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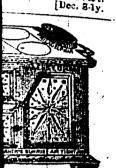
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## GAS AND SAVING

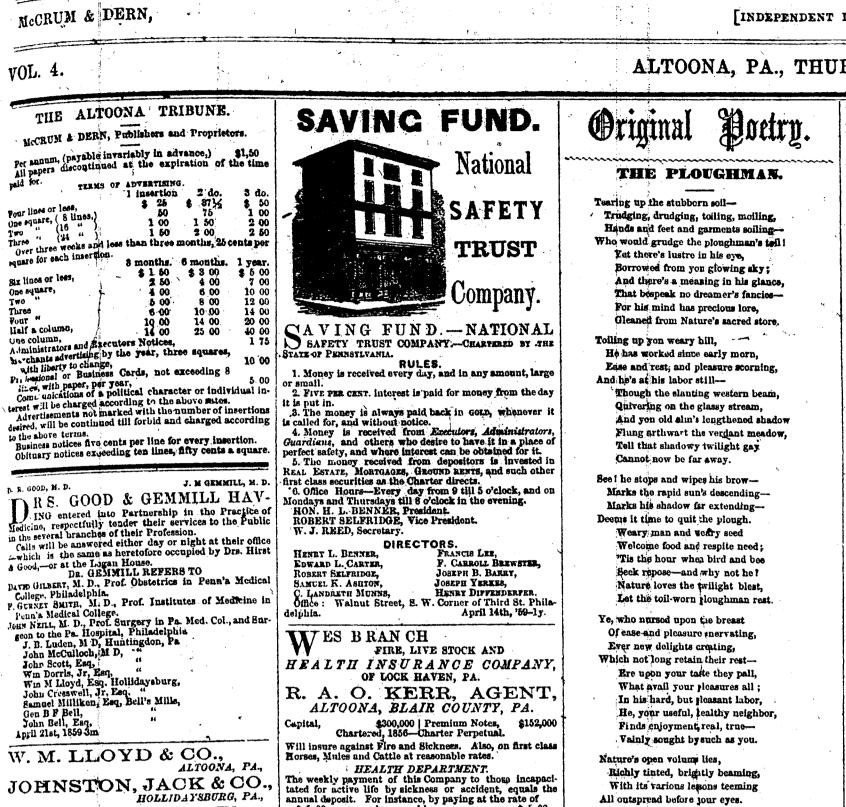
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ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1859.

Landell. The forced smile faded away from. his countenance. Mrs. Landell sighed. "Than usual !" She repeated his words looking with earnest inquiry into her husband's | ing. face. Then she added in a tender manner-"Bring home your trouble, dear. Don't hide

anything. Let me share with you the good and ill of life. Did you not know that hearts draw nearer in suffering than they do in joy."

"Bless your kind heart, Alice !" said Mr. Landell, a broad smile creeping over his face as he caught her round cheeks between his hands and kissed her. "There isn't anything in the case so serious as all that comes to. I'm not going to fail in business; haven't lost anything worth speaking about; haven't cheated anybody and don't intend to; it's only this hasty, impulsive temper of mine that is always leading me to say or do something that leaves a eting."

The cloud passed from the face of Mrs. Landell.

"You will overcome that in time, Edward." "I can't see that I make any progress. Yesterday I spoke sharply to one of my young men, when a mild reproof would have been more just and of more salutary effect. He is sensitive, and my words hurt him severely. The shadow that remained on his face all day was my perpetual rebuke, and I felt it long after the sun went down. My punishment was greater than his. But the lesson of yesterday did not suffice. This morning I was betrayed into captious language, and wounded the same young man, and threw him off his guard so much that he answered me with feeling. This I regarded as impertinence, and threatened to dismiss him from my service if he dared venture a repetition of his language. When feeling subsided and thought became clear again, I saw that I had been wrong and felt unhappy about it ever since. I wish that I had more self control : that I could bridle my tongue when feeling it suddenly spurred. But temperament and long indulged habits are against me."

" Well ?" "And I didn't." "You are a hero," said Mrs. Landell, laugh-

"Not much of a one. The conquest was easy enough when I drew the sword in carnest." "And you felt better ?"

40h. a thousand times. What a curse one's life this quick temperament is. I am ashamed of myself half a dozen times a day on an average. But I have made a good beginning, and I mean to keep on right until the end." "Don't." said Mrs. Landell to her husband. as she parted with him for the store at the front door of their home the next morning.

"I won't: God help me !" was answered heartily.

And he didn't, as the pleasant evening that he passed with his wife, most clearly testified. Reader, if you are quick [tempered, "don't."

The Mother.

Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear the loveliness of woman, the affection of a sister or the devotedness of a wife; and it is the remembrance of such things that cheers and comforts the dreariest hours of life: vet a mother's love far exceeds them in strength, in disinterestedness and in purity. The child of her bosom may have left her and forsaken her; he may have disregarded all her instructions and warnings, he may have become an outcast from society, and none may care for or notice him-yet his mother changes not, nor is her love weakened, and for him her prayers will ascend ! Sickness may weary other friendsmisfortune drive away familiar acquaintances, and poverty leaves none to lean upon you ; yet they affect not a mother's love, but only call into exercise in a still greater degree her tenderness and affection. The mother has duties to perform which are weighty and responsible; the lisping infant must be taught how to live-the thoughtless child must be instructed in wisdom's ays-the tempted youth be advised and warn-

Walking in the country and morning, in early . spring time, we seated officielyes to rust on a large stone near an orchard gate. Very soon we observed a large man hanging on the topmost limbs of a small apple tree with one hand, while with the other he was cutting of twigs and branches. We bade him good morning .--He answered cheerfully; and we ventured to hint that the tree he had climbed bore a heavy burden. "Yes," he said, "the trees all need pruning, but I can only attend to a few of them.

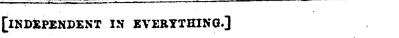
the others wouldn't bear my weight." "Why don't you fasten your saw to a pole." stand on the ground and prone such limbe as most require it ?" we asked.

"Well, I declare." he answered. " that would do-I didn't think of it." There was a valuable lesson in that confestion-"I didn't think of it." It explained why, in many respects, the farmer was not prosperous. He was a hard worker. He en-

deavored to be economical ; but he was always behind. His orchard didn't yield abundantlyhis cattle had disease-his grain was often poor -and he could only sell at a low price, because he didn't think. He had never learned forethought-he did not know what it . was to consider-he did not understand how judicious head-work assists hand work.

Didn't think-that is the sorry explanation of much error-of many a crime-of many a failure-of many a hardship, and many an abuse. Little boys and girls, bear in mind that whatever advantage you may have at home, in school and business, or in society, unless you think, your lives will be sad and your efforts unsuccessful. Learn, then, while you are young, the srt of thinking. To be great and good, you must understand the art of reflection, as well as appreciate the pleasure of memory.

AN EDITOR IN A QUANDRY .--- During the overflow at Cairo last spring, the editor of the Times there, despatched the following missive to a



EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Tibune

NO. 42.

Don't Think



All outspread before your eyes.

Dewy glades and opening flowers.

Emerald meadows, vernal bowers,

Sun and shade, and bird and bee,

\$ 5 00

20 00 30 00

brother of the craft in another locality, near by :