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SUNBURY AMERICAN

SUNBURY, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1870.

ADVERTISING SCHEDULE.

Table with columns for 'Lines or about 100 Words, make a Square' and rates for One week, Two weeks, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, and One Year.

Professional.

J. A. WILSON, Attorney at Law, No. 144 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. Jan. 15, 1870-ly.

GEO. HILL, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Will attend to all professional business in this and adjoining counties.

J. G. MARBLE & CO., Market Street, SUNBURY, PA. Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Pocket Books, Bibles, &c.

P. P. VOLVERTON, Attorney at Law, Market Square, SUNBURY, PA. Professional business in this and adjoining counties promptly attended to.

W. H. ARMSTRONG, SAMUEL LISK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, WILLIAMSPORT, PENN'A. July 31, 1869-6 mos.

D. A. R. SAVIDE, respectfully announces himself as Physician and Surgeon located permanently on Market street, near the Fairmount Hotel, where he can be consulted at all hours when not professionally engaged.

TEETH: TEETH: J. A. HESSINGER, Surgeon Dentist, SUNBURY, PA. All work carefully attended to and warranted.

G. W. ZIEGLER, Attorney at Law, north side of Public Square, one door east of the old Bank building, SUNBURY, PA.

A. DINGMAN, Attorney at Law, DELPHIA, PA. All business attended to with promptness and diligence.

C. A. REIMENSYDER, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA. All business entrusted to his care attended to promptly and with diligence.

J. G. KAY CLEMENT, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

B. BRUNER & KASE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Office on Chestnut street, west of the N. C. & P. R. Railroad Depot.

S. B. BOYER, W. J. VOLVERTON, Attorneys at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Office on Chestnut street, west of the N. C. & P. R. Railroad Depot.

H. B. WELLS, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Office on Chestnut street, west of the N. C. & P. R. Railroad Depot.

W. M. ROCKEFELLER, LLOYD T. ROBERG, Attorneys at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Office on Chestnut street, west of the N. C. & P. R. Railroad Depot.

ROCKEFELLER & ROHRBACH, Attorneys at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Office on Chestnut street, west of the N. C. & P. R. Railroad Depot.

J. O. BUCK, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND DEALER IN CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS.

VALENTINE DIETZ, Wholesale and Retail dealer in every variety of ANTHRACITE COAL, SUNBURY, PENN'A.

W. S. BROADS, DEALER IN ANTHRACITE COAL, SUNBURY, PENN'A.

JACOB SHIPMAN, FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, SUNBURY, PENN'A.

DENTISTRY. GEORGE M. RENN, In Simpson's Building, Market Square, SUNBURY, PA.

GRAND BARBER SALOON, The oldest and most noted institution of the kind in SUNBURY, PA.

HAIRING AND HAIR-DRESSING, will be executed in the latest style.

NEW COAL YARD, THE undersigned has purchased the coal tract situated on the east side of Market Street.

Hotels and Restaurants.

M. P. CHARLES CULP, Proprietor, Pleasant Summer Resort, this well-known House, is located and repaired, will furnish the best of accommodations to travelers and permanent boarders.

PACIFIC HOTEL, SUNBURY, PENN'A., WM. T. ENGLEMAN, Proprietor. A Pleasant Summer Resort, being on the bank of the Susquehanna River.

RESTAURANT & EATING-HOUSE, CHARLES ITZEL, PROPRIETOR. Chestnut Street, a few doors from the Depot.

HAS OPENED A Restaurant and Eating House, for the accommodation of the public.

NATIONAL LAGER BEER SALOON, ON THIRD STREET, NEAR THE DEPOT, SUNBURY, PA.

JOSEPH BACHER informs the citizens of Sunbury and the public generally, that he has opened a LAGER BEER SALOON at the above place.

NATIONAL HOTEL, AUGUSTUS W. WALD, Proprietor, Georgetown North County, Pa.

CHAS. TURKNER, ORR, CRAWLEY, ALLEGHENY HOUSE, No. 318 and 314, Market Street, near eighth, PHILADELPHIA.

J. VALER'S WINTER GARDEN AND HOTEL, Nos. 729, 732, 734 & 737 Vine St., PHILADELPHIA.

WINTER GARDEN HOTEL, (ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN) Centrally located, connecting with all the City Passenger Railway Cars.

Excellent Accommodations for Travelers. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concerts every evening.

