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[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1859.

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IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER'S DEATH.

Dear sister, ask me now no more,
Why day by day I wish to stray,
To where those heavenly angels bore
Your husband dear, away;
I know that free from guilt and pain
He sleeps beneath the clay,
But we will see him yet again,
More beautiful than ever.

I know, the spirits pure and mild
That seek with angel faces,
Did take away my brother dear,
To holier, happier places,
And they will see him once again,
More beautiful than ever.

We will not see him as of old,
A weakly human creature,
But gifted with a crown of gold,
A high, angelic nature;
And will we see him once again,
More beautiful than ever.

Death, that divides all outward ties,
Discovers not heart linked to heart,
He does but guard love's sacred prize
From earthly change to change apart,
So deem not, when the turf is spread,
O'er one long-pledged and justly dear,
The bloom of love and friendship's field,
The loved below, and blest above.

JESSIE.

KINDNESS.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed the earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

THE FADED DAGUERRETYPE.

BY WILLIE LIGHTHEART.

I hold within my hand a little case,
And in that case there is a miniature,
And that same miniature reveals, in part,
The form and features of the one I love.

The hand of Time
Hath blurred and faded it;
The wring of Age
Hath touched and shaded it;
But here it is to night,
Dearer than diamonds bright!

More precious than the dreams that come to youth,
Even though the dream be all of heav'n and hope.

Folks call me sentimental and romantic,
Dear reader, because I write verses about
curly, tiny shells, and withered flowers; or,
perhaps, because I have written over a hun-
dred columns of stories for several newspa-
pers. Perhaps you will come to a like
conclusion regarding me, after you have
perused the present article; but should I
ever have the pleasure of forming your ac-
quaintance, you will find me quite a matter
of fact kind of man.

Well, I am snugly quartered in my
"attic room" to night; and although there
is no "fire burning on the hearth"—Mrs.
Weazle's letter is before me—I am feeling
as cozy as an old bachelor of forty five
could possibly feel. Mind, I did not say,
that I am forty five!

I have a Daguerreotype before me—what
the Photographers call a ninth size. The
gentleman who took the picture knew as
much about the beautiful art as I do about
the man that lives in the moon. If I could
get hold of him—not the man in the moon
—I could spend a half hour in squeezing
his nose in a blacksmith's vice with infinite
satisfaction.

Perhaps I should not say this; for poor
S. has been very unfortunate, and the chil-
ling winter winds of adversity have whistled
through his poor sorrow-smitten heart for
many a long summerless year. And yet,
dear reader, it does seem too bad, that he
should have taken advantage of the immat-
ured taste of a simple girl, and made her
believe, that the miniature before me was a
likeness of her sweet face! Perhaps I am
hypercritical in these matters; but the fact
is, that nobody ever admitted that a sweet-
heart's picture was a good likeness; and
the only reason for this is the fact, that love
has taken so lovely a thing in our hearts,
that we cannot appreciate any other pro-
duction. Is this fact, or mere sentiment!

Love makes eyes from stars; colors the
cheek with roses. Its moral form is that
of an angel, and its entire conception is
poetical, exquisite and heavenly!

"Like a dream of poetry which may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!"
Did you ever turn your eyes inward,
and gaze upon the miniature of a loved one cozily
encased in your heart? Was there ever
a blemish upon the sweet face that looked
up from amid your heart-throbs?—ever an
eye, a mouth, a cheek, too darkly shaded?

Ah! the human heart!—what is it but a
picture gallery of the past!—pictures which
fade not, nor grow old and faded! Pic-
tures of many scenes—pictures of fairy
forms and familiar faces, over which the
warm heart's blood flows, developing new
beauties, and making them permanent, fixed,

immutable, and eternal! Let me describe
the picture which lies upon my desk; or
rather let me describe the dear girl, whose
sweet face this faded Daguerreotype but
faintly represents.

