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TOWANDA:

Sainrday Morning, Inne 18, 1854.

## Selected Poetry.

ÉSPRING.

Once more the cuckoo's call I hear, I know, in many a glen profound, The earliest violets of the year Rise up like water from the ground.

The thorn, I know, once more is white; And far down many a forest date, The anemones in dubious light Are trembling like a bridal veil.

By streams released that singing flow From craggy shelf through sylvan glades,
The pale narcissus, well I know,
Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

The honeyed cowslip tufts once more The golden slopes; with gradual ray The primrose stars the rock, and o'er The wood-path strews its milky way.

From ruined buts and holes come forth. Old men, and look upon the sky! The Power Divine is on the earth;— Give thanks to God before ye die!

And ye, oh children, worn and weak. Who care no more with flowers to play, Lean on the grass your cold thin cheek,
And those slight hands, and whispering, say,

Stern mother of a race unblest-In promise kindly, cold in deed; Take back, oh Earth, into thy breast, The children whom thou wilt not feed."

GOD'S WATCHFUL CARE.

The insect, that with puny wing Just shoots along one aummer ray, The dowerer which the breath of spring Wakes into life, for half a day,
The shallest mole, the tenderest hare,
All feels a heavenly Father's care.

E'en from the glories of his throne He bends to view this earthly ball; Sees all as if that all were one, Loves one as if that one were all; Rolls the swift planets in their spheres, And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

## Selected Cale.

## From Peterson's Magazine for Muy LOVE AT FIFTEEN & TWENTY.

BY CLARA NORETON.

La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le reve." loved Emma. Her lather was so wrapped up in love with a girl just entering her teens." et, that it never entered his head to marry again, "I have been in them over three years," although Emma's mother had died when she was but a child; and yet, petted and caressed as she was by every one, she was not in the least

Fred Stanley, a wild, frollicking young Sophomore, the very opposite of our gentle Emma, was her teacher in one more study than her father had simulated for, when he placed her under the care of the Misses Gibbs, whose boarding school was is dangerous proximity to the college grounds -But then, the school was said to be under more faiscipline than any one in the city, and for that reason nicknamed "The Numery" by the su-

So closely were the young ladies watched, that inder ordinary circumstances no danger could have been apprehended; but Fred, who had a sister at as same school, had caught such glimpses at Emma's fair young face, as to play the very mischief with his susceptible heart, and he was at his wits and to devise some stratagem, whereby a more mistactory acquaintance could be effected.

Miss Lucinda Gibbs, whose love for the science botany caused her to keep an herbarium, was length, through this same fondness, the unconcious means of bringing about the desired result. Fred made himself so useful in collecting and classilying her specimens for her, that she gradually grew to depend upon him for every other little form rattention that she might require. With the greatest alactity he accompanied Miss Lucinda and her train of boarders to the evening prayer meetng, satisfied if he could obtain a seat where he could see and worship his idol, while the rest, it was to be hoped, were engaged in their proper

Emma needed not the help of Ellen Stanley to form her of the state of her brother's heart, for she could read it in his eves without any assistance.— He was her first admirer, and she was sufficiently joung and romantic to suffer herself to become inbrested, before she had the least knowledge of the qualities of his mind and heart.

At length, Stanley was so privileged as to be allowed to accompany the school in their Saturday afternoon rambles into the country, and then the girls separated one from another, flitting here and there through woodland walks and shaded meadows many and glorious were the opportunities which he had for making love, and right earnestly did he set about it. If Miss Lucinda came suddenly upon them, nothing was easier than to appear completely absorbed in an explanation of the various parts of the wild flower that he held in his and. He was never without one; and Miss Lucinda considered him such a devotee; to her favorite science, that she never even mistrusted the least partiality toward any of the human flowers she had n charge.

charge. Oh, those were balcyon days to Fred and Emma. Those stolen glances, those whispered interviews. the thrilling clasp of the quickly withdrawn bands. spon whose bold summit the entire school had passed such a delightful day.

