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TOWANDA.

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[From Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature.]

Times go by Tamas.
The lopped tree in time may grow again
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
The sorriest wight may find release in pain
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower,
Times go by turns, and chances change by course
From foul to fair, from better had to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great, but ranceth to an end,
No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Nor endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things, none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
A mangled joys here to man befall,
Who least, hath some; who most, have never all.

A Wasted Heart.
And yet it is a wasted heart:
It is a wasted heart:
That seeks not in the power world
Its happiness to find—
Find happiness is like the bird
That broods above its nest,
And finds beneath its wings,
Life's dearest, and its best.

A little space is all that hope
Or love can ever take—
The wider that the circle spreads,
The sooner it will break.

I WILL!

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You look sober, Laura. What has thrown a shadow over your happy face?" said Mrs. Cleaveland, when she saw her niece, on finding her alone, and with a thoughtful countenance.

"Do I really look sober?" and Laura smiled as she asked the question.

"You did just now. But the sunshine has almost dispelled the transient cloud. I am glad that you are not perturbed."

"I felt sober, aunt," Laura said, after a few moments, her face again becoming serious.

"So I supposed, from your looks." "And I feel sober still."

"Why?" "I am really discouraged, aunt."

"About what?" "The maiden's cheek deepened its hue, but she said nothing."

"You and Harry have not fallen out like a pair of such lovers, I hope?"

"Oh, no!" was the quick and emphatic answer. "Then what has troubled the quiet waters of your life?" "About what are you discouraged?"

"I will tell you," the maiden replied. "It was only about a week after my engagement with Harry that I called upon Alice Stacy and found her as unhappy. She had not been married over a few months. I asked what troubled her, and she said, 'I feel as miserable as I can be.' But that makes you miserable, Alice?" I inquired.

"Because William and I have quarrelled—that's the reason," she said, with some levity, tossing her head and compressing her lips with a kind of defiance. "The fact is," she resumed, before I could reply, "all men are arbitrary and unreasonable. They think women inferior to them, and their lives as a higher order of slaves. But I am not one to be put under any man's feet. William has had that trick with me, and failed. Of course, to be followed by a woman is no very pleasant thing for your lord of creation. A temptation in a test was the consequence. But I did not yield the point in dispute, and what is more, have no idea of doing so. He will have to find out, sooner or later, that I am his equal in every way; and the sooner he can be made conscious of this, the better for us both. Don't you think so?" I made no answer. "I was much astonished and shocked," she continued, "to have to be taught that there never was a husband who did not, at this attempt to lord it over his wife. And there was never a woman, whose condition as a wife was at all above that of a passive slave, who did not feel it necessary to oppose herself at first with unflinching perseverance."

"To all this and a great deal more, I could say," she continued. "I choked me up. Since then, I have not been so frequently at home and elsewhere, but she never looked happy. Several times she has come to me, in company, when I have taken a seat beside her, and remarked that she seemed dull—'Yes, I am dull,' but Mrs. Stacy there, you see, is herself. Men always enjoy themselves in company—apart from their wives, of course."

"I had sometimes opposed to this a sentiment palliative of her husband: as that in company, a man naturally wished to add his mite to the general joyousness, or something of a like nature. But she only excused her, and drew forth remarks that wounded my feelings. Up to this day they do not appear to be on any better terms. Then, there is Henry Armour—married only three months, and as bad of carrying out her husband for his arbitrary, benevolent spirit, as is Mrs. Stacy. I could name a score or three others who have been married; some shorter and some a longer period, that do not seem to be united by any close bonds."

"It is the condition of these young friends, aunt, that causes me to feel serious. I am to be married in a few weeks. Can it be possible that my union with Henry Armour will be no happier, no more perfect than theirs? This I cannot believe. And the relation that Alice and Frances hold to their husbands, troubles me whenever I think of it, as far as I have been able to understand

him, has strong points in his character. From a right course of action, or from a course of action that he thinks right—no consideration, I am sure, would turn him. I, too, have mental characteristics somewhat similar. There is, likewise, about me a leaven of stubbornness. I tremble when the thought of opposition between us, upon any subject, crosses my mind. I would rather die—so I feel about it—than ever have a misunderstanding with my husband.

