Editor and Proprietor.

Terms, \$2.50 per Annum,

Invariably in Advance.

The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid. The mark denotes expiration of sub-

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1874.

No. 27.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double

Special notices in local column 20 cents

Advertisements not marked with the num-per of insertions will be kept in till forbid

Special contracts made with large adver-isers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch.

Terms Cash.

THE MAGIC BOX.

A housekeeper's affairs had for a

long time been becoming very

much entangled, and the poor wo-

man knew not what to do to get

out of her difficulties. After a time

old hermit who lived in the neigh-

bortood, and to him repaired for

advice. She related to him all

nothing prospers indoors or out.

Pray, sir, can you not advise some

The hermit-a shrewd, rosy man

-begged her to wait, and retiring

to an inner chamber of his cell, af-

curious looking box, carefully seal-

"Take this," said he "and keep

remedy for my misfortunes?"

"Things go on badly enough-

her trouble, saving:

nd charged accordingly.

Poetry.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the hand of Woman! Angels guard its strength and grace, In the palace, cottage, hovel, O, no matter where the place! Would that never storms assailed it, Rainbows ever gently curled; For the hand that rocks the cradle

Is the hand that rocks the world Infancy's the tender fountain; Power may with beauty flow: Mothers first to guide the streamlets; From them souls unresting grow, Grow on for the good or evil, Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled For the hand that rocks the cradle

Is the hand that rocks the world Woman, how divine your mission Here upon your natal soil! Keep, O keep the young soul open Always to the breath of God! All true trophies of the ages Are from Mother Love impearled For the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rocks the world.

Darling girls, with Eden's music Ringing yet in each young heart, Learn and treasure household knowledge, Precious in life's future part, When you'll, too, exulting mothers, Bravely boved and gently girled,

Feel the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rocks the world Blessings on the hand of Woman! Father, sons, and daughters cry, And the sacred song is mingled With the worship in the sky; Mingles where no tempest darkens, Rainbows evermore are curled, For the hand that rocks the cradle

Is the hand that rocks the world.

Selected Story.

SERVED OUT In the year 183-there lived at Bordeaux, the last-or one of the last-of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to call the Code of Honor. This was a certain Comte de V-, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable sanafroid, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit -the dueling fit-was not on him; but this came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose. He had killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journal ists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of a quarrel was of no importance; if c'ne did not present itself readily, he

thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the smallsword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we knew it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France: just as we are assured that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire, only the less noisome wermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed than was den it out to the human brute. The latest exploit of the Comte de V--previous to the story I am about to tell, was to goad a poor young student into a challenge; and when it was represent-

made one; always contriving that,

according to the code aforesaid,

he should be the insulted party,

ed to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to use vistols, he replied that "fools sometimes made mistakes with pisto, 's," and the next morning ran him thi 'ough the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood thus she a quieted him for another half year, and rather more, for public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for But the scandal blew over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a peated in a low voice. cafe by the river side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into have you to say against him?" the little garden of this es tablish-

ment our wolf swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with the heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequently he found himself the centier of a circle which expanded : as he went He liked to be feared. He knew | ing the card in two. he could make a quarrel when he

At a table almost in the 1 niddle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and an expression af coun- Monsieur le Comte. Those who tenance which at first struck one as mild and good humored. He and those who do not-my faith! was engaged reading a journal what care I what they think?" which seemed to interest hi, n, and eating strawberries, an occur nation | man!" which does not call forth any No one but a Frenchman could foamed the bully.

latent strength of character .-

Above all, he was profoundly un- he did into the "thou." conscions of the presence of M. le Comte de V-, and continued eating his strawberries and readwere in that pleasant fold.