Orchestra Concert Every Afternoon, 7:30. FINE LADIES' RESTAURANT - THE BEST OF REFRIGERATION SERVED.

Office of Valer & Lawler's Fountain Park Brewery, April 10, 1869.

Miscellaneous. N. FERKEE LIGHTNER, DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, &c.

SCHOOL, BLANK & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, CAP, BILL, NOTE, LEGAL AND OTHER PAPERS, BUFF, WHITE, AND OTHER ENVELOPES.

Picture Frames and Mouldings. FRAMES MADE OF ALL SIZES, AT PRICES OF MOULDING.

BREAD AND FANCY CAKES. DAVID FRY, RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity, that he will bake to order all kinds of CAKES FOR BIRTHS, PARTIES, &c.

MEAT SHOP. In Dewart's building, on the north side of Market Square, two doors from the railroad, where they keep a constant supply of the best Beef, Pork, Mutton, &c.

LIQUOR STORE! CHRISTIAN NEFF, Second Street, opposite the Court House, SUNBURY, PA.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS, Consisting of Pure Brandy, Cogniac, Cherry, Ginger, Rochelle and Oland.

PURE HOLLAND GIN! Wines: Champagne Wine, Sherry, Port and Claret.

STOMACH AND BAR BITTERS, And all other Liquors which can be found in the city markets.

MARKET STREET, In Haupt's Iron Front Building, Sunbury, Pa. April 10, 1869.

NEW GROCERY STORE. THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Sunbury and the public generally, that they have opened a New Grocery Store.

HARDWARE STORE. J. H. CONLEY & Co., MARKET STREET, SUNBURY, PA.

RECEIVED a new assortment of all kinds of Hardware, Cutlery, Mechanics' Tools, &c.

SHOEMAKER. The best quality of Sole Leather, French Calfskin, Morocco, Linen, &c.

New Advertisement.

Finest Clothing Ready made Clothing AS FIT AS Custom Work.

THE HEIGHT OF THE STYLE. ELEGANTLY MADE UP.

READY TO PUT RIGHT ON. The object of the Chestnut Street Clothing Establishment is to furnish a class of Ready-made Clothing superior to anything that has heretofore been offered to the public.

THE Custom Department. Connected with the establishment, a large and complete stock of Imported Goods, Choice Styles, Highest Art in Making Up.

JOHN WAMMAKER. No finer work is done in any Merchant Tailoring House in the land.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL. "And so he is coming to-night, Clara?"

THE FINEST CASHMERE ESTABLISHMENT. 618 & 520 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN WAMMAKER. SPECIAL NOTE - By one system of self-measurement, gentlemen at a distance can order with certainty of having a good fit.

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Select Poetry.

THE OLD CANOE. Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep, And the waters below look dark and deep.

The useless paddles are idly dropped, Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped.

And crossed on the railing one's eye, But the faded hand which the water is dry.

While busily look and forth between, The spider stretches his silvery screen.

And the solemn owl with his dull "too-hoo," Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave, Slowly away in its living grave.

And the green moss creeps on its dull decay, Hiding its mouldering past away.

Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower, Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower.

While many a blossom of joyous hue, Springs up o'er the stem of the old canoe.

Where the whirrs are wild and the eddies thick, And looked below the broken file.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side, A look below in the sluggish tide.

The face that I see there is graver grown, And the laugh that I hear has a sadder tone.

And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings, Have grown familiar with sterner things.

But I love to think of the hours that flew As I rowed, where the whirrs their white spray threw.

And the blossoms waved on the green grass grew O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL. "And so he is coming to-night, Clara?"

LYMAN PALMER asked, standing just at sunset, in the porch of Mr. Towney's fine, broad fronted residence in L. Clara Towney stood beside him, and a very beautiful smile stole into her deep blue eyes.

"Yes, Lyman, papa received his notice this morning, saying that he would surely be here in the eight o'clock train."

"Your father is, as determined as ever I suppose, about this affair of the marriage?"

"Lyman Palmer's book was averted from Clara while he pronounced the words of the other."

They were delicate enough, both in shape and hue, those hands of Lyman Palmer's to have belonged to a woman; his face, a decided one of a man, and glowing with the fullness of healthful beauty, but not lacking, in the only twenty-two element of manhood. It was a face that Lyman Palmer's enemies had really possessed any would have been very likely to call insipid and girlish.

