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Letters and communications should be addressed to

J. WEYAND, *Editor & Proprietor.*

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Our purpose is to establish the reputation of the school on thorough scholarship in every branch studied. It is therefore important that pupils should be present at the opening of the school, and continue regular in their attendance.
Having had over one hundred enrolled during the past year, we hope for a large increase during the coming year. D. H. A. M'LEAN, Principal.
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THIS INSTITUTION WAS OPENED ON MONDAY, Oct. 12th, 1868.
REV. JOHN W. MARTIN, D. D.
has been chosen Principal. He was formerly Principal of the Ulster Institution for the deaf-dumb and the blind, Belfast; and Headmaster of the National Institution for the deaf and dumb of Ireland, Claremont, Dublin; and recently President of the Lincoln University. We are assured that Dr. Martin is a ripe scholar and a successful instructor. He purposes to revive the school, if God will. The first term will be short, in consequence of the lateness of beginning. The tuition will correspond. A liberal discount will be allowed to the orphans of soldiers and children of clergymen.
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OUR STORY-TELLER.

MY FATHER'S WIFE.

My father had, in just as few words as possible, expressed his intention of marrying again. My mother—God bless her!—died only one short year before, after twenty years of harmonious domestic life, leaving two children, my sister Clara, now seventeen and myself. I was almost twenty, had graduated at college, and was studying law with my father, whose practice was second to none in Boston. He scrutinized my features closely while communicating the astounding intelligence and realized that it was not very graciously received.

The news overwhelmed me, and my sister would, I knew, be almost fatal. Who the new mistress of our home was to be we knew not; but my father soon relieved me on this point.

"The lady is Miss Fanny Hanover, of Detroit, and the wedding will be, God willing, four weeks from to-day. You have never seen her, Fred, and I may as well inform you that she is young, fine-looking, and more than ordinarily amiable and attractive, and will, I trust, be a pleasant companion for both you and Clara."

With a kind 'Good-night,' he left me to my reflections.

'I don't care, Fred,' said Clara to me the next morning, after an extremely unsocial breakfast. 'I know I shall hate her. Just to think of our happy little circle being broken up, and a stranger introduced as mistress, turning everything topsy-turvy!' and my beautiful sister burst into a convulsive fit of sobbing which really alarmed me. Soothing was out of the question, and I earnestly hoped she would recover her wonted serenity before she had succeeded in making us all miserable.

Father took especial pains to conciliate her, and drew her on his knee much oftener then usual.

About three days before the wedding was to take place found us *en route* for Detroit.—Just before starting father drew Clara tenderly toward him, and said:

'Now, my darling daughter, I do hope that for my sake, and the sake of another quite as sensitive as yourself, that you will do everything in your power to appear the kind loving child you have always been. I have spoken of you to Fanny so freely and so warmly that I should be grieved indeed to have her compelled to change the good opinion she has already formed, and from my glowing description too, Clara. That would be rather unkind to me.

Clara sobbed out an inarticulate reply, in which I heard something about 'mother.'

'But I do not bring you a mother, Clara, or a mistress, but simply a friend and companion. Why can I not make you understand it?'

'I will try, father, indeed I will, to be all you desire,' and the conversation ended.

I saw immediately from the outside appearance of the mansion which we approached, that my father had chosen from a family quite his equal in wealth and position.

It was an elegant establishment, surrounded with handsome grounds and fine old trees, and I made my silent criticisms, I noticed that father was eagerly scanning the windows, and I thought, as an eloquent smile lit up his noble countenance, that whoever had selected him for a life-companion had shown, to say the least, unmistakable good taste.

'There she is; look quick, Fred,' and I caught a glimpse of a sweet young face looking longingly out.

'Where, father?' I asked in astonishment.

'Why there at the parlor window; but you are too late now,' he replied, as we drove rapidly to the door.

'Surely that little young *girl* cannot be the bride-elect,' I reasoned dismally; but all doubts were speedily dispelled, as I saw the same sweet face lifted lovingly to his, and the charmingly petit figure clasped in his warm embrace.

Fanny, this is my daughter Clara I have told you so much about; and this is my son Ferdinand, whom I believe I have also mentioned.

