The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1844

YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE !

In addition to my LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of FURNITURE, MATTINGS, &c., I have added

An Elegant Line of CARRIAGES, PHÆTONS, BUGGIES, WAGONS AND HARNESS

which I am offering to SPOT CASH BUYERS at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

F. M. ALLEN, GREENWOOD, S. C., · Next Door to City Bank

Trust the Children.

Trust the children! Never doubt them!
Build a wall of love about them.
After sowing seeds of duty,
Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children! Don't suspect them!
Let your confidence direct them.
At the hearth, or in the wildwood,
Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones! Remember
May is not like chill December.
Let not words of rage and madness
Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the children! Let them treasure
Mother's faith in boundless measure;
Father's love in them confiding:
Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children, just as He did.
Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded.
Trust and guide, but never doubt them;
Build a wall of love about them.

—New York Ledger.

The Naval Parade.

The Columbian Naval Parade is over. It has been the object of universal attention from the first assembling of the ships at Hampden Roads until the close of the street parade in New York on Friday the 28th ult. From its own standpoint it has been a great sucess. It was no easy thing to gather together from different parts of the earth thirty-five ships of war of ten nations, some of which have no very friendly feelings towards one another, and take them through a cruise, a parade and a review such as have just taken place from Hampden Roads to the mouth of the Hudson.

It is scarcely possible that any other nation except the United States could have done this. It is a great credit and honor to us that we were in such relations of friendlinsss to the powers represented as to be able to do the apparently impossible; much more creditable than that we were able to put thirteen well built ships of war into favorable compartson with the war vessels of other nations.

It is equally impossible that such a naval exhibition should have taken place in any earlier age of the world. Half a century ago even, if these vessels had come into contact, they would have proceeded to blow each other's sides in, instead of firing salvos and making pretty exhibitions of men and flags.

It is not therefore wholly improper to speak of this great gathering of ships as an "armada of peace," as some of the papers have done. It is the growing spirit of friendliness and peace of our time that made it possible, and not the improvement in armor plate and destructive guns. The results of meeting and exhibition of these ships in a peaceful way will also help, in some degree, to deepen the feelings of friendship between the nations. No fleet of war ships could be put to any better use, and since they exist it would be an excellent scheme to keep them together and send them round the world to exhibit in turn, in all the chief harbors of the different continents. This would cost two millions or so extra each year, but it would be the next best thing to sinking them outright and deciding never to build any more.

There was much that was admirable in the parade. The order, the discipline, the courtesies, the beauty of the movements of the big ships, the skillful manipulation of the flags, the fine uniforms flashishing in the sunlight, the flying colors, the splendid columns of marching men, the stirring music. Even the most sincere peace man has hard work not to admire all this. In itself it is admirable, magnificient, like a display of meteors or comets or rainbows. It was the love of display and splendor that brought the great crowds on the shores to witness the scene. The papers are saying that it was the great interest felt in our new navy that called out the enthusiasm of the spectators. But probably not one in ten of them cared a farthing whether we have any navy or not. The taxpayers who were gathered there, got their money's worth in show and glitter, and will probably grumble just as much as ever about taxes when they get home.

While all the pomp and splendor of this scene were going on we had reflections. Why is it that only the war side of humanity, the art of killing and destruction, gets up such splendid demonstrations as this? Take off all this display and glitter and let the ghastly skeleton of war be seen in its reality, and not another army could ever be mustered on the field of battle.

These thirty-five floating fortifications cost at least fifty millions of dollars for their original construction. To build all of the war vessels of all classes now afloat could not have cost less than twenty times this sum, or one thousand millions of dollars. The annuilay for keeping up all these war navies is at least one forth of this sum and probably much more, or from two hundred and fifty to five hundred millions a year. What could not be done with these vast sums of money if turned in the channels of peacemaking? Last year the Swiss government voted three thousand frances to aid the Peace Congress, and this year the Norwegian has voted the sum of seven thousand to aid the Inter-parliamentary Conference to be held this summer in Christiana. Those, so far as we know, are the first sums ever voted directly to support the peace movement.

