VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1870.

NO. 8.

MY HEART AND I.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I;
We sit beside the headstone thus,
And wish the name were carved for us. The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife,
As Heaven's sweet life renews earth's life,
With which we're tired, my heart and L

You see we're tired, my heart and I; We dealt with books, we trusted men;
And in our own blood drenched the pen,
As if such colors could not fly.
We waiked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we're tired, my heart and I.

How tired we feel, my heart and I! We seem of no use in the world;

Our fancies hang gray and uncurled

About men's eyes indifferently;

Our voice, which thrilled you so, will let

You sleep; our t ars are only wet;

What do we here, my heart and 1?

So tired, so tired, my heart and I! It was not thus in that old time When Ralph sat with me neath the lime

When Raiph sat with the start the real of the watch the sunset from the sky.
"Dear love, you're looking tired," he said;
I, smiling at him, shook my head;
'Tis now we're tired, my heart and I. So tired, so tired, my heart and I!

Though now none takes me on his arta
To fold me close and kiss me warm,
Till each quick breath ends in a sigh Of happy languor. Now, alone, We lean upon his graveyard stone, Uncheered, unklassed, my heart and I

Tired out we are, my heart and I.
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try; We scarcely care to look at even A pretty child, or God's blue heaven, We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet who complains? My heart and I? In this abundant earth no doubt Is little room for things worn out; Disdain them, break them, throw them by And If, before the days grew rough,

AN ODD FIX.

We once were loved, used—well en I think, we've fared, my heart and I.

When it came at last to asking Samuel Rowley's consent to pay my addresses to his ward, I knew it was all over with me. I felt that it was all over directly I was shown into the library, where Samuel Rowley sat before the fire, toastall over with me that I would very gladhad called with a sample, which might be returned if not approved after one well why I had solicited the honor of an interview with him at twelve o'clock A. M ; he was a sharp old gentleman, who had his eyes on me for some time, and was not to be imposed upon.

He said, "Take a seat, Mr. get your name;" and then he fumbled with his glasses, and referred to my polite epistle, which lay on the table near

perspired a little. I had a tremulous motion of my knees come on, which made me look ridiculous. I waited for him to begin, but he did not. I began myself, after one or two secret encounters in my throat with a something which felt very much like a cork out of

You are not aware-that is, you can not but be aware-that I have long regarded your ward Clara withyou speak, sir

"No, sir, I did not speak." He had given an awful cough of a double-knock character, that was all. He kept his glasses on his nose, and focused me, and the operation was unpleasant. He was not pleasant in his reception of my statement either; he was decidedly unpleasant, not to say desperately disagreeable. But then he was a cross, ill-grained old fellow; everybody knew it in Wolverston, and I have no particular reason to disguise it

ness. Mr. Rowley set aside his newspaper, drew his chair an inch or two closer to

to foot contemptuously. "May I ask your age, young man?"

he said. This was my weak point of defense,

"Seventeen. quainted with my Clara, who is a year

your junior, the hussy?" "Well, Mr. Rowley, it has been a long attachment. My finishing school at Beesborough was situated opposite her finishing school, and we saw each other at church; and I think-'

"I think that you both ought to be horsewhipped!" he said, fiercely, interrupting me; "and as for my consent to Clara's engagement to a boy like you-I will even go so far as to say a whipper-

snapper like you-"

"A whipper-snapper, sir!"

"I repeat it, a whipper-snapper!"
cried old Rowley, becoming very red and apoplectic in appearance. "I decline to listen to your preposterous pro-posal for one instant. Clara is only sixteen, and does not know her own mind

she is a mere child." "But we shall both grow older, Mr

"Ah, and more sensible, I hope. Good

morning."
" Good morning, sir."