As the Count approached this table, it become sufficiently well ing some ten yards off. known whom he was about to circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature baited-especially when we large-own apartments." are out of danger ourselves.

worn in France at that time, and weather being warm-he had Count, loftily. placed on the table by his side .-some in the dress-circle. "Perhaps to the waiter,) "and prepare my he does not know Monsieur le rooms." Comte.'

ly, "Garcon."

functionary appeared, take away that nasty thing!" pointing to the found one who was likely to suit hat aforesaid.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal was on the brim of the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garcon was em-

"Do you hear me?" thundered! the Count. "Take me that thing place his hat on the table.'

the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; me, or will you not," roared the "I will make room for Monsieur." The garcon was about to retire

"But Monsieur le Comte, the rentleman has covered himself."

"What is impossible?"

"That I should take the gentle- that score," said th man's hat."

"By no means," observed the afraid, follow me." stranger, uncovering again. "Be so good as to carry my hat to the ly loud for the neare lady at the counter, and ask her, and the circle parted light and on behalf, to do me the favor lett, like startled sheep the two to accept charge of it for the pre- walked towards the hou

", on speak French passably no one to try and prevent well for a foreigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the The dreaded duclist had his evil you please. When I have done the bewildering effects of partial table, and looking his neighbor fit on, and every one breaked with you, and you are fit to apfull in the face __ stitter of contempt going round the circle.

"I am sorry for that." "So am I."

"May one, without indiscretion, inquire why!" foreigner, I should be spared

behave himself very radely." "Meaning me?" "Meaning precisely you."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the said: lookers-on, as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush

this poor creature." "Monsieur." replied the straw- minutes?" berry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone. "I have the hon-

or not to know you."

selfvery firmly. "The Comte de V-" he re- of an, "Yes. Monsieur. And what you understand

"I? O nothing."

"That may be well for you." "But there are those who say he is a coward."

"That is enough," said the bully, starting to his feet. "Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address," flinging him a card. ."I shall not trouble myself to

on. This did not disprease him. the strawberry-eater, calmly tear- Monsieur le Comte?" "Then I shall say of Monsieur

chose, so he looked arous d for a what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me." "And that is?"

> "That he is a coward." "You may say what you please. know me would not believe you. "And thou-thou art a French-

have thrown so much disdain as

The strawberry-eater made no replied the other, in the same reply, but turned his head and called "Garcon!" The poor treming his paper as though no wolf bling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was and in the society of men who prepared for him, and stood quak-

"Garcon." said the stranger, "is honor with his insolence; and the there a room vacant in the hotel?" "Without doubt, Monsieur."

"A large one?" "But certainly. They are all

"Then engage the largest for me The strawberry-eaters' costume to-day, and another-no matter was not such as was ordinarily what-tor Monsieur le Comte." "Monsieur, I give my own orhe had a curious hat, which—the ders when necessary," said the

"I thought to spare you the "He is a foreigner," whispered trouble. Go, if you please," (this

Then the strawberry-eater re-Monsieur Le Comte seated him- turned to his strawberries. The self at the table opposite the un- bully gnawed his lip. He could not conscious stranger, and called loud- make head or tail of this phlegmatic opponent. The circle grew "Garcon," he said, when that a little wider, for a horrid idea got abroad that the Count had not him, and that he would have to deal with," sneered the Count. seek elsewhere what he wanted.

The murmur that went round roused the bully. "Monsieur," he hissed, "has presumed to make use of a word

which among men of honor-" "I beg your pardon?" "Which among men of honor-'

Comte possibly know what is felt as any bully ever got." "I beg your pardon," said the among men of honor?" asked the strawberry-eater, politely, placing other, with a shrug of incredulity. "Will you fight yourself with

Count goaded to fury. "If Mansieur le Comte will give well satisfied, when the bully call- himself the trouble to accompany me to the apartment which, no "Have I not commanded you to doubt, is 'dw prepared for me,"

will satisfy pim.' "Good," said the other, kicking down his char; "I am with vou. "What does that matter to me?" I waive the used preliminaries.— "But, Monsieur le Comte, it is I only beg to ourve that I am

without arms; b if you-" "O, don't trol e yourself on tranger, with a grim smile.