Clara, which I knew was irrepressible, received and returned the warm salutations of the blushing beauty, while I, feeling more awkward than ever before in my life, and scarcely knowing what demonstration to make, awaited my turn.

'I really feel acquainted with you, Ferdinand,' said she, advancing and putting up her rosy lips for a kiss. 'Your father has described you so accurately. Will you try to love me just a little?' she asked in more subdued tones; 'for although I am doing my best to be dignified and self-possessed yet you can scarcely imagine how fully I realize my delicate position, and how important I feel to have both you and your sister love me.'

The poor timid, trembling little darling, how I loved and how I pitied her! I think my eyes must have expressed my feelings pretty literally, for, without waiting for a reply she said:

'I know we shall be friends; and now the worst is over.

'Yes, indeed,' I replied; 'friends before we met, on my father's account—friends now for our own sakes, and because we love each other.

'Oh, if you only knew how welcome these words are, Ferd!—calling me by my home name—'you would thank God that for my sake you were allowed to utter them!'

'Well how is it, Fanny?' said father laughingly advancing.

'Just as I desired, but much more than I expected, and my heart is so full!' and she buried her head in Clara's lap and wept, while the latter stroked her beautiful brown hair caressingly, and father looked on, gratified and astonished.

The wedding was an affair of high life and Fanny's father, her only surviving parent, seemed to feel the separation bitterly. I overheard her say to him as he walked down to the carriage to bid her a last good buy:

"Oh, father, for my sake be kind to poor

I did not catch the name, but his reply was perfectly audible:

'Do not add to the bitterness of our parting; you have other duties, and a more honorable love to attend to now. Forget him.'

That sounded strangely.

Had this apparently straight forward and affectionate little woman cherished another passion? and was this union merely one of policy? I asked myself all the way home.

I would have given half my fortune to have blotted out those words; but after a few days of pleasant domestic experience I determined to put to one side the whole affair, and to believe her guiltless of intended wrong at all events.

My father seemed perfectly happy, and Clara and she got on splendidly. Fanny was an indefatigable worker and thinker and without a particle of noise or bustle, she arranged everything in the most methodical and tasteful manner, always planning and advising with my sister, and I have no doubt that Clara imagined that a very large share of the domestic success was attributable to herself.

Evening parties, dinner-parties, soirees—social and musical—all had to be attended to, and 'little mother,' as I had fondly named her, was at home everywhere; no part of her education seemed to have been neglected, and I laughingly assured her when I selected a wife I should certainly try Detroit.

Six months had almost slipped by, and no cloud had arisen to dim the precious light of our charming home.

One morning while sitting at a late breakfast, the servant brought in several letters, and one for Mrs. Edwin Carrington. I noticed the color fade from cheek and lip while the beautiful lids 'grew heavy with their weight of unshed tears. She nervously broke the seal.

Father, busy with his correspondence, did not notice for awhile, but finally observing her troubled look, inquired:

'Bad news, Fanny?'

'Nothing of any consequence, dear,' was her scarcely audible reply.

'Father is well I hope?'

'It is not from home, Edwin,' and immediately excused herself from the table.

For the first time I saw that my father was discomposed, and I knew that the truth whatever it might be would be infinitely better than suspicion and uncertainty, and I determined to watch matters and advise her, if I was able.

In a few moments she descended to the breakfast parlor again with the tear stains carefully washed away from her sweet young face.

Two or three days after I entered the library, quite unexpectedly, and found it unoccupied.

Clara had gone I knew to a matinee. An elegant portfolio, which I recognized as Fanny's, lay on the table, and on it an unfinished sheet. There in her beautiful chirography was written:

'My Darling Claude.—Do not accuse me of not loving you, for that breaks my heart.—Why do you persecute me? You know I am the wife of an upright, honorable man, and by this course of conduct you are wrecking all my happiness. I will come to you to-morrow at three—'

And then proceeded to designate the stable at the extremity of the garden for their meeting. I had just time to walk into the back drawing room and throw myself upon the sofa to escape detection.

'Why, Ferd, are you home so soon?' as she caught sight of my prostrate figure while passing the door; and no kiss for little mother?' she inquired reproachfully with a sad quiver to the beautiful lips.

My heart smote me instantly.

