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Principles of Industry.

Poetry. The Lost Babies.

Come, my wife, out down the Bible, Lay your fingers on the book...

Then a girl with little tresses, Came to him on a winter night...

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster, Came to him on a winter night...

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Select Tale. The Mishaps of a Night.

The district school in the village of Hollythorn was taught by Miss Eva Stanley, who "boarded around" among the scholars...

The last week previous to the holiday vacation she had been boarding with a Mrs. Carpenter, who was making gigantic preparations for guests she expected from New York.

"You never met my brothers, Eva," she said. "There's Sam, and George, and John, and I'm the youngest; and such times as they have when they get out here and rascade, as they call it! But, dear me, I don't get much rest or peace, for they are like a lot of boys let out of school."

"The last time they visited me together, John and Sam actually cut a pane of glass from the window, and pelted George from my best room with snow."

"You see, there is always a regular strife for that particular room, for the bed is a spring one, and they say they don't sleep on any other in the city. But they don't get it this time, that's certain, for I intend to give you that room; and so end the controversy."

"I had just as soon occupy some other room, Mrs. Carpenter, and not wish to incommode your brothers."

"No you shan't, Eva," promptly exclaimed her hostess; "and what is the use of your going home vacation week? You can stay here just as well as not, and do your sewing on my machine."

The subject was dropped, and the entire household retired early, for on the morrow the brothers, young, ardent, and full of life, were to be there. But without sending any word of their intention, they had concluded to take the train which would land them in Hollythorn about bedtime. George and John did so, and when seated in the cars began to speculate upon the absence of Sam.

"No reason in the world why he should not have been here," said George. "I can't make it out, unless he has taken the five o'clock train by mistake."

"Not a bit of it," laughed John, who fancied he understood the entire program. "It is most likely he took that on purpose to get into Hannah's parlor bedroom, and make us take up with straw ticks and feathers."

"I didn't think of that, but I reckon you are right. We must contrive to get him out somehow."

The brothers put their heads together and laughed merrily over some scheme for outwitting Sam, and accordingly, when the train reached Hollythorn, about eleven o'clock, they approached the house of their sister in a very stealthy manner.

Climbing the fence in the rear, they softly opened the window and obtained access to the pantry, where they demolished a whole mince pie and a quantity of doughnuts. Then with appetites appeased, they removed their boots and prepared to investigate the "best room," stole along the hall, which was dimly lighted by the moon, ascended the stairs, and reached the door. The faint rays of the moon disclosed a chair piled up with clothing, and they could distinctly trace the outlines of a form beneath the bedclothes. A few whispered words were exchanged, and then, as lightly as if shod with down, they drew near.

"All ready!" whispered George. "Quick as though they seized upon the form of the sleeper, bedclothes and all, bore it swiftly down the stairs and out into the snow, and were about to deposit it into a huge drift, when a shrill scream broke the stillness of the night, and oh, horror! it was that of a woman! And in their consternation they dropped their burden plump into the middle of the drift."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed George, "it isn't Sam, but some woman, as I am a sinner!" and she has fainted. Run and call Hannah!"

With admirable presence of mind, he lifted the limp form of Eva Stanley and carried it into the house. But they had already been heard, and the inmate came rushing into the hall just as he appeared.

"George! John! for goodness sake what does this mean, and who have you there?" asked Mrs. Carpenter in a breath.

"Blessed if I know," began George; "thought it was Sam, so we concluded to give him a dose in the snow for getting into the best bed and trying to enrage us. Quick! I believe she has fainted!"

"Just like you," scolded Hannah, as she assisted in depositing Eva once more in the bed from which she had been so unceremoniously taken; "beginning your tricks upon each other before you are fairly in the house. Clear out, now!"

Long before she had finished her tirade, her brothers had betaken themselves down stairs, where they went into hysterics over the joke.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" said George, rolling over on the floor, and letting off peal after peal of laughter.

"I should think it was," replied John, holding his sides. "Oh, my! But what is to be done about it; and who do you suppose she is, George?"

"Some guess of Hannah's, of course; and young and pretty at that. I don't know how it is with you, but I feel particularly small and cheap—would sell myself at a very low price."

"Cheap," roared John, "cheap! I would actually give myself away this blessed minute, and throw something in to boot. What are we to do? I can't say. I believe I shall dig out of this place and get back to the city before morning. I haven't got the courage to face the music."