Thus, the mischief was accomplished, and there- into her heart, and she went away by herself to interfered you'd have been Mrs. Stanley-he, he, after Emma made wonderful progress in her new nurse it in solitude as she had often done. sindy, to the atter exclusion of all her old ones.-Her teachers wondered that she should have so flagged. They noted her absent moods, the dreamy length Howard gathered confidence to breathe his her heart that her husband would remain in the expression of her soft blue eyes, and fearing lest she might be pining for her father, they proposed to her a short visit home before the expiration of eye, always singularly expressive, now revealed his step upon the stairs, and very awkwardly when the session.

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Of course, Emma would not listen to it, and so the weeks glided on until vacation came; and then with many promises of eternal love and constancy. Fred and Emma parted. The gentle girl who had left her father's home, a child in thought and feel swer, but the words died on her lips. ing, returned to it with the heart of a woman throbbing in her bosom.

About a week after Emma's return, Mr. Thornpapers. Emma, with an open fetter in her hand, father's feet, sat down upon it. She had never had deserving of an increased regard." any secrets from her father, and she was not going to begin it now.

his paper, "what does my little girl want this morn-

For a wonder our smiable Emma was half in called a " little girl" did not exactly suit her. She summoned all her dignity to her aid, and answerpa, if you are disengaged and can listen to methis morning."

"Certainly I can-what is it child? No quartel with your schoolmates, I hope, that you look so serious ?"

know I ought not to keep from you papa. You of that first love. see, although you will call me a little girt, I am not think so."

"Somebody! who the deuce is somebody?—your | choice than was Mr. Thornton. oom-mate, I suppose."

"Oh, no, but there's no use in making a mystery of the matter. [ am engaged, papa. "Engaged! what does the girl mean? Why, Emma, stand up and let me look at you. Engaged!

I'll shoot the rascal that dared to make love to such a child as you are." "Oh, no, papa; you'll do no such thing. When you see him, you can't help loving him, he has

such a brave, noble face-he is so very---"Aye-e-e," interrupted Mr Thornton, "can't nelp it? It will be harder work to keep my hands off from him. Confound him! A very interesting young man. I have no doubt-at least a very interested one. He does not know, I suppose, that There was never a lovelier girl than my old you will have a fortune at my death-oh, no, nochoolmate, Emma Thornton. Our teachers could thing of the kind. I tell you what, Emma-I take not disguise their partiality to her, but even that too much pride in you, to let you throw yourself turiful cause of disturbance did not excite my jeal | away on one of those college scape graces, as I ousy in this instance, for every scholar in school doubt not he is, for no man of sense would fall in

I'il send you to a nunnery—I will as sure as I am your father."

Emma had never seen her father so decided before. She respected him too much, and loved him too well to offer any resistance; so she gave up her precious letter, and went to her chamber to weep over her blighted hopes. Never did love-lorn damsel draw more touching pictures of a desolate

The same hour Mr. Thornton wrote, despatch-Emma, and destroyed the one Emma had received.

There came no answer. Not thus easily had Emma expected to have been yielded up; but she convinced herself that Stanley's pride had prevented him from renewing his addresses, and she resolved that she would be as strong and uncomplaining as he.

Emma Thornton returned no more to boardingchool. Her father provided her with masters, and cept her under his own survillance. At eighteen she made her first appearance in gay society. Herex ceeding beauty would have rendered her sufficiently attractive; but added to that, she possessed a well cultivated and brilliant mind, and the greatest refinement and grace of manner. Wherever she went all hearts paid her homage, but Emma turned coldly away from her suitors. Her father was in despair when he found her refusing so many eligible offers, for he began to feel the necessity of her having some younger protector than himself; but all his reasoning and expostulating availed naught.