I did not want to tell him of my expectations from my grandmother, or to reason with him on his want of justice and consideration. I went away crestfallen and heart-broken. I dashed from the library in despair, and brought my forehead against that of my beloved with a concussion that was nearly the means of stretching our senseless forms outside the tyrant's den, the victims of his cruel obduracy. Clara, naturally in-terested in the result of my interview with her guardian, had forced her pure but anxious soul to listen at the library keyhole. I had retired in haste, and floored her. "Oh, my gracious!" she sobbed forth;

"I did not know you were coming out like that! Oh, my head! Oh, how dreadful! Oh, Alphonse, we must part forever!"

forever?"
She rested her head on my shoulder, and shed many tears. I kissed away her tears; I patted her head fondly, keeping clear of the bumps which I had raised there. I could scarcely see her golden hair for tears myself—the water golden hair for tears myself—the water and risen into my eyes immediately we had met each other. I sought to calm her emotion. I bade her be firm, and I recommended vinegar and brown paper for her damaged brow. I said that I should try them myself when I got home. I told her that I would die rather than relinquish her; she said the same thing in a burst of uncontrollable emothing in a burst of uncontrollable emotion; we renewed our vows of eternal fidelity, and tore ourselves from each others arms are held in said that the said other's arms, crushed in spirit, but strong

yet to resist much oppression.

I told all my troubles to Jack Edwards, my bosom friend and adviser. Jack and I had been school-tellows together; we were going into the medical profession together presently; my father had resolved that I should walk the hos-Jack heard my story, and said that he would not have stood half of old Rowley's nonsense; but what he would have done under the circumstances he did not | himself. impart to me at the time, and I forgot to ask him afterward.

Clara and I met clandestinely. We were lovers; we had been lovers from our youth; the flinty heart of a guardian who had outlived mortal passion was not to stand between our fresh

young souls. I met Clara in the village; I scaled the park fence, and met her in the green wood; and Jack, good fellow, kept watch on the door of the Hall and old Rowley's library windows with a telescope, lest we should be surprised at any moment. Clara and I passed much of newspis gouty feet, and reading his Times moment. Clara and I passed much of newspis gouty feet, and reading his Times talking of what we should do all over with me that I would very gladly have backed myself out of the room without entering into any particulars as to the object of my visit. I would have cheerfully informed him that I was an agent for Boshiter's hair-restorer, and pects. Clara and I used to arrange our meetings in this wise. Clara had a conday's rubbing. But he knew me, and I an invaluable man, with a weakness for tuppeny we called it at school-to con-He understood perfectly tobecco, and with a heart all charity toward his fellow-creatures. Peter was nance always getting up subscriptions for his "N fellow-creatures in the village; and what with his subscriptions and his tobacco-I kept him entirely in tobaccomy pocket-money knew but little rest. Still he had a good heart, and was kind to us. He took charge of our correspondence, which was carried on by a circumlocatory but sure process. Clara gave it to her maid Selina, another con-fidante—who, alas! proved herself a perfidious snake-and Selina intrusted it to Peter, who took it to a gnarled monarch of the forest-an oak-tree in fact-and concealed it from all human gaze in a small hollow cavity some ten feet from the ground, where, at a later hour, I found it, and deposited my answer, to be conveyed by the same process into my dearest Chaa's hands.

Peter was a lank old man, and very wiry; he could climb a tree like a squirrel, and I was agile syself. The whole conception was romatic, if you will, but grand! I thought so Clara thought so, Peter thought so. The Rea was from Millais's picture, which we had both carefully stadied; and if Peter had not generally deposited his small nees to myself at the same time, asking my kind considerashun, as a gentlemen born with a warm hart, to an affecting kase in the parissh," the romance would his boots, and fixed him too. In anothhave been pure and unalloyed.