'Can this woman be false?' I inquired of my restless soul. If so, then was there no innocence on earth; and I answered her beseeching look with one quite as earnest.

'Come here, little mother, and I will kiss you; but I have a bad headache.'

Instantly cool little hands were on my forehead.

'I hope you are not going to have a fever, Ferd; but your head is fearfully hot. Wait a moment till I get my Cologne; and then followed a systematic bathing, which I silently [illegible] what manner of woman she was. [illegible]

I feigned sleep, and after a few more passes the room was quietly darkened, a wet napkin laid on my forehead, and I heard her whisper:

'Fast asleep! dear Ferd, how dearly I love him! I wish I dared to tell him; but he would hate me, too. How I wish I was dead.'

That she suffered excruciatingly I knew; but what could be done to save her? For I realized that prompt and vigorous measures must be immediately adopted, or a life-long misery for more than one must be the result.

The next afternoon I entered the stable by the next street, about half-past two, and stowed myself safely away in one of the haylofts, where I could see and hear everything that was necessary.

The coachman harnessed up and drove off, and in a few moments after a stranger entered whose personal appearance I eagerly scanned. He was tall, straight, light complexioned, side-whiskers and mustache, revealing just enough of a pair of finely cut lips to remind me of some one, and to save my life I could not remember who. He was decently but not fashionable dressed, and there was a recklessness about his general deportment which contrasted strangely with his expressive face and massive forehead. In a moment more I heard the light familiar footstep, and with a cry of, 'Oh Claud, you poor dear darling,' Fanny sunk into his embrace, as naturally as a child into the arms of its mother.

'My God!' I ejaculated, 'after this all the women in the world are nothing to me!—a confounded set of hypocrites.

And yet, with all this overwhelming evidence, I pitied her from the depths of my soul. Their conversation was carried on in low tones, and I heard but a little distinctly. But I think it must have been in answer to a demand for money, she said:

'Claude, I cannot keep you supplied; my husband is good and generous, but no money of his shall you ever touch; and then followed a whispered conversation, lasting a few minutes longer.

They separated, and, I thought, not very kindly—Fanny in tears, and he with smothered curses.

'What was the next course?' I asked myself. I was not at all surprised to hear that Mrs. Carrington was indisposed and begged to be excused from the tea-table and evening circle. Esther remained up stairs with her, while Clara and I played chess—both evidently thinking of something else. She, too, had evidently read Fanny's embarrassment.

After she retired I sat by the library fire for a long time thinking intently. I turned the gas low, and racked my brain to devise some expedient for the safety of father and mother, both; for, after all I had seen and heard, the latter was still very dear to me, and her interests mine irrespective of any tie which bound her to the family.

It was a little past midnight, and I was just leaving the library, when my father entered, hastily.

'I am glad to find you up, Ferd,' he said, in a tone which he endeavored to make calm and commonplace. 'I want to advise with you, for I am literally overwhelmed. Fanny you know, has not been herself since the reception of that strange letter a week ago. She has never said anything concerning it; but I have had my suspicions. To-night, after she had got asleep, I found a piece of it in the bottom of the coal scuttle. She intended of course to destroy it; and if it is not from a lover, then I am no lawyer. God forgive me if I judge the poor child harshly!'

And my father buried his head in his hands and sobbed like a child.

'Can you not induce her to confess?' I asked, in desperation.

'Heaven forbid!' he cried. 'With this damning proof in my possession, I shall never ask her a question, or utter a command, save that she go immediately home to her father.'

A sharp click on the back drawing-room window, as if made with some burglarious instrument, arrested our attention. In a moment, without a particle of noise, father passed me a pistol, and both armed, we took our position each side of the window. The sash was carefully lifted, and a man's head appeared.

Father fired, and the burglar fell to the floor. I turned on the gas, and immediately recognized the man I had seen in the afternoon at the stable.

'Oh, Edwin! Oh, Ferd! what is the matter?' and little mother made her appearance all in *dishabille*, her beautiful hair streaming down her shoulders. 'Some one killed? Oh, my God! what have you done?' and before we could prevent her, she threw herself by the side of the unfortunate man, buried her head in his black, covered his face with kisses, and with all the endearing epithet that could possibly be lavished on another, endeavored to restore him to stability.

