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Poetry.

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Vol. X

DEMINICE TO THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY TRUM.

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1874.

Selected Story.

BY MARY JANE WINES How sweet the charm that lingers round the How richly blest, though humble se Are they who dwell in peace and love, where Who till the soil and love the verdant sod, the old homestead. It was a bit-

sweet content Its steadfast and effulgent star has lent. The works of Nature and kind Nature's God. When rosy beams of summer morning break, out, and the roads were frozen From balmy sleep the little household wake,

And out into the pure and radiant air Each gladly seeks the daily tasks to share; Where free and truly each untutored heart May act its pleasure, unrestrained by art, Where etiquette by love and truth is bound The purest, holiest joys of earth are found. The little children hie them to their bowers, Like rival gard'ners cultivate their flowers,

Watching the birds, the butterflies, and beez, The fruited vines, and richly laden trees; Pleasure and duty blending all day long, With song of bird is joined the heart's sweet

No fancied ills distress the little band, Each proudly seeks in firmest health And when the board with wholesome food i

None sigh with pampering dainties to The troubles which oppress the rich and set out in the morning. Are never known amid that little band.

Fashion, whose laws but bind in folly's chains. Within that home dominion never gains, The housewife's independence true, and

honest pride,

Between the slaves of fashion shows a margin wide, And it would never cause a sigh or tear, Though she should wear a bonnet of last

Wild speculation never haunts the good man's brain, Nor eager frenzy wring his soul with pain,

Till worn and pallid with the furious strife, The care and trouble makes a woe of life; But countless blessings in his lot he finds. And never at his humble state repines; Still keeps the even tenor of his way, And gains life's purest happiness each day.

LETTING GO OF HANDS.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

O the chill, clinging crush of the fingers, Each pressure more faint than the last; The slow-loos'ning hold that still lingers, Though the wrench of spirit be passed! What heart in its hopelessness breaking To feel them can stifle the cry The human within us is making, "God help or we die!"

We wring with a passion of sorrow, We cover with kisses of pain The palm that some fairer to-morrow We'll fold in old foudness again. We drop the pale fingers, whose colding Impassiveness startles our own, Forever-we know-from our holding; Yet weep not nor groan.

How can we? The spirit is deadened To numbness because of the blow, We know that the sunshine has leadened To blackness; 'tis all that we know. So shrouded we marvel that, letting Hands go thus, we keep, as we may-As we must, life within us, forgetting That grief does not slay.

Ah! did it, how oft in our lonely Despairs would we hail it instead, Of friends the most friendly, if only It let us lie down with the dead. But with deeper refinement of auguish, Through rackings and tortures and tears, It nerves us to bear as we languish Along the gray years.

And kind ones, in soothingest fashion (Not always ev'n love understands,) Speak low in their tender compassion Of the beautiful folding of hands Vouchsafed our Beloveds-of graspings For which the long-parted so pine; What comfort to me the keen claspings When the clasp is not mine

O hands that lie crossing so saintly The bosom on which I have leant; Could I press them, though ever so faintly Just once, I would wait with content For the time that so loiters, so lingers, When with rapture undreamed of before I catched to my lips the dear fingers, And lose them no more!

WHAT WOMAN MAKES HIM.

How cheering is the simple phrase! How well its kindly admonition To Woman's listening ear conveys The knowledge of her glorious mission! She may not mingle with the throng, When man to busy life betakes him, Yet may she prove his shield from wrong-. "A Man is what a Woman makes him."

In Childhood's days of grief and joy She rules his ductile mind-no other Can soothe and guide the wayward boy With the calm wisdom of a mother. The memory of her tender cares Never in after life forsakes him; He yields not to the world's vain snares-The Son is what his Mother makes him.

Anon, a dear and cherished wife Takes in his home her honored station; She proves, amid the ills of life, Hie help, support and consolation. He yields perchance to dire distress-Her loving smile to Hope awakes bim! He braves the storm-he meets success-

A Man is what a Woman makes him. Yet to my warning lay attend-I urge you, Sisters, Wives and Mothers, Your own weak follies to amend, Fre you can prove a stay to others! Should you be selfish, worldly, vain Aid from a heartless trifler gain?