Clara defied the obdurate guardian I recommenced my statement; I for two months; it was February when poured forth the best feelings of my Selina Muggins betrayed us. I was adleart, and with an eloquence that might | vancing, in an innocent and unsuspecthave melted adamant I confessed to him | ing manner, to the secret post-office in that Clara was my one ambition. As I the wood, half a mile from Mr. Rowhave said already, I knew that it was all ley's house, when I became conscious of over with me, but I was poetic even in the whole perfidy. I was close upon the the midst of my despairing conscious- tree-that brave old oak which had held so many secrets-when voices in another direction filled my soul with horror. They were the voices of Samuel Rowley, me, put his great hands-rather dis- Esq., J. P., and Peter Stokes, my Merposed to be gouty like his feet—upon cury. I sank down in the long grass—his knees, and surveyed me from head there was a rapid thaw that morning, and the damp struck to me at once— and trembled for my love. I was not an instant too soon; their footsteps were upon me. Mr. Rowley's right foot was nearly upon me also; he shaved my fea-tures by a hair's breadth, and passed on. "And how did you first become ac- The harsh tones of his voice rang in my

ears an instant afterward. "You don't consider yourself an abominable scamp, I suppose," Mr. Row-ley said, "an unprincipled old vagabond, to act as a go-between to a silly school-girl and that idiot of a boy! You never thought of the harm of encouraging this, did you?"

I'm werry sorry, sir," whimpered Peter.

"Teaching my ward to be deceitful for the sake of a few sixpences, I sup-"I've never had a ha'penny, your hon-

or, much more a sixpence."

Neither had he. They were generally half crowns he was in the habit of receiving from me.

"You deserve to be kicked out of service, Stokes—drummed out of the village, for a wieked old hypocrite!"
"They was werry fond of each other, sir, and Miss Clara used to ask me so

son without her dear gardewan's know ing anything about it, she allers said it

was for the last time, sir-really." "If it was not for your age, Stokes I'd send you about your business this

very day."
"I'm werry sorry, sir," Stokes said again, shedding many tears.

"Is this the tree ?" "Yes, sir, that's the tree." "And Clara's last letter is up there now, ch? In that hole? Now no more

"Yes, sir, in that hole." How on earth do you get at it?" "Muster Huskisson climbs up there, sir, for his answers. I'll go up and fetch down Miss Clara's letter in a min-

There was a small epistle of his own he wished to obtain as well, perhaps; or it was possible that his noble mind had suggested some cheme to save dear Ciara's missive from sacrilegious eyes. But Mr. Rowley suspected this old serv-

"Stop where you are, Stokes!" he roared forth; "I'll have no more of your monkey tricks. Give me a back."

"Give you a wot, sir?"

"Bend your back, you rascal, and I'll

jump on it, and get the letter myself."

"Jump on it?" repeated Stokes, with a look of dismay at Mr. Rowley's portly figure; "it don't strike me that I can say nine stone ten?"

"I should die, Sr., I said, feebly, "will you please give my love to Clara? Tell her I did all I could to bear up—and to bear you up. Oh, dear! Did you say nine stone ten?" bear your weight, master."

enough. I'm not an elephant, man, and I will have no more of this non

Mr. Stokes resisted no farther. He made his back as if about to commence a game at leap-frog with a jus tice of the peace; and, with more agility than I had given Mr. Rowley credit for, the guardian was aloft, and within an inch or two of our letter-box.

"Oh, lor! shall you be long, sir? asked Mr. Stokes, groaning softly to "Raise your shoulder, you rascal, a lit-

tle more," cried his employer. Stokes did so, and from my hiding-place I saw the hand of Mr. Rowley strive, with some difficulty—for it was a fat, gouty hand, I have already said-to force itself into that casket, which had

contained so many of dear Clara's epistles. Samuel Rowley was an excitable man; for he swore a little in his efforts, and turned very red, and moved his feet restlessly upon poor Stokes's back.
"I have got it!" he cried at last. "The

artful jade-the cunning, plotting little minx, to serve her own guardian in this

"Is anything partickler the matter, it? Not a hadder, I hope, or a nest of d his head a little."