'Get something, somebody! why do you stand gazing at me? He was all in the world I had left. I knew you and he has always been mine. Oh, father! this is your work! brought to this horrible end by your unforgiving, relentless spirit!'

'And did you love this bad man so dearly, little one?' said my father, all his natural nobility rising at the sight of her misery. 'Who is he, darling? Don't be afraid to tell us' he continued, in that same kind strain, though I knew his heart was breaking.

'I never intended you should know anything about our disgrace. He has been the misery of my life; and what have I not suffered for him? and yet how to idolatry I have loved him! Oh, Edwin, this poor sinful dying man, is my own cousin, darling brother! Oh, Claude! how could you have sunk to this?'

Your brother, poor! and my father could say no more; but little mother was pressed close to his noble heart, and I turned away to hide the tears which would fall in spite of all efforts to drive them back.

'But what did you think, Edwin? and you Ferd?' and the liquid eyes were turned mournfully to his.

'Oh! everything darling; but the right! Ay Ferd,' said he addressing me, 'this is the happiest moment of my life! how could ever we have suspected you—my precious wife?'

It seems that for some trifling, youthful misdemeanor this unfortunate man had been expelled from his father's house years before but Fanny had always been his friend, doing whatever she could to assist him. He had fallen into bad company, acquired a habit of gambling, been led from bad to worse, until brought to this melancholy fate. But we did not leave him there to make all these reflections. A surgeon was soon summoned a plausible explanation given, and Claude recovered sufficiently to be sent home to his father's house, who under the strange circumstances, was compelled to receive him.

The affair was kept entirely quiet, and 'little mother' continued to be the light and joy of our household.

THE BIBLE.

Who composed the following description of the Bible we may never know. It was found in Westminster Abbey, anonymous and debateless.

A nation would be [illegible] governed by no other [illegible] but book [illegible] or done.

It gives instruction to a Senate, authority and direction to a magistrate.

It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence.

It sets the husband as lord of the household, and wife as mistress of the table, tells him how to rule, and her how to manage.

It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience to children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master—commands the subjects to honor, and the servant to obey; and the blessing and protection of the Almighty to all that walk by its rule.

It gives directions for weddings and burials.

It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both.

It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father—tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and whom his love is to trust—and promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter.

It teaches a man to set his house in order, and how to make his will; appoints a dowry for his wife, and sets the right of the first born and shows how the young branches shall be left.

It defends the right of [illegible] and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, over-reacher and trespasser.

It is the first book, the best book.

It contains the choicest matter—gives the best instruction—affords greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever enjoyed.

It contains the best and most profound mysteries that were ever penned; it brings the best of comfort to the inquiring and disconsolate.

It exhibits life and immortality from everlasting, and shows the way to glory.

It is a brief recital of what is to come.

It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

It reveals the only true God, and shows the way to Him, sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them and all that trust in them; in short, it is a book of laws to show what is right and wrong; a book of wisdom that counsels all folly and makes the foolish wise; a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestial and infernal worlds, and the [illegible] of the angelic myriads, human tribes, devilish legions.

It will instruct the unlettered mechanic and most profound [illegible]

It is the best covenant ever was agreed on; the best deed that was sealed, the best evidence that was produced; the best will that ever was penned.

To understand it, is wise indeed; to be ignorant of it, is to be destitute of wisdom.

It is the king's best, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's guide, the servant's best directory, the man's best companion; it is the child's spelling book, and the learned man's masterpiece.

It contains a choice char for a novice and a profound mystery sage.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary and the wise man's directory.

It affords knowledge by inventions for the humorous, and darkness for the grave, and is its own interpreter.

It encourages the the warrior, the swift, the overcomer; promises an eternal reward to the exc the conqueror, the winner, and the [illegible]ent. And that which crowns all is, the author is without partiality, and with [illegible]ocrisy.

"In whom there is no [illegible]ness or shadow of turning."

Gen. Forrest says he is to fight a duel with Kilpatrick, we guess will wait until Kilpatrick has his backed.

THE MOUTH.

A lecture delivered before the Beaver county Teachers' Institute, by Dr. A. W. Acheson.