Her eyes are "deeply, darkly, beautifully
blue;" her face is round and full, and with
but little color; her nose inclines to the
Greekian order, her mouth is small, and
gives to her whole countenance an expres-
sion of calm, uncompromising dignity; her
hair—I never saw anything half so beauti-
ful—is dark brown, and falls upon her
shoulders in luxuriant curls. Her forehead
is very fair and high; her lips red as coral;
her teeth white as polished ivory, and her
chin beautifully rounded. When silent,
the expression of her countenance is one
of mingled pride and sadness; but when in
conversation with any one in whom she
confides, she becomes fascinating, bewitch-
ing, and irresistibly attractive and lovely.

Oh! what a beautiful daguerreotype she
might have made, had the would be artist
understood the effect of light and shade, or
studied the importance of position!

The light, in the picture before me, falls,
in a glare, directly upon the head, brow and
tip of the nose; the soft blue eye, which re-
quires a subdued light is not only out of focus,
but altogether enveloped in a confused, misty
cloud; destroying the whole effect of the
picture. The pretty little mouth reminds me
of a badly made button hole; the nose
looks like a cigar stump; and the delicately
curved neck is as black as the ace of spades.
The picture was never properly washed,
and not gilded at all. Do you wonder,
that I feel vexed with the man who commit-
ted such a sacrilege! I wist not.

Nevertheless, I love to look upon this
dear little picture, because she sat for it—
she gave it to me!

But it is fading day by day, and no art
of man can arrest the progress of decay.
Can I not obtain another, and a more per-
fect picture? But would it really be a re-
presentation of the same affectionate girl,
who was "the star-light of my boyhood?"
Would it not be the pert boarding school
belle?—the accomplished drawing room
Miss?—whose mind has been educated and
polished at the expense of the heart?

Who shall be the judge? Who shall
say that time may not have wrought
changes in her tastes, sentiments, and ideas?
Who can state positively that new faces,
new associations and scenes has not torn
the record of the past from her heart?
Does she ever think of Willie's love now?
Does she feel any heart longings for a re-
newal of rambles in the wildwood, the pres-
ent hand, the eloquent glance of quiet love,
the stolen kiss the broken language of pure
affection? I wist not.

What then would I care for a new pic-
ture?
No, no; this faded likeness recalls the
happy past—brings to view every rainbow,
star and flower that gave its beauty light
and fragrance to the young heart. It minds
me of those winterless years of the long ago,
when there came no sunset, no cloud, no
midnight hours.

I thank God for the memories of the past
—am regardless of the experience of the present,
and look fearlessly and unconcerned
far out into the misty future.

I always keep this faded daguerreotype
in my vest pocket, and, somehow or other,
I have got into the habit of keeping my
thumb in that precious little pocket every
time I take a walk. If I wish to offer a
friend a cigar, ten chances to one that I
hand him the daguerreotype instead of my
cigar-case; if I want to drop a piece of
money into the palm of the beggar's hand,
I almost always have to apologize for drop-
ping the picture instead of the coin. I
have more than once caught myself biting
at the little morocco case, instead of my
tobacco; and last night I mistook it for an
inkstand. Ah! folks call such things as
these "absence of mind;" but it is simply
the concentration of mind and heart upon
a single object.

About a year ago, I was made acquaint-
ed with one of the loveliest maidens, that I
ever knew. She was only seventeen; bril-
liantly accomplished, and very wealthy.
We became quite intimate, and were often
together. We loved—there is no doubt
about that—and I feel well persuaded, that
I might have married her, had it not been
for the faded daguerreotype. She saw it,
and was very curious to know whose like-
ness it was; and I replied, that "she whom
this little miniature represents is dearer to me
than the love of life."

From that hour she avoided my society,
and I have never seen her since. A friend
tells me, that she married, Thank God for
it! say I, with all my heart.

And in my "little attic room" to night
I am sitting sad and weary,
With no human being near me,
Feeling desolate and dreary—
All alone!

And such thoughts are ever leaping
From the thought so wildly beating,
That's a snapper keep from weeping—
All alone!

