The Perrysburg Journal.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 28. PERRYSBURG, WOOD CO., OHIO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1868. $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

THE COBBLER'S SECRET.

A WAGGISH cobbler once, in Rome,
Put forth a proclamation
That he'd be willing to disclose,
For due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose—
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pair of shoes.

From every quarter to the sight
There ran a thousand fellows—
Tanners, cobblers, boot men, shoe men,
Jolly leather sellers—
All redolent with beer and smoke,
And cobblers' wax and hides;
Each fellow pays his thirty pence
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! the cobbler enters,
And casts around his eyes;
Then curls his lip—the rogue—then frowns,
And then looks wondrous wise.
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose,
And every one of you, I think,
Might learn it if you chose.

"A good, sharp knife is all you need,
In carrying out my plan;
So easy is it, none can fail,
Let him be child or man;
To make a hundred pair of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pair of boots
And cut off all the tops!"

DEAR LITTLE PATTERING FEET.

BY STILLA.

I LOVE the sweet music discoursed by the brook,
The wind and the murmuring sea;
And of art, though 'tis taken from nature's book,
For they sing, Mighty Father, of Thee;
But ah, there's no music in glen or in glade
To me that is half so sweet
As the blest little home-notes that only are played
By dear little pattering feet.

'Tis a music that wafts on the wings of pure love
The heart to its Maker on high;
It softens the sorrows and hallows the love
Of all 'neath the o'ver-arching sky;
And it lovingly weaves in the dull warp of life
Bright scenes that are lasting and sweet;
Oh, rainbows of love, in the dark sky of strife,
Are these dear little pattering feet.

Oh, dearest of sounds! sure, angels above
Never heard sweeter music than this;
Every fairy-like note breathes such volumes of love
That the heart is enraptured with bliss.
Let nature and art sing their choicest of songs;
To me they can never compete
With the pit-a-pat music that only belongs
To dear little pattering feet.

Selected Miscellany.

STRANGE MISS DEVONPORT.

I.

IT was the night of the Rattleborough hunt ball; and Rattleborough, as befitted the occasion, was employed in holding high festival. The large room of the Egerton Arms was full, and the company as select as the most fastidious could wish. There were representatives of all the great families of the country, and the cream of the society of the town of Rattleborough itself, not to mention a score or so of unattached males who had established themselves in the Egerton Arms and in various lodgings in the place, for the express purpose of being in the immediate vicinity of the far-famed Rattleborough hounds.

It was to the very best of this society that Mr. Oliver Henley belonged—a gentleman young in point of years, and comfortable off in the matter of money—a barrister, member of the Inner Temple, burdened with no briefs, nor with the necessity or the intention of getting any. His father was still living, but he had already come into a very respectable little property; and, as was natural for a gentleman in the flower of existence as he was—to-wit, seven-and-twenty years of age—was bent on enjoying himself accordingly. With this highly laudable object in view, he had just made his *debut* in the Rattleborough district; and by his good riding, genial manners and generous habits, which a comfortable balance at one's banker's makes easy enough, he had produced a decidedly favorable impression upon those whose estimation was usually considered worth having. Henley had had a day with the hounds, which he had enjoyed most thoroughly; and he was just at present engaged in talking over its events with a newly-made acquaintance, and at the same time passing a kind of running commentary upon the dancers as they whirled past him.

"Now, Mr. Henley," said the vigorous ball-room whip, "will you choose your partner? I can introduce you to any one you like."

"Who is that young lady there? She has just sat down. The one with the wonderful amount of black hair, and——"

"Miss Devonport," was the prompt reply. "A wonderful nice girl—dances capitally. Let me introduce you."

And after Henley had gone through the Lancers with Miss Devonport, he was of opinion that this account was not exaggerated. Miss Devonport, he discovered, was a very nice girl—so nice that he made up his mind to get all the dances with her that she would give him. If Oliver Henley had been asked to give an account of himself, he would, in all probability, have described himself as the most unimpressionable fellow in the world. He had become bored with flirtation, and his days of heavy love-making were over. Experts, however, in the diagnosis of love-making will tell you that it is persons of Henley's self-reliant and defiant nature who are most apt to fall victims to the tender passion, and if Oliver Henley had not had such a consummate belief in his own powers, it is probable that it would have occurred to him more than once in the course of his conversation with Miss Devonport that he was on dangerous ground. When a gentleman finds himself telling his partner the history of his life, interspersed here and there with touches half pathetic, half bitter and cynical, it may be as well that he should take heed unto his ways at once.

"According to your own account, Mr. Henley, you must be a terribly rolling stone," said Miss Devonport.

"I feel myself so, Miss Devonport, a rolling stone which gathers no moss, but which longs to do so."