This he said in a vo to hear.

Was there no one to call The count and his friend

were ushered into the apartment hat, and that!" prepared for the latter, who, as And the wiry little Anglo-Frank

"Death of my life! I am the educated in England, at one of her him out of it on to the flower-bed famous public schools. Had I been below. The strawberry-eater looked up | sent to one of our own Lycees, I | head with

> Comte ?" "I cannot flatter myse.

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one It who takes advantage of mere produc brute strength against the weak. or who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a seek Monsieur le Comte," replied knave. Do you follow me now, "I came here, Monsieur-"

> "Never mind for what you came, be content with what you will get. For example-to follow what I was observing-if a man skilled with the small sword, for the mere vicious love of quarreling, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him that man is a murderer; and more -a cowardly murderer, and a knavish."

the broken word, the sped arrow. "I think I ca tch your meaning; but if you have pistols here--' portunity.

Miscellaneous.

AN EXCITING SCENE. calm tone he had used throughout "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty was induced to attend. When th of such cowardice and knavery meeting was somewhat advanced as I have mentioned, would be a late member of Congress aros l justly punished if, some day, he with apparent sadness and hesita should be paid in his own coin by

a emiler

him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at." "Our seconds shall fix your own weapons, Monsieur," said Count; "let this farce end." "Presently. Those gentlemen

whose opinions I now venture to express, not having that craze for bloed which distinguishes somewho have not had a similar enlightened education-would probably ten years of my life were blotted think that such a coward and knave out." as we have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating castigation befitting his knavery and his cowardice." "Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to

meeting some one who would take

"I do not come to eat strawber-

ries with pistols in my pocket,'

"Yes. I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of its provisions." "You will fight me then?"

"Yes. At the school we have been speaking of, I learned, among other things, the use of my hands; and if I mistake not, I am about | sive of deep emotion, "he once had | to give you as sound a thrashing

"You would take advantage o your skill in the box ?" said the Count, getting a little pale."

"Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small sword with poor young B-" "But it is degrading-brutal!"

"My dear Monsieur, just con sider. You are four inches taller take that thing which annoys me replied the stranger, rising, "I and some thirty to forty kilogrammes heavier than I am. I' have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow, it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B-had got over your guard, it would have gone hard with you. But, then I shall only black both your eyes, and perhaps deprive you of a tooth or so, unhappily in front; whereas you killed him."

"I will not accept this barbarous

Would you like a little atto brandy before we begin? No? all seemed imminent? Not woul! Place yourself on guard, then, if and was rarely, if ever, free from freely now that he knew the wie- pear, then you shall have your re- abandoned that my wife urged by tim was selected. Moreover, no venge-even with the small-sword. her friends no doubt filed an appli-"I am not a foreigner, Mon- one supposed it would end there if you please. At present, bullycoward-knave, take that, and

soon as the garcon had left, took was as good as his word. In less off his coat and waistcoat, and time than it takes to write it the "Certainly. Because, if I were proceeded to move the furniture great braggart was rendered unso as to leave the room free for presentable for many a long day. the pain of seeing a compatriot what was to follow-the count That number one caused him to standing with folded arms, glaring | see fifty suns beaming in the firmaat him the while. The decks being | ment . with his right eye ; that cleared for action, the stranger number two produced a similar the mantel-piece behind him, and numb hree obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe "I think you might have helped the ceiling more attentively than a little but never mind. Will you he had hitherto done. And when give me your attention for five one or two other that shad completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help. "Thank you. I am, as I have the strawberry-eater too's him by told you, a Frenchman, but I was the neck and breeches and flung

The strawberry eater remained

hotel window, eater was alive when the of the Alma was fought, and . the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them .- Temple Bar.

The tears we shed for those we love are the streams which water the garden of the heart, and without them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of affection would perish.