"Is anything?" and old Stobelland the store of the Oh, lord, have mercy upon us! Oh, damn it! Oh, dear, what is to be done?"

fidant in the game-keeper, Peter Stokes, hid his head a little more-tucked in his rush of the servants at Mr. Rowley's ceal his laughing and sardonic counte-"No. Stokes; it's something much

worse, I'm sorry to say."
"Wuss, sir?" said Stokes, who left off laughing immediately. "Yes; I-I can't get my hand out!" 'The devil you can't, sir!" cried

Stokes, in dismay. "It's twisted somehow, or swollen, or the wood has gripped me. Wait a mo-ment, Stokes— Oh, it's all up with me! I can't !

Take it quiet, sir. Keep cool, or you'll never do it-don't hagitate yourself; but for Gord's sake look sharp. I'm a-cracking."

"Don't move, Stokes-as you are man, don't move! If you were to drop, I cannot imagine what would become of me. It will be all right in a minute."

"Make it less, if you can," grouned Stokes; "all the blood's got into my head, orful. Oh, lor, what is to be done? Are you out, sir?" "No, I'm not; I'm fixed, Stokes. a dead man if you move; I am indeed." Stokes burst into tears, and howled

with all his might; and Mr. Rowley shouted a great deal, and swore a great to the dead weight above him, had not Mr. Rowley held him by the throat with 6 moment I had sprung to my feet, and wa rushing to the rescue.

tam really very sorry, Mr. Rowley can I to of any assistance?" " Assistance, you—you—young dev !

Yes, you can, mydear child. Run for a as lightning, to the louse." "Hi—hi—hollo!" hrieked Stokes, as I prepared to obey ar, Rowley's com-

mands; don't run; cote here, and let me run, or bust up I uust! Oh, lor, Master Huskisson, don't leave me any longer-do come and take, turn. not so heavy when you're ued to himhe isn't indeed." I saw the necessity of advacing to the rescue at once, and so did ir. Row-

I was tall for my age anotolerably strong, and I hastened to tage the place of Mr. Stokes, which I did with great caution on all sides. Behole me at last bearing the guardian of Clarkon my shoulders, and feeling terribly be weight of my responsibility as he stold with his face to the tree, still exercising his ingenuity to get his hand out of th

"I hope I'm not too heavy for you, Master Huskisson," he condescended to say, politely, for the sight of me was "Not at all," was my cheerful answer.

You'll make yourself as light as you can to oblige me, perhaps?" I had not quite done growing, and man is fragile during that process.

Rowley was very heavy, and Stokes was wrong in his assertion-wickedly wrong. "This is all your fault, mind you, Huskisson. This might have been my death," he said, reproachfully.

"Yes, Mr. Rowley, if I hadn't been in the way," was my happy rejoinder. was "Ah! but—" he looked round with ly.

beseeching; and when I told her there was harm in writing to Master Huskis- making every human effort to straightmaking every human effort to straight-en his back before flying on his mission. "Curse it, Stokes, run for your life!—don't stand there, you wretened lunatic, another instant !

Stokes ran away, and I was left as the one support of Mr. Rowley. Stokes had not been gone more than a minute and a half, when I wished that he had remained and shared the weight with me. I tried to keep firm, but the difficulty

was immense.
"Boy, you're giving! Don't shake

so. Keep yourself more against the tree,"
Mr. Rowley called down.
"All right. I'll do it for Clara's sake,
if it's possible; but if I snap—"
Then I remembered that he had called me a whipper-snapper; and so did he,

too, I think, and was sorry.
"Oh, you'll keep up," he said, offering me every encouragement in his power. "You're a big boy for seventeen, and I'm only nine stone ten—not a great weight. I've seen people in a circus do this kind of thing for hours, you know." It was a gross exaggeration, and I felt it to be one. I was getting faint also. I had undertaken too much; and his language at times was still violent,

as he endeavored to extricate his hand.
"If I should die, sir," I said, feebly,

"I did." "I should have thought you had been

ninety," I murmured.

"You're giving!" he roared again, with a vehemence that revived me.

"Keep up a little longer, my dear boy.