There was a certain amount of vagueness in the latter part of this remark; but somehow or other it seemed the natural thing to say, and Henley made it in a tone which was expressive of a depth of feeling rather wonderful in so cautious and unsentimental a man. He was almost astonished and half angry with himself when the words had escaped him. He looked confused—why he did not exactly know. Unfortunately, however, looks are a good deal more eloquent than speech; still more unfortunately, the looks were not unnoticed by Miss Devonport. Somehow or other the remark, sufficiently meaningless as it was, seemed to have established a kind of understanding between Miss Devonport and Mr. Henley, and when Miss Devonport's carriage was announced—Miss Devonport, senior, the young lady's aunt—it seemed quite natural to Henley to offer his arm to escort her thither, and for Miss Devonport to accept it.

"Miss Devonport," said Henley, just before he handed her in, "I wonder shall we meet again?"

"Why not, Mr. Henley?"

But the aunt at that moment came up, and I am disposed to think that a gentle pressure of hands—unintentional, of course—served as a species of reply.

II.

Oliver Henley was not given to dreaming, and he slept the sleep of the weary and the just. Strangely enough, however, the first thought which suggested itself to his mind on waking was Miss Devonport, and the aforesaid pressure of hands. He thought, too, of her and of it more than once over a late, long, dawdling breakfast. A long and remarkably objectless reverie was broken by the arrival of some friend, who had been staying with connections in the neighborhood of Rattleborough, and who was now waiting a few hours for a train to town.

"By-the-by," said Beauchamp, Henley's friend, "we had such a capital time of it at the Oaks, and I have met there the very nicest people, without exception, with whom it has been my luck to be thrown in contact. There was a girl staying there who—but talk of angels! There she is—positively coming!"

Henley looked, and saw no less a person than Miss Devonport.

Miss Devonport it was, and as she passed the pair on the pavement, on the side nearest to Henley, they both of them took off their hats. Miss Devonport, with a smile and a gracious face, returned the bow; not, however, so far as Henley was concerned, but merely the salutation of his friend. Miss Devonport, in fact, so obviously looked past him, that he began seriously to think her feelings during the night must have undergone some transformation.

"I see you know Miss Devonport," said Beauchamp, after the lady in question had passed.

"I—I met her last night."

"She is an exceeding nice girl," continued his friend, "and I must say I think Hughes—you know Hughes; he was with us at Oxford, and has since come into that immense mine property—a far luckier fellow than he deserves to be; but perhaps you were not told by whoever introduced you that she was engaged?"

"No," Henley said, with a blank stare of astonishment, he had not been told. But was Beauchamp quite sure?

"Oh, yes, my dear fellow, I know all about it. I only saw Hughes last week. He was one of the party at the Oaks, and he asked me to come to the wedding."

Of course this information could really be nothing to Henley. The only remarkable thing was that, as he heard it, his face grew several degrees paler than its usual color, and his hand trembled perceptibly on his friend's arm.

When Beauchamp left him his thoughts turned to Miss Devonport, and the events of the previous evening. There had been nothing very remarkable about them; but he could not help expressing to himself an opinion that Miss Devonport's manner had scarcely suggested to him the idea of a lady engaged to be married. With these thoughts in his mind, he determined to go and have a last look at his horses in their stalls to see that all requisite care was being taken of them to enable them to win both for themselves and their owner honor and glory in the morrow's run. As he was going out of the hotel door, there confronted him face to face once again Miss Devonport, and her manner was the manner of the evening before, and not of the morning. There was, Henley fancied, a kind of blush upon her face as she met her partner of last night, but he was quite sure there was upon it a very sweet smile, and as he looked at her he felt more disposed to envy than to congratulate the lucky Hughes. It was plain enough now when Miss Davenport met him in the morning she must have failed to recognize him. Henley felt half disposed to speak then and there to Hughes' fiance, and to make some inquiries after the fortunate lover. But his acquaintance, he thought, would not justify the liberty, and he had come to a kind of unacknowledged decision with himself that for the future it would be wiser for him not to seek to renew his acquaintance with Miss Devonport.

The meet happened to be close to Rattleborough, and on such occasions there were always numbers of persons who came to see the throw off. As Henley rode up he reflected with pride on his appearance. He knew he was well mounted—as well mounted as a man need wish to be—and there are are probably few pleasures more exquisite than that which is experienced by a sportsman who is conscious that he bestrides a quadruped equal to any emergencies of the hunting-field. It was, therefore, with no small satisfaction that he witnessed the eyes of the spectators turned toward him as he made his appearance; and the satisfaction was increased when he thought that in the distance he could descry the figure of Miss Devonport, mounted on the neatest of lady's hacks. As he approached nearer, Miss Devonport, for she it was, turned her horse round, and as he came quite close and recognized her, he ventured to salute her with a bow and a "good morning." But Miss Devonport remained, as he fancied, quite passive, or only inclined her head a very little forward in a manner emblematic of frigidity. What could he have done to offend her? He almost wished to ask for an explanation on the spot. He was puzzled, he was angry, he was hurt. It was a line of conduct that he could not understand. Here was a young lady whom he had met at a ball, with whom he had danced three or four times, who had talked to him without the least reserve, and who subsequently took it into her head at one moment to meet him as a friend, and at another as almost an entire stranger, just as the humor prompted her. The whole thing was unintelligible. While he was thinking over all this, he was suddenly roused by the familiar signs that the hounds had scent of a fox. He prepared to join the main body of the horsemen, and as he was cantering up to the copse in which they were, a voice he knew said, "A pleasant run to you, Mr. Henley." He looked round, and saw once again Miss Devonport, with the sweet look upon her face that had attracted him so much two evenings ago.