Again, most of these thirty-five ships are under ten years old and some of them already sufficiently anti-quated to be useless in a time of actual warfare. Ten years more will put them all on the retired list, and new ones costing much more will take their places. The next hundred war vessels built will cost over three hundred millions of dollars.

The remark made above about this demonstration being in some measure in the interest of peace was made in all sincerity. But while watching with a feeling of admiration the splendid water spectacle in New York harbor, one could not help thinking of something else. The reporters of the papers as their sketches show, could not help comparing these ships one with another and guessing which would whip in actual fight.

The truth is they were made for fighting. Every feature in their construction was planned with that in view and the pleasure in many a heart at sight of the splendor of the great parade must have been greatly spoiled at thought of the scenes of carnage and ruin through which these same ships and men may have to pass.

Why do such vessels exist? They were not made for show. Take off the covering of glitter and pomp and you find staring you in the face the national hatred and distrust which built every war ship on the sea. These hatreds and suspicions are wicked and inhuman, and therefore such ships instead of standing for civilization and progress are but the outward symbols, decked out in modern finery, of that which is lowest and cruelest in human nature. Hatred, revenge, distrust! These are the words that ought to be written high up on the prows of them all.

In the case of our own navy, there is not the shadow of an excuse, outside of wholly infounded fear, for adding another vessel to it. Every nation respects us. No nation is thinking of attacking us. The money spent on three million dollar battle-ships is absolutely wasted. Not even the magnificence of such a spectacle as that just witnessed can justify us in what we are doing. In this respect, instead of bringing up other nations to our own plane, we are going headlong down to theirs. For the sake of the superficial and and ephemeral respect of nations essentially warlike, we are sacrificing a deeper and truer one inspired by our civil and religious freedom, a respect much more powerful for guarding our shores than all the armor-plated battle-ships that we can build. In some as yet unforeseen way we are sure to reap the fruits of this inexcusable folly.

In Am. Adv. Peace.

"Pass it On."

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse tells us that when he was a lad of fourteen years he was returning to his home in Cornwall from school in Germany, passing through London on his way. After spending a little money here, he took train to Bristol, and then went on board a ship going to Cornwall—the railways not running so far in those days. The passage money, which he thought included his meals, exhausted the whole of his cash, and his surprise was great when the steward, toward the close of the passage, brought him a bill for his food. He told them that he had spent all his money. "Then," said the steward, "you should not have ordered the things you did," and asked him for his name and address.

Directly the lad had stated who he was, the steward looked at him intently, and exclaimed, "I never thought I would live to see you."

Then he told how that, many years before, when a fatherless boy, and his mother was in great distress, Mr. Pearse's father befriended them, and he had resolved, if ever opportunity afforded, he would repay the kindness thus shown. So now he paid the lad's bill, gave him five shillings, and saw him safely landed.

When Mr. Pearse told his father the incident, his reply was: "My lad, I passed the kindness to him long ago in doing what I did, and now he has passed it on to you. Mind as you grow up you pass it on to others."

And Mr. Pearse did not forget; seeing a lad one day at the railroad station in trouble because he had not enough money by fourpence to pay for his railway fare, Mr. Pearse gave him a shilling, and when the lad brought him back the change, he told him to keep it, and that he was going to ride with him. And then in the carriage he told the boy the story of how the steward had treated him on the boat.

"And now," he said, "I want you, if ever you have the opportunity, to pass it on to others." Mr. Pearse got out at the junction, and as the train left the station the lad waved his handkerchief, and said, "I will pass it on."

How much brighter and happier the world would be if everybody would only "pass on" the little deeds of kindness shown to them. Are you doing this my young friend, or do you only pass on unkind actions instead of kind ones?

There are now at least ten free kindergarten schools among the poor children of New York. Children are admitted only between the ages of two and five years. And what do you suppose are the first things which these poor, neglected little waifs are taught? They are are taught to sit upon a chair instead of the floor, to eat with a knife and fork instead of with their hands, and they are told, gently, many times a day, to hold up the head and keep the lips closed. Simple directions these, but they make a child appear prettier and more dignified.—N. Y. Ledger.

Children in India have to learn the multiplication table up to forty times forty, and this is further complicated by the introduction of fractional parts.

