

“THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD.”—BUCHANAN.

INTELLIGENCER & LANCASTERIAN.

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The Husband's Vexatious Complaint.

My wife started off for a month in the country. On the 2d of June—I faintly remember—

Well, this week, believe me, she had the strongest desire to write, that she would like to back till November

When this letter arrived, I was almost inclined to advertise her as having unjustly forsaken

My bed and my board, when asked her to go to the country, she said, "No more of her bills will be taken."

Two hand-bags, three boxes containing her bonnets, a waist and a pair of boots, a chest full of magazines, novels and sonnets.

Well, catching at straws, I looked down the corner, and I went round the house into the corner

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The Quaker's Corn-Crib.

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a Quaker.

Every night he would go softly to the crib and fill his bag with the ears which the good Quaker's tool had placed there.

Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile.

But she was very annoying, and must be stopped—but how! Many a one would have said, "Catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But the Quaker was not prepared to enter into any such severe measures.

He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time bring about his reformation, if possible.

So he fixed a sort of a trap, close to the crib, through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unwholly errand at the hour of midnight with his bag in hand.

Unsuspecting, he thrust his hand into the crib to seize an ear, when lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it.

In vain he tugged, and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed.

His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it the more secure.

After a time the tumult in his breast measurably subsided. He gave over his useless struggles and began to look around him.

All was still and repose. Good night! he was sleeping soundly in their comfortable beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through the night.

His hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clasp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would faintly have sunk beneath him, and his heavy eyes would have closed in slumber.

There was no rest, no sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at once desire and dread the return of morning.

Morning came at last, and the Quaker looked out of the window and found he had "caught his man."

Almost Home.

Almost home! and the face of the speaker glowed with pleasure, as he thought of the friends who were there to receive him.

A few short months before he had left his home to enter a distant college.

Vacation had come, and now he was hurrying on to his native village, to meet the warm embraces, the heartfelt welcome,

of the loved ones at home. Joy go with thee, young man, pleasant is thy home to thee,

my love's sunshine ever glid brightly as now thy childhood's home!

Almost home! and the widowed one buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

Half buried beneath the tall maples, aloof in view, where, in her maidenhood, she had passed so many pleasant hours.

Memory pictured the scenes of the past, and as its pictures rose one by one before her, thicker fell her tears.

She remembered her first meeting with the young man, his happy bride, she left her father's home to dwell with one whom she loved with all a woman's devotion.

Friends gathered round to congratulate her on her happiness, but ere their congratulations were over sorrow had taken the place of joy.

The idolized husband was suddenly called from earth to that unseen country from whose bourne no traveler ever returns.

Bowed down with the weight of her sorrows, she refused to leave the place hallowed by so many tender associations,

but sought in solitude the comfort she so much needed. Then came intelligence of her mother's sickness—how day after day she was pining away, longing for the soothing care, the loving tones, of her first-born, her only daughter.

Duty bade her leave the place where no ties bound her save those of recollection, and hasten to her child whose mother to minister to the wants of an invalid mother.

And now she was almost there. Home she felt that it would never again be home to her, that the days of her youth and girlhood were far away.

Breakfast over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim to shoulder the bag "if they need any more corn, come in the day time and they shall have it."

THE MANNERS OF THE MOTHER MOUND CHILD.

There is no disputing this fact, it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, brawling, scolding woman will have vicious, brawling, fighting children.

She who is ever in a rage, who is ever in an angry passion, who is ever in a spiteful mood, will have spiteful, quarrelsome children.

She who is ever in a tearful mood, who is ever in a complaining mood, will have complaining, weeping children.

She who is ever in a loving mood, who is ever in a gentle mood, will have gentle, loving children.

She who is ever in a patient mood, who is ever in a forgiving mood, will have patient, forgiving children.

She who is ever in a cheerful mood, who is ever in a bright mood, will have cheerful, bright children.

She who is ever in a kind mood, who is ever in a merciful mood, will have kind, merciful children.

She who is ever in a just mood, who is ever in a fair mood, will have just, fair children.

She who is ever in a brave mood, who is ever in a noble mood, will have brave, noble children.

She who is ever in a dignified mood, who is ever in a respectful mood, will have dignified, respectful children.

She who is ever in a virtuous mood, who is ever in a pious mood, will have virtuous, pious children.

She who is ever in a holy mood, who is ever in a godly mood, will have holy, godly children.

She who is ever in a merciful mood, who is ever in a compassionate mood, will have merciful, compassionate children.

She who is ever in a generous mood, who is ever in a liberal mood, will have generous, liberal children.

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