy Labrador!

The sweet-brier blooms on Kittery-side,  
And green are Elliott's howers;  
Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar  
To see the white gulls fly,  
His greeting from the Northern sea  
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,  
As in its romance old,  
Shall homeward ride with steeled sails  
And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low in life;  
But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will!

[Atlantic Monthly.]

FOND PARENT (to his son)—  
"Yes, New York in the place to  
get on in. Look at Jones; he  
started without a penny, and has  
lately failed for \$150,000. Of  
course, that's an extreme case.  
I don't expect you to do so well  
as that. Still, with honesty and  
industry, I see no reason why you  
should not, in the course of a few  
years, fail for \$50,000."

A NEW STYLE OF ANGELS.—  
Last summer, in the height of  
mosquito time, the little rascals  
had their songs to the annoyance  
of every one. While my little  
sister Ettie, then about five years  
old, was being put to bed, her  
mother said to her:

"Ettie, you must always be a  
good girl, and then at night,  
while you are asleep, the angel  
will come and watch around  
your bed."

"Oh, yes ma!" said Ettie, "I  
know that. I heard them singing  
all around my head only last  
night!"

OUR TEXTS.—They decay.  
Hence unseemingly months, bad  
breath, imperfect mastication.  
Every body regrets it. What is  
the cause? I reply, want of  
cleanliness. A clean tooth never  
decays. The mouth is a warm  
place—98 degrees. Particles of  
meat between the teeth soon de-  
compose. Gums and teeth must  
suffer.

Perfect cleanliness will pre-  
serve the teeth to old age. How  
shall it be secured? Use a quill  
pick, and rinse the mouth after  
eating. Brush and castile soap  
every morning, the brush and  
simple water on going to bed.—  
Bestow this trifling care upon  
your precious teeth, and you will  
keep them and ruin the dentists.  
Neglect it and you will be sorry  
all your lives. Children forget.  
Watch them. The first teeth  
determine the character of the se-  
cond set. Give them equal care.

Sugar, acids, saleratus and hot  
things, are nothing compared  
with food decomposing between  
the teeth. Mercurialization may  
loosen the teeth, long use may  
wear them them out, but keep  
them clean and they never will  
decay. This advice is worth  
more than thousands of dollars to  
every boy and girl.

Books have been written on  
the subject. This brief article  
contains all that is essential.

DR. LEWIS.

AN IOWA SECESSIONIST "SER-  
VED OUT."—We understand that  
during last week a Chief Knight  
of the G. C. visited Palo, in  
Lincoln county, for the purpose of  
establishing a Lodge of the  
order there. It happened, how-  
ever, that he got into the wrong  
box. The people of Palo are  
loyal. A rope was placed  
around the gentlemen's neck,  
and had it not been for the inter-  
position of a few, who thought he  
ought to be given a short season  
to repent he would never have  
left the town alive.—Vinton  
(Iowa) Eagle.

Getting Poor on Rich Land,  
and Rich on Poor Land.

A close observer of men and  
things told us the following little  
history, which we hope will plow  
deeply into the attention of all  
who plow very shallow in their  
soils:

Two brothers settled together  
in \_\_\_\_\_ county. One of them,  
on a cold, ugly, dry soil, cover-  
ed with black-jack oak, not one of  
which was large enough to make  
a half dozen rails. This man  
would never drive any but large,  
powerful, Conestoga horses, 17  
hands high. He always put three  
horses to a large plow, and plowed  
in some ten inches deep.—  
This deep plowing he invariably  
practiced and cultivated thorough-  
ly afterward. He raised his 70  
bushel of corn to the acre.

This man had a brother about  
six miles off, settled on rich  
White River bottom-land farm—  
and while a black-jack clay soil  
yielded 70 bushels to the acre,  
his fine bottom land would not  
average 50. One brother was  
steadily growing rich on poor  
land, and the other steadily grow-  
ing poor on rich land.

One day the bottom-land brother  
came down to see the black-  
jack oak farmer, and they began  
to talk about their crops and  
arms, as farmers are very apt to  
do.