The author of "The Old Plantation,"—
an interesting novel just issued from the

press—made use of this language, in reply
to one of my letters, written last May. "I
know, that I can very fully enter into your
feelings. I know not what your experience
may be, but mine is, that the sufferings
peculiar to enthusiastic spirits originates in
the being not only idol builders, but idol
worshippers."

It is exactly right!—as soon as stern
fact break my idols I set about building
others, as much like the ones destroyed as
possible. Even when the chariot, which
imagination throngs around the object of
worship, has been dispelled—the gilding
worn off by the changes and frictions of
time—I "still cling to the objects, as monu-
mental mementoes of what I dreamed they
were."

Does anybody suppose, that Willie loves
the faded daguerreotype less, because he
knows, that the original can never be his?
Verily, dear reader, although I can never
love another with the kind of love I bear to
dear—, believe me, I would not willingly
look upon her again for all there is in life.

Pride forbids it, independence and man-
liness forbids it, and tells me, that ours
could not be a happy union.

Do not run away with the idea, that she
refused my suit; for I know just enough of
human nature to render any such thing
unlikely to take place. I will never allow
a woman power enough to blast a heart
hope of mine—no indeed. I shall never
put the question: "Will you be my wife?"
until I have read her inmost heart, and
know that "Yes" will be the response.

Ah, me! how I do love the faded picture!
and how much less would I care for it, were
it sharp, definite and clear! Faded!—so
has a little flower, which she gave me; so
have the hopes which were born amid the
fragrance of that flower; so has my confi-
dence in man—the bright and beautiful
future—all have faded! The throbbing
and wildly beating heart has thrown out its
tendrils around that which it conceived to
be capable of support—but it has fallen;
and the vine is but a creeping thing after
all, instead of climbing up amid the sun-
light, and clinging to that which is highest.

A Boston lady who had a somewhat
Banchanlian spouse, resolved to frighten
him into temperance. She therefore engaged
a watchman for a stipulated reward to
carry "Philander" to the watch-house,
while yet in a state of insensibility, and to
frighten him a little when he recovered.

In consequence of this arrangement he was
woken up about 11 o'clock, and found him-
self on his elbow. He looked around until
his eyes rested on a man sitting by a stove
and smoking a cigar. "Where am I?"
asked Philander. "In a medical college,"
said the cigar smoker. "What a doing
there?" "Going to be cut up!" "Cut up—
how comes that?" "Why, you died
yesterday, while drunk, and we have
brought your body here to make an anat-
omy!" "It's a lie—I ain't dead!" "No
matter, we have bought your carcass any-
how from your wife, who had a right to sell
it, for it's all the good she could ever make
out of you. If you're not dead it's no fault
of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead
or alive!" "You will do it, eh?" asked the
old sot. "To be sure we will—now—im-
mediately," was the resolute answer. "Well,
look o're, can't you let us have something
to drink before you begin?"

PROBABILITY OF MARRYING.—A table
inserted in a paper in the Assurance Maga-
zine, exhibits results of a rather startling
character. In the first two quinquennial
periods, 20-25 and 25-30, the probability
of a widower marrying in a year is three
times as great as that of a bachelor; at 30,
it is nearly four times as great; from 30 to
45 it is five times as great; and it increases,
until at 60 the chance of a widower marry-
ing in a year is 14 times as great as that of
a bachelor. It is curious to remark, from
this table, how confined either class be-
comes in its condition of life—how little
likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to
break through his settled habits and solitary
condition; and, on the other hand, how
readily in proportion does a husband con-
tract a second marriage who has been de-
prived prematurely of his first partner. Af-
ter the age of 30, the probability of a bach-
elor marrying in a year diminishes in a
most rapid ratio. The probability at 35
is not much more than half that at 30, and
nearly the same proportion exists between
each quinquennial period afterwards.