Laura ceased, and her aunt, who was, she now perceived, much agitated, arose and left the room without speaking. The reason of this to Laura was altogether unaccountable. Her aunt Cleaveland, always so mild, so calm, to be thus strongly disturbed! What could it mean? What could there be in her maidenly fears to excite the feelings of one so good, and wise and gentle? An hour afterwards, and while she yet sat, sober and perplexed in mind, in the same place where Mrs. Cleaveland had left her, a domestic came in and said that her aunt wished to see her in her room. Laura attended her immediately. She found her calm and self-possessed, but paler than usual.

"Sit down beside me, dear," Mrs. Cleaveland said, smiling faintly, as her niece came in.

"What you said this morning, Laura she began, after a few moments, 'recalled my own early years so vividly, that I could not keep down emotions I had deemed long since powerless. The cause of those emotions is now, I clearly see, my duty to reveal—that is to you. For years I have carefully avoided permitting my mind to go back to the past in vain musing over scenes that bring no pleasant thoughts, no glad feelings. I have, rather, looked into the future with a steady hope, a calm reliance. But, for your sake, I will draw aside the veil. May the relation I am now about to give you have the effect I desire. Then shall I not suffer in vain. How vividly, at this moment, do I remember the joyful feelings that prevailed my bosom when like you, a maiden, I looked forward to my wedding day. Mr. Cleaveland was a man, in every respect, like Henry Armour. Proud, firm, yet gentle and amiable when not opposed; a man with whom I might have been supremely happy; a man whose faults I might have corrected—not by open opposition to them—not by seeming to notice them, but by leading him to see them himself. But this course I did not pursue. I was proud; I was self-willed; I was unyielding. Elements like these can never come into opposition without a victory on either side being as disastrous as defeat.

We were married. Oh, how sweet was the promise of my wedding-day! Of my husband I was very fond. Handsome, educated, and with talents of a high order, there was every thing about him to make the heart of a young wife proud. Tenderly we loved each other, like days in Elysium passed the first few months of our wedded life. Our thoughts and wishes were one. After that, gradually a change appeared to come over my husband. He deferred less readily to my wishes. His own will was more frequently opposed to mine, and his contentions for victory longer and longer continued. This surprised and pained me. But it did not occur to me, that my tenaciousness of opinion might seem as strange to him as did his to me. It did not occur to me, that there would be a propriety in my deferring to him—at least so far as to give up opposition. I never for a moment reflected that a proud, firm-spirited man, might be driven off from an opposing wife, rather than drawn closer, and united in tenderer bonds. And from that point of view, saw his conduct as dogmatical and overbearing, whenever he resolutely set himself against me, as was far too frequently the case.

"One day; we had then been married about six months; he said to me, a little seriously, yet smiling as he spoke, 'Jane, did not I see you on the street this morning?' 'You did,' I replied. 'And with Mrs. Corbin?' 'Yes,' my answer to this last question was not given in a very pleasant tone. The reason was this. Mrs. Corbin, a recent acquaintance, was no favorite with my husband; and he had more than once mildly suggested that she was not, in his view, a fit associate for me. This rather touched my pride. It occurred to me that I ought to be the best judge of my female associates; and that for my husband to make any objections was an assumption on his part that, as a wife, I was called upon to resist. I did not, on previous occasions, say anything decided, contenting myself with parrying his objections laughingly. This time, however, I was in a less forbearing mood. 'I wish you would not make that woman your friend,' he said, after I had admitted that he was right in his observation. 'And why not, pray?' I asked, looking at him quite steadily. 'For reasons before given, Jane,' he replied, mildly but firmly. 'There are reports in circulation touching her character that I fear are—'

'They are false!' I interrupted him. 'I know they are false!' I spoke with a sudden excitement. My voice trembled my cheek burned, and I was conscious that my eye shot forth no mild light. 'They are true!' Mr. Cleaveland said, sternly, but apparently muffled. 'I don't believe it,' I retorted. 'I know her far better. She is an injured woman.'