I can hear them coming in the distance." Which was another falsehood; but no matter. Mr. Rowley was not a truthful man. I set myself firmly against the tree, according to his instructions, but it was of no avail. My heels, in a few more minutes, would slide gracefully away from me, I was certain, and the guardian of my Clata would be swing-ing about by one arm, like an early Christian martyr. Eis blood would be on my head, and so would he, if he came down with his whole weight—perhaps armless-on the top of me.

"Keep up!" he cried, in a great fright now. "You shall see Clara when you like, my boy. I will not say a word against the match any more. You're a fine, strapping, brave fellow, that you are-a young Hercules!"

"Thank you, Mr. Rowley," I answered; and his words dil sustain me a little, and helped me to sustain him. But I was sliding, slowly but surely,

from under his feet when assistance arrived-men with ladlers and saws and chisels; and Clara, to, wild with fright,

legs only saved the guardian from summary dislocation on the spot. He was got down with difficulty; and once down he was not grateful. "A pretty fool you have made of me!

he said to Clara as he waked away rubbing his wrist; "and a pretty pair of fools you and that boy are, too

Still, after all, he was not so bad as I had expected to find him. He was a man who kept his word, and for that I have always respected old Rowley. Clara and I saw each other in a more rational manner. I went to the Hall once or twice; she was at my house on my eighteenth birthday, at a little party which my mamma absurdly called venile" in the invitations; and there Jack Edwards was too attentive to Clara, and raised a jealous demon in my

I went to London shortly afterward. Clara and I were to be engaged when I passed," and if we were of the same mind, her guardian said. But we were not. While I was walking the hospitals a fellow in the tallow trade walked off with Clara, and I do not think she re-

It was an excellent match, though he was forty-seven, and very stout. I went deal too. Stokes would have run for it, probably, for he was succumbing fast thanks at the breakfast for the bridesmaids, one of whom has promised to be mine when I set up in business for my-

India-Rubber.

Considering the many uses to which India-rubber is now applied, one of the most important being its recognized ladder, and a saw, a something, as quick superiority over gutta-percha for deepsea telegraphs, and remembering fears entertained some time back of the probability of a decrease in the supply, owing to the exhaustion of the forests consequent upon the immense demand, it is gratifying to learn that the quantity of rubber exported from Para during the past year exceeded that of the previous year by 22,731 arrobas (an arroba is equal to about twenty-five and onehalf pounds), and by £241,250 in market value. It is true that the more accessible rubber districts are becoming exhausted, and give a smaller yield than in former years, but the rubber-bearing country is so extensive, and its rivers so incompletely explored, that the newlydiscovered sources will, no doubt, more than make up any deficiency arising from the exhaustion of the old. It is difficult, however, to obtain accurate or teliable information from those engaged in the collecting of the rubber. continued demand for rubber, which is collected with comparatively little labor, and requires but little skill and experience, absorbs all the attention of the natives over other products, and the constant rise in its value so stimulates its production that it is more than probable here will be for some years to come an annual increase in the quantity imported of at least ten per cent.-Nature

> An Ohio widow was requested by the dear departed's aristocratic relatives to give a false name when she went out washing, so as not to disgrace the fami-Such thoughtfulness is touching.

The Chinese New Year.

The Chinese New Year is always an occasion of unbounded festivity and hilarity, as if the whole population threw off the old year with a shout, and clothed themselves in the new with their change of garments. Preparations go on for five days before, but evidences of the approach of this chief festival appear some weeks previous. The principal streets are lined with tables, upon which articles of dress, furniture and fancy toys are disposed for sale. You see monster frogs in colored paper, horses, birds, crocodiles, some of them showing considerable artistic design. The expense incur-red is considerable, and often curious relics are brought forth to tarn into money. Superiors give presents to their servants and dependants, and shop-keep-ers send an acknowledgment of favors to their customers. We received sugar candy and sweetments. One of the most ommon gifts of the lower order is a pair of slippers. Among the stands for presents, are

ther tables at which persons are seated, provided with pencils and gilt red paper of various sizes, on which they write appropriate sentences for the season, to be posted on doorposts and lintels of dwellings and shops, or suspended from the halls; to which I shall presently refer. Small strips of red and gilt paper,

some bearing the word fah (happine-s); large and small red candles gaily painted, and other things used in their wor-ship, are likewise sold in stalls and shops. As if to wash away all the uncleanliness of the past year, water is applied profusely to every thing in the