The day was decidedly successful. As there is no necessity to give the reader a detailed account of a famous run with the Rattleborough hounds, the line of country taken by the fox need not here be described. As the November twilight was coming on, Henley rode up to his hotel, in an excellent humor with his horse, which had acquitted itself most creditably in the eyes of the Rattleborough hunters, but angry with himself for being so much annoyed—pained, perhaps, would be the better word—with Miss Devonport. He could disguise the fact no longer; he loved her. He had loved her from the very first, and she had treated him in this unaccountable manner! But he was prevented from continuing these reflections by a letter which was put into his hands. It was from his sister, and he had half expected it for some days past. It merely told him that his father, whose health had for a long time been bad, and who was then staying in the South of France, had suddenly become worse, and was particularly anxious to see his son. Would Oliver come at once?

Yes, he would start directly; next evening. But there was one thing he would do first. He would see if he could not meet her in the street, and would endeavor to gain from her some explanation.

On the following morning Henley wandered about the town, but not a glimpse could he see of his partner at the ball. Up and down the streets he went, gazing into the dim recesses of linen-drapers' and milliners' shops, and other similar resorts, which seemed to him probable that the young lady might affect, but still there was no Miss Devonport to be seen. Half way up the High street at Rattleborough there was a narrow turning, which led to what was generally called the Rattleborough Lawn, where the Rattleborough band was in the habit of occasionally exercising its musical powers, and where the less select of the Rattleborough young ladies were wont, in the summer, to erect their croquet hoops, and to pursue the mimic warfare of the mallet. It was half unconsciously that Henley just now took this path. He was thinking of what was to be done, how he was to see Miss Devonport—for he had quite determined not to leave the place without seeing her—when an abrupt turn in the avenue brought him suddenly into the lady's presence. Yes, it was Miss Devonport—at last. He stood still and bowed. Miss Devonport it was; but her face no longer wore the look of tenderness that had charmed him so much at the Hunt Ball.

"Miss Devonport," he said, bowing, "I am quite aware that I am guilty of some boldness in thus intruding upon you. But I have to leave Rattleborough to-day, and I feel I cannot do so without a few words of conversation with you. Nor, if I apologize for asking, do I think you can well be surprised at my wishing for something of an explanation from you. How, then, am I to account for the extraordinary manner in which you have treated me during the last few days—now recognizing me as a friend, and now passing me as an entire stranger? I confess that when I met you I did not know that you were engaged to Mr. Hughes—"

"Sir!" interrupted Miss Devonport, with a look of absolute wonderment upon her countenance.

"What? Is my information wrong? Is it not as I say?"

"I am completely at a loss to understand to what cause I am indebted for the honor of this interruption in my walk. The fact of my engagement to Mr. Hughes can be a matter of no moment to you. When I first saw you, you were a stranger, and a stranger you will still remain."

And having said these words, Miss Devonport, her face flushed with indignation, swept past him with the air of a tragedy queen.

As for Henley, he stood rooted to the spot. To him it was all a dream; but he did not dream long He laughed a low and a bitter laugh. "A consummate actress! a heartless flirt! I envy Hughes! And these," he said, "are the Rattleborough young ladies! I suppose the atmosphere of this delightful place superinduces the habit. And here am I, who ought to be proof against such silly contingencies, fooled exquisitely by a mere country coquette. Bah, let me treat her as she deserves!" And Henley strolled back to his inn—angry, and, though he would not have admitted it, wretched.

As he drove down to the Rattleborough station he caught a glimpse of a form with which he was familiar; he saw a face he knew well. It was Miss Devonport. Did his eye deceive him? She bowed to him as if nothing had passed between them. But it was Henley's turn this time. And he remained still and motionless as marble.

III.

Two years had passed away. Henley had reached his father just soon enough to be at his death-bed and catch his dying words. His two sisters had both married, and he had returned to England the owner of his father's estate, Wickham Manor. As for the Miss Devonport affair, he had striven hard to forget it all; but, in spite of all his efforts, he could not banish every remembrance of it. He was not the kind of man to carry about with him the traces of an overwhelming sorrow. He was still young, had wealth, his digestion was unimpaired, and he enjoyed life keenly. But whenever his thoughts recurred, as they did pretty often, to his hunting days at Rattleborough, Miss Devonport's image was never far off. He could not forget it, brave and resolute though he was. Great as was his self-control, there were times when he showed that he carried about with him traces of a life's sorrow. There are some men who can only love once. Oliver Henley was one of these. He had loved Miss Devonport, and he did not feel disposed to love any other woman. That was all.