Work, says one who is accustomed to it, is the true philosoper's stone, whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging, ditching, or editing a newspaper.

Maria's Trouble Cured.

Maria came along the shore through the clear, cool air of the Maine seacoast summer morning. Her sun-bonnet was pulled over her face; she was crying.

"Well, Maria," said her aunt, as the young woman entered, "how are you and how is Ben?"

"Ben has gone off mad," said Maria, tossing off her sun-bonnet. "He grows more and more cross every day. I begin to think I must leave him."

"Tut, tut, child! Don't talk so!" replied her aunt. "Leave him, indeed! He is your husband, remember and a smart, good principled man he is, too, and he was a quiet, pleasant-tempered young man when he lived with us. What ails him now, my dear?"

"He said he didn't know when he married me that he married a sloven," the young woman sobbed, then added spitefully, "and I didn't know that I married a scold. He is just hateful, and I will leave him if he keeps on so."

"Maria," said her aunt gravely, "I want you to listen to me. You have complained that I seldom come to see you, to make any stop. I will now tell you why I have not come. When I stayed with you while your uncle was away, I saw how you kept your house, and I wondered how Ben, brought up to such very different ways, could bear it. But at that time, he was still too much in love with your pretty face to mind other things. I was sure, though that this could not always last. Your uncle and I have often worried about you, for we saw trouble was in your future. It has begun to come, but if you will bravely and faithfully do your duty, you can escape the worst of it."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, auntie. I've tried to be a good, true wife, I am sure."

"Yes, my dear; you shall be credited with that, but you must become a good, neat house-keeper, too, if you would have the respect of your husband. Now, let me tell you how you keep house. You leave open your closet doors while you sweep; you neglect to hang clean towels on the rack; you set your milk anywhere, subject to dust and all sorts of smells; you do not keep Ben in plenty of clean clothes, well mended; his buttons are all off; he can seldom find comb or brush, nor an empty chair to sit down. He never had a real, relishing breakfast and his supper was when he could catch it. The dishes felt rough, and often smelled of sour dish cloth, for you use little water; you don't scrape your dishes, nor even your milk-pail, that is set first in the barn yard and next into your sink; you hang your dish-cloths and wipers all unrised, anywhere to dry, or not to dry, as they are stiff and sour. You cook tea and coffee till they are unfit to give even to pigs, and you kill your bread and cakes with soda. In your sleeping room you have ribbons, and laces, and gloves, and shirt-collars, and stockings and combs, and handkerchiefs, face paint and powder, soap and letters, brushes, wash-rags, wet towels and hair pins, well mixed with feathers, fans and other things on the table, the stand, and in the drawers, while hats, mantles, and silk and muslin dresses are flung on the unmade beds. I could not stand this two weeks, Maria. How can a man, brought up as Ben was, stand it for years?"

Not one word of answer made Maria, whose bright cheeks and brighter eyes were flaming. She caught her sun-bonnet, clapped it oves her eyes, and away she fled.

"Provoked enough!" said auntie, gazing smilingly after the hurrying form; "but I hope the truth will do the child good. "She's a good-hearted girl, after all."

Maria made all haste home. Her first move was to set on the stove a pot full of water. Starting the fire, she drove out the flies, brushed out and closed the closets; then after gathering the dirty dishes in piles, she swept the floor. By this time the water was hot. When she had faithfully washed scalded, and hung out in the yard her dish-wipers, she ran upstairs, made her bed and set everything in the room in order, putting her husband's things all by themselves. Benjamin took his dinners away from home, so Maria had plenty of time to carry on her reform.

When he come home that evening she had an excellent supper ready for him, and as he looked round the well-ordered room in much surprise, she, seated on a lounge, said in low tones that slightly trembled, "I mean to be a better Maria Musgrave, Ben, than I have ever yet been." His handsome face brightened like a sun burst after storm, as he seated himself beside her. —N. Y. Evangelist.

His Degrees.

Scene: A London hotel. Enter American stranger, who is asked by the proprietor to sign the visitors' book. He reads several names previously entered, and asks the meaning of some appendages, such as M. R. C. V. S." etc., then writes as follows: "Tom Swan, B. B. B. B. B. B."