There came a time, however, when Emma was no longer so careless and indifferent. A young lawyer of acknowledged talent, and/ one already occupying a prominent place in society, was the firet admirer in whom Emma took the least interest since the days of her girlish love. At the step of Carlton Howard her pulse learned to beat more quickly, and she could scarce subdue the traces of emotion which his deep, rich tones never failed to you? why, I often think about the curlyheaded call forth. Still, she so well disguised her feelings girl that liked to cry her eyes out when we parted that he gleaned no encouragement from her manner; and knowing her reputed coldness, he felt little hope that his suit would ever prove successful. Yet he persevered in his attentions, determined if it were possible to win some portion of the

love he so coveted. Emma telt flattered that one of his superior attainments should so evidently find pleasure in her but you see she wouldn't listen to my looking you society. She acknowledged that his conversation- up; so as it was our wedding trip I gave up to her, al powers were more brilliant, his acquirements but yesterday I came on from New York to attend more varied and extensive, his manners more pol- the races, and having nothing to do this afternoon I windings of that dark forest that skirted East Rock, ever met with. Her father had asked her what kind of curiosity to see you again, for although I

Weeks passed, and her reserve and coldness gradually gave way to a more cordial manner. At tale of love. More worthy of admiration than ever did he seem to Emma at that time. His dark grey their depths of tenderness, while his earnest words told of a heart strong in its devotion.

Emma, as she listened, felt her own heart bear and throb, as never had it throbbed but once before. He paused once, twice she essayed to an-

Again Mr. Howard spoke. "I have pained you Miss Thornton," he said, "by my abrupt avowal this morning; but you will give me one word of ton was sitting in his library reading the morning hope, will you not? If you cannot return my love, say at least that I have your esteem, and not one entered the room, and drawing a low stool to her effort on my part shall be wanting to become more

"I do esteem you. Mr. Howard. I can truly say that I feel more interest in you than I have ever "Well, Emma," said Mr. Thornton, laying saide felt save for one. Had I never met-that is, had fully suffused. Every word that she attempted to clined to pout, just at that particular moment, being ton Howard the advantage, and calmly with gentle Thornton." words he tried to re assure the blushing girl. He was so successful that little by little her confidence only the memory of a love at fifteen that he had to er topic of conversation. do battle with.

Two weeks afterwards Emma was a second time "No, no-nothing of the kind. It is a secret that that her lover should never quarrel with memory

There was never a more beautiful bride than such a very little one. At least somebody does not Emma Howard-never a happier husband than Carlton, or a father better pleased with a daughter's

Every one agreed that for once the course of true tove had run wonderfully smooth.

A year passed away, and Howard found that he was quite right in considering Emma of the amach. ment as a mere girlish tancy. Although when he noted a shade of unusual seriousness upon her brow, he would jest her about the privileged memory, he was long ago convinced that the deeper waters of her heart had been moved only for him.

And yet it must be confessed that Emma ire quently recurred to the romantic attachment of her school girl days-not with the yearning tenderness that she once had felt, but with a desire to know something of Stanley's after life—a wish that she night find that his fate had been as happy as her own: confessing to her husband the relief that it would be to know that he had not died of a broken

One lovely spring afternoon, just on the verge of evening, Carlton Howard and his wife were sitting by an open window in their cool and pleasant library, when a servant entered with a card, which are twenty, then we will talk about your being handwriting-and the color came to her cheeks as engaged. Here, give me that letter, I will an- she read aloud. "Frederick Stanley"-then flitted swer it for you; and if after that, the scoundrel back as rapidly until they were as pale as the white dares to make another attempt to steal my treasure, | flowers of the vine that clung for support to the trellis shout the window.

"What shall I do, Carlton? what shall I do?"

she said, hastily. "Go down to him, love," he answered, "My own wife is not afraid that she will lose her heart again. I know too well how much it is my own to have any fears myself."