But a still more praiseworthy custom that of settling accounts and paying debts. The shopkeepers wait upon their customers, creditors and debtors, to set-tle matters. No debt is allowed to overpass the next new year without settle-ment or arrangement of some sort, if it can be avoided. Many wind up by can be avoided. Many wind up by bankruptcy, and the general consequence of this great pay-day is scarcity of money, resort to the pawnbrokers, and low price of all kinds of goods and arti-

As the old year departs, all the account books in Chinese shops are burn-ed. Devout persons, of whom there are but few, also settle with their gods, and during a few days before the new year the temples are usually thronged by devotces, both male and female, rich and poor. Some fast and engage priets to pray for them, that their sins may be pardoned, while they prostrate themselves before the images, amidst the din of gongs, drums, and bells, and thus clear off the old score. Crackers are fired off to drive away evil spirits, and the worship of their ancestors, as usual, akes the precedence.

On New Year's Eve the streets are full of people, all hurrying to and fro to conclude any business still left undone. Some are busy pasting the five papers sire that the five great blessings which constitute human happiness may be theirs-namely, long life, riches, health, ove of virtue, and natural death.

Above these are pasted sentences like these: "May the five blessings descend upon this door." Or, "May rich customers ever enter this door." Or, "May Heaven confer happiness." The doorposts of others are adorned with plain,

gilt and red paper. In the halls are suspended scrolls, more or less costly, containing antithetical sentences carefully chosen. A literary man, for instance, would have distiches like the following:

"May I be so learned as to secrete in my mind three myriads of volumes." May I know the affairs of the world for six thousand years."

Other professions and tastes would xhibit sentences of a different charac-

Boat people are peculiarly liberal of their paper prayers, pasting them on every board and oar in their boats, and suspending them from the stern in scores, making the vessel flutter with gayety. The farmers paste them on their barns, trees, baskets, and implements, as if nothing should remain without a blessing. The house is neat and clean to the highest degree, and purified more than seven times by religious ceremonies or lustrations, firing off crackers-the last of which being meant, as already named, for the expulsion of

The stillness of the streets and closed shops on New Year's morning is striking. The red papers on the doors have been removed. You now read sentences

like these: "Yesterday, in the third watch, the old year passed; to-day, with music and drams, the new year begins." Or, "Look where you will you witness festival array; everywhere there is bowing and salutation." Or, "Heaven grows in years, man grows in age." Or, "Spring fills the whole world, and fortune the

These gay papers are interspersed with blue ones, anyouncing that during the question. "When I was deputy sovpast year death has come among the inmates of the house—a silent admonition to the passers-by. In some places white, yellow and carnation-colored papers are employed with the blue, to designate the degree of deceased kindred. Esiquette requires the mourners to remain within

In a few hours the streets begin to be filled with well-dressed persons, hasten-ing in sedans or on foot, or here and there in carriages, to make their calls. Those who cannot afford to buy a new suit, hire one for the occasion; so that a Chinese master hardly knows his own servants in their finery. Much of the visiting, however, is done by card, on which is stamped an emblematic device representing the three happy wishes-for children, for rank, and for a long

Towards evening the crowds are so dense that it is with difficulty you can make your way through them; as then the extraordinary Chinese show, called the Jengeh, is carried about on men's shoulders. It consists of a wooden platand fragile in appearance, with living somewhere.

children perched in the most startling and seemingly impossible positions imaginable.

Gentleness.