Proprietor (angrily): "Don't make a fool of my book, sir!"

Stranger: "Why, that's my title."

Proprietor: "Your what? What does it stand for?"

Stranger: "Well, I'm the Best Blowing Bugler in the Boston Brass Band." (Collapse of the Proprietor.—London Answers.

—Never feed raw corn-meal to your chicks. It should always be cooked first. The best way is to bake it into corn bread and then moisten with milk before feeding.

Be lovely, be loving. See how much sunshine you can produce.

Brave Sadie.

Somebody was wanted to go in haste to the post-pox with a letter. "O, mamma!" said Sadie, "can't I go all alone?" and she danced up and down and shook her hands like a wild little girl in her haste to be answered.

"O, no!" said mamma; papa would be very much troubled if he knew his little girlie was on the crowded street all alone. Besides you would be afraid. There are horses, and dogs, and a great many cross-looking people on the street."

"I wouldn't be afraid," said Sadie, shaking her head, and looking as determined as she could, "not if seven or five dogs came running right at me: nor horses, nor, not any thing at all."

"I don't think we will try you this morning," mamma said laughing.

"I'll tell you what you can do; take Jemima Lawrenceville and go and take care of the kitchen, while Ann runs to the post-box for me. That will be helping mamma."

Jemima Lawrenceville was a great dollie with real hair, and nice kid arms. The reason she was named Jemima Lawrenceville was because uncle Jerry and aunt Mima gave it to Sadie for Christmas, and they lived in Lawrenceville. Sadie was determined to name it for them both, so her father thought of Jemima, which had two letters of Uncle Jerry's name, and several of aunt Mima's.

"I don't believe Sadie will like to stay in the kitchen all alone," said brother Ben, glancing up from his geography. Sadie looked sternly at him. "Course I shall," she said with dignity. "What you s'pose I'm afraid of? I wouldn't be afraid on the great wide street, not a bit." Then she went to the kitchen.

In less than five minutes they heard her scream.

"O, O, O, dear! What shall I do? Mamma, come quick!" Mamma ran so did Grandma, so did Ben, so did Laura, from the third story. They found Sadie, on a chair, Jemima Lawrenceville under her arm, her frightened eyes, twice their usual size, fixed on something in the corner of the room. What do you think it was which had frightened this brave girl, who would not have been afraid of "seven or five dogs coming right at her?" Bend your head and I will whisper to you. It was a mouse.—The Pansy.

Ideal conditions are often better exemplified in the instinctive impulses and spontaneous actions of little children than in the well-tutored and disciplined adult. A mother who had sent her six-year-old boy on an errand was greeted on his return with a burst of tears because he had dropped the money, on the way, and lost it. The mother, recognizing the easy possibility of such an accident, did not scold the child, but kindly took the opportunity to point a moral on the necessity of carefulness, and then bade him cheerily go to his play. Notwithstanding the mother had accepted the childish apology of tears, and excused him, he went from her unconsoled and unsatisfied. The instinctive sense of honor, primitive and unreasoned, saw no real reparation in mere verbal regrets and wailings. He went not to his play, but to an adjoining bedroom whence the sounds of bitter crying continued.

In time the hurt voice was still, and the mother concluded that the child had fallen asleep. And now the door opened, and the little man walked into his mothers presence carrying his pet bird, in its cage, in one hand, and in the other a gay-bordered little pocket-handkerchief,—his two most cherished treasures. With both hands extended, he offered to her his precious property, convulsively sobbing out, "Here, mama, take 'em; it's all I've got." Children have little conception of property equivalents or representative values. A trained business man would have been applauded for his sense of honor had he simply returned an exact equivalent for that which he had lost. With the child, the sense of honor was so full and complete that he paused not to calculate equivalent values, but gave the best that he had as the only adequate restitution—S. S. Times.

How many housekeepers use soda for anything except to make their bread rise? I have found several other uses for it, which are as follows: For scouring stained dishes. For scouring brass or copper kettles. As a remedy for burns. As a remedy for heartburn. Use instead of soap when washing the hair. It is an excellent cleanser, making the hair soft. Canned corn is helped in taste by soaking in soda water. Winter beans should be cooked for a while in soda water, then the water is poured off, beans washed and fresh water put on. They will cook tender much quicker. Dried corn and beans dried in husks can also be treated this way. In making plum preserves boil them about ten minutes in soda water before putting them in the syrup. They will be much cleaner and sweeter.