Say, how can Man when grief o'ertakes him A Man is what a Woman makes him

Seek ye to serve the Lord and pray That He may give to you direction How best to win to duty's way The object of your fond affection. What if awhile he quit the track-Your influence never quite forsakes him; Your love, your prayers will bring him back-A Man is what a Woman makes him.

A Missouri judge has just decided that a woman is not an old had not. maid until she is thirty-five. .The judge has since become very pop- "it is too bad, I declare it 'tis .ular.

A VILLAGE BAR-ROOM.

In 18- I was traveling from Ithaca to Buffalo, in New York State, by a stage, intending to reach my home in time to partake of the annual Thanksgiving din ner with old and loving friends at ter cold morning when we set hard, there having been considerable mud only a day or two be-

The first night we put in at

Danville, and on the following morning when I awoke, I found that the earth was not only covered with snow, but that snow was falling fast. After an early breakfast we set out again on wheels, but at the end of eight miles we were forced to take runners, the snow clogging up so that the wheels would not run. When night came we found ourselves obliged to stop at a small village only twenty miles from where we

A good supper was provided at the inn, and the place had the appearance of comfort. We had just sat down to supper when the wind began to blow furiously, and we could see by the dim light without that the snow was being whirled and driven about in a furious manner. There was a fire in the small sitting room, and thither we passengers, six or eight of us adjourned. We sat there and conversed until near nine o'clock, and then I went out into the bar room to smoke a eigar previous to retiring.

In the bar-room I found a bright wood fire burning, and some dozen people were sitting there, smoking and drinking. long before the introduction of the Maine laws.) Several of the company I judged to be teamsters; a rough, hardy, good-natured set. who were enjoying themselves hugely over a mug of flip. Then there were several whom I found to be villagers-men who lived near the inn-a set of village politicians and news-mongers, who made the bar-room a place of so-

cial evening meeting. I had lighted my cigar and taken a seat near the fire, when I noticed a buffalo skin on one end of the settee, opposite to where I sat, and I was confident there was a human being beneath it. I supposed it must be a stable hand who had been at work, or was expected to be up most of the night, and was now getting a little sleep. I was looking at the buffalo and thus meditating, when I heard a low. deep, death-like groan come up from beneath it, and in a few mo ments more the robe was thrown upon the floor, and the man who had reposed beneath came down upon the top of it, and there he lay for some moments like a dead man. I had just started up when four

of the villagers hastened to his assistance. They lifted him to his feet, and after considerable effort he managed to stand up. My God! what a thrill struck to my heart when I saw that face. It was one of noble feature; a brow high and amply developed, over which clustered a mass of dark glossy ringlets; the face beautifully proportioned, and each separate feature most exquisitely

rested there now! The great dark eyes had a vacant, idiotic stare; the face was pale as death, and the lips looked dry and parched, and much discolored. His clothes were torn and soiled, and one of his hands bloody. He was surely not more than five and thirty, and his appearance would at once indicate a man of more than common abilities. But the demon had him, and had made him now something be-

chiseled. But what an expression

"How do you feel now, George?" asked one of the men who had gone to his assistance.

But he only grouned in reply and was soon persuaded to lie down again, being told that he would soon feel better. As soon as he was on the settee once more. and had the ouffalo over him, the men returned to their seats.

"Who is the chap?" asked one of the teamsters, looking toward the villagers who had been assist ing the unfortunate man.

"That's George Lockland," returned a stout honest-looking man. "Does he belong here?"

"Yes. Didn't you never hear of him ?"

"Well," resumed the fat man, own house, Jim Drake?" Lockland might be one of the first

lawyer, and a smart one he is too. said so much, started up.

beautifulest little wives you ever saw, and one of the handsomest children. But poor things! I pity 'em. Then there's another thing rum operates differently on him from what it does on most men. It doesn't show itself on the outside as it does on almost everybody else, but it seems to eat him up inside. You see how pale he looks-well, he's always so when he's on one of these times. He

stomach for a week to come." "How long has he been so?" asked the teamster. "How d'ye mean?"