It is rare to find a person uniformly gentle, to whom the world does not as cribe all other good qualities. Gentle ness is, in itself, such a recommendation that it is a marvel the virtue is not cultivated from self-interest-if a sense o duty, and the promptings of religion, be not sufficient to make the practice of it observed. The influence of a person habitually gentle is felt by all around, like the sun's rays which clear the atmosphere by dissipating noxious vapors, and impart life and genial warmth to objects that have languished and become shriveled up under the influence of clouds and chilling winds. The whole face of nature seems transformed when the sun bursts forth and gloom departs. Thus, a gentle disposition, appearing among morose and gloomy natures, re-flects something of its own screnity and mantle of surliness, opposition, or harshness, in which too many allow them-

selves to be wrapped.

A person of unfailing gentleness of manners, benignity, and cheerfulness, will disarm the ill-disposed, and melt, in many cases, those stubborn natures upon which harshness has only the effect of onfirming in opposition. Gentleness ersuades when forcible arguments fail; earts are won by the soft word and pleasing manner, where severity and parring tones would create only enemies. The reverses of the gentle are sure to be regretted; his prosperity is viewed without envy, and his failings are easily orgiven.

Habitual gentleness is a safeguard against outward annoyances. A mind that is calm and serene beholds everything in the most favorable light, and, like a smooth stream, reflects every object in its just proportion and fairest colors. A spirit always in agitation, communicates something of its turbu-lence to those with whom it comes in The State Hou contact, and is a disturbing element in whatever society it may be thrown. A nature always ready to pick flaws sees everything in a distorted form, find-

ing nothing pleasant or agreeable, and considering it a personal insult that others, more amiably disposed, should be happy and contented under the same circumstances that render itself so mis-Misinterpreting-too often, alas! misrepresenting—every act and word of companions and acquaintances, repeating remarks, trivial in themselves but receiving importance from significant brugs and dubious tones, and the substitution of more forcible words, thus sowing the seeds of discord, even severing long united friends, is but one of the many miseries an ill-natured person, perhaps almost insensibly to himself, talls into. He feels illy-disposed toward the whole world, and proportionately dissatisfied with himself, a state of mind exhibited in every line of the countenance; grum looks, impatient motions, and snubbing words, are freely bestowed causing the recipients to shrink and retreat as from a porcupine, whose pene trating quills are thrown in all directions. But, even upon such a nature, person of well-known, uniform gentleness will exert a beneficial influence, and though inwardly distressed at the black looks and snubs direct, will, by quiet and gentle tones, soothe the ruffled spirit, and call up a blush of shame to the cheek that is wont to color only in anger. Since gentleness is so universally loved, so much admired, why is it not much is to be gained by its practice, why do we not find more of it in a ends?-Leisure Hours.

How to Settle the Attorneys.

Dingle is a small town in the southforms one side of the Dingle Bay, Lady Ireland, gives us the following amusing specimen of the primitive manners of terprise.

"Law, sir!" repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright-" Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the hone ty of the case that comes before us: and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted there would be but few attorneys, and the country

would be quiet and happy. "But what would you do if any person brought an attorney these twentytwo long miles and hilly road (from Tralee), and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?"

"I'll tell you what I did myself," was the reply to this apparently perplexing ereign two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court, and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' Silence in the court!' said he. So stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for one month.' 'God save the Queen !' said the crier; and then I left them all. And I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this no attorney ever appeared in our court; and, please God, we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honor and honesty of the cases that come before us."

A good story is told of a man who having, after a long struggle, worked himself into good society by means of the aristocratic alliance of his daughter, gave a grand dinner party to his newly-acquired circle. He didn't invite his form, oblong or square, like a huge tray, own brother, for the reason that "society on which a scene is erected, fairy-like is getting so mixed one must draw a line

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Massachusetts is making large quantities of cartridge paper for Franc

Four more men have been lynched in Kansas for horse stesling.

In Lawrence, Kansas, buffalo meat is as plonty and cheap as beef.