"Jane," my husband now said, his voice slightly trembling, "you are my wife. As such, your reputation is dear to me as the apple of my eye. Suspicion has been cast upon Mrs. Corbin, and that suspicion I have good reason for believing well founded. If you associate with her—if you are seen upon the street with her, your fair fame will receive a taint. This I cannot permit."

"There was, to my mind, a threat contained in the last sentence—a threat of an authoritative intervention. At this my pride took fire. 'Cannot permit,' I said, drawing myself up. 'What do you mean, Mr. Cleaveland?'

"The brow of my husband instantly flushed. He hesitated for a moment or two. Then he said, with forced calmness, yet in a resolute, meaning tone.

"Jane, I do not wish you to keep company with Mrs. Corbin."

"I will!" was my indignant reply.

"His face grew deadly pale. For a moment his whole frame trembled as if some fearful struggle were going on within. Then he quietly arose, and without looking at me, left the room. Oh! how deeply did I regret uttering those unhappy words the instant they were spoken! But repentance came too late. For about the space of ten minutes, pride struggled with affection and duty. At the end of that time the latter triumphed, and I hastened after my husband to ask his forgiveness for what I had said. But he was not in the parlour. He was not in the house! I asked a servant if she had seen him, and received for reply that he had gone out.

"Anxiously passed the hours until night-fall. The sad twilight, as it gathered dimly around threw a deeper gloom over my heart. My husband usually came home before dark. Now he was away beyond his accustomed hours. He stayed of returning gladly to meet his young wife, he was staying away, because that young wife had thrown off the attractions of love and, presented to him features harsh and repulsive. How anxiously I longed to hear the sound of his footsteps—to see his face—to hear his voice. The moment of his entrance I resolved should be the moment of my humble confession of wrong, of my faithful promise never again to set up my will determinedly in opposition to his judgment. But minute after minute passed after nightfall, hours succeeded minutes; and these rolled on until the whole night wore away, and he came, not back to me. As the gray light of morning stole into my chamber, a terrible fear took hold of me that made my heart grow still in my bosom: the fear that he would never return, that I had driven him off from me. Alas! this fear was too high the truth. The whole of that day passed, and the next and the next, without any tidings. No one had seen him since he left me. An anxious excitement spread among all his friends. The only account I could give of him, was that he had parted from me in good health, and in a sane mind.

"A week rolled by, and still no word came. I was nearly distracted. What I suffered no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. I have often wondered that I did not become insane. But, from this sad condition I was saved. Through all my reason, though it often trembled, did not once forsake me. It was on the tenth day from that upon which we had jarred so heavily as to be driven widely asunder, that a letter came to me post marked New York, and endorsed "In haste." My hands trembled so that I could with difficulty break the seal. The contents were to the effect that my husband had been lying for several days at one of the hotels there, very ill, but now past the crisis of his disease, and thought by the physicians to be out of danger. The writer urged me, from my husband, to come on immediately. In eight hours from the time I received that letter I was in New York. Alas! it was too late. The disease had returned with double violence, and snatched the feeble thread of life. I never saw my husband's living face again."

The self-possession of Mrs. Cleaveland, at this point of her narrative, gave way. Covering her face with her hands she sobbed violently, while the tears came trickling through her fingers.

