of Wesley by her ostentatious devout-ness that he actually appointed her ma-

tron of Kingswood school, where he ne-

pessarily paid frequent visits. No sus-

be under a fatal necessity of mistake."

Out of Work.

clerkship. Or, if it is of those who en

employment. Nor is he the only one

of this class so engaged. The evil is,

moreover, an increasing one, and people would do well seriously to bethink them-

selves of a remedy. Even clerks who do get work have, ordinarily, so poor a future before them, that the fascination

starve in a "genteel" manner than take off coat determinedly, and go to work, why it is their own affair, we sup-

bare subsistence.

Everywhere we hear this complaint,

NO. 12.

#### VOL. II.

### POETRY.

HEAVIER THE CROS

FROM THE GERMAN. Heavier the cross, the nearer Heaven; No cross without, no God within-

Death, Judgment from the heart are driver Amid the world's false glare and din. Oh! happy he with all his loss, Whom God hath set beneath the ero Heavier the cross, the better Christian : This is the touchstone God applies.

How many a garden would be wasting. Thwet by showers I am weeping eye-The gold by fire is purified; The Christian is by trouble tried.

ticavier the cross, the stronger faith; The loaded palm strikes deeper root; The vine-juice sweetly issueth When men have pressed the clustered fruit: And courage grows where dangers come. Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

Henvier the cross, the heartier prayer: The brulsed reeds most fragrant are If sky and wind were always fair, The satior would not watch the star; And David's psalms had ne'er been sung. If grief his heart ha never wrung

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring ; From vales we climb to mountain erest: The pilgrim of the desert tiring Longs for the Cansan of his rest. The dove has here no rest in sight And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying, Death is a friendlier suce to see; To life's decay one bids defying, From life's distress one then is free. The cross sublimely lifts our faith To Him who triumphed over death

7 hon Crucified ! the cross I carry The longer, may it dearer be: And lest I faint while here I tarry, Implant thou such a heart in me That faith, hope, love, may flourish there. Till for the cross my crown I wear.

## THE STORY-TELLER.

### A BASHFUL MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

If there is a being deserving of commiseration, it is the sensitive man. He is the victim of the unfeeling and thoughtless, and a source of constant uneasiness to himself. His misfortune leads him into all sort of blunders.

Such an unfortunate was Nathaniel Wilson. He seemed to have been born unfortunate man, and he braced himself into the world to afford amusement to his fellow-beings; or, as was said of him by a wag in his native village, he came into the world blushing, and had never been able to get over it. So bashful a boy was Nathaniel that what little learning he acquired at school was acquired through tribulation and pain. He trembled all over when obliged to sit near a girl, and when examination day came he was miserable indeed.

He could not pass a lady on the street without making himself ridiculous in trying to avoid her; and to be compelled to sit opposite one at table overwhelined um with confusion. If requested to pass a certain article of food, he was sure to seize the wrong one, and, in his mortification, would cap the climax by upsetting his coffee upon himself or his

The only time that Nathaniel was ever known to involuntarily present himself in ladies' company was on the occasion of a picnic, gotten up by the young people of the village; but when he arrived at the scene of festivities, and found himself surrounded by such an array of female leveliness, his courage forsook him, and, amid the jeers of his comrades, he ran home for dear life.

A scapegrace by the name of Tom Johnson, a character famous for playing tricks upon everybody, conceived the idea of "getting a good one" upon Nathaniel. A young married woman by the name of Mrs. Lane, whose husband was temporarily absent on busi-ness in a foreign country, had lately taken up her residence in the village. Having learned this much, Tom sought out Nathaniel, and, in a very earnest and confidential manner, said to him :

to tell you—the best piece of news you ever heard, I'll warrant." "What is it?" inquired Nathaniel,

"Nat, I've got something important

eagerly. "Well," began Tom, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, and assuming a most earnest expression of countenance, you have seen this Miss Lane that has

lately moved into the village?"
"Yes," replied Nathaniel, "and mighty fine-looking young woman she