THE DOLLAR MARK.—Writers do not
agree as to the derivation of this sign to re-
present dollars. Some say that it comes from
the letters U. S. which after the adoption
of the Federal currency, and which afterwards
in the hurry of writing were run into one
another, the U. being made first and the
S. over it. Others say that it was derived
from the contraction of the Spanish word
pesos, dollars; others from the Spanish
suertes, hard, to distinguish silver from
paper money. The more probable explana-
tion, is that it is a modification of the fig-
ure 8, and denotes, a piece of eight reals,
or, as the dollar was formerly called, a
piece of eight. It was then designated by
the figure, 8 8.

THE WIFE'S EXPERIMENT.

"Ma, why don't you ever dress up?" asked
little Nellie Thornton, as her mother
finished brushing the child's hair, and tying
her clean apron. There was a momentary
surprise on Mrs. Thornton's face; but she
answered, carelessly, "Oh, no one cares how
I look!"

"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?"
persisted the child. The mother did not
reply, but involuntarily she glanced at her
slovenly attire, the faded and worn calico
dress and dingy apron, both bearing wit-
ness to an intimate acquaintance with the
dish-pan and stove—the slipshod shoes,
and soiled stockings—and she could not
help remembering how she had that morn-
ing appeared with uncombed hair, and pre-
pared her husband's breakfast before he
left home for the neighboring market-town.

"Sure enough!" mused she, how I do look?
And then Memory pointed back a few years
to a neatly and tastefully-dressed maiden,
sometimes busy in her father's house, again
mingling with her young companions but
never untidy in her appearance, always
fresh and blooming; and this she knew, full
well, was a picture of herself, when Charles
Thornton first won her young heart. Such
was the bride he had taken to his pleasant
home,—how had mature life fulfilled the
prophecy of youth?

She was still comely in features, graceful
in form, but few would call her a handsome
or an accomplished woman; for, alas! all
other characteristics were overshadowed by
this repulsive trait. Yet she loved to see
others neat, and her house and children did
not seem to belong to her, so well kept and
tidy did they always look. As a house-
keeper she excelled, and her husband was
long in acknowledging to himself the un-
welcome fact that he had married an in-
corrigible sloven.

When, like too many other young wives,
she began to grow negligent in regard to
her dress, he readily excused her in his own
mind, and thought "she is not well," or, "she
has so much to do;" and perceiving no
abatement in his kind attentions, she natu-
rally concluded he was perfectly satisfied.
As her family cares increased, and she went
less into company, she went less into com-
pany, she became still more careless of her
personal appearance, and contented herself
with seeing that nothing was lacking which
could contribute to the comfort of her husband
and children, never supposing that so trivial
a matter as her own apparel could possibly
affect their happiness. All this chain of
circumstances hitherto unthought of passed
before her, as the little prattler at her side
repeated the query,—"Don't Pa love to see
you look pretty?"

"Yes, my child," she answered, and her
resolve was taken,—she would try an ex-
periment, and prove whether Mr. Thornton
were really indifferent on the subject,
or not. Giving Nellie a picture-book with
which to amuse herself, she went to her
own room, mentally exclaiming, "at any
rate, I'll never put on this rig again—not
even washing-day." She proceeded to her
clothes-press and removed one dress
after another,—some were ragged, others
faded, all out of style, and some unfit to wear
—at length she found one which had long
ago been laid aside, as "too light to wear
about the house." It was a nice French
print, rose colored and white, and she re-
membered it had once been favorite with her
husband. The old adage, "fashions which
come around in seven years," seemed true
in this case; for the dress was made in the
then prevailing style.

"This is just the thing," she thought,
and she hastened to perform her toilet,
saying to herself, "I must alter my dark
gingham to wear mornings, and get it all
ready before Charles comes home."
Then she released her long, dark hair
from its imprisonment in a most ungrace-
ful twist, and carefully brushing its still
glossy waves, she plaited it in the broad
braids which Charles used so much to
admire in the days of her girlhood.