About two years and a half after the Rattleborough affair, Henley was staying with some friends in town. There was to be a dance in the evening, and the party assembled at breakfast were full of the coming event.

"By the by, Mr. Henley," inquired his hostess, "have I not heard you say that you were at Oxford with Mr. Hughes, the gentleman whose mining property is so immense?"

Yes, of course, Henley had been; and, what was more, he told the lady, though not without a pang of regret, he knew Mrs. Hughes—a little. Perhaps he should hardly recognize her now.

"Then, Mr. Henley, you will see the two old friends of yours to-night."

Oliver said nothing beyond that he should be very glad. Nor did he think much about the "Mr. Hughes, whose mining property is so immense," but he wondered how he should meet the Mrs. Hughes who had done him such a grievous wrong.

The evening came, and when Henley entered the ball-room, the greater number of the guests had already arrived. The first person whom he caught sight of as he entered was Mrs. Hughes. He recognized the Miss Devonport of other days at a glance. The face had changed a little perhaps, but a very little; and somehow or other, as he looked, the hair did not seem to him the same jet black color that it had been. While he was standi' looking at her, Mrs. Hughes came up to

"Mr. Henley," she said, "I cannot say how glad how relieved I am to see you. For more than two years I have longed to do so. Can you forgive me for what passed between us when last we met? No; I am sure you cannot. But when you know everything, I think you will. There was a misapprehension between us, but you shall hear everything by-and-by."

But Mr. Henley could only make some lame remark to the effect that bygones were bygones. Would Mrs. Hughes give him the pleasure of a dance by-and-by?

Gladly; and Oliver duly indorsed his name on the programme of the wife of the wealthy Mr. Hughes.

The dance came; it was a waltz, the same tune as that to which he had danced with her when then she was Miss Devonport, more than two years ago, in the ball-room of the Egerton Arms, at Rattleborough. When it was over, they strolled into a conservatory adjoining. Henley longed to say something about the old days, but she had promised the explanation and it was for her to begin.

"Mr. Henley," she at last commenced, "do you remember the Rattleborough Hunt Ball? Do you remember what happened afterward—that interview between us?"

Henley made no answer.

"Would you like to hear how the whole matter originated? Would you be glad if all could be righted now?"

"What *do* you mean?" asked Henley.

"Simply what I say."

At that moment there was a rustle of a dress heard among the leaves of the conservatory, but Henley was too much engrossed with the remarks of Mrs. Hughes to notice it.

"Here, Mr. Henley, here is my explanation. Let me introduce you to my sister, Miss Devonport."

"Mrs. Hughes, Miss Devonport? What does all this mean?"

But Mrs. Hughes had risen and left the seat. Only Miss Devonport was standing before him—the same Miss Devonport of the Rattleborough Hunt Ball, with the same jet black hair, the same lustrous beauty, the same sweet, sweet smile as of old.

Henley was too overpowered to speak. He tried to do so, but there was something in his throat which seemed to choke his utterance. But each understood the other, and Oliver at last said one or two words, and Edith Devonport knew their meaning well.

"Mr. Henley," she said, "I have longed for this hour to come; I have prayed for it. I knew it would come some time or other, but I did not know when. It has come now, and you shall know all. It was I whom you met at the Rattleborough Ball, not my sister. We are twins. You are not the first person who has mistaken us. But when you knew us, my sister, as being slightly the elder, was Miss Devonport, and was Miss Edith Devonport. It was she, as you will know now, whom you met in the street that morning on which you were walking with Mr. Beauchamp. She told me afterwards how puzzled she was by your salutation. It was she, too, as you will know, whom you met in the lane just before you left. All through, you see, it was a mistake."

"A mistake," mechanically repeated Henley; "but," and the surprise cleared off his countenance, "Is it a mistake which it is too late to mend? Miss Devonport—Edith—tell me it is not. Tell me what I now tell you, tell me that you love me."

"Mr. Henley, I have loved you ever since we first met. Is love ever too late?"

But the hearts of each were too full to allow them to say many words. They had waited for their happiness, and the hour had reached them. The scales had dropped from their eyes. All was clear now.