"That's so," said Tom; "and what do you think—she has taken a great fancy to you, Nat."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Nathaniel. "Fact," declared Tom. "She talking with my sister Agnes about you yesterday, and when she heard so good a report of you, and that your only failing was being so shy of women, she said she wished she could get acquainted with you, but she supposed that would be impossible. She said she had made illustration than in the cruel hoax of up her mind that if she ever married it which Nathaniel Wilson had been made would be to some respectable, honest man in the country, for she had become than to pick up some good, honest fel-

"If I only thought you were in earnest, Tom," said Nathaniel, after a moment's pause, and in an animated manner; "but I'm afraid you're playing one of your tricks upon me.' " Nat," replied Tom, with an offended

air, "I'm telling you the truth. Plenty of high-born ladies have the same notions about matrimony as Miss Lane has; there's nothing strange about it. And, Nat, if you'll take the advice of a friend, go and see the young woman and gently hint at the subject. You are too good a fellow to drone away your life in this fashion; get married and be a man."

"It won't kill a fellow to call on a woman, even if he does get the slip, said Nathaniel, in a state of high excite

"Of course it won't," replied Tom, nd again exhorting Nathaniel to lose time in securing so rich a prize, he

Poor Nathaniel was in a pitiable state of anxiety and uncertainty. But love, the great conqueror, soon secided his

"I'll go and see her!" he exclaimed "If a man ain't a man at twenty-six years old, when is he going to be?"

And the next hour saw Nathaniel Wilson, the most bashful man in all the country round, attired in his best suit, and nearly frightened to death, standand hearly trightened to death, stand-ing on the doorstep of Mrs. Lane's dwelling. With a trembling hand he gave the bell a convulsive pull. The call was answered by the object of his adoration herself.

"Good morning," Nathaniel managed to articulate, oblivious of the fact that

it was three hours past noon.
"Good afternoon, sir," replied Mrs.
Lane. "Will you walk in?" Nathaniel accepted the invitation, and dropped into the proffered chair

with a fluttering heart. "Nice day," he ventured to remark, in a husky tone.

"A beautiful day," replied Mrs Lane, with a cordial vigor which made him

"Nice weather to rise out—and see the crops—and things," stammered Na-

thaniel, after a long pause, "a-heming and hitching uneasily in his seat. "Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Lane, puzzled at her visitor's strange manner, and curious to know what he could be driv-

Another painful pause ensued. Na-thaniel looked at the lady, then at the floor, then at the ceiling; his face turned all colors, and his muscles twitched nervously. He felt that he had undertaken the most stupendous and trying feat of his life. All his former missions dwindled into nothingness compared with this. He wished he was at home! But the lady was anxiously awaiting his pleasure, and he made a desperate

effort.
"Miss Lane, I've understood—" "Yes, sir?" replied that lady, inter-regatively, as Nathaniel's understand-

ng met with a quietus. Matters were becoming serious, at least with poor Nathaniel, and anything but agreeable to Mrs. Lane, who was at her wits' end to know the meaning of such a strange proceeding. To recede now was impossible, thought the for another trial.

quivered. She thought him a singular man, if

not an idiot or a lunatic; but she said nothing, and awaited developments. "I have been advised to give you a all," Nathaniel continued, gaining a little confidence from the comparatively smooth progress of the interview thus

far, "and perhaps you might render Another halt, another cough, and more

"If I can render you any service I shall be happy to do so," said Mrs. Lane, thinking that her visitor was la-boring under some mental aberration or domestic affliction. Nathaniel felt encouraged-in fact.

What could this answer mean but an invitation to come to the interesting climax at once, and relieve both parties? No sooner thought than acted upon. Wiping his perspiring forehead, he

blurted out: "Miss Lane, I'm a single man, and want a wife. A friend of mine has told me that you have spoken of me in a favorable kind of way, and advised me Will you marry to come and see you.

It is strange how susceptible of sudden change is one's temper, and especi-ally a woman's! Mrs. Lane, not dreaming of such a termination of affairs, was astounded, and, very properly, highly indignant.

