

The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid.

Poetry.

A QUAKER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

How slow and soft the snow dress falls Upon the vine-deserted walls, As if some gracious soul, intent Upon the one sweet deed it meant, Since in its grace such bounty lay...

How dearth He for Christmas song To whom all days and songs belong? Only an ebbing love has need Its high-riding reachings thus to heed...

And yet I mind how every year, When my ripe birthdays draw near, Dear Ruth, from out her gayer life, With worldly hope and wisdom rife...

And so, perhaps, these louder chimes, Smoothing the pros-and-logs to rhymes, Like some rare voice of God sets round The jarring ones of shriller sound...

Selected Story.

THE THREE CRICKETS.

The first time I saw Pipo he was lying on the wall of the public garden in Venice, fishing with a pin-hook. He apparently consisted of two brown bare legs and a thing of shreds and patches called trousers.

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XII. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1876. No. 3.

poor outcast curs that drifted with the tide in the lagoon to my door. They were lean, hungry-eyed creatures, always on the alert for blows and kicks.

He came back with a small cage in his hand, containing three great black crickets. "They bring you good luck, padrone. Everybody in Venice keeps them in the spring."

There, where life is all one golden afternoon, I left my Pipo. We had borne joy and sorrow together, and the parting was hard.

This Circular is affectionately commended to the youth of the State and their kind co-operation is solicited. Every teacher and parent into whose hands it may come, is respectfully requested to encourage the youth under his charge...

THE MARCH TO ETERNITY. Tramp, tramp, on we go without pause or respite from the cradle to the grave. First comes progress and increase of stature; the development of every faculty, and culmination to the zenith...

THAT HIRED GIRL. When she came to work for the family on Congress street the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book peddlers, hat rack men, picture sellers, class buyers, ragmen, and all that class of people must be met at the front door...

Miscellaneous.

GREEK PRIZES.

It affords the subscriber sincere pleasure to be able to report to the friends of classical studies throughout the Commonwealth, that the effort made in behalf of those studies last year resulted in a gratifying success.

MOTHER.

How my heart has been pained to see the coolness and indifference which is often manifested for an aged and dependent mother.

I painted Pipo just as he was, in his rags and his dirt and his angelic impishness. I wanted to paint him semine, for the sake of that ripe golden skin of his.

A white-haired gentleman stepped into the hall. The dogs swarmed over him at once. "I have been told there was an artist living here," he said, looking about him.

The young gentlemen who participated in the examination which was held in December, 1875, showing that they had acquired lasting benefits from their training, while the address of his excellency Governor Chamberlain on the occasion when the prizes were delivered, is justly regarded as a valuable contribution to the interests of higher education.

Who can fathom a mother's love? She is our friend when all the world forsakes us. She will cling to us, will die for us if necessary.

Man's allotted existence is but three score years and ten, and few go beyond it. How soon then will the hours of our probation ebb away, and the night of death succeed, wherein "no man can work."

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile, "I'm the new!" "Yes, I know you—you are the new man with a patent flatiron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

After a while things began to look black in the little old house on the lagoon. Pipo and I had been subsisting for sometime on shipwreck rations. Never a foot crossed my humble threshold with intent to order pictures. Robinson Crusoe and Friday were not more entirely alone on the island than were Pipo and I there in that water-bound cottage with only our own bright dreams and the prophetic glory of sea and sky to keep us from utter wretchedness.

With his dear old face all aglow with kindness he started for the door. He waved me good-bye with his umbrella. "Come up and see me and we'll talk it all over."

7. All persons who expect to compete for these prizes are desired to report to the subscriber before the first day of May, 1876, at which time the list will be closed. No examination will be held unless at least ten persons shall report themselves as proposing to enter it.

VULGARITY.—We have a friend that never spoke a "vulgar word." He is a minister and a writer of ability. "I resolved when I was a child," said he, "never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her."

THE WAY IT RAINS IN FLORIDA.—A Florida correspondent says: It is hard for a Northern farmer, who watches the horizon with aching eyes, to understand the clock-like regularity of this rainy season.

If a reflective, aged man, were to find at the bottom of an old chest, where it had lain forgotten fifty years, a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire?

ADVERTISING RATES. Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

- ALPHABETICAL LINES ON A HOP. A was Amanda, who came to the hop, B was the Brewer, sweet Amanda's pop, C was the Costume she wore at the ball, D were the Darts her eyes shot at all.

PLAYING HORSE IN CALIFORNIA.—The Contra Costa (Cal.) News tells the following: "Little Charley Van Anden, who is not quite three years old, resides in San Francisco, and is occasionally brought to Pacheco on a visit. He betrays an extraordinary fondness for horses, and when at home can hardly be kept from the horses, where he plays with a pet horse without fear, and it seems without danger. He delights in crawling beneath the horse and between his feet, while the animal moves only his head and extends his ears as he watches the child's gambols.