How long since he took to drink, an' how long he's been drunk

"Well he's took a drunk more or less ever since be came from college; but it's about a year that | night?" asked Jim Drake. he's been-down hard at it. Ye see sober in a day or two."

"But where does he get his li- noquor?" asked his questioner.

nestion," was the other's ans ver. Lockland leaped to his feet. All eyes were turned upon the landlord, who now stood behind the ling wildly around. bar. He was evidently troubled upon his high stool.

same when you call for it?" "But I arn't a poor drunkard, erto pale and maniae face.

and you know it. That arn't no

bound to have it, and if I didn't would," the host replied.

ly, pursued the teamster. "On me?" the same ground you might take a pistol and go out and rob folks. because if you didn't somebody Jim Drake now starting up; "this ed features I had seen on that -"Twenty Years After" and else would. But that isn't here ain't your own home. Don't you night in the bar-room. or there. The thing is, I don't see know where ye are?" what kind of a heart you can

street. The wind was still howl- I knew that the truth had burst ing madly, and the snow was upon him. driving against the window, but It was surely the cry of a child the arm, "take us away from powers and courage, to whom Nafor help. We were all upon our here, sir.' feet in a moment and the lantern

was quickly lighted. My hat was already on my head-or my cap your house. I shall die here!" rather-and I went out with the rest. All went but the landlord George," Jim asked of the hus- though the son of a Caucasian wo- last the same pleasant, careless, and his wretched customer who band. occupied the settee. It was some moments before I could see at all. man. the snow came driving into my face so; but I soon managed to Are you hurt?"

street, and in this bank we found help him. a female with a child in her arms. man who carried the lantern held but the momentary glare of the lantern was sufficient to reveal to me a face of more than ordinary

"Heavens!" uttered the man as he lowered the lantern, and caught the woman in his arms. Kate Lockland is this you?" But without waiting for a reply, he turned to the rest of us and cried. "Here, take the child, some of you, and I'll carry the mother."

back in the bar-room with our ing heart I left the room. burden. The two were taken to

child." answered the fat man.

"Cause my house is too far." The host was coming around

to; but you see he will drink; and with mingled shame and anger, ask, as he set out a tumbler. the worst of it is, he makes a fool but before he got fairly out, the "Nothing," returned the fat man, and he hated to be hot. Always of himself. He started here as a stout and burly teamster who had emphatically. "I'm done. Mike earning, constantly working, for-

Why he can argue old Upton right | "Mike Fingal," he uttered, in I'll drink no more of it. I wouldn't ling, eternally in debt, was his norout of his boots. But ye see he's tones such as only a man confident come now only poor Lockland mal and unvarying condition .lost all his best customers now. of his own physical power can was up, and his wife was hanging Prudence, economy, provision for They daren't trust him with their command. "Don't ye put a finger around his neck. They were cry the future, were entirely alien to basiness, 'cause he ain't ever sure on that woman. Don't ye do it. in' so that I couldn't stand it, and his sanguine and lavish nature. of doing it. He's got one of the If ye do, I'll crush ye as I would a had to clear out. O, its dreadful, He did not have all he wanted, pizen spider!"

muttering something about a man any more." having a right to do what he pleased ! "All ready," shouled the driver, and a few reams of paper for the in his own house, he slunk away and I was forced to leave. behind his bar again.

the woman and her child. The we wallowed away from the vil- as wonderful. He was at once the former was surely not yet thirty lage. years of age, and she was truly a I reached Buffalo two days later padashah of plagiarists. No hupose he'll put a bit of food into his

en's name are you doin' out this

sequence to do. I'spose that sort eried out in front of this place, but As he came up I said: o' set him agoing in this fashion. my poor child did. Jim Drake And as for this drunk, I should say have you seen George? Oh, God, know how Mr. Lockland is getting build near St. Germain a fantastic he'd been on it a fortnight. He's have mercy on him! Poor dear on now?" got down now as low as he can George! He don't know we are get and live, and I guess he'll get freezing, starving in our own he answered, with a proud look. revolution of 1848, and the expulhouse! No fuel-no food-no- "You know them?"