"What do you mean, sir, by insulting me, a married woman, in this way? she exclaimed; leave my house immediately!" and she opened the door to accelerate her offender's exit.

'A married woman-O, Lord!" gasped poor Nathaniel, who had risen from seat and stood trembling from head to foot, and in his fright and confusion he bolted out of the door, leaving his hat behind him.

On board the train that left the vil lage of M., that evening, there might have been seen, in one corner of the car, a wee-begone man holding with one hand a huge carpet bag upon his knee, while with the other he now and then wiped his face with his pocket-handkerchief. This indivivual was no other than poor Nathaniel Wilson, who, filled with grief and mortification at his ridiculous performance of that afternoon, had hastily gotten together his worldly all, and was flying from the scene of his

disgrace. But "all's well that ends well;" and never had the proverb a more striking the victim. But a few days had elapsed distant country whither he had gone. In the meantime the heartless joke that had been played upon Nathaniel had come to the ears of Mrs. Lane, and with it so favorable a mention of Nathaniel's transact with your master." moral standing in the community, that the lady, in her goodness of heart, wrote to Nathaniel a letter of regret for the and made assuring him of the respect with which

she had come to regard him. The missive received from the overjoyed Nathaniel a prompt response. A in but little use. The good dame ancorrespondence was established and conswered the summons in person; and tinued between the two so ludicrously brought together, and, in little more than a year after his departure, Nathanto inform her husband of the guest's ariel returned home to consummate in marriage the court-hip so inauspiciously begun. His short experience among strangers had wrought a wonderful change in him; the awkward, bashful fellow had indeed "made a man of himself," and none are more highly esteemed in the village of M., than Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

# RIDGWAY, PA, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1872.

The Watch and the Turkey. As a certain learned Judge in Mexico; ome time since, walked one morning into ourt, he thought he would examine whether he was in time for business and, feeling for his repeater, found it was

not in his pocket. "As usual," said he to a friend who accompanied him, as he passed through the crowd near the door—"as usual I have again left my watch at home under my

He took his seat on the bench, and thought no more of it. The court adjourned, and be returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor, he bethought him of his timepiece,

and, turning to his wife, requested her to send for it to their chamber. "But, my dear Judge," said she, "I nt it to you three hours ago."

"Sent it to me, my dear? Certainly "Unquestionably!" replied the lady; and by the person you sent for it."
"The person I sent for it." echoed the

Judge.
"Precisely, my dear; the very person you sent for it. You had not left home more than an hour when a well-dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me. He brought one of the finest turkeys I ever saw, and said that on your way to court you met an Indian with a number of fowls. Having bought this one at a bargain, you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home, with the request that I would have it killed and put to cool, as you intended to invite your brother judges to a dish of molle to-morrow. And 'O' by the way, senorita,' said he, 'his excellency the Judge requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your cham-

this morning, and send it to him by me. And of course I did so."

"You did?" said the Judge.
"Certainly!" said the lady.
"Well," replied his honor, "all I can

ly to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey. You've been robbed, madam; that man was a thief; I never sent for my watch; you've been imposed upon, and, as a necessary consequence, the watch is lost forever.

ber and take his watch from under the

pillow, where he says he left it as usual

The trick was a cunning one; and after a laugh, and the restoration of the "Miss Lane, I suppose you know I'm single man?" he said, and his lips it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner, and his honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a morsel.

Accordingly, after the adjournment of court next day, they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare repast. Scarcely had they entered the house and exhanged the ordinary salutations, when the lady broke forth with congratulations to his honor upon the recovery of his stolen watch.

mother.

to New England to obtain funds with

and some other places, meeting with the

Massachusetts, living for a while in or

near Boston, supplying destitute pulpits

in the vicinity, almost always walking

to and from his appointments. On one

occasion he walked to New Bedford or

Fall River (the writer has forgotten

which) on Saturday, preached on Sun-day, and walked back to Boston on

Monday. In 1855 he accepted a call

and settled over the old parish in Bed-

ford, a few miles north of Lexington.