"My dear Laura," she resumed, after the lapse of many minutes, looking up as she spoke with a clear eye, and a sober, but placid countenance, "it is for your sake that I have turned my gaze resolutely back. May the painful history I have given you make a deep impression upon your heart. Let it warn you of the sunken rock upon which my bark foundered. Avoid carefully, religiously avoid, setting yourself in opposition to your husband. Should he prove unreasonable, or arbitrary, nothing is to be gained, and every thing lost by contention. By gentleness, by forbearance, by even suffering wrong at times, you will be able to win him over to a better spirit. An opposite course will as assuredly put thorns in your pillow as you adopt it. Look at the unhappy condition of the friends you have named. Their husbands are, in their eyes, exacting, domineering tyrants. But this need not be. Let them act truly the woman's part. Let them not oppose, but yield, and they will find that their present tyrants will become their lovers. Above all, never under any circumstances, either jestingly or in earnest, say 'I will,' when you are opposed. That declaration is never made without its robbing the wife of a portion of her husband's confidence and love. Its utterance has dimmed the fire upon many a smiling hearth-stone."

Laura could not reply. The relation of her aunt had deeply shocked her feelings. But the words she had uttered sunk into her heart; and when her trial came; when she was tempted to set her will in opposition to her husband's, and resolutely to contend for what she deemed right, a thought of Mrs. Cleaveland's story would put a seal upon her lips. It was well. The character of Henry Armour too nearly resembled that of Mr. Cleaveland. He could ill have brooked a wife's opposition. But her tenderness, her forbearance, her devoted love, bound her to him with cords that drew closer and closer each revolving year. She never opposed him further than to express a difference of opinion when such a difference existed, and its utterance was deemed useful; and she carefully avoided, on all occasions, the doing of any thing that he in the smallest degree disapproved. The consequence was, that her opinion was always weighed by him carefully, and often deferred to. A mutual confidence, and a mutual dependence upon each other, gradually took the place of early reserves, and now they sweetly draw together: now they smoothly glide along the stream of life, blessed indeed in all their marriageable relations. Who will say that Laura did not act a wise part? Who will say that in sacrificing pride and self-will, she did not gain beyond all calculation? No one, surely. She is not her husband's slave, but his companion and equal. She has helped to re-

form, to remodel his character, and make him less arbitrary, less self-willed, less disposed to be tyrannical. In her mild forbearance, he has seen a beauty more attractive far than lip or cheek, or beaming eye.

A TOBACCO INCIDENT.—The following incident was related by Mr. P. S. White in the course of an eloquent address which he delivered at a recent celebration of the daughters of Temperance in New York. We give it as reported by the "Spirit of the Age." A widow lady in Richmond had two sons. The elder was a printer. Instead of attending to the wants of his aged mother and supporting her with filial affection, he indulged his base propensity to drink. In these habits of sensuality and idleness he wandered from town to town, until he found himself among the Winnebagoes, away off West, in the then Territory of Wisconsin. How he came thither he knew not. But now he became sober of necessity. During his sober life he got engaged in the fur trade, and bartered his furs for land in the vicinity of where Milwaukee now stands; land at that time which was nearly worthless. Every body knows how rapidly property increased in value at Milwaukee. This man soon made a fortune. With prosperity his affections returned. He longed to see his mother again. He started for home. When he arrived his mother was not there. Mother and brother both gone, and no one could tell where. With a sad and desolate heart he looked about him. The way lay before him in beauty, but those whom he loved were gone—he was alone. With an aching heart he retraced his steps Westward. At Wheeling on the Ohio, he fell in with some acquaintances, who induced him to become a Son of Temperance. He was pleased with the Order, and immediately took a deep interest in its affairs. Pretty soon after this he made up his mind to settle in Cincinnati. I paid an official visit to that place, and on the same evening that I attended at one of the Divisions this young man applied for admission. He gave the travelling pass word, and was formally introduced. Were I to live a thousand years, never shall I forget that scene. No sooner was his name announced and he stepped into the room than in an instant a tall and handsomely formed young man, with light hair, and a full and beautiful blue eye, bounded across the floor and clasping the stranger in his arms, exclaimed, "My brother! oh! my long lost brother!" The scene cannot be described. Tears choked the utterance of both. When at length the elder could find words, his first exclamation was—tell me my mother yet alive? Yes! said the younger. "And where is she—oh! where is my forsaken and neglected mother?" "She is here, and she is well. God has enabled me to support her in comfort and smooth her weary journey towards the grave. Now her last hours will be enlivened with joy and that her long lost one—her prodigal has returned."