How long they sat in the conservatory they did not know, but presently Mrs. Hughes' voice was heard. She saw how matters stood at a glance. Everything was righted at last.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Preservation of Leather.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Shoe and Leather Reporter* gives some valuable hints in relation to the preservation of leather. The extreme heat to which most men and woman expose boots and shoes during winter, deprives leather of its vitality, rendering it liable to break and crack. Patent leather, particularly, is often destroyed in this manner. When leather becomes so warm as to give off the smell of leather it is singed. Next to the singeing caused by fire heat, is the heat and dampness caused by the covering of india-rubber. India-rubber shoes destroy the life of leather. The practice of washing harness in warm water and with soap is very damaging. If a coat of oil is put on immediately after washing the damage is repaired. No harness is ever so soiled that a damp sponge will not remove the dirt; but, even when the sponge is applied, it is useful to add a slight coat of oil by the use of another sponge. All varnishes, and all blacking containing the properties of varnish should be avoided. Ignorant and indolent hostlers are apt to use such substances on their harness as will give the most immediate effect, and these, as a general thing, are most destructive to the leather. When harness loses its luster and turns brown, which almost any leather will do after long exposure to the air, the harness should be given a new coat of grain black. Before using this grain black, the grain surface should be thoroughly washed with potash water until all the grease is killed, and after the application of the grain black, oil and tallow should be applied to the surface. This will not only "fasten" the color, but make the leather flexible. Harness which is grained can be cleaned with kerosene or spirits of turpentine, and no harm will result if the parts affected are washed and oiled immediately afterward. Shoe leather is generaly abused. Persons know nothing or care less about the kind of material used than they do about the polish produced. Vitriol blacking is used until every particle of the oil in the leather is destroyed. To remedy this abuse the leather should be washed once a month with warm water, and when about half dry, a coat of oil and tallow should be applied, and the boots set aside for a day or two. This will renew the elasticity and life in the leather, and when thus used upper leather will seldom crack or break. When oil is applied to belting dry it does not spread uniformly, and does not incorporate itself with the fiber as when partly damped with water. The best way to oil a belt is to take it from the pulleys and immerse it in a warm solution of tallow and oil. After allowing it to remain a few moments the belt should be immersed in water heated to one hundred degrees, and instantly removed. This will drive the oil and tallow all in, and at the same time properly temper the leather.

The Leaf.

THE fibres of the leaf which spread out from the base are prolongations of the vessels of the wood; and beneath these fibres, and forming the covering of their under surface, are similar prolongations of the inner bark. The green exterior portion of the leaf is a continuation of the outer tissue of the bark in a thin porus form. The pores or mouths in the green portions are an essential part of the structure. The leaf of the common lilac is said to contain not less than 120,000 pores to the square inch. They are most numerous on the under surface. The leaves spread out their broad surfaces to imbibe gaseous food from the atmosphere. Under the stimulus of light, they continually absorb carbonic acid from the atmosphere. In the vessels of the leaves this is decomposed into carbon and oxygen. The carbon is retained and the oxygen thrown off. During the darkness, oxygen is absorbed, and combining with the carbon in the vessels, is thrown off in the form of carbonic acid, but much less is thrown off in the night than in the day. Hence in the Arctic regions, where the sunlight is never absent during the summer, and there is no darkness to interrupt the absorption of carbon, we can understand how vegetation pushes upward with almost miraculous rapidity; and in regions where the days are very long and the nights comparatively short, we see why the wheat and corn spring up and reach maturity in a few weeks.

Twenty-five hundred gallons of air contain about one gallon of carbonic acid gas. To find and absorb this small quantity of gas, the tree spreads out its thousands of feet of leaves, which are constantly in motion in the ever moving air, and thus the ponderous trunks of the forest are built up, atom by atom, from the atmosphere.

On a single oak seven millions of leaves have been counted. Now if each square inch contains 120,000 pores, and each leaf four square inches of surface, it may not be difficult to show in figures the number of pores on the leaves of the oak, but who can grasp the idea, or form in his mind any adequate conception of such a number? But this is but one of the trees in the forest that spread over the surface of the earth at this moment, and which have sprung from it since the creation. And every blade of grass and every grain and every shrub and weed is equally busy during its growing season, in drawing its substance from the fleeting wind.—*New England Farmer.*

A Great Evil.

OUR race groans under evils, and carries burdens heavy to be borne; some of these may be traced back to the first sin and are beyond our control, but most of them are of our own producing, and may be arrested by a resolute act of the will, or by aids which come from other sources.

Two evils now fill the land and world which are of human invention, and are sustained by human authority. One of these is alcoholic drinks and the other is the use of tobacco—of the latter we wish to say a few words.

This has grown and overspread the nations of the earth till now it challenges observation, reflection, and the exercise of enlightened conscience while looking the naked facts in the face. Such is its present extent, that five and a half millions of acres are occupied in its growth, producing two millions of tons annually and costing the human race ten thousand millions of dollars, by far more than enough to pay the whole debt, in one year, of the United States and Great Britain, startling as the fact may seem. In our own country alone, one hundred and fifty millions are expended annually in its consumption, by far more than is appropriated to support the gospel of Christ and the cause of education. How appalling such a state of things, while want and suffering are all around us! Multitudes are without the Bible, millions have never heard the name of Christ, and the most important enterprises for promoting the welfare of mankind, falter and fail for the want of support.