She stopped and burst into tears,

at this turn, and moved uneasily but ere she reached her husband "I have seen her." I replied. I his wife being Ida Ferrier, a viva-"Mike Fingal," spoke the team- and for a while stood riveted to lieved the atter blank of his hith-

"No fuel! no food!" he whisper. excuse, Mike. I shouldn't think ed, gazing upon his wife. "Starving! God have mercy! who was ping along like a little fairy. She | Month, from the time of its issue, "But when he wants rum he's it said those words? Where am I?" stopped as she came to where we and failed in this, two. Subse-"George! George!" cried the stood; and put up her arms-"Un- quently he published The Guardslet him have it somebody else wife, now rushing forward and cle Drake," as she called the old man, revived years after under flinging her arms around her hus-"Now, that's odd," energetical- band's nock. "Don't you know and chatting with her, I moved he printed his translations, sketch-

"Kate! no fire! there's fire."

Again the poor man gazed about him, and a fearful shudder The conversation was here in- convulsed his frame, and his hands terrupted by a sound from the involuntarily closed over his eyes.

"Ne fuel! no food!" he groaned. the wailing of some one in distress. catching Drake convulsively by mulatto general of extraordinary and adaptations, he must have tioned to their labor. Nine times occasionally to read a good novel.

"But you are cold, Kate."

"Will you go home with me,

turn my head, and then went on. But the wife could not speak, The wind, as it came sweeping and as soon as possible the fat old melo-dramatic instincts. out through the stable, had piled villager had the lantern in readiup a huge bank of snow across the ness, and half a dozen went to and tireless work was altogether

She seemed faint and frozen, but one of you. You take Kate-you are erage daily task being thirty-five yet she clung to her child. The stouter than I-and I'll take the pages of a French octavo volume. little one." This last was spoken it up to her face. The features to a stout teamster, and he took were half covered with snow, the wife in his arms as though she had been an infant.

"It's only a few steps," said Drake, as he started to go. "I'll send your lantern back, Mike Fig-

And with this the party left the and saw them wading off through the deep snow, and when they were out of sight I turned away. The host came out and began to

had wrapped around the child the extravagant as they were ca- sins, and might think about the that dear mother's love, and of the night before.

"What will you have this morn- both ends, yawning to be filled at themselves.

Fingal, I'm done with the stuff ever borrowing, ceaselessly lend

Mike Fingal. You don't know what but he wanted all he did not have. Fingal looked at the speaker in them poor things have suffered! Concern for the morrow was not the eye for a moment, and then But they shan't have my example likely to oppress a man who re-

The wind had all gone down; life was romantic as the career of I now turned my attention to the air was bracing, and slowly his heroes, and his resources were

beautiful woman-only she was than I expected to when I started, man being ever carried to greater pale and wan, and her eyes were and having transacted my business lengths the assumption of genius swollen. She trembled fearfully, there I went to Mississippi, and so claiming its own. All printed matand I could see her bosom heave on down to New Orleans. Four ter be held to be his for whatever as she tried to choke the sobs that years afterward I had occasion to use he chose to make it: and vet were bursting forth. The child travel that same road again, and his intellect was original, fertile, was a girl about four years old. She stopped in that same village to and exhaustless beyond precedent. "Why how long both ways? clong close to her mother, and take dinner. The bar was still He simultaneously plundered and seemed frightened into a forget open, but Michael Fingal had gone enriched imaginative literature fulness of her cold fingers and away. I walked out after dinner, he exasperated and astonished his and soon came across a neatly- confemporaries, he impoverished "Kate Lockland, what in Heav- painted office, over the door of the Last and made opalent the fuwhich I read, "George Lockland, attorney and counselor at law." "Oh I was trying to find your In less than five minutes afterward folks began to see how slack he own house, Jim Drake, for I knew I saw a fat, good-natured looking full of projects, enterprises, expein his business, and they you'd give me shelter. But I got man coming toward me, whom I at ditions, with all his prodigious wouldn't give him any job of con- lost in the snow. I wouldn't have once recognized as Jim Drake. work, he was obliged to abandon

"Excuse me, sir, but I wish to his forty-fourth year, he began to

"I did once," said I.