He who created all things by the word of his power allowed his greatness not only in the mere creation out of nothing, but also by the wonderful variety He gave to his creations. Such is this variation that the eye never wearies in gazing at, nor the ear in listening to, nor the mind in searching out the beauties of nature. Many things which at first sight appears devoid of interest on comparison with those of like character are replete with instruction. It is our desire to examine into and compare the construction of the mouth as found in several species of animals, to see if therefrom we can draw any pleasure. It is situate at the beginning, or rather is itself the beginning of the alimentary canal.

Into it enters all food, and much which is not food. From it should issue nothing except what would gladden the heart of man.

The jaws which give shape and size to the mouth project in the man none beyond the forehead. In the monkey, which approaches nearest to man, we find a slight deviation from this. And in the lower animals the jaws are projected so as to form a snout or bill, which by its length, breadth, strenth or shape exhibit some peculiarity in the mode or means of feeding of the possessor. In man there are hands to convey food to the mouth and no need of projection. If we had no hands yet browsed like the ox the ends of our noses would be worn off, and all would be cross-eyed, looking toward the object eating. But our Creator has adapted all mouths to their work. The jaws of the lion are strong to crush bones. The end of the humming bird's bill as soft and pliant as moist chamois leather. In all birds which live by picking up seeds is a short strong bill—chicken, pheasant, turkey; in such as pick up insects and worms a longer bill but not so strong—robin, crow, bluebird; in such as catch insects in the air a bill broad at the base—martin, swallow; in such as dig insects from trees, a long and strong bill—woodpecker; in such as live on the water, a broad bill—duck, goose; in such as live on the waters edge a very long bill, (and long legs)—kill-dee, heron, crane. In fact all birds, which have to reach a distance for their food have long bills—humming bird, fly-up-the-creek. On birds of prey is a crooked beak—hawk, eagle, owl. The reason for this variety is explained by the habits of the birds.

The jaw has motion—in birds and carnivorous animals only up and down—in others this and a lateral motion. In the preparation of flesh for digestion much less mastication is necessary than for grain, because the gastric juice easily finds access to all parts of a mass of flesh through a few openings, working its way like oil up a lamp wick; but in grain the covering of each starch granule must be ruptured before the contents are affected. The rupturing of one pellicle gives no access to the contents of the next, but each must be ruptured for itself. If the time allowed for digestion be occupied in dissolving the covering of the grain the contents pass out of the stomach without being digested at all. All farmers should be acquainted with that fact when they fatten pork. Grind your corn to rupture the covering of the grain, and boil the meal to rupture the pellicle of the starch granule, and when eaten the gastric juice be[illegible] able to act on the nutrious part of the food, and the hog fattens quicker.

The lips form the front and lateral boundaries of the mouth. By them in some animals food is secured. The horse in grazing collects the grass with the upper lip. So the giraffe collects leaves. In the elephant and tapir the upper lip is prolonged into a proboscis, and is used with almost as much dexterity as the hand in man. The carniverous and gnawing animals have the upper lip cleft, or what is better known as the hare lip. By this arrangement it is better removed out of the way in securing the food or seizing its prey. Those animals generally lap water because the lips cannot be brought sufficiently close together by muscles to permit the forming of a vaccuum in the mouth.

The teeth prepare the food for the stomach. In fowls they are wanting, their place being supplied by a muscular organ called the gizzard. To effect the comminution of food stones are swallowed, against which the food is rubbed. The teeth are arranged along the jaws, except in some of the small fish, in which they are placed farther down and on all sides of the throat, bruising the food in the act of swallowing. Dentine, a substance resembling bone and enamel, compose the tooth. The latter is usually on the outside, but always so arranged that a skillful anatomist can tell to what animal a tooth belongs. Let me illustrate. Some years ago a U. S. exploring party sent from the territory of Nebraka a tooth, to the Academy of Natural Sciences, at Philadelphia. Dr. Joseph Leidy was called upon to tell if possible to what animal it belonged. After much study he gave his opinoin that it was a fragment from the upper back molar of the right side of a rhinoceros. He was laught at. First, for saying what tooth it was from, much less from which jaw or which side of the jaw. Second, for saying it was from a rhinoceros, as that animal had never been known to exist on this continent. Silently he endured the sneers of educated men. But in two years relief come. At the end of that time the whole skeleton of a rhinoceros was sent by the same party from the same locality to the Academy, and the fragment fitted exactly where Dr. Leidy said it belonged.