Yet this enormous expenditure is entirely useless. No one claims that he is the better for the use of tobacco in any form. It is a mere habit, innocently formed, and while at first a pleasure has grown to be a master and tyrant.

Not only this, but it is an offensive, filthy habit, finding no place in the church, in the parlor, the ladies' saloon, or elsewhere, as a high order of society meets and indulges in exercises which the higher nature craves.

Multitudes, using it, are ashamed of the fruits of it, and would be glad to be rid of it, if they knew how to break away from the enchantment. But this is not all, or even the worst of it. It is injurious to health; when taken to excess operates as of a poisonous nature, weakening the system, and leading to premature death.

Such evils, together with its enormous expenditure, ought to make sober, reflecting conscientious men consider whether it can be right to continue such a habit as this—ought it not to be overcome at all hazards, and thus promote health and cleanliness, and save the funds thus uselessly spent to provide for personal and family wants and build up the cause of truth and righteousness in the world?—*Exchange.*

Troublesome Children.

WHEN you get tired of their noise, just think what the change would be should it come to a total silence. Nature makes a provision for strengthening the children's lungs by exercise. Babies cannot laugh so as to get much exercise in this way, but we never heard of one that could not cry. Crying, shouting, screaming, are nature's lung exercise, and if you do not wish for it in the parlor, pray have a place devoted to it, and do not debar the girls from it, with the notion that it is improper for them to laugh, jump, cry, scream, and run races in the open air. After a while one gets used to this juvenile music, and can even write and think more consecutively with it than without it, provided it does not run into objuratory forms. We remember a boy that used to go to school past our study window, and generally made a continuous stream of roar off to the school house and back again. We supposed at first he had been nearly murdered by some one, and had wasted considerable compassion on the wrongs of infant innocence; but, on inquiring into his case, found him in perfectly good condition. The truth was that the poor little fellow had no mirthfulness in his composition, therefore couldn't laugh and shout, and so nature, in her wise compensation, had given him more largely the faculty of roaring. He seemed to thrive upon it, and we believe is still doing well. Laughing and hallooing, however, are to be preferred, unless a child shows a decided incapacity for those exercises.

Our eye alights, just now, upon the following touching little scrap, written by an English laborer, whose child had been killed by the falling of a beam:

"Sweet laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now:
But, oh! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

"Thy mother by the fireside sits
And listens for thy call;
And slowly—slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears downfall;
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on."

—*Exchange.*

A Queer Scene in Court.

ONE of those ludicrous incidents that occasionally are witnessed in the dignified presence of a hall of justice occurred in the United States District Court, recently. A German farmer from the country came in to be sworn as a surety on the bond of a gentleman who was getting his tobacco relieved from the seizure that it had suffered from the authorities. Having been informed that he must swear to certain matters, he was brought into court.

Judge Leavitt then proceeded to question him.

"Are there any mortgages on your property?"

"Not a d—d mortgage on mine property and plenty of monys at home," said the affiant, with the utmost simplicity, keeping to his duty in the line of swearing.

The Judge saw the man was honest and meant no contempt, so relaxing his dignity, with a smile on his face, he proceeded with the next question.

"Do you owe any debts?"

"Not one d—n cent; und ven I gets all as peoples owes me, I bees richer as I am."

"These bonds are approved," replied the Judge, with a smile twinkling in his eyes.

About a score of men, the affiant among them, were seen hurrying out of the court room, with faces red with suppressed laughter. Having passed into the hall, out of hearing of the Court, each man sought a quiet place to be relieved of his pent-up laughter.

The honest old Teuton had, beyond doubt, experienced for the first time the process of swearing before a court. It had been previously explained to him by telling him he must swear, and he had evidently mistaken the civil oath for profanity, as his serious manner throughout the whole proceeding indicated.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A Gold Carrier.

IN a late number of *Harper's Magazine* we find the following description of a Wall street character and a Wall street load:

All the bullion and coin of Wall street is carried about the streets in common, open carts, precisely such as are used in carrying ordinary merchandise. For twenty-two years past one carman, John O. Barkley, best known in the street as "Honest John," whose three carts stand at the busy corner of Wall and Broad streets, has done the carting for the bullion dealers and bankers of the city, any of whom would trust him in their vaults with treasure uncounted. Tall, robust and ruddy, Honest John has in his countenance precisely the expression which we should expect to see in the face of one who for so many years has borne so honorable a name. He began in the street twenty-seven years ago, and, after his fifth year, he became the established carman of the coin and bullion men. It is his carts that go to the California steamers and convey their kegs of gold to the vaults to which they are consigned. His carts assist to restore the financial balance between the two continents by conveying gold to and from the Cunard steamers in Jersey City. He has occasionally carried for short distances, down hill, a million dollars in gold, which weighs two tons; but his opinion is that seven hundred thousand dollars is about as much as a humane man will ever permit his horse to draw over these rough pavements for any considerable distance. On a busy day he will have as many as twenty loads of precious metals. A load of gold, when it goes across the town, is usually accompanied by a clerk of the house to which it belongs; but it often happens that Honest John is quite alone when he has as much gold on his cart as a horse can draw. For such service he gets higher compensation than when he carries an office-desk or a load of printing paper; and, indeed, he has the air of a man who could show a little gold and silver of his own if there were occasion.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR BABIES.—A lady being asked for a receipe for whooping cough, for little twin patients, copied by mistake something referring to the pickling of onions, which said: "If not too young skin them pretty closely, immerse in scalding water, sprinkle plentifully with salt, and leave them for a week in strong brine."

