

## PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

### THE FOUR WORDS.

"Four little words did me more good, when I was a boy, than almost anything else." "I cannot reckon up all the good they have done; they were the first words that my mother taught me."

"Indeed! What were the four little words?" said I.

"They were told me by relating the following story:

"My father grafted a pear-tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear. It was said to be a very nice, kind of pear, and my father was anxious to see it come to maturity. He took it to a man who gave him his graft. This single pear, then, was an object of much concern to my father. He wanted it to become fully ripe. The high winds, he hoped, would not blow off the graft, and he gave express directions to all the children to keep it from being blown off. The graft was lost, and easily torn by us. It grieved me. "I think that graft will meet my expectations," said my father many times to my mother. "I hope now there is some prospect of our having good pears."

Every body who came into the garden, he took to the graft, and every body said, "It will prove to be a most excellent pear." It began to look very beautiful. It was full and round, a rich glow was dying in its cheeks, the graft was clear and healthy.

"It is not good to wait long for a bite," I cried, as I followed father one day down the alley to the pear-tree.

"Wait patiently, my child; it will not be fully ripe for a week," said my father.

I thought I never had seen anything like it. I longed to stop and look longer up to this. Oh, how I longed to look! I used often to think, smacking my lips. I wish it was mine. The early apples did not taste so good, the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons were not as sweet. I longed in comparison with it.

The longer I stopped, the more I wished for this pear tree the greater was my desire for it. Oh, I wish I had it! was the soft sigh that gradually got upon me.

One night, after we were in bed, my brother and I lay awake before I could fall asleep, and could not sleep. It was a warm, still, summer night; there was no moon; no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window, and, peering into the garden, I snuffed a pleasant smell. I traced it back to the outline of the trees. I gazed at the direction of the pear-tree; it was the same. The early apples did not taste so good, the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons were not as sweet. I longed in comparison with it.

Presently I was beneath its branches. I was beneath its branches.

Father will think the wind has knocked it down. He seemed on every side, but he could not find it. It was afraid to look, and hid his face.

On tip-toe with my hand uplifted, I turned upward, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. "Thou God, assist me!" I could not help saying over and over again. "Look through, though! I am good, but thou art bad." I stopped, and looked around, then turned in the direction of the pear-tree. Presently I was beneath its branches.

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### HOUSES, FARMS, &c.

**Farm.** consisting of 75 acres cleared, and 15 acres heavy timber land, all well watered. The farm is 25 miles from the Hall Road Depot, at the village of Anna, a few miles from the Ohio River.

**For Sale.** EIGHT Hundred acres, Forty Seven Acres of land, suitable for Taxers, dairy and stock raising, and 100 acres of land suitable for grain raising, and well improved. Located in the State of New York, about 10 miles from the village of Elizabethtown. For further particulars apply to J. H. TAYLOR, 10 Broad Street, Pittsburg.

**For Sale.**

Two hundred and fifty acres, on the Ohio River, 10 miles from the village of Elizabethtown. The land is well improved, and in good condition.

**Offer.** To the citizens of Pittsburg, Ohio.

**Land.** prime cured Ham.

**For Sale.** One hundred and twenty-five acres, in the village of Elizabethtown, New York.

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