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LEWIS BREMER'S SONS TOBACCO WAREHOUSE, No. 322 N. THIRD ST. PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE, H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'r, H. C. NIPE, Clerk, No. 418 & 416 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

SELECT POETRY. BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and title a thousand fold, Is a healthy body, a mind at ease.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though tolling for bread in an humble sphere Doubly blest with content and health.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the soul that toils when their labors close, Better than gold is the poor man's sleep.

Better than gold is the thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian lore.

Better than gold is the peaceful home, Where all the frigid charities come, The shrine of love, the heaven of life.

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They were nearly at the fork of the road, at the foot of a gently-sloping hill, and just where the two ways met, a little spring bubbled up, and wandered off in an adjoining meadow.

"Our new home," said the judge, "will be on the top of this knoll, when it is built, and our present quarters such as they are, will be a little further on."

A sudden thought seemed to have entered the brain of Susie. "Father, won't willows grow from slips?"

"Yes, my dear," that is the usual way of setting them out. "And they want water, don't they? Is this one fresh enough to grow?"

"Well, then, maybe we can have something growing here to remind us of our old home."

In an instant Susie was down from her pony, and the willow switch was carefully planted, just above the little spring. It would have all the water it wanted, at all events.

And the old lady, and the young lady, too, rubbed and laughed, and kissed the returned warriors, till the good mother, with the bit of willow still in her hand, knelt down in shade of the memorial tree to pour out her thankfulness to Him who had made her prosperity to grow with its growth.

Not long since a boy of some seventeen years of age called on a New York merchant being busy employed at the time, he had to wait a little before getting an opportunity for an interview.

Occasionally the merchant cast a glance at him as he stood respectfully at a short distance. He was rather poorly clad, and showed evidence of pretty hard work; but his face indicated honesty and common sense, with a firm and energetic manliness, under the somewhat unattractive exterior.

When at liberty, the merchant said: "Well, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

"I need, sir," he replied, "to ask you for a situation as an engineer. I was told you were having a new engine built, and I want you to give me the place. I'd like to run it for you."

"Are you an engineer?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir; but I can be," he answered, setting his lips firmly together, standing squarely before the gentleman, and looking him full in the face.

"I don't understand the business well; I know something of it, though. But I can be an engineer, and I will be. And I wish you would give me a chance."

His modest but determined manner pleased the merchant. He was having a new engine built for a certain department of his business, and could of course have as many experienced operators as he desired.

"What are you doing now?" he inquired.

"Working in a machine shop in Brooklyn. I have been fireman, and I often worked the engine. I think I could get along pretty well with our now, if any body will have a little patience with me."

"What do you get?"

"Five dollars a week, sir."

"Give it to your mother, sir."

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"Why not?" asked the merchant, a little sharply.

"I haven't any clothes fit to wear," he replied. "It takes all the money I can get for us to live; and I can't have any clothes." He looked down at his coarse and well-worn suit.

"I didn't use to be so poor when father was living. I was brought up to church and to Sunday school. If I can get to be an engineer I shall go again. I know I can run an engine."

Telling him to call at a certain time when his engine would be in use, and he would talk further with him, he dismissed him. "But he must have that engine, said the merchant to a friend to whom he related the circumstance. "He will make a man, that boy will. A boy who is determined to do something, who gives his mother or all of his money to help on her burdens, who does not use tobacco, and does not go to theatres, who spends his evenings in study after working all day, such a boy would make a man, and deserves to be helped. I have not told him so, but I shall take him, put him under one of my engineers until he is fully capable of taking charge. Then let him have the engine. He will get twenty dollars a week then instead of five, and be able to lighten a mother's burdens, have clothes to wear to church, and buy books to aid his business."

A noble boy, though hidden among hard conditions and under unattractive garb, will work out and show his method. He may not always find friends to appreciate him; but determined, virtuous, and willing to endure his will, in due time, conquer.—Methuen Journal

How to be a Man. Not long since a boy of some seventeen years of age called on a New York merchant being busy employed at the time, he had to wait a little before getting an opportunity for an interview.