I would like to demonstrate the arrangement of he enamel, but not being supplied with the teeth will only speak of it in the cutting teeth. In these the enamel is in front and dentine behind. One being softer than the other, wears off sooner and keeps the tooth sharp, as a spade is made, one side steel and the other iron—one wears off the quicker and keeps it sharp. These teeth grow constantly, so that the old story of the rat that gnawed the file is not so bad after all, for the teeth soon grew out again. It is not only a pleasure for the rodent to gnaw, but an actual necessity. If he would not, his teeth would grow so large as to get in his way. For an experiment—the next rat you catch pull out his upper front teeth, and keep him as a curiosity.

His lower front teeth, no longer having anything to oppose them, will grow to a great length. Teeth grow, not like the branch of a tree, by having new material added to what is now the end, but like the finger nail, by having it added at the root and it pushes the rest forward.

Teeth are classed into molars, canine and incisors. By the class of teeth an animal has, you can tell on what he lives. The hog has in the back part of the jaw teeth much resembling the molars of man. In front the arrangement of the incisors is peculiar. They do not meet as in man, squarely end to end, but at an angle. And when we recollect the habits of the animal—its rooting for what is found beneath the surface—we see a beautiful provision. By such an arrangement it is enabled to scoop out with ease what otherwise might be difficult to get at. O! in that delightful game of mumbly peg, have you ever wished for teeth like those when it came your turn to "go for" the peg? Have your school boy days so long passed that you cannot recollect how you used to stipulate for the privilege of gouging a hole for your nose, and biting out enough of mother earth to get a fair shake at the splinter?

The tusk of the tame hog are much like those of the elephant, more for ornament than use. In the wild state however they answer as a means of defense.

The carniverous animals have, in the back part of the jaw teeth much resembling those of the saw. The front teeth are used only for seizing, and two in each jaw grow to a great length, enabling the animal better to hold its prey.

The teeth of the snake are as fine and sharp as needle points, and movable, lying on the jaw with the points back when not in use. They resemble sickle teeth in arrangement, but in use they act like wires in a rat trap. As long as the object passes towards the throat all right, but if it attempts to return the teeth prevent it.

The cow is not possessed of any upper front teeth. If this fact, should ever meet you again do not act strangely about it. It is always well enough to be acquainted with common things. I once knew a talented lawyer who ordered his his hired man to drown a beautiful set of maltese kittens because they were born blind.

In man we see two sets of teeth, primary and secondary. The latter grow pressing upon and absorbing the roots of the former, consequently, when the primary are ready to be pulled there are no roots to them.

Each tooth is supplied by its own nerve. But as age comes on the nerve atrophies, and that explains why old people seldom complain of tooth ache, while children get to bed every damp night with a cloth of hot salt to their jaws.

The tongue in some animals is used in securing the food. The anteater has a long slim tongue which he projects, covered with glutinous saliva. The ants are secured by this and the tongue is then drawn into the mouth again.

The frog has a forcep shaped tongue. When he leaps at a fly he projects and clasps his tongue, rarely missing his aim. When not in use lies folded back out of the way.

The woodpecker has a barbed tongue which it thrusts through a worm and draws it out of its hole.

The snake's tongue is forked.

The tongue of animals that lap water is thin and when drinking it forms a cup at the end and lifts the water into its mouth.

Man uses the tongue to keep the food between his teeth; also to swallow with. To perform the latter the food is forced back into the throat by raising the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and then letting the muscles of the throat take charge of it.—There must always be something to swallow before the act can be performed. Prove it, collect all the saliva in your mouth and swallow it. Do this rapidly three or four times so as to get the mouth comparatively dry. Now try to swallow. You cannot.—It is impossible.