VARIOUS ITEMS.

THE world's tobacco crop is estimated at 432,400 tons.

THE schoolboys in Russia have 255 holidays in a year.

A THOUGHTFUL man suddenly made gay may be properly called *a* pensive.

How does a tree feel when chopped down? Chopfallen, probably.

PHILADELPHIA has put up $40,000,000 worth of buildings this year.

A MERMAID that eats oranges has been found at the Sandwich Islands.

THE Young Men's Christian Associations in Ohio aggregate 4,000 members.

IF "brevity is the soul of wit," what a funny thing a fashionable coat is, isn't it?

SOME of the jewelry of the unfortunate ex-Empress Carlotta is for sale in Washington.

A VERMONTER recently shaved his beard after it had attained three feet six inches in length.

JUST as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.

A TRANSCRIPT in Hebrew, written in the year 936, is preserved in the National Library of Florence.

THE women of Germany are to have a convention to discuss the question of managing babies.

HARRY CHOATE is billiard champion of Ohio, having recently won the cue at Cincinnati.

THE latest cause of suicide in Paris was the unwillingness of a boy of sixteen to run errands.

WHY is a man cleaning out a dirty cellar like one settling a rat trap in it? He is a baiting (abating) a nuisance.

MERIDEN, Ct., manufactures all the sewing-birds, call-bells and tape measures made in this country.

EARTHQUAKES were of frequent occurrence in New England during the first century after its settlement.

THE Paris *Eclipse* had 35,000 caricatures of Isabella ready to be issued, when the authorities interfered.

THE three shortest postoffice names in the United States are T. B. (Md.,) Ali (Ohio), and Po (Ind.)

QUEEN ISABELLA only carries five thousand piece of baggage with her in her uneasy wanderings in Europe.

MORE than 400,000 life policies are in force in the State of New York, representing upward of $1,000,000,000 in risks.

A CANDIDATE for a seat in the British Parliament proposes to abolish anonymous writing in newspapers.

WHAT did the Eastern man say when he first saw a Western corn field? He exclaimed in a *husky* voice, "You *maize* me."

A WOMAN in Leipsic broke the heads of her five children with a hammer because her husband had scolded her.

THE copper coinage, of 1867, in England consisted of 5,488,520 pence, 2,508,800 half-pence and 5,017,600 farthings.

"I'M sitting on the style, Mary," said the envious young girl as she plunged down on her sister's hat and feathers.

A GERMAN philosopher predicts that Europe and America will be submerged in 500,000,000 years, and no one dares contradict him.

A BARBER in Duane street, New York, charges a dollar for hair cutting, and is always one hour performing the operation.

BRIGHTON, England, is to have an immense marine aquarium, twelve hundred and fifty feet long and with a proportionate width.

A QUANTITY of laces and diamonds was recently discovered in the chignon of a suspected French servant girl in New York.

IT is said that the Queen of Portugal is suffering from an incurable brain disease, similar to that of which her mother died.

IT is estimated that Missouri has gained 350,000 in population since the war. Large bodies of immigrants are settling in the western counties.

A FELLOW has been arrested in Philadelphia for a murder committed by him four years ago, in Boston, the detectives having been in quest of him ever since.

C. GOODWIN CLARK, Principal of the Lincoln Grammar School at Boston, has been sued for $2,000 damages for whipping a pupil, as is claimed, excessively.

THE Boston *Post* suspects, from her presents of tea pots and bed quilts, that Madagascar's Queen has matrimonial intentions upon our Secretary of State.

A LONDON paper recently sold a huge edition by printing the story that the Prince of Wales had lost a hand by the bursting of his gun while out shooting.

THERE is a woman 79 years old in Hadley, Western Massachusetts, who has never taken a ride in a stage coach, car, steamboat or any other public conveyance.

THE Toulouse papers mention the blowing up of a new bridge in that city by an escape of gas. One man was killed, and sixteen passers-by were badly wounded.

A BOX of Boston letters, recently lost in the mail, has turned up in New York, nothing being lost but the interest on $100,000 contained in it while lying idle.

"MADAME, a great many persons were disturbed at the concert, last night, by the crying of your baby." "Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts?"

THE parents of Bayard Taylor celebrated their golden wedding on the 15th ult., at Kennett Square, Pa. An address was made by Bayard Taylor, and a poem read by Richard H. Stoddard.