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As the time will soon be here, when grafting will be in order, we repeat our former advice that every farmer should do his own grafting. It is a very easy operation when once understood, and this readily done by seeing it done. A sharp pen-knife, a good fine saw are indispensable. Splitting the stalk so that the bark shall not be bruised, and sharpening the scion, wedged-shaped both ways, preserving also the bark uninjured—and placing the rim of the wood of both scion and scion exactly together, so that it may snap in between—there is no danger of failure if properly waxed. We make a shoulder to the graft and it adds to the certainty of success, though probably weakens it. We prefer also to eyes or buds to a graft, and would rather one than more than two. One year's scion should always be used when it can be obtained, as it is more certain to take and grows more vigorously.

We wish to remind those preparing for grafting wax, that we have found four parts of resin, one part of beeswax, and one part of tallow, to be the best proportions. Melt them together in a skillet, (which is the best,) or a tin and mix well. It should remain in the vessel and need as needed. Twenty or thirty scions can be waxed with one heating up. When much grafting is to be done a little fire for heating the wax should be made on the spot between two bricks or stones.

We have seen various preparations for making grafting wax, and we believe we have tried them all, but prefer our own. Applying it warm or hot does no injury to the graft. The object to attain in the proportion is that the wax will not crack in cool, dry weather, or run in warm weather. If however, up a trial, different proportions be required, the foregoing can be altered though after them in several ways we have come back to these.

How "Marbles" are Made. The chief place of the manufacture of "marbles," those little round pieces of stone which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of "Young America," is at Oberstein, on the Rhine, in Germany, where there are large quarries and quarries, the refuse of which is carefully turned to good paying account by being made into small ball employed by experts to knock with which are mostly sent to the American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard, colorless stone, which is best broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown by the one hundred or two hundred into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat stationary slab of stone, which has a number of concentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the same diameter size, is placed over the small stones and partly resting upon them. This block or log is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned to spheres and then being fit for sale, are henceforth called "marbles." One establishment, containing only three of these rude mills, will turn out fifty thousand "marbles" in each week. Agates are made into "marbles" at Oberstein by first chipping the pieces nearly round with a hammer, handled by a skillful workman, and then working down the edges upon the surface of a large grindstone.—Manufacturer and Builder.

THE LARGEST HOG IN THE WORLD.—The American Republics, published at West Chester says: On Monday last, Mr. Jefferson Shamer, of West Chester, slaughtered the largest hog of which we have any record. The hog was a chester white, and was two years and five months old. It measured six feet and ten inches from the tail to between the ears, seven feet and three inches in girth just behind the fore legs, and seven feet and nine inches around the middle. The head weighed 74 pounds; and the weight of the whole hog, neatly dressed, was ten hundred and forty pounds. Good judges estimated that he would make six hundred pounds of lard. He was a good feeder, and we are assured that for the last four months he did not drink any water. It was purchased by Messrs. Conner & Martin at 12 cents per pound, making \$124.80. A pretty good sum for one hog. Some years ago the late Joseph Moran killed a hog which weighed 1653 pounds; but Mr. Shamer's hog dressed in the same manner weighed 1064. This is the largest hog of which we have any account.

SINGULAR TUMOR.—The English courts give an account of a singular tumor, discovered in the stomach of a woman about thirty years of age, who had been under treatment for two years in London hospital for a disease of nature of which had baffled all the skill of the physicians to determine. On a post mortem examination, a solid tumor, composed of human hair, resembling in appearance a black duck with a very long neck, and weighing nearly two pounds, was found to occupy and nearly completely to fill the stomach and gullet, forming a tolerably accurate mould of these organs, and extending from the stomach almost into the mouth. This remarkable coagulation had caused great thickening and ulceration of the stomach, and was the remote cause of death.