He began hastily putting on his boots, and would have carried his threat into execution, but for the appearance of Hannah, who at once arrested her authority.

"You are not going a single step, John; I don't wonder you felt ashamed of yourselves. What on earth possessed you is more than I can tell."

"That's right, Hannah; pitch in, seal away, I'll take any amount of talking just now. I am as much as a lamb. But who is it we've played so shabby a trick on?" replied George.

"Trick! I should think it was—Why, it is Eva Stanley, our school teacher, and this is her week to board here. I don't believe the poor girl will ever get over her fright. It is too bad; I shouldn't wonder if she had taken her death, being dragged out of a warm bed this time of night and dropped into a snow-drift in that fashion. No wonder she cried, poor thing."

"Cried, did she?" repeated George, with a groan.

"I should think she did. I just took her in my arms and let her have her cry out, while I explained to her how she happened to be mistaken for Sam, and became the victim of your mad pranks."

Make a Note of It.

Those who have never tried the experiment rarely appreciate the benefit which an enterprising, progressive mechanic derives from keeping a record of matters worth remembering. An intelligent workman, especially one who reads, is constantly acquiring interesting useful information, which at some time he will probably have occasion to apply practically in his business.

Such a torrent of screams as he had never before heard rang through the house, and before Sam could collect his scattered senses the door opened, and Hannah, George and John rushed in, clothed in snowy apparel—Hannah with a frightened look on her face and a lamp in her hand, that revealed the entire scene.

There, sitting in bed, with her hair dripping like a marmalade, her nightdress deluged, her face colorless, and looking terror, was the young school mistress; and there was Sam, with the empty pith in his hand, the very picture of tubercle, staring around like an idiot at the havoc he had made. Hannah, George and John instantly understood the situation; and the latter, at the command of their sister, dragged Sam away while she assisted the drenched and terrified girl to dry clothing, and then took her to her own room and bed, explaining for the second time the mislapse of the night.

"I'll keep you with me, now, my poor child," said she, though with difficulty keeping back her laughter.

"Those boys are nicely come up with, at any rate; and if it wasn't for your being so terribly frightened and your way my best bed has been used, I wouldn't care. But you are safe now."

Hannah kissed her charge, and went down to see the boys, who, as soon as they were fairly shut in the regions below, began to appreciate the joke; and now as Sam was as deep in the mud as they were in the mire, glared no quarter.

"I'll be blamed if I know what it means," said Sam, looking in confusion at his brothers, who were rolling and kicking in convulsions of laughter.

"Mean?" said George, holding his sides. "It means that you have stolen like a thief into Miss Eva Stanley's bed-chamber, who is a young lady boarding here; and thinking it your humble servant and I John's song in bed, you attempted to drown us out and made a grand mistake. How do you like it, Sam?"

"I confess I see the point, but I can't see the joke. It is a most outrageous one."

At this juncture Hannah came in, and began rating them soundly, thereby letting out the whole story.

It was Sam's turn to laugh.

Miss Eva was not visible the next morning, and Hannah announced that she was sick with a severe cold. Hannah had her usually crew under her thumb for once in her life, and had the satisfaction of seeing them behave with some dignity. They appeared never to forget that there was an invalid in the house, and went on tiptoe about. Sam, who seemed to take the entire responsibility upon his own shoulders, sent off shyly to New York for choice fruit and flowers, which he induced his sister to convey to the young lady with the most abject apologies and regrets.

In a couple of days Eva was able to come down stairs. She was looking quite pale, but lovely, and of course divinely, when presented by Mrs. Carpenter to the three brothers, who behaved quite well, considering the unpleasantness of their situation.

But Sam, who had broken the ice by means of his presents, was most at ease; and by virtue of his age and experience constituted himself the proprietor, and was constantly on hand to offer Miss Eva a thousand nameless attentions; and before the week was out John declared that Sam was "done for!"

"One under completely!" echoed George, with one of his dismal groans.

Hannah, singing Eva's praises, commended Sam's choice, and recommended marriage to all of them as the only sobering process she was acquainted with. It is a piece of advice, however, that they did not appear inclined to follow, notwithstanding Sam's happy lot with the pretty schoolmistress of Hollythorn.

She often reminds her brothers in law of her unceremonious introduction to a snow-drift at the dead of night, and they retaliate with the shower-bath given her by Sam.