Four things cannot come back the past life, and the neglected op- This was not observed by

great experience meeting some years ago was to be held evening in - church where the speakers were all to be reformed drunkards. An estimable woman whom we will call Alice

"Though I have consented, at your urgent solicitation, to address this assembly to night," he said, "yet I felt so great a reluctance in doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty that I could drag myself forward. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. I could wish that

He paused a moment much af feeted, and then added in a final oice-"Something must be said of my own case, or I fail to make the impression on your own minds that I wish to produce.

"Your speaker once stood among

the respected members of the bar. Nay, more than that, he occupied a seat in Congress for two congressional periods. And more than that," he continued, his voice sinking into a tone expresa tenderly loved wife and two sweet children. But all these honors, all these blessings have departed from him. He was unworthy to retain them. His constituents let him drop because he had debased himself and disgraced them. And more than all she who had loved him devotedly, the mother of his two babes, was forced to abandon him and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there to so debase me that my fellow-beings spurned me and even a grand epic. The stories of Eden the wife of my bosom turned away heart-broken from me? Alas, my friends, it was a mad indulgence in intoxicating drinks. But for this I were a useful and honorable representative in the hall of legis- sism will redeem them from their lation, and blessed with home, and crustation. The story of the

wife, and children. "But I have not told you all After my wife was separated from me, I sank rapidly. A state of sobriety was too terrible for my thoughts. I drank more deeply, intoxication. At last I became so cation for a divorce, and as cause could be readily shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared; and to complete my disgrace, at the congressional canvass I was left off my

ticket as unfit to represent the "When I heard of the Sons of Temperance, I sneered at first, then wondered, listened at last, and then I threw myself on the great ing carried off by them out of the reach of danger. Nor did I hope with a vain hope. The Order did for me all, and more than all I could have desired. It set me once more on my feet, once more

"A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession and fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resand the easy: good-natured face should, perhaps, have gained more a month at Bordeaux to fulfill his olution, restored me to much that was gone. In its place was one book knowledge, but, as it is, I promise of giving the Count his I had lost; but not all, not the with two gray eyes which flashed have learned some things which revenge. But then, again, the richest treasure that I had proved like fire, and a mouth that set it. we do not teach, and one of them bully met with more than his myself unworthy to retain-not not to take a mean advantage match. The strawberry-eater had my wife and children. Between man, but to keep my own Angelo for a master as well as myself and these law has laid its my own hands. Do Owen Swift, and after a few stern, impassable interdictions .me, Monsieur le passes the Count, who was too I have no longer a wife, no longer eager to kill his man, felt an un- children, though my heart goes that I pleasant sensation in his right towards these loved ones with the shoulder. The seconds interposed, tenderest yearning. Pictures of and there was an end of the affair. our earlier days of wedded love are was his last duel. Some one over lingering in my imagination. red a sketch of him as he I dream of the sweet fire-side cir-'eing thrown out of the | cle. I see ever before me the placid and ridicule-so face of my Alice, as her eyes lookhman-rid the ed into mine with intelligent concountry of him. The st. Pawberry- fidence; the music of her voice is

Here the speaker's emotion vercame him; his utterance became d choked, and he stood silent. with bowed head and trembling limbs. The de ase mass of people were hushed into oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half-stifled sobs. At this moment there was

move in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aide. speaker until she had come near

in front of the platform on which he stood. Then the movement The wedding was that of Mr.

caught his ear, and his eyes that instant fell on Alice, who, by the kindness of those near her, was conducted to his side. The whole audience, thrilled with the scene, were upon their feet bending forward, when the speaker extended his arms, and Alice threw herself ipon his bosom.

An aged minister then came forward and gently separated them. "No, no," said the reformal congressman, "you can not take her away from me."