The unwonted task brought back many
remembrances of these long vanished years,
and tears glistened in her eyes as she
thought of the many changes Time had
wrought in those she loved, but she mur-
mured, "What hath sadness like the change
that in ourselves we find!" In that hour
she realized, how an apparently trivial fault
had gained the mastery over her, and im-
perceptibly had placed a barrier between
her and the one she best loved. True, he
never chided her,—never apparently noticed
her altered appearance,—but she well knew
he no longer urged her going into society
nor did he seem to care about receiving his
friends at his own house, although he was a
social man, and had once felt proud to intro-
duce his young wife to his large circle of
acquaintances.

Now, they seldom went out together
excepting to church, and even dressing for
that was generally too much of an effort
for Mrs. Thornton,—she would stay at home
"to keep house," after preparing her little
ones to accompany their father, and the

neighbors soon ceased expecting to meet
her at public worship or in their social gath-
erings—and so, one by one, they neglected
to call on her until but very few of the
number continued to exchange civilities
with her. She had wondered at this, had
felt mortified and pained heretofore; now
she clearly saw that it was her own fault,
the veil was removed from her eyes, and
the mistake of her life was revealed in its
true enormity. Sincerely did she repent of
her past error, calmly and seriously resolved
on future and immediate amendment.

Meanwhile her hands were not idle, and
at length the metamorphosis was complete.
The bright pink drapery hung gracefully
about her form, imparting an unusual bril-
liancy to her complexion,—her best wrought
collar was fastened with a costly brooch,
her husband's wedding gift, which had not
seen the light for many a day. Glancing
once more at her mirror, to be certain her
toilet, needed no more finishing touches,
she took her sewing, and returned to the
sitting room.

Little Nellie had wearied of her picture
book, and was now playing with the kitten.
As Mrs. Thornton entered she clasped her
hands in childish delight, exclaiming, "Oh,
Ma, how pretty—pretty!" and running to
her, kissed her again and again, then drew
her little chair close to her side, and
eagerly watched her as she plied her needle
repairing the gingham dress.

Just before it was completed, Nellie's
brothers came from school, and pausing at
the half-opened door, Willie whispered to
Charles, "I guess we've got company, for
mother is all dressed up." It was with
mingled emotions of pleasure and pain that
Mrs. Thornton observed her children were
unusually docile and obedient, hastening
to perform their accustomed duties without
being even reminded of them. Children
are natural and unaffected lovers of the
beautiful, and their intuitive perceptions
will not often suffer from comparison with
the opinions of mature worldly wisdom. It
was with a new feeling of admiration that
these children now look upon their mother,
and seemed to consider it a privilege to do
something for her. It was, "let me get the
kindlings,"—"I will make the fire,"—and
"may I fill the tea-kettle?"—instead of,
as was sometimes the case, "need I do it?"
—"don't want to,"—"why can't Willie?"

Nellie was too small to render much as-
sistance, but she often turned from her frolic
with her kitten, to look at her mother, and
utter some childish remark expressive of joy
and love.

At last the clock struck the hour when
Mr. Thornton was expected, and his wife pro-
ceeded to lay the table with unusual care,
and to place thereon several choice viands
of which she knew he was particularly fond.

Meanwhile let us form the acquaintance
of the absent husband and father, whom
we find in the neighboring town, just com-
pleting his day's traffic. He is a fine look-
ing, middle-aged man, with an unmis-
takeable twinkle of kindly feeling in his eye,
and the lines of good-humor plainly traced
about his mouth—we know at a glance that
he is cheerful and indulgent in his family,
and are prepossessed in his favor.