CHEER UP.—Don't be down hearted. What's the use in giving up to every trifling discouragement that may cross your path? Life is no all sunshine, and you cannot make it so if you try. Then why not take things as they come, and submit to the allotments of Providence with a good grace? If you feel dull, look round on the world and see if you cannot find some one a great deal worse off than we are. It makes but little difference from what source arise the trials of life; there is no degree of suffering which has not its parallel in the experience of others. Live while you can, and make the most of everything that will minister to your happiness. As with the pleasure of life, so is it with life's reverses, the most of their effect is in anticipation. When we reach the point desired or dreaded, the rose exhibits the thorn, or the deep gulf a safe, though it may be, a narrow passage across it.

A NOVEL MODE OF RELUCTING.—When the news of the passage of the corn bill reached some of the small towns in England, the inhabitants immediately set to work to make up the flour they had on hand into mammoth plum puddings, in honor of the event. In one town a pudding was prepared, containing a peck of flour and double the weight in plums, currants and other condiment. It was mingled *secundum artem* by the best cooks in town, and boiled at a near mill, from which, at 1 o'clock, it was paraded on a boat, drawn by four gay horses through the town, accompanied by a band of music and nearly the whole population. It was afterwards cut and distributed among those who had procured a ticket for participation in the feast. This pudding was supposed to exceed in size the one which the old song says was made by King Arthur, when he "ruled the land."

Peach Pickles.—One of the most delicious pickles ever tasted is made from ripe Clingstone Peaches. Take one gallon of good vinegar and add to it four pounds brown sugar; boil this for a few minutes and skim off any scum that may rise; then take clingstone peaches that are full ripe, rub them with a flannel cloth to remove the down upon them, and stick three or four cloves in each; put them into a glass or earthen vessel, and pour the liquor upon them boiling hot. Cover them up and let them stand in a cool place for a week or ten days, then pour off the liquor and boil it as before; then return it boiling to the peaches, which should be carefully covered up and stored away for future use.

REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Take one ounce of yellow Peruvian bark, a quarter of an ounce of cream tartar, one table spoonful of powdered cloves, and one pint of Tenevise wine, mix them together and shake it well. Take a wine-glass every two hours after the fever is off.

Before taking the above, a dose of Epsom salts, or other medicine, should be administered, to cleanse the stomach, and render the cure more speedy and certain. The above is an excellent remedy.

A QUACK.—"Why don't they bring the whole of China here at once," said Mrs. Partington, "instead of bringing it here in junk."

[From the Evening Mirror.]

Ballad.
"Lost, lost, lost!"—Scorn!
Shine, O, moonbeam, thro' my lattice,
Thro' my casement gently fall;
Let thy shadows dimly picture,
Fairly figures on the wall—
So thy light will but remind me,
That there was a blessed day,
When I lived—as now I live not—
For my wits have fled away.

Gaze upon me, stars of heaven,
Watch me through the silent night;
When methinks the angels whisper,
To my vacant heart, respite!
And their voices will remind me,
That there was a blessed day,
When I hoped—as now I hope not—
For my wits have passed away.

Wood and wren—and lost forever!
Lost was I on a bright day—
With'er'd branches—gather'd roses!
Is there truth beneath the sun!
So he told me, and I believ'd him;
Ah! it was a blessed day,
When I loved—as now I love not—
For my wits have fled away.

Loving most, but all too trustful,
How deep love will conquer fears!
Smiling through a dream—I waken'd
With my eyelids wet with tears!
Now my heart's a broken vessel,
But there was a blessed day,
When I wept—as now I weep not—
For my wits have fled away.

Bear me witness, vernal mountain,
Heard ye not the wows he made!
Know ye not, O silent river,
How I was beguil'd, betray'd!
How upon the banks he woo'd me;
It was on a blessed day,
For I was—as now I am not—
But my wits have fled away.