Here he preached one year, exchanging pulpit services with the writer in Feb-

ruary, 1856, but in the following spring he resigned his connection with the

parish, attempting some innovation in the church which the members did not

approve. Still residing in Bedford, he

became more eccentric in his ways, tak-

ing long walks, sawing wood for poor

having to the farmers in the town, but

spending most of his time till the year

1861 in writing a book in favor of poly-

gamy, and in studying the problem of

erpetual motion; claiming at one time

hat he had discovered the secret, and

seeking to borrow money to put it in

operation. On the breaking out of the Rebellion he enlisted as a soldier, first

burning all his sermons, but charging

his wife to preserve with the utmost care his MSS, on polygamy. Not liking

the dull monotony of the camp, he de-

serted, was taken, and, I believe, after

ome slight penalty and reprimand, re-

stored to his place; but, repeating the offense, he was tried as a deserter and

sentenced to death. But his wife and

friends interceded, proving his course to

be the result of mental disorder, and he

was pardoned. Subsequently he was discharged, and returned to his family,

but not to live with them.

County Gazette.

widows, sometimes letting himself

"How happy am I," exclaimed she, that the villain was apprehended. "Apprehended!" said the Judge, with

"Yes; and doubtless convicted, too, by this time," said the wife. "You are always talking riddles," replied he; "explain yourself, my dear. I

know nothing of thief, watch, or convic-

"It can't be possible that I have been again deceived," quoth the lady; "but this is the story: About one o'clock today a pale and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a seedy suit of black, came to the house in great haste -almost out of breath. He said that he was just from court; that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had the audacity to steal your honor's watch had just been arrested; that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict im, and all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express

orders. And you gave it to him ?" "Of course I did! Who could have loubted him, or resisted the orders of a

Judge ? Watch and turkey both gone! Pray, nadam, what are we to do for dinner: But the lady had taken care of her guests, notwithstanding her simplicity, and the party enjoyed both the joke and their viands.—Mayer's Mexico As It Was.

## A Slight Mistake.

The following anecdote, which first ppeared in the newspapers many years ago, is said to have been founded on an actual occurrence. Although it may not illustrate the democratic simplicity of the people of Vermont to-day, it is evertheless a good story, and good also for many years' longer life in the newspapers :

you inform me whether His frock, can Honor the Governor of Vermont resides here?" said a British officer, as he brought his flery horse to a stand in front of Governor Chittenden's dwelling. "He does," was the response of the man, still wending his way to a pig-sty. "Is His Honor at home?" continued

the man of spurs. "Most certainly," replied frock "Take my horse by the bit, then," said the officer. "I have business to

. Without a second bidding, the man did as requested, and the officer alighted his way to the door, and gave injury she had innocently done him, and the panel several hearty raps with the panel several hearty raps with the butt of his whip—for be it known that in those days of republican simplicity knockers and bells, like servants, were having seated the officer and ascertained rival; but on ascertaining that the officer had made a hitching-post of her husband, she immediately returned and informed him that the Governor was engaged in the yard, and could not very well wait upon him and his horse at the king, and the monarch replied, "Ah,