"Heaven forbid that I should. said the minister; but by your own confession she is not your wife." "No, she is not," returned the speaker mournfully. "But is ready to take her vows again," modestly said Alice, in a low tone, smiling through her tears. Before that large assembly, all standing, and with few dry eyes, the marriage ceremony was again performed that gave the speaker and Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged man, with thin white locks, completed the marriage rite, he laid his hand upon the two he had joined in the holy bonds, and, lifting up his streaming eyes, said in a solemn voice, "What God has joined together, let not RUM put asunder."-"Amen!" was cried by the whole assembly, as with a single voice. [')ld Oaken Bucket.

FATHER TERRY ON GENE-

Of all the methods proposed to reconcile Genesis and Geology, shoulder. Turning, who did she that offered by the Rev. Mr. Terry, a Roman Catholic priest of Chicago, is by far the most effective, if not the most orthodox or most satisfactory. Science, according to this view, is all fact and Genesis all fiction; and as fact and fiction cannot be said to contradict each other, Science and Genesis cannot be said to disagree. The book of Genesis, Father Terry teaches, is and of man's creation are poems. So is that of the creation of Eve out of one of Adam's ribs. Pearls of revelation are contained in them, it is true. The acid of critdeluge and the rainbow in the Bible are no better than those concerning the rib and the garden, nor are they of a different nature. Sodom and Gomorrah were burned just as Chicago was. There was nothing mysterious in their burning. God had no more to do with it than He had with the great Chicago fire of 1871. Not an avenging Deity, but the West-side shingles and the high winds were

the cause of that disaster. If this be Catholic doctrine, it can no longer be said that the Catholic Church is immoveable.-Indeed, if it be the Catholic doctrine, the Catholic Church is the most advanced of all churches .-Father Terry has reconciled science and religion in such a way that they can never quarrel again. If it be urged that God did not locked the door, placed the key on phenomenon with his left; that brotherhood that was marching create the world in six days, the on in triumph, in the hope of be future Catholic theologian will answer: Of course not-that is all poverty. If a proselyte finds it difficult to subscribe to the account of the fall: how the tempter took the shape of a serpent and induced the first woman by its eloquence to eat the apple, his doffets may be calmed by the asan epic. If it be suggested that Christ is not the Redeemer of the world in the commonly accepted sense, the skeptic may be confirmed in his position by the assurance that since man's fall is a fiction, there was no need of such a

the Young Men's Catholic Libra- there in the the following year, afry Association have a series of ter seven months suffering. lectures of the same character as induces the rest of the Catholic a state of decomposition. Church to follow him, he will find Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer humbly knocking at the door, begging admission into the One Holy intestines. The stomach istelf was Catholic and Apostolic Church, not at all injured, and Commings, and ready to use their influence after his last experiment, had eat-

Sin is bad in the eye, worse in of knowledge by reading, but experiment in "civil rights" slight- the hail, and desolating tempest. the tongue, worse still in the heart, thought is the winnowing ma- ly cooled his ardor. but worst of all in the life.

of Rome .- Chicago Tribune.

OLD LOVE REKINDLED.

Conger, member of Congress from Michigan, with Mrs. Sibley, widow of Major Sibley, United States army. She was Miss Humphries, daughter of Judge Humphries of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, and twenty seven years ago was affianced to Mr. Conger, then a handsome, blooming youth. They quarreled and parted. In six months the quarrel was forgotten, and they were igain engaged. Miss Humphries was pretty, a belle, and a flirt .-Her flirting propensities did not please Mr. Conger, and he remonstrated with her. Being a highspirited girl, she again and finally

broke the engagement, telling him she would never marry him. He left the State. She married and he married. Major Sibley lived twelve years. There were no children, and at his death she went abroad. Mrs. Conger lived a few years, and left three children. In October, weary of European life, Mrs. Sibley determined to return to her home in Cincinnati. Arriv ing in New York, it occurred to her to come to Washington for a few weeks. Oh, women, how mysterious are thy ways! One day time hanging wearily on her hands, she wandered (?) to Congress of course, never dreaming that in this august body sat her affinity. An hour passed: the debates were prosy and tedious. So, gathering her wraps about her, she

behold but the lover of her youth! After commonplace greetings in an agitated voice, she made the inquiry. "I suppose your family are with you?"