Programme Quenches the Spirit.

The Christian Standard remarks: "Many of the regulations of worship act as restraints to the Holy Ghost. We seem to have receded a long ways from the simplicity of primitive worship. The prevailing system of pulpit and choir monopoly of the time and exercises of worship is manifestly not of the Spirit's mind. This is the cut-and-dried method of preaching."

Mother—Never put off till to morrow what can be done to day, Willie.

Willie—Well, mamma, let's eat up the rest of the cake to night.

The Welcome Hand.

Some twenty years ago a young man came, a complete stranger, to this city. On Sabbath morning he went out to find a Church in which to worship. He went to one and looked in. It seemed uninviting. No one welcomed him. He went on and came to another. As he looked in he saw, first of all, a hand grasped his warmly and cordially. He was fairly drawn in and shown to a good pew. He was invited to come again. He decided to make it his Church home. He was a member of that Church for many years, found his wife there, and for many years has been in one of the Churches of our community a useful and faithful office bearer. He never forgets his kindly greeting on the first day he attended worship in this city, and never ceases to bear witness to the cordiality and kindness of the Church and the man who were back of the hand that grasped his that morning in welcome.

But on another day, about the same time, another young man came to that same Church. The hand was not in the vestiblule that morning. Perhaps its owner was sick. Probably it had just started up one of the aisles with a stranger. At any rate, it was not at the door to greet this young man. He started up an aisle timidly and took his seat in uncertainty and loneliness. Soon a gentleman and his family came to the pew, and the young man understood that he was invited to vacate his seat. This he did hurriedly, and hastened out of the Church. If any one was ready and anxious to offer him a seat in another pew, he did not know it. He only smarted under the sense that he had gotten into a pew where he was not welcomed. He felt that he would never go back again to that Church. In some way or other a deep wound was made on him from which it proved very hard for him to recover.

A man with a great heart and warm hand may do a great deal for any Church. He may attract many people and make them glad to be members of the congregation. He may supplement the labors of his pastor so as to most mightily help build up the Church. At the same time a man with a small heart may do much to repel strangers and to neutralize the efforts of pastor and people. The best way and the only sure way for the upbuilding of any Church is to be the possesor of a great heart and a warm hand. Then every one within reach will realize he is wanted; that a welcome awaits him in that particular Church; that he will be made glad if he goes. From such welcomes and such Churches go out men and women to carry the great heart and the warm hand to other places of service. We can make great mistakes in the way of being too rigid and too reserved. We can scarcely by any possibility make mistakes through excess of kindness and loving concern for others.—Herald and Presbyter.

Overtaken in a Fault.

The Christians scheme of grace is conducted upon principles of tender sympathy and mercy for others. If we find a fallen brother along the wayside of life, filled with a spirit of meekness and thoughtfulness of our uncertain footsteps, we should possess the spiritual instinct of pity for the unfortunate. We must remember that the land through which we are all passing has its secret pitfalls and dangerous defiles; that frowning mountains are to be scaled, arid wastes to be crossed, battles are to be fought and won, and old prejudices to be overcome. Take two Christians. One may be strong at certain points of character, but particularly weak at others; while his associates may have these characteristics precisely reversed. If one is blessed with wealth, he may be in danger of pride; if one is poor, he may be tempted to murmur against Providence. If one has ten talents, he may become vain on that account, if another has but the one talent, he may be tempted to bury it. If one is rash, he may be tempted to passionate judgment; while another who is overcautious may fall into the snare of slothfulness. The perils against which we have to guard in life are numerous and varied, and all largely peculiar to each individual.

But let us remember that when our brother man is overtaken in a fault, we are to restore such a one according to the law of all true life, which is the Golden Rule. This divine law enjoins upon us to bear with the infirmities and disabilities of others so long as there is any reasonable hope of helping them to do this, not professionally, but in genuine sympathy; fulfilling this law, not only by removing evil from another, but tenderly providing that which is good; prompted to do all this, not from a naturally benevolent nature, but from the enlightened motives of godly activity.