But the tongue has a far higher power than the mere acquisition or moving of food—the power of speech. As the air is forced from the lungs it strikes against the vocal membranes, not cords, for they are not such, but membranes. Ordinarily the membranes lie lax and are not vibrated by the passing air. But when we wish to speak these membranes are tightened by muscles, like a fiddle string is stretched by a key. And as the tighter the string is stretched the higher the note it will give forth, so with the vocal membrane. For common conversation the small muscles should larnyx answer, but in [illegible] the muscles of the throat are brought into action. It is only lately an Italian was encored and called again and again on the stage, because in a certain song, with a fine tenor voice, he reached B. flat. Every time he sang there was perfect stillness until he reached that note, then thunders of applause would drown his voice. The third time he came upon the stage feeling dubious about his ability to reach it. He made a violent effort, heard something, but reached it and was applauded as usual. On retiring behind the curtain he discovered that his collar bone was broken. I give this merely to show what effort is sometimes required to tighten the membrans.

Tightening and vibration is all the membranes have to do with speech. They create sound—the tongue, teeth and lips modify and make speech out of that sound. Run over the alphabet and you will see that the teeth and lips are used to a small extent only in speaking, the tongue making nearly all the modifications. A defect arising from hare lip or an absence of teeth is very noticable, even more so than one of the tongue, for the same amount of trouble with the tongue would prevent speech altogether.—In a hare lip the trouble is in pronouncing b, m, and p, because of the impossibility of completely stopping off the breath and permitting it to break forth suddenly. In the absence of teeth words beginning with s are spoken as if spelled with th, as thugar, thalt, thoft thoap and thoda. The affection known as tied tongue uses this letter somewhat similarly, as "tham hath a croth cut thaw," only not so plainly. It is caused by the tongue being tied down at the end, and when it is desired to sound the letters it has to rise to the roof in the middle, and sounds like a person talking with a full mouth. A traveller asked a boy on the creek bank fishing, which road led to Brighton. 'Purthu a wite and woad.' "What is in your mouth, boy?" "Wums fur bait." The tongue fills up the mouth to such an extent as to interfere with articulation.

But when it is free to move, what a wonderful little organ it is! It can run as slowly as the pendulum of a town clock, or as fast as a weaver's shuttle. And it never gets tired. I have seen persons sore from laughing. I have seen soldiers drop exhausted on a hard march. I have seen woman with headache from using their eyes in sewing too much. I have seen horses so much fatigued as to refuse their food. I never have seen or heard of a tired tongue. There is no such thing. I once knew an auctioneer who declared his tongue was hung in the middle and wagged at both ends. If one end got tired he turned it over and used the other. But laying aside jokes—what power has it? Capable of doing much good—of doing much more evil! By it some of the grandest as also some of the saddest events of time have been caused. It was the tongue of the serpent that drove our first parents from Eden, and entailed so much misery on mankind, a curse uttered by it made Canaan and his offspring servants of servants. The confusion of tongues separated all earth's inhabitants at the building of Babel. It secured for Jacob a portion above his brother. It cast Joseph into prison. It also made him second ruler of Egypt. It drove Moses into the Wilderness. It taught Pharaoh the wrath of God. It sang "Hosanna in the highest" to the Savior of men, and then cried "crucify him." Truly it is a wonderful little organ! It can soothe an infant to sleep in its mother's arms, or charge an army into battle. It can persuade a man to tread the narrow path that leads to everlasting life, or imbrue his hand in his brother's blood. It can incite a rebellion or quell one. It can elect a President or depose a queen. All have felt its influence the plaintive wail of a new born infant, the supplication of a little child, the angry curse of the wayward youth, the prayer of a christian and the broken accents of the dying are but instances of its eloquence. It can wet the cheek by tales of sorrow—clench the teeth at stories of wrong—elicit applause at the recital of bravaries—soothe the last moments of the sinner. What politician had not hung in delight on the tongue of an eloquent orator as he argued his side of the question? What christian has not felt his heart warmed towards the King of Kings by the resistless appeal of some favorite minister? What lover of music has not been entranced by the warbling of a Jenny Lind?