prepared to leave the gallery,

when there was a tap on her

"Did you not know that my

wife was dead?" With tragic start she averred she did not. They chatted some time, and on leaving she said: "I am at the Arlington-will

you come and see me?" one day have to look upon the Hesitation on his part, blushes tace of a dead mother, no thought on hers, and then in a low voice would be so bitter as to remember replied Conger:

"I will come if you take back what yot said to me twenty-five years ago." "I will," she answered, and she

wilted. The engagement was very brief. and the happy twain were united Saturday, May 23d, at eleven

o'clock A. M. The bride wore a pearl-colored satin brocade, with diamond ornaments, and looked very well, albeit she could not look sentimental. for she is not very young, and weighs about one hundred and ninety-five pounds.

A GREAT KNIFE-SWALLOW- honestly in the world than they do,

A writer in the Siecle, of Paris gives the following account of an American sailor, named John

On the first occasion this man swallowed fourteen knives. As may be supposed he was ill in consequence; but he recovered. and was able to re-commence his exploits. Being made a prisoner by an English ship in 1807, he suffered himself to be persuaded to satisfy the curiosity of the crew. This time he swllowed seventeen knives in the course of two consecutive days. But he was then attacked by excessive pains which surance that this is one canto of required the aid of a surgeon. under whose care he remained eighteen months. He was then dismissed as incapable of service .-Twice in the year 1807 he entered Guy's Hospital, London, and was attended there by Dr. Babington who had much difficulty in believ redeemer; that, therefore Christ ing the account which the man is not a redeemer but only an ex- gave of the origin of his illness .-Having begun this, Father Ter- again returned to it in 1808 under ry will do well to continue. Let the care of Dr. Currie, and died

When the body was opened that on Thursday night. And there was found in it fourteen from the same gentleman-one on knives all corroded and partly the Poetry of Mathew, an anoth- dissolved. On one of them, hower on the Poetry of John, a third ever, the name of the maker might on the Poetry of Job, a fourth on be still distinguished; a copper the Poetry of the Virgin Mary, button and part of a silver setting and a fifth on the Poetry of the which had adorned another were Judgment. If Father Terry is scarcely touched, but the nails, only consistent throughout, and springs, and horn handles were in The final malady and death had

in favor of Father Terry for Pope en with excellent appetite.

been caused by the half of a large

knife becoming fixed across the

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little

she bethought herself of a wise A company of poor children who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time of starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others and apparently very busy with a cast of garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small ter a short time brought out a very piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which having been replaced by a ed up. new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost:

it for one year; but you must, three times a day, and three times "Come, John," said the supering a night, carry it into the kitchen tendent, "what are you going to the cellar, and stable, and set it do with that old piece of calico?" down in each corner. I answer "Please sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My for it that you will shortly find things improve. But be sure that dear mother put the lining into at the end of the year you bring this old jacket for me. This was back the box. Now farewell." a piece of her dress and it is all The good woman received the that I have to remember her by." precious box with many thanks and And as the poor bcy thought of bore it carefully home. The next that dear mother's love, and of the day, as she was carrying it into sad death-scene in the old garret the cellar, she met a servant who where she died, he covered his had been secretly drawing a pitcher face with his hands, and sobbed of beer. As she went a little later as if his heart would break. But into the kitchen, there she found the train was about leaving, and a maid making herself a supper of John thrust the little piece of calico in his bosom to remember his omelets. In the stable she discovered and corrected some mother by, hurried into the car, faults. and was soon far away from the At the end of the yearshe, faithplace where he had seen so much ful to her promise, carried the box sorrow. We know many an eve to the hermit, and besought him will moisten as the story is told to let her keep it, as it had a most and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go to God for the fatherless and motherless in all great cities and all places. Little readers, are vour mothers still spared to you? Will

you not show your love by obedi-

[Old School Presbyterian.