Emma stooped down, resting one snowy hand amidst the masses of raven hair which was swept back from his broad white forehead, and kissing ing his letter to the address Frederick had given him tenderly, said, "Your exceeding love, Carlton gives me confidence in myself, but you will certainlv come with me."

"No, Emma, I would rather not-it would be more awkward for you-no, go down, love," he continued, pushing her gently from him; but marking the tears in her eyes, he added, "if you so desire it. I will follow you presently."

Emma's heart beat painfully as she descended the staircase, and she stood for a moment beside the parlor door to reassure herself. It was in vain -her agitation momentarily increased. At length, summoning all her courage, she entered.

The servant had lighted the gas, and from the porcelain shade the softened light fell upon a figure very unlike the one in Emm's imagina-Burly as a-beer barrel I had almost said-the

comparison seemed so apt in more respects than one-was the Mr. Stanley before her.

With a coarse laugh, he arose from his seat -Shouldn't have known you, 'pon honor, Miss Thorton-Mrs. Howard, I mean-he, he, that seems odd too. How you have changed; but then I have altered some, haven't I?"

"Very much, I should think," answered Emma, in a freezing tone. All the fluttering about her heart had vanished, but there was a mighty revolution going on there nevertheless-the enshrined ideal was crum-

bling into dust. "You haven't forgotten how I used to look, have -it'll never be as hard part again, I warrant," and Mr. Stanley laughed merrily at the (to him)

pleasing teminiscence. "Is this your first visit to the city?" inquired Emma, in hopes of changing the current of his thoughts.

"No. I was here six years ago with my wife; more she could desire. She had made no answer, have been in love a dozen times since, I couldn't lie went out of the gate—"Here lie the dead, and that long practice could alone give her, takes in her but the dream like memory of her firstlove floated forget you entirely. I expect if the old man hadn't here the living lie."

its' very funny the way things turn up in this world, isn't it ?"

Emma's face was crimson. She now hoped from library, for his presence would only increase her mortification. But it was not long before she heard he entered did she introduce them.

"You must not let me interrupt your reminiscences," said Mr Howard, as he drew his chair into the centre of the room, "as you were old schoolmates, I presume you have many very pleasing

"Ah, we were something more than old school mates," replied Mr. Stantley, laughing. "Did your wife never tell you how near we came making a match? ha, ha-' a miss is as good as a mile.' however, and I expect we are both about as we! suited-eh, Mrs. howard?"

Mr. Howard cast a mischievous glance at his wife, and seeing how painfully embarrassed the appeared he answered for her.

"I, at least, Mr Stanley," he said, "am much re-I---." Emma paused. Her cheeks were pain- joiced that the match was broken; for I expect I should still have been a wandering bachelor had say increased her embarrassment. This gave Carl- I not found the realization of my dreams in Miss

The spirit of mischief was strong in Mr. Howard. and he felt disposed to draw Mr. Stantley still fored, "I have something that I wish to tell you, pa- was entirely given to him, and Howard felt more ther out upon the subject, but catching an appealing than ever encouraged when he found that it was glance from his wife, he adroitly introduced anoth-

Mrs. Howard began to breathe more freely when she saw how deeply interested Mr Stantley became betrothed, but it was with the tull understanding in giving a minute description of the races, and discussing the merits of the different horses and their riders: but he interspersed his conversation with so many slang-phrases, that Mrs. Howard, more than ever disgusted, made some trifling excuse and left

> It was full an hour atterward when her husband entered the library where she was seated, and, stood in his merry eyes.

> Emma was of course too thoroughly vexed to in in his faughter, and she showed her irritation y turning her shoulder a trifle more toward him nearty laughter drowned his words.

He at length succeeded in saying, "Don't turn from me so, Emma darling." Here was another completely around.

"Indeed, I cannot help it; you must excuse me, Emma." he found breath to say at last.

Still his mirthfulness was in no way checked even when she arose and swept indignantly from the room: but as soon as he was able to compose his countenance he followed her.