As he is leaving the store, where he has
made his last purchase for the day, he is
accompanied in a familiar manner by a tall
gentleman just entering the door. He
recognizes an old friend, and exclaims,
George Morton, is it you? The greeting
is mutually cordial; they were friends in
boyhood and early youth, but since, Mr.
Morton has been practicing law in a distant
city, they have seldom met, and this is
no place to exchange their many ques-
tions and answers. Mr. Thornton's fine
span of horses and light "democrat" are
standing near by, and it needs but little
persuasion to induce Mr. Morton to accom-
pany his friend to his home which he has
never yet visited. The conversation is liv-
ely and spirited—they recall the feats of
their school-days, and the experience of af-
ter life, and compare their present position
in the world with the golden future of which
they used to dream. Mr. Morton is a bach-
elor and very fastidious in his tastes—as
that class of individuals are prone to be.
The recollections of this flashes on Mr.
Thornton's mind as they drive along to-
wards their destination. At once his zeal
in the dialogue abates, he becomes thought-
ful and silent, and does not urge his team
onward, but seems willing to afford Mr.
Morton an opportunity to admire the beau-
tiful scenery on either hand,—the hills and
valleys clad in the fresh verdure of June,
while the lofty mountain ranges look blue
and dim in the distance. He cannot help
wondering if they will find his wife in the
same sorry predicament in which he left
her that morning, and involuntarily shrinks
from introducing so slatternly a personage
to his refined and cultivated friend.

But it is now too late to retract his po-
lite invitation—they are nearing the old
"homestead"—one field more and his fa-
mily farm with its well kept fences, appears
in view. Yonder is his neat white house
surrounded with elms and maples. They
drive through the large gateway, the man

John comes from the barn to take the horses,
and Mr. Thornton hurries up the walk to
the piazza, leaving his friend to follow at his
leisure—he must see his wife first and if
possible hurry her out of sight before their
visitor enters. He rushes into the sitting
room—words cannot express his amazement
—there sits the very image of his lovely
bride, and a self-conscious blush mantles
her cheek as he stoops to kiss with
words of joyful surprise,—"Will you, Ellen?"
He has time for no more, George Morton
has followed him, and he exclaims,—"Ha!
Charles, as lover-like as ever—hasn't the
honey-moon set yet?" and then he is duly
presented to Mrs. Thornton, who, under
the pleasing excitement of the occasion, ap-
pears far better advantage than usual.
Tea is soon upon the table, and the gentle-
man do ample justice to the tempting repast
spread before them. A happy meal it is
to Charles, Thornton, who gazes with admiring
fondness upon his still beautiful wife.
Supper over, Mr. Morton coaxes little Nel-
lie to sit on his lap, but she soon slides down,
and climbing her father's knee whispers,
confidentially don't mama look pretty?"—
He kisses and answers, "Yes, my darling."

The evening passed pleasantly and swiftly
away a half-forgotten smile of their life-
pilgrimage is recalled by some way-mark
which still gleams bright in the distance.
They both feel younger and better for their
interview, and determine never to become
so like strangers again. Mr. Morton's soli-
quy as he retires to the cosy apartment
appropriated to his use, is—"Well, this is a
happy family? What a lucky fellow Char-
lie is—such a handsome wife and children
—and she so good a house-keeper, too!
May be I'll settle down some day myself"
—which pleasing idea that night mingled
with his visions.

The next morning Mr. Thornton watched
his wife's movements with some anxiety
—he could not bear to have her destroy
the favorable impression which he was
certain she had made on his friend's mind,
and yet some irresistible impulse forbade his
offering any suggestion or alluding in any
way to the delicate subject so long unmen-
tioned between them. But Mrs. Thornton
needed no friendly advice—with true wo-
manly tact she perceived the advantage she
had gained, and was not at all inclined to
relinquish it. The dark gingham dress,
linen collar and snowy apron, formed an
appropriate and becoming morning attire
for a housekeeper, and the table afforded
the guest no occasion for altering his opin-
ion in regard to the skill or affability of
his amiable hostess. Early in the forenoon,
Mr. Morton took leave of his hospitable
friends, being called away by pressing affairs
of business.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton returned to their
accustomed avocations, but it was with re-
newed energy, and new sense of quiet hap-
piness, no less deeply felt because expressed.
True, habits of long-standing was not con-
quered in a week, or a month, but finally
they were overcome, and year after year the
links of affection which united them as a
family, grew brighter and purer, even radi-
ating the holy light of a Christian home.