### A Strange History.

George Washington Webster, who re-cently committed suicide at the North Farm of the Shaker family, at Canterbury, N. H. (a brief but imperfect account of whose life is given in The Concord Monitor), was, as the writer says, a natural son of a wealthy ex-mayor of Boston," who was only 18 years the senior of the subject of this narrative. His mother was a handsome young woman from Hooksett, N. H., who did service in the family of the parents of the young collegian, who afterwards rose to distinction in the city, while his ruined victim was cast out. When the young child, the fruit of this illicit union, was a few years old he was sent to Hooksett and placed in the care of his uncle, who is now living on the old farm where this young lad spent some ten years of his early life. At the age of about 16 he went to Pembroke to live with Capt. Jacob Sawyer, a retired business man, with the privilege of attending school at the local academy. He soon attracted the attention of his teacher by his brilliant natural gifts, and was pronounced the best scholar in the institution. By the solicitations of his friends, his uncle, who knew the circumstances of his birth and wealthy connections, which up to this time had been known to the connections. been kept from the boy, took him to Boston, and obtained an interview with his father, whom the young man very much resembled in appearance. The father was pleased with his intelligence and ambition, and, on condition that he would have his name changed, and he and his friends keep the whole matter a profound secret, promised to send him through college and prepare him for a profession, but nothing more, furnishing him with money, watch, and clothing. Having been brought up a Methodist, he went to Newbury, Vt., to a school of that denomination, where he fitted for college under the legal name of George Washington Webster, hinting to his fellow-students that his father was an eminent lawyer of Boston, leading them

to infer that he was a son of the Hon. Daniel Webster, then the only eminent To rob my Saviour of a part lawyer of that name in the city. From Newbury he entered Dartmouth, where he graduated with high honors in 1847. osing one year, however, of the course, It was, therefore, with great surprise, on account of disease of the mind. He

and not without some scandal, that in was generous, high-spirited, social in 1749 his friends heard that he was enhis feelings, witty, eloquent of speech, ef poetic tastes, fervid in religion, but gaged to a Mrs. Grace Murray, a young widow who had nursed him in a short strong passions, inheriting many of illness, and who was actually accompahis eccentricities and faults from the nying him at that time in his ministerial broken nervous system of his unhappy travels through the country. This young woman had been brought up as During his college course he taught school in Chelmsford, Mass., two or three winters, and before his graduation mara maid-servant, and was a person of small education, though of great attractions, and a fervent convert to ried a very estimable lady of that place. Methodism. She was a person of singu-After leaving college he went to Mead-ville, Pa., where he spent three years larly impulsive temperament, and, with an utter disregard of delicacy and honor, preparatory to the ministry, and after-ward settled in Wheeling as a Unitarian in the midst of her engagement to Wesley allowed herself to coquet also with preacher. Here he attempted to unite of his lay preachers, and for some months the most extraor-Union Society and Church, and came on dinary alternations went on, her choice resting sometimes on one, sometimes on which to erect a church edifice for this the other of her lovers, with passionate purpose, preaching in Boston, Medford, assertions of her entire devotedness to desired success. This was in 1851-52. He remained in Wheeling some two or three years, but in 1854 returned to ly of a few hours only.

each, and this with intervals occasional-Charles Wesley, disgusted and indignant, strove to put an end to the scan-dal. His brother yielded, and met the lady to say farewell. He kissed her, and said, "Grace Murray, you have broken my heart." A week or two after she was married to the inferior suitor. She and Wesley did not meet again for thirtynine years. She long outlived her husband; and when in London she came to hear her son preach in Moorefields she met her venerable lover—lover still, ap-parently, for the interview is described as very affecting. Henceforth they saw each other no more, and Wesley never again mentioned her name. Through long years Grace continued a course of Christian usefulness, and lived and died eminently respected. She lies in Chinly hurchyard, in Derbyshire.

Undeterred by his former experience, in 1751 Wesley again ventured upon an engagement which actually resulted in marriage. Now, too, the lady was a widow, a Mrs. Vazeille; her first husband having been a merchant who had left her a small independence. There was little in her to deserve the attachment of such a man, either in character or intellect. She, too, like Grace Murray, was of humble birth, and, like her, had been a maid-servant. Having during her widewhood joined herself to the Methodists, she was naturally pleased and flattered with the attentions of their renowned head. Charles Wesley again interposed; but this time in vain. It soon appeared how ill-advised a union had been contracted; and after a few years of wretched married life, marked on her part by outrageous ill-temper, jealousy, violence and even treachery, which her husband on his side bore with the patience of a Socrates, the lady one day took herself off and lived in a state of separation from him till her death.