"You must ask Mike Fingal that and in a moment more George now. He is the first man in the some years later of his country county, sir. Four years ago this seat at less than one-tenth of the "Who called me?" he cried, gaz- month, coming, he was just about original outlay. Though always as low as a man can be. Did you fond of women he did not legally Kate sprang up instinctively, ever know the Squire's wife?"

she dropped. The man saw her, saw Drake did not recognize me. cious and engaging actress of the "But you should see her now. Porte St. Martin, with whom he ster. "do vou sell that man rum?" the spot. Soon he gazed around Ab, it was a great change for her. had long been in love. "Yes, I do," the fellow replied apon the scene about him, and That's their child—that little gran Among as other remos with an effort, "Don't I sell the gradually a look of intelligence re- coming this way. Ain't that a lished a daily newspaper, the Liberpicture for ye?"

I looked, and saw a bright-eyed, and he retired worsted for the sunny-Laired girl of eight sum- financial engagement. Then he mers, coming laughing and trip- essaved a review named The man, and while he was kissing her, the title of Monte Cristo, in which that happy, beauteous face just to from his busy brain. "The Three "Ave, George Lockland," said contrast it with the pale, frighten- Guardsmen," and its two sequels

Miscellancous.

"No, no. Its only a little way to the enemy, in the battle of Brixen, gave the name of the Horatius "O, God! no fuel! no food! Kate! of African blood he owed his vivid

His canacity for composition abnormal. He wrote faster than "Come," he said, "lead George a rapid penman could copy, his av- and kindling his large sensual feanair.-Harper's Magazine. Stories have been circulated of his having had in Paris a species of mental machine shop, in which clever men wrote, at his sugand misfortunes: gestion, and under his supervision, dramas, travels, novels, histories, brochures, sketches, and memoirs out in the struggle for bread in New by the dozen, turning them out York. Labor strike in Brooklyn. A boys was noticed aside from the almost as rapidly as shoes are turn- water street cellar. Quarrel over a his cast off garment. The supered out at Lynn or print cloths at woman and killing of Frank Lake at intendent stepped up to him, and bar-room. I went to the window Fall River. Such stories were ex- Mahwah, N. J. Charles H. Phillips found that he was cutting a small aggerations, but not without a tried at Albany, N. Y., for forgery. substantial basis of fact. Invention and industry like his had keeper making targets of five of his which, having been replaced by a never been known in France or in customers. McMahon's bloody night. and ere many minutes we were enough already, and with an aching heart I left the room explain matters; but I was sick any other land. He was a miracle Defrauding workingmen by Grant's ong heart I left the room.

Seribes. He did not labor so body of a man on the Morris & Essex superintendent, "what are you gomethat are you gomethat and body of a man on the Morris & Essex superintendent, "what are you gomethat are you go with a gomethat are you the fire and the snow brushed from down to breakfast later than usual, for money, of which he was eter- dead at South Ferry. Lewis Miller calico?" for I slept very little through that nally in need. The more he earn-stabbed at 21 Forsyth street. The "Who's them?" asked the host. night. About 9 o'clock the driver ed (he is said to have been in re. scandal lawsuits. Beecher-Tilton cases. "Who's them?" asked the host. night. About 50 clock the driver of the said to have been in re"Only Kate Lockland and her called in and told us the stage ceipt, during the height of his would be ready in five minutes. I would be ready in five would be ready in five minutes. I popularity, of \$30,000, \$40,000 and ists. Freaks of the ghosts. The safe this old jacket for me. This was "What d'ye bring 'em in here went to the bar-room for a cigar. even \$50,000 a year) the more he burglary scandals." The teamster replied that he for?" the host uttered, angrily. Jim Drake had just come in to wanted, for his expenditure was When a single day brings forth such I have to remember her had a piece of her dress, and it is all wanted, for his expenditure was "Why didn't ye take 'em to your bring back the old cloak they unlimited, and his tastes were as a record, the saints might cease a few unlimited, and his tastes were as hours from manning over Southern I have to remember her by."