"Come, Emma-I don't want to hurt your fee ings, my dear, but you must let me enjoy-"

him-tears standing in her eyes. no means. You put a wrong construction upon my merriment. Come, dear wife-come back to the library with me. You have yet to hear the best part of the joke." He encircled her waist with his arms as he spoke.

She could not resist the tenderhess, and she suffered herself to be led back to the room she had so petulantly deserted. As she resumed her seat, she strove hard to con

quer her testings, but the tears of vexation would creep up into the corners of her eyes; and she found it impossible to disguise the annoyance that she felt at her husband's mischievous glances. "If we want to be very good friends, Carlton,"

the said, at length, " and live as happy as we have done heretolore, there must be no allusion after tonight to this provoking occurrence. Promise me, now, that you will not tell father."

"You are too hard upon me, Emma-indeed you are. He would enjoy it capitally; and why need you care !- you have done nothing for which you are to blame."

"But think how vexatious."

"I do believe, Emma, that you are chagrined. because he consoled himself so speedily for your loss. Let me see, it was one of your anxieties, if remember, lest he should die of a broken heart."

"Carlton, you are too bad. I really think you are unkind to tenze me so," and Mrs. Howard's dretty lips quivered as she spoke, and the tears olled down her face, until her husband compassionately drew her head down upon his breast, and by his continued efforts succeeded in making her look upon the ludicrous occurrence with as much merriment nearly as he had done.

He detailed to her the conversation which had passed between them after she had left the roomhow Mr. Stanley had made him a confident of his losses at the races, the consequent depression of his finances, and his need of a loan, which Mr. Howard had the more readily advanced, inasmuch as divining his companion's character, he saw at glance that he could thus effectually rid himself of an acquaintance that might otherwise prove roublesome.

He was right. Mr. Frederick Stanley was never fier seen nor heard from by any of the lamily. Although Emma still feels a little chagrined when any allusion is made to her first love, yet she fails not to relate her experience to those whom she thinks it may profit.

WHAT IS VIRTUE?-A student put this question o the late Dr. Archibald Alexander. His simple and admirable reply was, "Virtue consists in doing our duty, in the several relations that we sustain, in respect to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to God, as known from reason, conscience and revelation.

How Friction Matches are Made. The first introduction of friction matches into the

United States was in the year 1836. They were,

however, very different from those now in common

use. They were called "lucifers," and were a first used exclusively as cigar lighters. This match consisted of a preparation of phosphorus, upon a narrow strip of brown paper, saturated with saltpetre, and fire was obtained by drawing it briskly between two pieces of thick sand paper. These matches did not blaze, but burned slowly like a fozee. Within a very short time after, such improvements were made; as to render them capable of producing a flame, but as they were all imported from Europe, they were too expensive for general use, and the old tinder-box still held its own. Yanke ingenoity, however, soon set itself to work to discover how this important improvement in the means of obtaining fire could be made of general service, and it was not long before a shrewd Yankee, by the name of Phillips, took out a patent for the "combination of chalk and other earthy substances, with glutin and phosphorus." in the pre paration of matches. In a very short time, too, the mechanical skill of the country was taxed to produce such machinery as should be able to make an article destined for such universal use as rapidly and cheaply as possible. This resulted in the invention of various machines, all tending to the same result, and in less than a year after the first introduction of foreign lucifer matches, a better and more useful article was in general use throughout the country, at less than a third of the price at which the imported matches were sold. The manufacture of matches now gives employment to a targe number of persons in almost every city in the United States, and matches are exported from this

country to the farthermost ends of the earth. The rapidity with which these useful articles are made is really astonishing, and the machinery among the most ingenious ever invented. Few who draw a match across some rough surface, and throwing himself upon a lounge, laughed until tears after obtaining a light, and forget the means that stood in his merry eyes. no less than eight different hands before it is fit for use, or that a box which contains matches passes through a like number of hands, so that sixteen Mr. Howard tried several times to speak, but his different persons are employed in making up a box the extent of the bird's accomplishments, and espeol maiches.