THE REASON.—
"Why is a man," quoth Ned to Kate,
"Who's brought with small pox to his bed,
Like one who's forced by common fate
To mourn a dear relation, dead?"
"Because," replies the ready Kate,
"'Tis plain he's to be *pitted*, Ned."

A CORRESPONDENT asked if the brow of a hill ever became wrinkled? The editor replied: "The only information we can give on that point is that we have often seen it furrowed."

AN urn, containing 7,000 ancient silver coins, has been recently unearthed near Marseilles. The inscriptions thereon suggest that the coins were struck anterior to the Christian era.

THE other day two boys in Beverly, Ontario, amused themselves, one by blowing a blacksmith's bellows, and the other by placing his mouth over the nozzle. The first blast blew the breath of life completely out of him.

THERE are those who know not how to judge of merit but by success, and who therefore blame the leader of an enterprise for a fault, when the fault was not in him, but in themselves, the instrument he worked with.

A STATION-MASTER at Rome started a train when he ought not. It came into collision with another train, and five persons were killed. The station-master was tried and sentenced to five years' hard labor at the galleys.

AS I APPROVE of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.—*Cicero.*

SCOLA, the editor of the *Democracia*, of Madrid, was released from prison by the revolutionists. He had spoken against Her Majesty at different times, and was when released working out aggregate sentences of 102 years' imprisonment.

A FEW days since, a gentleman from New York, who was tarrying at the hotel in Milton, Vt., went to visit the falls, and, undertaking to climb a cliff 75 feet high, found his strength failing and cried for help, which came just as he was losing his hold.

A GOLD watch and chain, stolen from Charles J. Shepard, Worcester, by burglars, several weeks ago, was found tied to his front door handle, one night recently. The conscientiousness of the thief didn't extend so far as returning $75 in cash stolen at the same time.

A FARMER in Troy, Vt., recently waylaid a huge bear destroying corn. After wounding the bear, and he, in turn, "treeing" his assailant, a truce for the night was declared. In the morning the bear was dispatched. He weighed 275 pounds, and yielded 70 pounds of oil.

DURING the recent eclipse, says a Bombay paper, the most curious scenes were visible in the town. Men and women, in their half-barbaric and shabby dress, were to be seen going from one temple to another, to pray the Deity to go to the help of the luminary of the day in his duel with the headless giant, "Rahu."

A FEW days since a lady of Gloucester, Mass., had occasion to leave her house for a few moments, and left her six months' baby on the floor. On returning she was surprised to find her child missing. After searching for some time she discovered that the family dog had taken the baby to the garret and deposited it in a basket of rags.

ONE of the royal Generals in Spain condemned a child only five years old to be shot as the son of a rebel. The child, not understanding the situation, moved about, and by extraordinary luck was not touched. The General then coolly threw it an orange, and while stooping to pick it up a second volley stretched it dead.

WHAT are now called surprise parties became quite fashionable in England about the year 1800, when they were called "Picnic Suppers." The bill of fare was prepared, each dish being numbered, and the subscribers to the entertainment drew lots, and each was required to furnish the dish marked against the number he drew.

THE French Government worthily bestowed a gold medal upon Francaise Trisdon, a young matron, who, being bitten by a mad dog while she was surrounded by several women and children, clung to the mad brute until he was killed, thus saving the terrified spectators from being bitten. Fortunately, the noble woman's life was also saved.

A SILVER BELL, weighing 28 ounces, supposed to be one of the lost chimes of St. Mary's cathedral, Limerick, Ireland, has been accidentally discovered by a diver in one of the deepest pools of the Abbey river, in that city. The bells were flung into the river in the old days of persecution, to save them, and it is expected that the rest of the chime will now be recovered.

THE worst things in life should be taken at once, just as you take aloes, without looking or tasting. Did you ever see any one take pills and look at them until the last moment, thinking how bitter and bad they were, and then chew them to get all the badness out into his mouth? This is just what a great many people do with disagreeable duties, complaining all the while at the bitterness of their portion and the hardness of their lot.

A MARVEL OF SUCCESS IS THE LITTLE CORPORAL, published at Chicago, Illinois, by Alfred L. Sewell. It is now published in magazine form, is entirely original, and costs only one dollar a year. It is afforded at this very low price only because of its immense circulation, which is said to be larger than that of any other juvenile magazine in the world. Those who subscribe now for 1869, get the November and December Numbers of 1868 free. Great premiums are given for clubs.

A LARGE stock-grower in Texas, disgusted with the prices offered by butchers and drovers, has posted a notice in the market-place at Brownsville, that he will begin to slaughter a drove of beeves and give the meat to the poor for nothing, and will do so until the whole drove is disposed of, or until he can get a reasonable price. This he says he can afford to do, as he can sell the hides and tallow for more than the butchers offer for the animals alive.

AT the recent agric