By the tongue we communicate all our wants to each other. By it as little children we tell our mothers that we love them. By it as boys we tell the girls that we love them. By it as men we tell our babies that we love them. O! what a world of happiness the tongue can make of this world. It can make a man act decitefully. It can make a man buy or sell stocks. It can make a man drink whisky. O! what a world of misery the tongue can make of this world! What a wonderful little organ it is! Better than honey in the honey comb—worse than smoke to the eyes, or vinegar to the teeth! Gun powder will rob a man of his life—the tongue will steal his honor. Steam power will drive a tunnel through a solid rock—the tongue will drive an impossibility through a thousand minds. Electricity will circle the earth nine times in a minute but

Faster than the lightning's flow
A slander always flies.

Beware of your tongue for upon it are life and death.

Incident of Army Life.

During the spring of 1865, I was on detail at Gen. Ord's headquarters, and frequently carried dispatches to General Grant. He knew me as one of Gen. Ord's orderlies.—When the latter was transferred from the north to the south side of the James River, and operated with General Sheridan in the route and capture of Lee's army, I was often compelled to ride through the greater part of our own troops, before I could find Grant and deliver my dispatches.

One morning in April I received some captured letters and orders, and some copies of reports of scouts and rebel deserters, and was directed to find General Grant and deliver them to him. After riding several hours I found him between our lines during one of the front and rear attacks which the enemy made upon our left, and near the Dinwiddie court house. This rear attack produced not a little confusion in our troops,—here and there was hurrying to and fro, riding in hot haste, giving and changing orders, taking new positions or changing front. As yet the fire was desultory, a few had been killed and several wounded. General Grant, accompanied with one staff officer and an orderly or two, was assisting the division and brigade commanders in the suitable disposition of their forces, he having come upon that part of our line soon after these simultaneous attacks were made.

While engaged in these arrangements three soldiers passed near the General carrying a dead man, wrapped in a blanket, from the skirmish line. Grant rode up to them and ordering them to stop, said: 'Who have you there?'

One of them replied: 'We have the body of our captain. We are taking it to the rear. He was just now killed on the skirmish line.' They were young men, rather tall and fine looking, and appeared from eighteen to twenty-four years of age.

'You remember, my brave boys,' said the General, 'that the first duty of a soldier in the hour of battle is to secure the victory; that acquired, there will be sufficient time to care for the wounded, collect the captured property, and bury the dead.'

'We know that, General,' said the oldest of them, glancing at the stars of the Lieutenant General; but he was our father too.' When we set out for the war we all promised our mother and sister that whoever should die, the survivors would send him home to be buried on the banks of the Kalamazoo.'

'It can make but little difference to your brave father where his body lies,' said Grant, 'while the more than Spartan patriotism and self-denial of your mother and sister will not permit you to leave the post of duty in an hour like this.'

They nodded assent, but were too deeply affected to reply. They laid the body of their father at the roots of a pine tree which stood near by, and half running, half walking, returned to their regiment. Tears glistened in the eyes of their commanding general as he remarked their earnest though sorrowful resignation, and he often turned to catch a glimpse of them as they sank in the little valleys and rose on the hills hurrying back.

Within less than two hours the battle of the day was won. The three brothers came out unhurt, the body of their father was embalmed at City Point, and sent to Parma, Michigan.

A little more than a month afterward, when that part of the army passed Richmond, the two younger brothers were the junior officers in their father's company, and the elder was the adjutant of their regiment.

Digging For Gold.

Not long since a green looking Vermonter walked into the office of Dr. C. T. Jackson, the chemist. 'Dr. Jackson, I presume,' said he. 'Yes, sir.' 'Are you alone?' 'Yes, sir.' 'May I lock the door?' and he did so; and after looking behind the sofa and satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle done up in a yellow bandana on the table and opened it. 'There doctor, look at that.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'I see it.' 'What do you call that doctor?' 'I call it iron pyrites.' "What!" said the man, "isn't that stuff gold?" "No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites;" and putting some over the fire in a shovel, it evaporated up the chimney. "Wal," said the poor fellow, with a wo-begone look, "thar's a widder woman up in our town who has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and married her."

SOMEBODY relates a good story of a couple of boys who having been hunting all day, as they drew near home passed by the old village meeting house. Seeing some object perched upon the steeple one of the boys fired at it, and brought a huge owl tumbling to the ground. His younger companion, shocked at what seemed an act of sacrilege, exclaimed: 'Oh Bill, you've been gone and shot a cherubim.'

A YOUTH, on his first visit to Portland, saw the land across