The wood used for matches was formerly ob tained from old ship spars, but it was found that laugh which made Mrs. Howard turn her back the destruction of tools used in cutting it, from contact with the number of nails, spikes, &c., which these spars contained, made the use of this timber | self upon the back of a chair, eyed her steadily for ly none but the best clear 3 inch white pine joist is now used. This is cut into blocks by a circular saw, each block being twice the breadth of the length of bled, "D-n ye! d-n ye!" a maich. This block is placed in a box, beneath The old lady rose in high dudgeon, and facing "My mortification," said his wife, interrupting white another knife passes through it and cuts off | you d-n me! you good for nothing orthodox creetthe sticks as they are scored. So rapidly does this er, I don't belong to your society." are cut by each revolution; 200 revolutions are made in a minute, which amounts to 4,400 match sticks a minute, 264,000 an hour, 2,640,000 per working day of 10 hours, and the immense number of 821,040,000 per year. The match sticks, as they are cut, fall into a

trough below, and are then carried into large bine where they are " gathered," as it is called -that is, they are disentangled from the mass, in which they are collected, an operation which is performed by boys with great rapidity, and laid out in racks, which are measured to contain a certain number -They are then tied in round bundles and carried into another part of the building, where there are a large number of little children at work, some of them not more than five years of age. These children untie the bundles and place, by very quick manipulations, each match stick in a groove which keeps it isolated in what is called a "slat;" some dozen of these groved stats, filled with matches. are acrewed together and form a "batch." From the sides of this batch the ends of the matches protrude about an inch. The batches are then carried by boys to a room where the ends are dipped in a brimstone vat. This vat is over a hot fire, and it requires some considerable experience on the part of the dipper to keep the hot brimstone always of the same depth, because if the brimstone should be too deep in the vat the stick would receive too much of it, the fumes of which when the match should be burned would be extremely disagreeable. He first dips one side of the match, and then the other, when it is carried into another room, where it is again dipped into the phosphorus. This process is somewhat different. The preparation, which consists of chalk or Paris White, glue and other glutinous substances, mixed with phosphorus, is kept hot in a kettle, under which enough heat is kept to keep it fused. When the matches are to be dipped, the preparation of phosphorus is taken from the kettle and thinly spread over stones which are kept hot by means of steam pipes. The matches already disped in the brimstone are dipped into this to the depth of about an eighth of an inch, and are hen placed in large racks to dry. The quickness of the drying process depends altogether upon the atmosphere. If it is damp they will not dry at all, and the whole building becomes enveloped in a thin vapor, with an exceedingly unpleasant odor. which comes from the phosphorus. When the atmosphere is not damp they dry in from three to eight hours sufficiently to admit of their being packed into the boxes. The matches are first taken out of the grooved "sints" by boys, and placed in a little rack of the same size as those in which they were originally placed when gathered from the mass, and taken into another room, where a numof girls stand surrounded by thousands of match Nor so min -It is related of an old Presbyterian boxes and piles of matches. Before each trio is a minister, down East, that being astonished at the knife, which operates perpendicularly, and is used and once—shall I tell it?—the long kiss in the ished than those of any other person that she had concluded to hunt you out. I always have felt a outrageous flatteries inscribed on the tombetones of for cutting the matches in two. The girl who stands the village church yard, he was heard muttering as immediately in front of this knife, with a nicety co upon some political question. A brother editor

just sufficient to fill the boxes; this bundle she places under the knile, which, as she puts her foot upon the treddle, descends and cuts the bunch in the middle. Each of the severed ends is taken by the girl on each side of her, and put into the box, on which the cover is placed, and the box of matches is then thrown into a receptacle for them, from which they are taken to be packed in parcels of a gross each. The operation of filling the boxes is performed with great rapidity, and makes one wonder at the flexibility of the muscle and sinews of the human kand.