should recognize the fact that

manual drudgery may be perform-

ed in the same spirit as that which

characterizes their own work, and

therefore that it is equally honora-

THE IRISH ON CIVIL RIGHTS.

t was on Saturday night last that

Fred Wiley, an Adonis of charcoal

hue, who acts as an assistant in the

kitchen of the Lamar House, ap-

proached Miss Mary Donahue, a

buxom Irish maiden whose re-

nowned skill as the pastry cook

of the Lamar House is known the

city over, and said to her that as

the Civil Rights bill had passed.

he wanted her to array herself in

her best finery the next morning

and go to church with him. The

maiden looked up in surprise, and

noticing that the dusky Adonis

seemed in earnest, demanded to

know if he meant what he said .-

All unaware of the danger of in-

sulting a maiden of the brave,

virtuous and impulsive Irish race.

he replied that he did. No soon-

er were the words out of his

mouth than down upon his great

skull came, with terrific force, the

heavy wooden ladle which Mary

[Knoxville Chronicle.

ble.—Rev. Dr. Chapin.

wonderful effect. "Only let me keep it one year longer," she said, "and I am sure all will be remedied." The hermit smiled and replied :

"I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden ence? That little boy who loved within you shall have." so well we are sure obeyed. Bear He opened the box, and lo! it this in mind that if you should

contained nothing but a slip of paper on which was written this

Would you thrive most prosperously Yourself must every corner see.

that you had give her pain by your willfulness or disobedience PLUCK.-The hopelessness of any one accomplishing anything without pluck is illustrated by an Concert.-Hardly anything is East India fable. A mouse that more contemptible than the condwelt near the abode of a great ceit which rests merely upon so magician was kept in such constant cial position—the conceit of those distress by its fear of a cat, that who imagine that thus they are the magician, taking pity on it. divorced from the clay of common turned it into a cat itself. Immemen, of those who shrink with hor diately it began to suffer from its ror from the plea of work, as somefear of a dog, so that the mathing which degrades by its very gician turned it into a dog .contact, and yet, who very likely, Then it began to suffer from the owe their present position to some fear of a tiger, and the magician not remote ancestor, who, recogturned it into a tiger. Then it nizing his call to work, lived more began to suffer from the fear of a huntsman, and the magician, in and was not ashamed of soiled disgust, said, "Be a mouse again, thumbs. It is one of the meanest as you have only the heart of a things for people to be ashamed mouse it is impossible to help you by of the work from which they draw giving you the body of a nobler their income, and, which glorified their ancestors more with their animal." And the poor creature again became a mouse. It is the soiled aprons and black gowns, same with mouse-hearted men .than themselves with their rib-He may be clothed with the powbons and flash jewelry. It might ers, and placed in the position of be a fine thing to be like the lilies, brave men, but he will always act more gloriously clothed than Sololike a mouse; the public opinion mon, and doing nothing, if we were is usually the great magician that phililies. Advantageous position finally says to such a person, "Go s only a more emphatic call to back to your obscurity again .work; and while those who hold You have only the heart of a the advantage may not be commouse, and it is useless to try pelled to manual drudgery, they

> Noble Thoughts .- I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind .-Of all trees, observe that God has chosen the vine; a lowly plant that creeps the hopeful wall; of all the beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all the fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the ofty cedar nor the spreading palm but a bush-an humble abject bush-as if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produceth love like humility; nothing hate like pride.

to make a lion of you."

IRRESOLUTION .- In matters of reat concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution, -to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent: to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it.

Words are little things but they sometimes strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly held in her hand, and the blood spoken, they fall like sunshine, flowed profusely from the wound the dew, and the fertilizing rain; You may gather a rich harvest that the blow caused. His first but when unfitly, like the frost,

What comes after cheese?-mice.