other. Gold burned in his pocket.

quired nothing except pen, ink, creation of a princely income. His autocrat of composition and the

Damas sought to put in practice the things he dreamed of. Ever more than he accomplished. In and costly villa-it was called the "Squire Lockland, you mean?" Chateau of Monte Cristo-but the sion of Louis Phillippe, interfered with his plans and restricted his "Then you ought to know him revenues, compelling the sale, marry until he was nearly forty, ty; but this was too much for him

on. I looked back once more on es, and romances as they fell hot "Viscount of Bragelone:" "Margaret of Anjou," "Memoirs of a Physician," "Queen Margot," and "Monte Cristo," especially the last, are the most popular of all his ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PERE. works, having been translated into not less than twelve languages. Alexandre Dumas the whole The extent of his productions cannovel-reading world knew literal- not be ascertained; but it is estima-"O, sir," whispered the wife, ly by heart. He was the son of a ted that, including translations do not get rest and sleep propor state of mind, it may be desirable and volumes-far more than the noleon on account of his single- combined works of Lope di Vega, handed defence of a bridge against | Voltaire, Goethe, and Walter Scott, four of the most prolific writers of breakfast for his wife, she coming di-

The chief of romancers has not Cocles of the Tyrol. Dumas, long been dead. He was to the man, was darker than his fighting vain, egotistical, wonderful wizard "Anywhere!" gasped the poor father, and had many more marks of the pen that he had been for husband has gone to bed, when judgment of competent critics, over to the bed-room, and when of the mulatto. To his admixture over forty years. Everybody really he has nothing to do after much better and every way freer he had assumed his night shirt; he knew him in Paris. A thousand eves followed him when he walkimagination, his extreme prodigal- ed along the Boulevards or drove ity, his love of display, and his in the Bois. He fairly beamed with good nature; his stout full figure shaking with a sort of uncmons satisfaction, and his bright eyes laughing and shedding a tures, from his round heavy chin

THE RECORD OF A DAY .- We take from the New York Sun of the 13th, he headings of the accounts of crimes

en husband. A beautiful life worn Williamsburg, N. Y. The headless "Come, John, come," said the

hours from weeping over Southern And as the poor boy thought of pricious. His purse was open at crimes, want and suffering among sad death-scene in the old garret grounds, Glennon, at the first that a little thing like that could

LACIES.

Dr. Hall writes: We commit the monstrous error of plunging into ice-water every morning, then sernb all the skin off with a horse hair brush or a course board towel; sit down to breakfast of oatmeal sawdust: dine off a tablespoonful of wheat and two berries, and make a supper on catnip-tea, then be put through a Russian bath of five hundred degrees; sleep under an open window when the thermometer is at zero; wear long hair: dress women in pantaloons make all our property over to them, and then sit down in the kitchen corner and nurse the baby, and when it is asleep wash up the teathings, and go to bed at nine o'clock to be "out of the way. What will become of us men Surely we have fallen on evil times. A better and truer mode of life is to have plenty of everything good to eat and drink, which imparts nourishment and strength. and as much of it as you want. The idea of getting up from the ed at Alliance, Ohio.and Campbeltable hungry is unnatural and ab. lite in its religious profession. resurd and hurtful-quite as much plies to the question of a corres so as getting up in the morning pondent: "Is the habit of novel before your sleep is out, on the reading sinful?" as follows: mischievous principle that "early to rise, makes a man healthy.