GOOD TEMPER IS GOLD .- If people generally knew what an advantage to them it was to be cheerful, there would be fewer sour faces in the world, and infinitely less ill temper. A man never gains anything by exhibiting his annoyance in his face, much less by bursting into a passion. As it is neither manly nor wise to yield, like a child, pettishly at every cross, so it is alike foolish and absurd to allow feelings of anger to prive us of selfcontrol. There never was a man in any controversy, who lost his temper, that did not come near losing his cause in consequence. If ever a person plays the game of his enemies, it is when he is in a passion. Acquaintances shun men of proverbial ill-temper; friends drop away, from them; even wives and children gradually learn to tear them more than to love. Thousands of men owe their want of success in life to neglecting the control of their temper. Nor have they any excuse that it is an infirmity which cannot be restrained, for Washington, though naturally of a passionate disposition, disciplined himself until he passed for a person utterly impassive. No man who neglects his temper can be happy, any more than he can make those happy around him. Good temper is gold, is health, is everything. Bud temper is a curse to the possessor, and to society.

Don't BELONG TO YOUR SOCIETY .- In a certain country town in which religious differences were notably fostered the orthodox minister was ones presented with a raven which had been taught to talk, or at any rate pronounced certain words with much distinctness. For some time after its reception, the worthy clergyman was ignorant of cially so of the fact that some words pronounced by it were decidedly unclerical and profane. At length an old lady, a notorious disputant, belonging to another society, chanced to pay a visit to the clergyman's wife. The raven perched himmore expensive than new lumber, and consequent. | a long time, and at length cocking his head aside very gravely, and peering close in her face, shouted aloud-to the horror of both ladies and others assem-

which is a set of knives which score the block, her denouncer, as she turned to depart-retorted with the grain, the exact thickness of the match, in a loud voice, and with a very red face-"don't

> Good Advice.—Be industrious and economical. Waste neither time nor money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young can be induced to save, the moment they enter upon the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to obtain a competency, and without denying themselves any of he real necessities and comforts of life.

To industry and economy add self-reliance. Do not take too much advice. The business man must keep at the helm and steer his own ship. In early life, every one should be taught to think for imself. A man's talents are never brought out unil he is thrown to some extent upon his own reconces. If, in any difficulty, he has only to run to ris principal, and then implicitly obey the direcions he may receive, he will never acquire that aptitude of perception necessary to those who hold mportant stations. A certain degree of independent feeling is essential to the development of the ntellectual and moral character.

Attend to the minutia of the business, small things as well as great. See that your place of business is opened early, and everything going on

ASKING AN IMPOSSIBILITY .- It is said that a subject of the King of Prussia, a talented mechanic teing about to emigrate, was arrested and brought before his majesty. "Well, my good friend," said the King, "how can we persuade you to remain in Prussia !" " Most gracious sire, only by making Prussia what America is." He was allowed to

An Absconding Juryman.- I remember," says Lord Biden, "Mr Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed. "Here are only eleven jurymen in the box, where is the twelfth?" "Please you, my lord," said one of the eleven, "he has gone away about some other business, but he has left his perdict with me."

A True Answer. - A college student being examined in Locke, where, he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked. What relation do we most neglect?" He answered much nawete, " A poor telation, sir."

CANDID -A man who advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine adds that it will be found profitable to the " under-

Woman's Right's .- A good looking husband, eight children, and a happy home. As these rights are easily outsined we hope the esterhood will take them into consideration. This is better than holding offices, or " siving on a jury."

GHANCE FOR MCCE TURTLE SOUR .- An editor in N. Hampshire offered to put his head against sixpanaccepts the bet, says he thinks it an even one, and hand a bundle of maluhes from the rack, which is able who shall hold the stakes.