1776 AND 1876.—"Look at this picture, now at that." The following contrast (the first lines by Dr. Frauklin) will be read with interest:

1776. "Farmer at the plow, Wife milking the cow, Daughter spinning yarn, Son thrashing in the barn, All happy to a charm."

1876. Farmer gone to a show, Daughter at her piano, Mother gayly dressed in satin, All the boys learning latin, With a mortgage on the farm.

"The rich," said a Dutchman, "eat mutton because it is sheep."

Advertising Rates.

One column one year, \$80.00. One-half column one year, \$40.00. One-fourth column one year, \$20.00. One square (10 lines) 1 insertion, \$5.00. Every additional insertion, \$1.00. Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year, \$5.00. Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 25c. Editorial notices per line, 15c. All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

WEATHER SIGNS.—In response to a circular sent to all the station observers by the chief signal observer for the signs preceding storms, Signal Service Observer Dumont has recently sent to Washington a report for his locality, based upon his own observations, and the weather notes which Major Ingersoll has kept for several years, and Foreman Allen's record. After detailing the action of the instruments before storms, the reporter gives the weather signs by which the approach of a storm is heralded, and those, by the way, are considered more reliable than the instrumental signs. Old weather prophets will be interested in comparing them with the maxims which they have drawn from their own observations. We append the signs:

1. As a rule, if the wind touches north east or east for two or three days, it is a sure indication of rain.

2. Dense smoke and haze in early morning portend falling weather.

3. Summer showers of light characters often follow two or three days of smoke or haze.

4. Fog, frost, and dew precede rain twenty-four to forty hours, except fog at close of storm.

5. Wind veering from north or west to south and southeast precedes falling weather.

6. Hazy, lunar and solar, also fairly defined and brilliant auroras, precede rain twenty-four to sixty hours.

7. Barometer rising or falling considerably away from its mean, forebodes falling weather, subject to modifying influences of the neighboring ranges of mountains or hills.

8. Precipitation generally follows a rapid influx or reflux of atmosphere.

9. If wind is in southwest and rain sets in, the rain is of short duration and light yield.

10. Banks of water clouds or heavy haze on south and southeastern horizon indicate rain.

11. An area of low barometer at or near Fortess Monroe and running up the coast, surely reaches here as a northeaster.

THESE AND NOW.—They lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat that only partially shaded her face from the light of the silvery moon. He stood gracefully on the outside, with one hand resting on the gatepost and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke the silence in a sweet musical voice: "And you will always think as you do now, George?"

"Ever, dearest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me, Julia, loveliest of your sex, that I have a right to wear it there?" "Oh, you men are so deceitful!" she answered, coquettishly. "True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a lithe nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but who darling could deceive you?" "And if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well?" "Never, never! No one could ever fill your place in my heart." "Oh, quit now! That isn't right," she murmured as she made a feint to remove his arm from around her waist. "Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered passionately, until you have consented to be mine, and he drew her nearer to him and held her tightly until he had obtained the coveted boon. It seems that yesterday since our weary footsteps interrupted that touching little scene, but when we passed near the same locality at an early hour yesterday morning, ere the moon and stars had paled, and heard a gentle voice exclaim: "No, sir; you stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it; I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until three o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling around my doors to worry me and wake the baby! Now take that and sleep on it!" It seemed—

"Y—es."

"An Havana cigars to smoke?"

"I—I guess so," stammered the farmer.

"An coal stove right close around dar wiar de corn is?"

"No, I never heard of a stove in a corn field."

"Well, if dar's no stove out dar you can't coax dis chile along! I got to take keer of my health, even if der isn't a bushel of corn raised in dis country!"—Detroit Free Press.

Wayne Saltzman, of Colebrook township, Clinton county, is somewhat of a hunter, reporting for the last year, seven catamounts or wild cats killed, two bears and 37 deer, in which he shared as one of the hunters, ten of which he killed, and ten of which were killed by his brother, Wm. F. Saltzman.

It is understood that the select committee on the Mexican border outrages will report a bill requesting the President to declare martial law on the border.

A Harrisburg thief has reached the lowest depth of crime, having recently stolen a coat off the door of a house in which there was a million dollars.

Ohio is stated that over 13,000 tracts of land embracing 2,500,000 acres remain unpatented in Pennsylvania, upon which there is due the commonwealth three quarters of a million dollars.

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