wealthy, and wise.' always tends to shorten life .- | warned against evil; and strength-Early rising of itself never did any | ened in the love of that which is good. Many a farmer's boy has good. Fourth, to form and cultibeen made an invalid for life for vate a correct taste-to minister being made to get up at daylight, to the love of the beautiful. It is before his sleep was out. Many a evident, at a glance, that novels if young girl has been stunted in allowable at all, cannot properly body and mind and constitution form the staple of our reading, as the system has had its full rest. All who are growing, all who not convey information: neither is sons should not get up until they feel as if they would be more com- may warn against evil and encourure of sufficiency of rest and sleep. taste. They are chiefly valuable Any one who gets up in the morn- - when valuable at all-delineaing feeling as if he "would give tions of character, and for unmaskin bed a while longer, does vio- vices, or crimes of theage. We can lence to his own nature, and will no more condemn all novels, therealways suffer from it-not imme- fore, than we can recommend all diately, it may be, but certainly in | books that are not novels. A thing latter years, by the cumulative ill may be as valuable on a page of effects of the most unwise practice. fiction, when true to nature. as In any given case, the person who when furnished on the historic gets up in the morning before he page as true in fact. The lessons

the day's pursuit. As a people, we do not get a great deal more pleasant to It will make no difference to you enough sleep; we do not get study. enough rest, we will not take time | But as it is not the chief end of for these things; hence our ner- reading to gratify the imaginavousness, our instability, our hasty tion or please the fancy, novel temper, and the premature giving reading must hold a subordinate out of the stamina of life. Half place. As a literary recreation. his mental, moral and physical useless way of spending an odd cially in the farming districts, die pleasant treaty to an overtasked long before their time because they student or a relief to a morbid out of ten it would be better for But when this becomes the chief all parties if the farmer should get object of attention, it absorbs time up and light the fires and prepare from more valuable purposes, enerhappens that she has to remain up | nature. to set things right long after the suppor but to go to bed. This is from objections than most works began to say his prayers. When a monstrously cruel imposition on of fiction. About once a year, it he was about half way through he

wives and mothers. A TOUCHING INCIDENT. We heard a story told the other

day, that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just to the roots of his woolly and bushy as we heard it, to our little ones: 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 on the cars, one of the Killing of Charles McDougall in West piece cut of the patched linings .-Fifteenth Street, N. Y. A saleon It proved to be his old jacket, new one, had been thrown away.

'Take a little," just a little.

Congressman Page of young Jim-

my Glennon, of Oakland, to a cadet-

ship in the naval school. Some

concerning the young man's career,

which go to show that the appoint-

has been wonderful. An admiring

young classmate writes a long let-

interesting facts have leaked out up all night on a charge of assult

"Please, sir," said John, "I am

We know many an eye will mois- mathematics, he was promptly in ten as the story is told and re-told his place with a perfect recitation. throughout the country, and a It is considered remarkable if a stuprayer will go to God for the fa- dent can get through a term perfect therless and motherless in all great in either recitation or examinacities and places. Little readers, tion, and but one or two in a class are your mothers still spared to of sixty or seventy ever do this; you? will you not show your love but Glennon generally came off by obediance? That little boy who perfect in both, and often, when loved so well, surely obeyed .- the whole section failed on a diffi-Bear this in mind that if you cult problem, our hero would walk should one day have to look up- to the board and settle it in & on the face of a dead mother, no twinkling. Again, after recitathought would be so bitter as to tioas, James would be found, with remember that you gave her pain | cheerful face and ready jokes at by your wilfulness and disobedi- command, trundling his wheelence.-Ex.

No. 45.

NOVEL READING-1S IT SIN-FUL.

The Christian Standard, publish-

The objects had in view are-First, to obtain information. Sec ond, to be awakened to reflection Early rising, in civilized society, and investigation. Third. to be by being made to get up before they cannot minister to the more countenance importantends sought. Novels do THE FOUR JACKS. work hard, and all weakly per- it their prime object to awaken re- white back. Take out the jacks and fortable to get up than to remain age goodness, and they may aid rap, with the face down, and defy the in bed; this is the only true meas- us to cultivate a pure literary company to find the jacks. You will in length, cut it carefully with a sharp

is fully rested will lack just that taught in the parables of Jesus take care to strike it two or three much of the energy requisite for are as valuable as if they had times against the door post. Then

have them boiled or scrambled or fried.

THE FLYING HEN. of us are old at three-score, the as a pleasant change from severe ty inches. Pound smartly on the top very time a man ought to be in mental toil, as a pleasant and not with a bone handled table knife for prime. Half of our wives, espe- hour not otherwise devoted, as a it, when the hen will immediately fly by any person of average intelligence, who gives his whole mind to it.