Of his history from that time till his "Non eam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo —I did not forsake her, I did not dismelancholy death at Canterbury the writer knows nothing. His mother miss her, I will not recall her"-was the married a Boston merchant and afterhusband's apt and pardonable exclama-tion when he found her gone. She takes ward died in an insane asylum, leaving large family of children. Having her place in the foremost rank of the bad known him for more than forty years, wives of eminent men, worthy to be the above statements are substantially classed with the wedded companions of correct. He was not far from 50 years Socrates, of Albert Durer, of George of age at his death .- Cor. of Norfolk Herbert, or Richard Hooker; she the most vicious vixen of them all.

It may be imagined, without doing any injustice to him, that when his let-ORIGIN OF AN OLD PROVERB .- The ters were stolen, interpolated and forged following account of the saying, "those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw by his wife, for the purpose of injuring his character, the grieving spirit of the stones," is interesting. At the union of England and Scotland (in 1707, we beold prophet may sometimes have said, "Grace Murray would not have done this." At the same time we must, in lieve), great numbers of Scotchmen flocked to London. Buckingham hated justice, say that Wesley cannot be wholthe Scotch bitterly, and encouraged marauders to break the windows of ly exonerated from blame; for, setting aside the question whether, after electhouses occupied by them. Some of the ing to marry, he was not bound to do sufferers retaliated by breaking the winmore for the comfort of his wife, he cerdows of the Duke's house, which had so tainly gave occasion to her jealous temmany that it was called the "Glass per by his unwary conduct, and, most of The Duke complained to the same time! The predicament of the of-ficer can be better imagined than de-housen' should be carefu' how they fling she was the wife of three living husbands, so won the good opinion and confidence | died in ten minutes.

## The Loves of John Wesley.

A SUSCEPTIBLE FOUNDER OF A GREAT

The story of Wesley's love affairs, never picion can really attach, of course, to the fair fame of one so pure and unblemishgiven so fairly and so fully as now by Mr. Luke Tyerman, in his "Life and Times of John Wesley," forms a strange and most remarkable series of episodes ed as Wesley; but it was difficult for a jealous wife to think so. And assuredly we must say of him, adopting a well-known phrase of Mr. Froude's, that "in in his life. The first occurrence was during his mission to Georgia, where he formed a deep attachment to a Miss Sohis relations with women he seemed to phia Hopkey, ni see of the chief magis-trate of the colony. The earlier biog-raphies of Wesley represent the affair as involving a conspiracy on the part of the young lady and her friends against reputation of the youthful ascetic. But so unlikely an account is now dis-credited, and is totally disclaimed by Mr. Tyerman. Certain it is that Wesley was deeply in love; certain, too, that he referred the case to his Moravian friends and advisers, who decided accordingly that he should proceed no further in the craft who are masters of their business seldom want for work. But the number of "miserable clerks"—no other words matter, and he is said to have acquiesed, will express the subject—out of employsaying, "The will of the Lord be done. ment to-day in New York, Boston, Phil-However this may have been (and it seems doubtful whether he voluntarily adelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Chicago, and other great cities of the land, is not only lamentable, but enormous. Mergave up his attachment), the sequel is equally strange. For we find him a few months after publicly refusing the sacrament to this same lady (then married to a Mr. Williamson) when she presentkinds-more especially those who labor under a reputation for benevolence— are inundated by applications from per-sons thoroughly deserving, who are reed herself at the Lord's table. grounds of his refusal have never been cleared up; but it was largely in consequence of this behavior that he drew on himself the odium and prosecution which

drove him out of Georgia. For some years after this he persisted in his resolution of celibacy—a reselu-tion which certainly was most advisable for one who had embraced a life of selfdenial, labor and homelessness. In 1743, too, he published his "Thoughts on a Single Life," extolling that state as the privilege, if not the duty, of all who were capable of receiving it; and three years after, in a published hymn, which is clearly autohiographical, expressed himself as follows:

"I have no sharer of my heart And descrute the whole; Only betrothed to Christ am I. And wait his coming from the sky To wed my happy soul."

pose. But it is time people's eyes were opened to the enormity of the evils they generate by crowding the unproducing ranks of life, and letting the producing zo unfilled. There is a great demand for men, for vorkers; but the market for drones, for cafers, is always full. People of sense have about arrived at the conclusion, in plain language, that "any fool can be a clerk," while to be an efficient cabinetmaker requires qualities by no means so easily found. The result is that the supply of the clerk class is enormously in excess of the demand, and as a natural consequence, their salaries can be at no great hesitation to improve upon.