It was not until many years had passed
away, and our little Nellie, now a lovely
maiden, was about to resign her place as pet
in her father's household, and assume a new
dignity in another's home, that her mother
imparted to her the story of her own early
errors, and earnestly warned her to beware
of that insidious foe to domestic happiness—
"disregard of little things,"—and kissing her
daughter with maternal pride and fondness,
she thanked her for those simple, child-
like words, which changed the whole current
of her destiny—"Don't Pa like to see
you look pretty."

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 oxy-
gen.
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.
5. They take their sleep commonly dur-
ing the hours of darkness, and do not try
to turn day into night.
6. They are not so ambitious and do not
wear themselves out so rapidly in the con-
test of rivalry.
7. Their pleasures are simple and less
exhausting.

A married lady out West nearly broke
her neck while learning how to skate.
Since that period there has been an extra-
ordinary demand for skates by married
men.

If you are disquieted at anything, you
should consider with yourself, is the thing
of that worth, that for it I should so disturb
myself and lose my peace and tranquility.

The newspaper is a sermon for the
thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a
blessing to everybody. Lord Brougham
calls it the best public instructor.

SCIENCE ANSWERING SIMPLE QUESTIONS.
Why is rain water soft? Because it is
not impregnated with earth and minerals.
Why is it more easy to wash with soft
water than with hard? Because soft water
unites freely with soap, and dissolves it in-
stead of decomposing it, as hard water
does?

Why do wood ashes make hard water
soft?
1st. Because the carbonic acid of wood
ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in
the hard water, and converts it into chalk;
2d, wood ashes converts some of the solu-
ble salts of water into insoluble and throw
them down as a sediment by which the wa-
ter remains more pure.

Why has rain water such an unpleasant
smell when it is collected in a rain tub or
tank? Because it is impregnated with de-
composed organic matters washed from the
roofs, trees, or the cask in which it is col-
lected.

Why does water melt salt? Because
very minute particles of water insinuate
themselves into the pores of the salt by
capillary attraction, and force the crystals
from each other.

How does blowing hot foods make them
cool? It causes the air which has been
heated by food to change more rapidly,
and give place to fresh cold air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot
weather? That fresh particles of air may
be brought in contact with their face by the
action of the fan; and as every fresh parti-
cle of air absorbs some heat from the skin,
this constant change makes them cool.

Does a fan cool the air? No, it makes
the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat
of our face; but it cools our face by trans-
ferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draught
under the door and through crevices on
each side? Because cold air rushes
from the hall to supply the void in the room
caused by the escape of warm air up the
chimney, &c.

Why is there always a strong draught
through the keyhole of a door? Because
the air in the room we occupy is warmer
than the air in the hall; therefore the air in
the hall rushes through the keyhole into
the room, and causes a draught.

Why is there always a strong draught
through the window crevices? Because the ex-
ternal air, being colder than the air of the
room we occupy, rushes through the win-
dow crevices to supply the deficiency caused
by the escape of the warm air up the
chimney.

If you open the lower sash of a window
there is more draught than if you open the
upper sash. Explain the reason of this. If
the lower sash be open, the cold external air
will rush freely into the room and cause a
great draught inward; but if the upper be
open, the heated air in the room rushes out,
and, of course, there will be less draught in-
ward.

By which means is a room better ven-
ilated—by opening the upper sash? Be-
cause the hot, vitiated air, which always
ascends towards the ceiling, can escape
more easily.

By which means is a hot room more
quickly cooled—by opening the upper or
lower sash? A hot room is cooled more
quickly by the lower sash, because the cool
air can enter more freely at the lower part
of the room than at the upper.

Why does the wind dry damp linen?
Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbibes
the particles of vapor from the surface of
the linen as fast as it is formed.

Which is the hottest place in a church or
chapel? The gallery.

Why is the gallery of all public places