> may be, one of the Waverly novles happened to move his knee a little might be read by almost anybody to the left, and it came in contract with the brick. For an instant he for the benefit of mental recreathought that something had stung tion. But to have novels lving him, and jumping up, he came about the house, to be read by children at will, is about as bad as back to ascertain what it was. He having whiskey about the house saw the brick lying there, but it to be drank by them at will-es- never occurred to him that it was pecially such trashy books as most the cause of trouble, so he picked popular novels are. As to the pro. it up for the purpose of. throwing portion of time to be allotted to it out of the window. Then he suddenly dropped it on two of his novel reading we know nothing corns with a cry of pain, and after better than the hint in Paul's adan indignant denunciation to Mrs. vice to Timothy about wine :-Battles, he procured a piece of paper, and in a furious rage hurled the brick through the window-sash. A YOUNG CALIFORNIA CADEL. It hit a policeman who happened Mention has been made in the to be standing on the pavement Chronicle of the appointment by

ment is eminently a wise one.— He has not firished his prayers Young Glennon's school record vet, and Mrs. Battles now warms her feet with a flannel petticoat "Tear an oyster from his nater to the Chronicle concerning tive bed, and from all the tender it. in which he says: "To show affections that cling around him at the enormous task the boy has been the place of his birth, and transperforming at the University, it plant him to the pacific coast, may be interesting to state that as long as there was grading offered the boys to do around the oyster, you would scarcely think where she died, he covered his face hours in the morning, was over affect him so.

below, and in less than ten minutes

Battles was on his way to the

station-house, where he was locked

and battery. He was released in

the morning after paying \$20 fine.

ADVERTISING RATES

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

Notices of meetings, obitraries and tribute

of respect, same rates per square as ordinary Special notices in local column 20 cents

Advertisements not marked with the num-

er of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly. Special contracts made with large adver-isers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch.

men in the town if he'd a mind the bar and his eye was flashing ing, Jim?" I heard the landlord one and running empty at the SOCIAL AND MEDICAL FAL- with his hands and sobbed as if from Alameda, about seven miles his heart would break. But the distant, with his sleeves rolled train was about leaving, and John ag and with pick or shovel in thrust the little piece of calico in- hand, trying to earn his twenty to his bosom to remember his cents an hour alongside of the mother by, harried into a car, and brawny laborers. But the most was soon far away from the place remarkable part was that, when where he had seen so much sorrow. | the bell tapped for recitation in barrow or wielding his homely implements among the grading hands, whom he always kept in jolly humor by his ready wit. A boy capable of doing all this is bound to succeed in life."

San Francisco Chronicle.

PARLOR TRICKS.

The following tricks of legerdermain will be studied with interest by those in search of new fireside amusements They are quite simple: THE MAGIC STICK.

To do this trick properly you will nced a pearl handled knife, and a stout hardwood stick, some two inches in length. Sharpen the two ends of the stick and then try to crush it endways, either between your hands or by sitting upon it. This, to the astonishment of the company, you will find it impossible to do. The better to deceive them, keep a perfectly calm

Select a pack of cards with plain

cards quickly, and, holding them up in the left hand, give them a sharp have them completely fooled.

THE CABLE TRICK. Take a piece of tarred rope, which

knife, and then try to chew the ends

Put twelve fresh eggs carefully into pany; then swing rapidly about the head, and to puzzle them still more, been conveyed in a homily, and ask the company whether they will

Selectea large, well fed hen-the color is immaterial, though black is best; place her in a sitting posture her a pasteboard box eighteen by thirthree minutes, and then suddenly raise away. This trick can be performed

Mrs. Battles, says Max Adeler, suffers from cold feet, and the other night she warmed up a brick intending to take it to bed with Ber. rectly from her toilet to the break- for severe study, and emasculates She laid it down by the bedside fast table, because it almost always the whole intellectual and moral while she attended to the baby, and then forgot about it and turn-The Waverly novels are, in the ed in. After awhile Battles came