Not only is the number of clerks kept 1 far above the demand by the hosts struggling for admittance to its "honors who think it is more "genteel" than manual labor, and by the influx of fe-

male labor that is setting in that direction, but the business is often perpetuated from father to son. Boys are put into the ranks of clerkship who are entirely unfitted for service there. A derk, having a boy of fifteen, goes to the head of a house in which he is himself employed, solicits a place for his son, and congratulates himself on having by so doing contributed at least six dollars a week more to the scanty resources of home. Were he to reflect that he is. in all probability, condemning the lad to the chronic impecuniosity under which he himself groans, he would be less delighted. These children should be kept in view, and their real interests cared for. They should be rescued from that most miserable of all lives, the constant struggle to maintain appearances; the shabby shifts and mean devices to appear something which they are not. This is

real poverty. This, too, is what makes the carpenter or the shoemaker, albeit his actual gains in money may be the same, so far richer man than the clerk. He has a good fire, plenty to eat, and warm clothes. wife cooks the chops, and does the washing, and doesn't care who knows that she does it; and their means amply suffice for a life which is perfectly natural, genuine, and above-board in every respect. And the West beckons to peoole who might otherwise fritter away heir lives at home in the bondage of clerkships. We have a boundless terri-tory to be developed, virgin soil to be upturned, and lanks which will grow yearly in value, to be obtained on the asiest terms. There are men in the Western States who had the courage, in early life, to leave the counters of Chicago and St. Louis to rough it in California and Colorado. They bought land for cents which is now worth thousands of dollars. They dug the ground which Denver and Sacramento now cover. Their vigor and physique is certainly as good to-day as that of their fellowlerks, whom, at nineteen, they left at the desk, while they have more dollars than the others have cents.

> The strike for increased wages in England, Germany, and France is on the in-crease, and bids fair to succeed, more or less. In Germany, where it has been carried on, very persistently, since the ending of the war with France, it has ended in a general rise of 25 per cent. in the price of labor in a single year, with a reduction of the working hours from twelve to ten. The German agricultural laborers are endeavoring to obtain landproprietorship, and those who fail in this leaver are emigrating to the United States. At present the number of German is greater than the number of Irish immigrants, within the last nine months.

A negro in Mississippi the other day climbed a tree to saw off a limb upon all, by his unaccountable fondness for a which a swarm of bees were settled. certain Sarah Kyan, a quondam maid-servant, like the others; who, although settled upon the head of the unfortunate seur Welle. The writer does not youch

# Facts and Figures.

Gosport, Ind., has a man who hears brough his mouth, external auricular organs being wanting.

A Canadian Leander is going to make a hero of himself by undertaking to swim six miles from Buffalo light-house in

An Fnglish farmer in Iowa sent to London for a seed-sower at an expense of \$250, when a better one could be got

at home for \$40. Wisconsin papers complain of a man who was mean enough to clope with the

but it is generally from persons who have no settled occupation in life, or. only school-teacher in Green Bay, thus shutting up the school. next to none, follow some precarious Mr. Stewart's fortune is estimated at between fifty and sixty millions. Comdeavor to follow a mechanical trade, they are persons who are not "up" in their calling. Workmen of any handifortable amount, when there is a margin

of ten millions to guess by. Two English ladies, the Misses Charesworth and Sims, lately married two South Sea Islanders in Australia—the

first marriage of the kind on record. An Indiana maiden suing for breach of promisd, has put in evidence not only he letters of the faithless one, but also her own, to show the depth of ruined af-

chants, bankers, and business men of all fection. A woman in Manchester, England, has been arrested for chloroforming women, and while they were in an insensible condition, cutting off and stealing duced to the most desperate straits for a their hair.