Two French peasants were discussing the Continental War, when one attempted to explain to the other the nature of the telegraph. After repeatedly failing, he was struck with a brilliant notion and exclaimed: "Imagine that the telegraph is a long dog, so long that its head is at Vienna, and its tail at Paris. Well, treat on its tail which is at Paris and it will bark at Vienna. Do you understand now?"

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To educate boys according to old-fashioned notions, must be singularly difficult upon our Pacific slope. Wherever there is a hope of gold, prospecting claims will supersede other prospects, and there is no delving for Greek outs where there are digging for precious metals. There is a school-house on Gold Flat, Oakland, Nevada, around which the pupils dig holes fifteen feet in depth, by way of practice in the profession of their fathers. Two boys, two or three weeks ago, started this movement in a new spot, and going down a few feet, struck a ledge of gold-bearing quartz. They and seven other boys immediately "located" a thousand feet, and are already rich in specimens. Their shaft even now leads them to what most men would value more than anything in the depths of knowledge; and the treasures of learning can scarcely offer the attractions of their "surface indications." How much information from books will they acquire, while in their tender years they carry solid quartz in their pockets? Their friends are proud of them for "developing the resources of the country;" but what kind of men will school-boys develop whose play ground is a gold mine, and whose sport consists in "jumping a claim?"

STRONG HINTS.—In olden times, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middleburgville, and furnished accommodations to man and beast. He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way. One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was sitting behind the counter waiting for the next customer, while Fish was leaning before the fire with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanter, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat. A traveler from the South, on his way to Brandon stepped in to inquire the distance.

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy," says the ready landlord, jumping up; "yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," says the stranger; "I asked how far it was to Brandon?"

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing, "will you take sugar with it?" reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and tongs stick.

The despairing traveler turned to Fish.

"The landlord," said he, "appears to be deaf. Will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish, "I don't care if I do take a drink with you."

The stranger trusted and fled.

A VERY FOOLISH YOUNG MAN.—A young gentleman of Lima, Ohio, was known in polite circles, has long entertained a feeling of fierce jealousy, which culminated, a few nights ago, in a determination to shoot the object of his heart's aversion; and then try the experiment on himself. Armed with this grim resolution and a revolver in his pocket, he started for the residence of his intended victim. Hearing the bell and was ushered into the drawing room. Advancing stealthily to the centre of the apartment, he assumed an unostentatious tragic attitude, and in sepulchral tones began to tell his purpose. The lady listened, first amused; then perplexed, and finally thoroughly alarmed, supposing her lover to have gone mad. The intruder closed with an invocation for mercy upon both their souls, and frantically plunged his hand into his pocket for a pistol. It was not there! He had lost it on the way thither, and now finding what a display of insane qualities he had made, he bolted from the house and has not been near there since.

An Irishman who had just landed, went to see his sister, who was married to a Yankee. The couple lived very happy in Chicago, and when Pat came, the gentleman took his over his place to show it to him. Pat, at the evidence of his prosperity, said to his brother-in-law:

"Begorra, you are very happy here with this fine property to look on; my sister had good luck entirely, so she had in getting you for a husband."

"Ah, yes," responded the married man, "we would be very happy, but for one thing!"

"And what's that?" asked Pat.

"Ah, Pat," returned the gentleman, "I am sorry to say that we have no children."

"No children?" exclaimed Pat, "then begorra, it's not my sister Margaret's fault for she had two before she left Ireland and that is the reason my father sent her to America."

The new grain depot on the west bank of the Schuylkill, Philadelphia, erected by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, is at length completed, at a cost of \$100,000. The new depot is 565 feet long, 125 feet wide, and 82 feet in height. There are laid down six tracks sufficient to accommodate 600 cars at one time. There are six rows of platform bins, each building 450 bushels or one car load. Running across the building, and underneath the bins, are ways for wagons. A wagon can load 100 bushels in three minutes. Wheat and oats are already