Hide me, O my better angel,
Save me from a world of scorn;
Chide me gently, I can love thee,
Tho' my aching heart is torn:
I would pray, but now I cannot,
For it was a blessed day,
When I knelt—as now I kneel not—
For my wits have fled away.

Seems there now a sound of music
Ringing faintly in mine ear!
Nearer, nearer, O my mother!
It is thy dear voice I hear.
Do not leave me! let me clasp thee!
Ah! it is a blessed day,
Let me kiss thee—do not spurn me—
Tho' my wits have passed away.

Holy mother! how it darkens,
How my brain grows raging hot;
Now a voice doth faintly whisper,
"Betray'd, forsaken, fear thee not!"
And I see in the dim future,
A far-off and blessed day,
When I rest—as now I rest not—
Tho' my wits have fled away.

THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENT OF LIFE.—The highest achievements of moral philosophy, is to rise above the cares, vexations and disappointments of life; and the tendency of religion, resting upon a divine basis, leads the true Christian above the evils that surround him, and inspires him with moral fortitude and vigor to battle every calamity, and to maintain unflinching spirit amid the billows and conflicting currents which agitate the ocean of human existence. If the hurricane rages, instead of yielding to its fury, and giving way to despondency, he exerts every energy to ward off danger, and strives to look forward, indulging a soothing hope that the future will be less disastrous than the present. This method of encountering the evils to which every body to a greater or less degree is exposed, deprives disappointment of its sting, is an antidote to the poison of slander, and begets a spirit of cheerfulness which is essential to happiness. He is like the Eagle, which, when clouds over-spread the earth, rises above them, to enjoy the sunshine. No matter what his pecuniary, domestic and social relations—if he suffers his spirit to be discomfited by trifling annoyances, he is a stranger to enjoyment, and every day of his life is embittered by some petty cause of vexation, which his own morbid disposition magnifies into a serious calamity. On the other hand, overwhelming is the misfortune, which can prostrate a man that has been disciplined to patient endurance, and habituated himself to a uniform cheerfulness of mind.

ON LORDY!—The Rev. Stephen Thurston, of Deepport, Maine, has been attacking Odd Fellowship. His principal argument appears to be that it makes a great gulf between a man and his wife! Many a lovely and faithful wife hath pined because her husband would not disclose his secrets. "Fine business for a Rev. gentleman to engage in."

THE HUMAN HEART.—The velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock; the misdeed flourish on the withered branch; the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin; the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amidst the mutations of the dying year; and, heaven be praised! something green, something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, will, in the coldest and darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.

An electric current has been discovered to exist between the exterior and interior muscles of the animal. It was discovered by an instrument called the galvanoscope, which can detect very minute influences. Of course the current is more strong in some animals than others. A very interesting paper on this subject has been read before the British Scientific Association.

AN EDITOR'S APOLOGY.—An Alabama Editor having been able to raise a piece of muslin, a real jubilee is held in the family on which he takes occasion to give us a touch of his humor and wit for the lack of "Editorials" by saying: "Sal, his better half, has the scissors." "The babies," he adds, "must have shirts and Sal won't cut out shirts with a hand-saw, no how!"

PAINTING TO THE LIFE.—The Philadelphia Galaxy says artist in that city, painted a cow and cabbage so natural that he was obliged to separate them before he had finished, because the cow commenced eating the cabbage.

Relationship of Science.

In looking abroad upon the world and considering the condition of its inhabitants, we perceive that we are very far from being independent beings, for within ourselves we possess not the elements necessary for the support of life, but are dependent on the most significant things around us for the means of existence—we cannot live a moment without intercourse with the world that surrounds us, and while we live upon the subtle air, at the same time there are many other substances necessary to our existence which are not so bountifully bestowed as air and water, but which are as necessary, and to procure them in the most economical manner experience has led to the founding of science, which is the arranged result of mental and physical exertion.