There are twenty female physicians in Berlin who are justly entitled to be called famous practitioners. They have Only a few days ago, a gentleman discovered, in the conductor of the car in which he was travelling, an old acamassed individually ample pecuniary quaintance, formerly a clerk with a salary of three thousand dollars, who was thankful to have even his present

means, it is said. A Michigan paper thus delicately announces a death from a "non-explosive: "Mrs. Maria Flamely gave up the bad habit of using kerosene for kindling fires, on Thursday last."

Believing in the proverb, "Never too old to mead," Prof. W. L. Mitchell, of the Georgia University Law School, has this employment has can only be accounted for by absurd notions of its aged 70. It is gentility. If persons had rather he grows up. just commenced the study of Hebrew, aged 70. It may be of service to him as

A female book agent recently called the Governor of Rhode Island, from his place in the Senate, during an important debate, to solicit his subscription for a book she was selling. The interview is said to have terminated abruptly.

Dr. Holmes talks, in his pleasant way. of lawyers, ministers and doctors, whose several virtues are summed up in the single sentence, "The lawyers are the cleverest men, the ministers are the most learned, and the doctors are the most

There is a woman in Springfield who is determined not to be cheated. She purchased a spool of cotton thread at a lry goods store, the other day, and insisted on having the clerk unwind and measscrewed down to the very lowest limits, and this fact the capitalist is generally below 200 yards.

Dr. Oscar Liebrich, the inventor of hydrate of chloral, has introduced a new organic compound called croton-chloral, by which the head may be rendered inensible while the other parts of the body remain unaffected. It therefore promises to produce all the good effects of hydrate of chloral without any drawbacks being attached to its judicious use.

The heat was so intense at Adelaide, South Australia, last January, that business nearly ceased, sleeping become almost an impossibility, and even a cold bath was scarcely attainable, the waterworks being heated to seventy-nine degrees. For twelve days the mercury ranged in the day up to one hundred and eighty degrees in the shade.

The often-mooted question whether the great lakes have tidal movements will probably be settled this summer, a series of observations being about to be instituted under the direction of the United States Coast Survey, to ascertain the cause of the rise and fall of the waters of Lake Superior, which have for some time past attracted the attention of the

Country banks can take no better precaution than to have a first-class safe with a lock very difficult to open, but at the same time they ought to have somebody around who knows how to open it in case of necessity. A New Hampshire bank lately obtained a valuable safe with a patent combination lock, and stowed the valuables therein, but everybody forgot the combination, and it took a brawny blacksmith all day to get into it.

The English Anti-Tobacco Society, wanting evidences of the evil effects of the weed, took into their service Professor Newman. He had never used the stuff in any form; and the arrangement was that he should take a good smoke, get sick, and then describe his horrible sensations in a course of lectures. The Professor got his pipe aud smoked about half an hour, but singularly enough he did not get sick at all; and, so far from being utterly disgusted, he just keeps on smoking, and the Society folks are a little discouraged.

A droll account is given by the German St. Petersburgh Gazette of the extraordinary way in which a professor of magic has announced his arrival in that country. A distinguished looking gen-tleman enters a hairdresser's shop on the Nevsky to be shaved. Mons. Phillippe, the master, not being home, one of his men undertakes, that anxious and delicate task. The gentleman sits down, the operator tucks in the inevitable nap-kin, lathers the hirsute chin, carefully strops the chosen razor, and with hands jerked out of reach of the impending cuff, is going to begin operations, when, to his amazement, he discovers that he is about to shave his man with a carrot ! The stupefied friseur stares at his custemer, stares at the carrot, then, throwing the vegetable away, and silently picking out another razor, again comes to the charge with-a cucumber! "The devil!" he cries, aghast, when his master, entering, undeceives him as to the infernal character of his subject by ad-

it in sober German print.