"How is it," said the first,

"that you manage on this poor  
soil to beat me in crops?"

"I work my land," replied the  
other.

That was it exactly. Some  
men have so rich land that they  
won't work it; and they never  
get a step beyond where they be-  
gan. They rely on the soil, not  
on labor, or skill, or care. Some  
men expect their lands to work,  
and some men expect to work  
their land.—and that is just the  
difference between a good and a  
bad farmer.

When we had written thus far,  
and read it to our informant, he  
said:

"Three years ago I traveled  
again through that section, and the  
only good farm I saw was this  
very one of which you have writ-  
ten. All the others were deso-  
late—fences down, cabins aban-  
doned, the settlers discouraged  
and moved off. I thought I saw  
the same old stable door hanging  
by one hinge, that used to disgust  
me ten years before; and I saw  
no change except for the worse in  
the whole country, with the sin-  
gle exception of this one farm."

Wing is a verba-  
cious order sent to one  
of our merchants, by a country  
dealer, who was "just out" of the  
articles called for:

- 6 yards of rite nise gingum;
- 5 yards 10 cent calicer, rite  
nise;
- 6 spools thread, No. 33, for 5  
cts. a pair;
- 2 yards lins; about that wide;
- 1 yard bleach drillen.

STOLEN!

TWO SCOUNDRELS, one of whom  
goes by the name of GEORGE GERR,  
(supposed to be fictitious); the name of the  
other unknown, stole from our Liv-  
ing Stable in Winchester, Randolph County,  
Indiana, on the 8th day of July, 1862,

ONE PAIR OF SMALL HORSES, PO-  
NY MAKE, GARRAGE AND  
HARNESS.

The Horses are 4 years old, about  
14 hands high; one of them rather light  
make, very dark bay, small legged, black  
legs, mane and tail, mane lays on the left  
side, long necked, a few white hairs in  
forehead, tail light; lopes in saddle, trots  
in harness, a little lame at times; thin or-  
der.

The other: rather light bay, heavy  
make, legs a little, black legs, mane and  
tail, tail early; little white in the fore-  
head, large ears, short neck and body,  
low carriage, lopes in the saddle, some-  
times a little lame in the left hind leg,  
scar on the weather rubbed by a side saddle.  
Both horses trot and worked  
down. Both are clear of flies.

The Carriage is a 2 horse one, Rocka-  
way bed, stand top, pretty much new,  
newly varnished and trimmed, fringe on  
the sides, front and back not alike, new  
on the sides, back curtains lined with  
blue muslin, the front with regular cur-  
tain lining, oil cloth top, double seated,  
the front seat taken out, which was a re-  
volving one, the upright iron were still  
standing; the seats were trimmed with  
oil-cloth; a back deer painted on the  
back; a new common parlor carpet in  
front, plain bed, no platen, no circle iron  
over the dash, the tongue had been broken  
and banded with two iron bands, painted  
and varnished over very neatly, trunk  
rack on when taken.

Harness, light, silver-plated, partly  
worn; open bridles, lever bits.

GEORGE GERR is a man of some 47 or  
50 years, hair turning gray, heavy set,  
medium height, fair, open countenance,  
rather good looking, formed and shaped a  
little like an Irishman, but he is not one;  
dressed plain, think some of his teeth were  
out; calculated to deceive the oldest set-  
tlers. The other one is a young man,  
about 25 years old, spare built, medium  
height, dark hair and mustaches, bad  
countenance; had on dark clothes.

\$100 REWARD!

will be paid for the capture of the thieves.  
A liberal reward will be paid for the team  
or any part of it.

We have reason to believe that these  
men are in your section; if arrested, they  
must be watched, or they will manage to  
escape.

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diana.

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is Everywhere said by the People, Edit-  
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ing; "Costar's" article knocked the breath out of  
Rats, Mice, Roaches and Bed Bugs quicker  
than we can write it. It is in great demand  
all over the country.—[Medina, O., Gazette.]  
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ed annually in Grant County by vermin, than  
would pay for tons of this Rat and Insect Kill-  
er.—[Lancaster, Wis., Herald.]

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