Sunlight.

Houses in places otherwise unexceptionable are often so closely overhung with trees as to be in a state of humidity, owing to the prevention of a free admission of the sun's rays. Trees growing against the walls of houses, and shrubs in confined places near dwellings, are injurious also as favoring humidity. At the proper distance, on the other hand, trees are favorable to health. On this principle it may be understood how the inhabitants of one house suffer from various ills as the consequence of living in a confined humid atmosphere, while their nearest neighbors, whose houses are otherwise situated, enjoy good health; and even how one side of a large building fully exposed to the sun and a free circulation of air may be healty, while the other side, overlooking shaded courts or garden, is unhealthy. Hall's Journal of Health.

A Boy who Had a Good Memory.

I'm not going to study this lesson any more. I know I never can remember it," and Ralph threw his book on the table with a disgusted look.

"What is the trouble, Ralp?" asked his Uncle Joe.

"It's these dates. Father says they're a good thing for my memory. I don't see any need of having a memory."

"Did you ever hear of Samuel Slater and the use he made of his memory?" inquired Uncle Joe, quietly.

"No,, who was he?" said Ralph, his attention fairly aroused.

"He was an Englishman," answered his uncle, "and he came to this country in 1789. This you will remember, even if your memory is not very good, was soon after the close of the Revolution. About this time many improvements and new inventions for spinning cotton thread for cloth were being introduced in England. Nearly all the cloth used in America had been brought from England. When the people here began to make it, their machinery was so imperfect and old-fashioned, that the cloth was coarse and ugly, and everybody preferred to buy fine imported goods. On this account the men who had gone into the business lost a great deal of money and were very much discouraged."

"Why didn't they buy some of the new machines they had in England?" asked Ralph, who was accustomed to hearing schemes discussed for getting the very latest improvements in machinery.

"That was what they tried to do; they put advertisements in newspapers for men who understood such machines to come and make them, offering large wages. But England wished to keep the monoply of making the best cotton yarn and cloth. You know, Ralph, some people think it is a fine thing to do something like that now."

Ralp nodded. He had heard of monopolies.

"In order to keep the knowledge of the business confined to the country, England passed very strict laws forbidding any one to give information about any branch of manufacturing to a foreigner. A manufacturer or inventor who should send out of the country a model or drawing that would enable one to build or make an improved machine was threatened with fines and imprisonment."

"I would have tried it, anyhow," exclaimed Ralph indignantly.

"A great many did," replied his uncle, smiling. "Inventors and artisans tried to embark for our shores, but they were searched, their models taken away, and they themselves thrown into prison."

"And what did Samuel Slater do?" inquired Ralph.

"When he was fourteen he was bound as an apprentice to a Mr. Strutt, who was the owner of a cotton mill. This man, Samuel's master, had been for several years a partner of Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the first machinery for spinning cotton. Therefore he had all the latest and most improved methods in his mill. Samuel was not slow to improve the opportunity thus offered to become familiar with all the details of the work and even the designs of the machines. All these he carefully studied, and laid up in his memory. In a few years he was made general overseer of making machinery, and also of the manufacturing department. These positions gave him still further advantage in the line of study details. But he was not contented with being merely an overseer; he had dreams of emigrating to America.

"At this time, just as his apprenticeship was at an end, he came upon an American paper which contained an advertisement for some one who could build satisfactory machinery for spinning cotton; to such a one a liberal bounty was offered. Here was his chance. He knew he could take neither model or drawing, but no officer could confiscate his memory and experience, and with these he determined to make the attempt to reproduce the machines with which he was so familiar. Moses Brown, of Providence, who had been experimenting with little success, was only too glad to engage the services of the young man who promised if he 'did not make as good yarn as they did in England to take nothing for his services, but throw all he had attempted over the bridge.' He had a hard task. The work must be kept perfectly secret until finished; he had one man to carry out his directions and outlines, which he chalked from memory on boards and planks; later a blacksmith was called in to make the iron work, but all others were carefully excluded."