The German army is officered almost

exclusively by the aristocracy. Connecticut papers say that in some parts of the State cider is more plentiful

than water. A couple of farmers in Hardin county,

Iowa, went to law five years ago over \$25. The sait has just ended, and both farmers had to sell their farms to pay The American Tract Society has issued 442,000,000 tracts in 141 languages and

dialects during the last forty-five years. The latest thing in funeral processions in the West is a wagon to precede the hearse, bearing a bell, which is tolled

en route to the grave. brightness; others seem to partake of that inward tranquility which it promotes, and, for the time, to shake off the sex of carrying money in that position.

The latest thing out is the proposal to celebrate "leather weddings." To the tin and wooden weddings it is proposed to add the leather-wedding celebration, fifteen years after marriage, every present to have leather in its composition. On consideration, it will be perceived that the range of choice will be quite large, though at first it may seen other-wise. Books, of all kinds, in leather bindings, would come within the class of goods we presume.

Just as a traveller was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel a bed-bug appeared and took its way across the page. The man paused, and remarked: "I've been bled by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott graybacks; but I'll be shot if I was ever in a place before where the bed-bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where

The State House at Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, is built of magnesia limestone, and will cost when completed, \$200,000, The main building is now completed, and occupied by all the State officers. The Insane Asylum is just completed, and will cost the State \$150,000. The Penitentiary is now building, and will cost \$200,000. It is located three miles south of the city. The State University will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks. It is a modern building, is very handsome, and will cost \$150,000.

A correspondent of the New Mexican, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, writing from Chihushua, Mexico, says the people of that State are excited over a new discovery of placer gold about seventy-five miles from the city of Chihuahua, Don Pedro Gonzales, the discoverer, with three other men, washed out twenty three ounces of gold in nine hours. The particles found are round and plump, from the size of a grain of wheat to that of a hazlenut. One nugget weighed an ounce. The place is situated in a deep arrova two thousand or three thousand yards long, and is supplied with water from springs in all parts of the arroya. The dirt yields from \$1 to \$3 to the

We learn from the Washington Republican that the meteorological record collected by the War Department in order to learn the course and movements of storms, is likely to come to an early end. The appropriation for tele-graphing was only \$15,000, and the collecting and distributing of several hunmore generally cultivated? Since so dred messages daily has already consumed the amount. The Western Union Telegraph Company will continue to do world ever ready to assume even the the work, however, until Congress gets most austere virtues to obtain selfish time to act in the premises. As the messages must be given precedence of all other business at certain hours, the company will probably require several hundred thousand dollars per annum to give the proper amount of telegraphic faciliwest of Ireland, on the peninsula which | ties to maintain the record and make it a success. It is believed that Congress Chatterton, in her Travelsin the South of | will decline to make an appropriation adequate to the maintenance of the en-

> The New York Bulletin says: "The business of knitting by machinery is now being prosecuted on a very large scale by one or two houses in this city. The factories are located on the line of the New Haven Railroad, and are very large; one in particular employing 400 men, women and children, and representing a united capital of about \$200,-000. This new branch of the manufacturing business will be of very great benefit in reducing the cost of first-class underclothing, as this one concern can turn out more work than can be done by 7,000 hand knitters. All kinds of useful and ornamental work can be done by the improved machinery, which cannot be distinguished from the finest kind of hand work. This is a new enterprise, and one which must eventually pay very handsomely on the money invested, besides opening a new branch of industry

Away up in Maine, where it was to be supposed the follies and crimes of fashion had not yet been introduced, it is charged that women even in the smallest towns and villages have adopted the practice of arsenic eating. This is a European custom which has obtained pretty strong hold in some of our large cities, but which we had presumed was interdicted in the rural districts where the cosmetics of nature, fresh air and exercise, abound on every hand. Its object, as most of our readers must know, is to give whiteness and clearness to the complexion, and for imparting, in the language of the advertiser, "a beautiful and everlasting rose-tint to the checks of the fair." The only arguments against its general use are, that in a short time it gives a deadly pallor to the countenance of its victims and an unnatural brilliancy to the eyes, that it is impossible to give up the practice when once commenced, and that it will eat up the vital powers quicker than alcohol or