All the necessities and comforts of life are derived from objects around us, but these in a state of nature are not generally fit for our use, hence, although the elements which support our existence are scattered abundantly within our reach, they require labor to fit them for use. Look at the bread which we eat, and reflect for a moment upon the great amount of science and mechanical skill called into requisition in bringing it into such a light and easily digested substance. In the first place, there is the science of agriculture, which embraces a knowledge of soils, of plants and their nature, and the food or salts required for their growth and the best manner of producing such chemical results. The earth is covered with the tress of the forest and man goes forth with his axe in his hands to clear them to the dust, and neither ruins makes the golden corn to grow. But think for a moment upon the great amount of skill and science that are brought into requisition in making the simple axe.

The mine has to be dug, the iron ore has to be dug, the iron ore has to be roasted, the iron bloom has to pass through an intricate process and from the crude mass, there is the trip-hammer to form it, the wheel or engine that drives, the skill of tempering and the art of finishing, and then the simple helve is fashioned now in a machine, and man looks on and sees a rough stick chiselled out by an inanimate hand to fit the iron wedge that levels the trees of the forest and makes a pathway for the smiling vineyard or the laughing wheat field. Just reflect for a moment upon the study and experience and labor expended in acquiring a knowledge of the combinations of science and mechanical art necessary to make a simple axe, and you will at once be impressed with the value of science and readily perceive its close relationship to man.

A Parable for Little Girls.
Naomi, the young and lovely daughter of Salathiel and Judith, was troubled in spirit, because, at the approaching feast of trumpets, she would be compelled to appear in her plain, undyed stola, while some of her young acquaintances would appear in blue and purple, and the fine linen of Egypt. Her mother saw the gloom that appeared upon the face of her lovely child, and taking her apart, related to her this parable. A dove thus made her complaint to the guardian spirit of the feathered tribe:

"Kind genius, why is it that the hoarse-voiced and strutting peacock spreads his gaudy train to the sun, dazzling the eyes of every beholder with his richly burnished neck and royal crown, the astonishment and admiration of each passer-by, whilst I, in my plumage, am overlooked and forgotten by all! Thy ways, kind genius, seem not to be equal towards those under thy care and protection."

The genius listened to her complaint, and thus replied: "I will grant thee a train similar in richness to that of the gaudy bird you seem to envy, and shall demand of thee but one condition in return."

"What is that?" eagerly inquired the dove overjoyed at the prospect of possessing what seemed to promise so much happiness.

"It is, said the genius, that you consent to surrender all those qualities of meekness, tenderness, constancy, and love, for which thy family have been distinguished in all time."

"Let me consider," said the dove. "No—I cannot consent to such an exchange. No, not for all the gaudy plumage, the showy train, of that vain bird, will I surrender those qualities of which you speak. The distinguishing features of my family from time immemorial. I must decline, good genius, the condition you propose."

"Then why complain, dear bird! Has Providence bestowed upon these qualities which thou valuest more than all the gaudy adornments you admire? And art thou discontented still?"

A tear started into the eye of the dove at this mild rebuke of her guardian spirit, and she promised never to complain.

The beautiful girl, who had entered into the story with deep and tender emotion, raised her fine blue eyes to meet her mother's gaze, and, as they rolled upwards, suffused with penitential tears, she said, in a subdued tone, with a smile like that assumed by all nature, when the bow of God appears in the heaven after a storm—"My mother, I think I know what thy story means. Let me be your dove; let me but have that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and I am satisfied to see others appear in rich and gaily apparel."

AMMONIA IN RAIN.—Any one may satisfy himself of the presence of ammonia in rain by simply adding a little sulphuric or nitric acid to a quantity of rain water, and by evaporating this nearly to dryness in a porcelain basin. The ammonia remains in the residue, in a combination with the acid employed, and may be detected either by a little powdered lime, which separates the ammonia, and thus renders sensible its peculiar pungent smell. The sensation perceived on moistening the hand with rain water, so different from that produced by pure distilled water, and to which the term "poftness" is vulgarly applied is also due to the carbonate of ammonia contained in the former.