"He must have been afraid he couldn't remember right," observed Ralph, who had listened attentively.

"Probably he was sometimes, and when the machine was finished and the first trial was made we can imagine the anxiety with which the four men who were in the secret watched the operation. The result is told in the words of Mr. Brown, who was a Quaker, "'Samuel, thou hast done well."

"And did he keep on making machines, Uncle Joe?"

"He made cotton yarn for a while on this one, but he soon went into a more extensive business. His brother John joined him, and they started and managed for many years one of the largest factories in the world. He did a great deal more for the business, so that he is called the 'Father of American Manufacturers.' Don't you think it paid Samuel Slater to have a good memory?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Ralph, drawing a long breath. "I don't believe I could ever do that."

"Probably you will not need to do exactly the same thing," answered his uncle, "but a good memory is an excellent thing for a boy or man to have, and we never know when it will be of benefit."

Some Girls.

Some girls are rapidly becoming veritable scolds. I have a young friend, near neighbor, that I seldom visit without being reminded of Shakespeare's play.

My dear girls, I don't think it necessary or desirable to become a scold or shrew or impress one's friends as such, do you?

The young friend referred to is twenty-one years of age.

The habit of fault-finding, nagging, and general bickering is growing so fixed I fear it will cling.

She is energetic and bright, tidy in dress, attractive in appearance—alas, that she is what she is!

I have been present when she would say: "Father, wipe your feet on the mat before you step an inch into the sitting room. Three times today have I swept sand from the carpet, all because you were too lazy to wipe your feet. Hear what I say, don't you?"

And I have seen the patient father sigh and cast reproving glances at his eldest daughter.

I suppose he disliked to rebuke her in the presence of company, but to my mind she richly deserved it.

When the mother has advised in matters where experience brings wisdom, I have heard the daughter reply with a frown between her eyes and toss of the head, "I shall do as I please and you will find it out, too," in harsh, emphatic tone.

The younger brothers and sisters feel the untoward home influence and express themselves accordingly.

Childish criticisms are tempered with charity as often childish wont. They say: "O, sister's cross. She's always cross, but she mends our clothes nice. Mamma says we musn't mind. Sister's good."

Father and mother are mortified, chagrined, heart-hurt many times.

Do not draw from the description that she is wholly vain and giddy. Such is not the case.

O that she would struggle more valiantly with her besetment, if such it be, until she conquers.

Vigilance, unceasing watchfulness, and prayer will wrestle mightily with besitting sins.

O that such as I have described would put on their beautiful garments! what an overturn in many homes there would be.

And it is the little foxes, little sins that need most careful watching. A fretful word so easily slips from the tongue. Repeated again, it becomes second nature. Fault-findings increase, naggings become fixed habits, habits, and, and oh, my girls, you are doomed—scolds, shrews! Avoid, turn away, overcome!—Mary Louse Palmer, in Christian at Work.

The Servant Was Horrified.

Doctor S. had last winter a newly arrived Hiberian for a servant; he had also recently purchased a pair of porpoise leather boots. His wife, attracted by the novelty of the new footwear, asked the doctor in the presence of the servant what they were made of, to which he responded, "porpoise hide."

Shortly after the lady from the Emerald Isle interviewed Mrs. S. and announced her intention of "laving whin me week is up." Mrs. S., somewhat surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget responded with a horrified air:

"Yer husband is a dochter, mum, an' I've heard them dochters do be cuttin' up people, an' didn't I hear um' wid me own ears, say that the boots of him were made of pauper's hide. It's me own ould father that died in the poorhouse, an' I wouldn't be servin' a heathen that uses the skin of the poor to cover his dirthy feet wid"—Boston Commercial Bullentin.

The man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

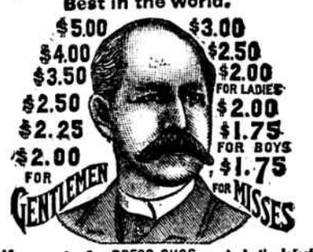
Lord Nelson once said: "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, gives an opportunity for misfortune."

Peace is the proper result of the Christian temper. It is the greatest kindness which our religion doth give us; that it brings us to the settledness of mind and consistency within ourselves.

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