But the smile that stole into his eyes, and the gleam of the man himself. He was every inch what his youthful appearance failed to show - a highbred, honorable, courageous gentleman.

"Determined!" Clara Towney exclaimed in answer to her lover's last remark: "Why, papa is so bent upon my becoming Mrs. Livermore, that I don't think I can do anything but resign myself to his will."

"And that resolution is, Clara?"

"To give Mr. Livermore plainly to understand that the times we live in are not those which tolerate the affiancing of two children in their cradles, merely because their parents happen to be friends. And then this creature, Richard Livermore is a perfect field of holiness, if you will pardon my intense style of rhetoric, Lyman. The photograph which he sent me, through papa, is just about the most frightful thing I ever beheld. He has passed his whole life, you know, in some obscure place out West - all alone and without a friend. He is a man of obscure, in my opinion - and, to all appearances, he has the manners of a regular clerk. He actually had the impudence to speak of me, in his last letter to papa, as the 'sweet Clara whom he longed so passionately to behold,' and whom he fondly believed to be a picture of womanly grace and loveliness. I've never told you this before, Lyman, for fear of making you ungenerously angry at your unseemly rival."

"We ought not to be called rivals," Lyman Palmer answered, in a voice wherein there was much more despondency than anger - "his chances are so far, far above mine."

"To what particular proverb do you have reference just now?" Lyman asked.

"To one which says, 'Where there's a will there's a way.' I think that adage a remarkably true one. And I think, Lyman, that you and I may test its truth if we are so inclined."

"You don't mean by an elopement, Clara, do you? Often and often have I pleaded."

"Oh, often and often have I refused, but the prompt interruption. 'Of course, I won't elope with you, Lyman. I don't consider elopements respectable. I shall never marry you if I have to do it - there!'"

And she looked quite serious when she took the resolution if called upon to do so.

"You mean, then, Clara, by coming the night of my departure over your papa?" Lyman questioned.

"And get post-pooled for our pains," said Clara, with a slight laugh. "No, Lyman, I mean something else. Papa is still asleep, and likely to remain so far an hour. Besides, he is too foolish to leave his room this evening. Let us take a stroll through the garden, and, while we stroll, I shall disturb myself of a weighty secret."

"Is Mr. Towney at home?"

Richard Livermore asked the above question of Mr. Towney's servant, and receiving an affirmative reply, was shown into a small sitting room on the ground floor of the house.

ly the face and figure of a gentleman. "The obscure place out west" was evidently left its impress upon the general bearing of Mr. Richard Livermore.

Presently the door of the sitting-room opened and a servant - Clara Towney's private maid, as it happened - entered the room.

"John Towney has been unwell for several days, sir, and as he has lately fallen into a doze, his daughter, Miss Clara, does not consider it advisable to awake him. But Miss Clara will be very happy to see Mr. Livermore herself, provided he wishes it."

"Of course - of course - by all means - certainly," stammered Livermore, to whom the immediate prospect of beholding his fiancée was thoroughly overwhelming. "I shall be most happy to see Miss Clara, Towney. Be good enough, won't you, to tell her so?"

He was gratified, not long afterward, by the appearance of a tall young lady (who struck him, the more he looked upon her, as a very unattractively and disagreeably tall young lady) attired in a rather short fitting dress, and wearing upon a countenance full of "broad-blown comeliness, red and white," about the most thorough from-car-to-car sort of a smile that Mr. Richard Livermore ever remembered having seen.

"How do you do?" said the gigantic virgin, accompanying her salutation with a rather vacant-sounding laugh. "Hope you're well. You're Mr. Livermore, of course? Well, Livermore, I don't like you looks a bit. How do you like mine?"

"There must be some mistake," murmured Livermore in amazement. "I understand that Miss Clara Towney is well, I am Miss Clara Towney."

"Impossible!"

"You're complimentary, I'm sure! But perhaps you mean that I disappoint you, Mr. Livermore. I hope I don't. Clara says you're a good enough kind of fellow, but then you're decidedly not the fellow for me. Saw that the instant I clapped my eyes on you, Livermore, if you'll pardon so vulgar an expression - I'm the sort of a girl that likes pluck sporting-men with lots of 'go' in them, and a general air of being 'upto snuff.' Now, you're not that sort of a chap, Livermore, as I told at a moment's notice."

"No!" exclaimed poor Livermore, who had grown pale by this time, and with something which was not embarrassment - "no, Miss Clara, I decidedly am not the type of manhood which you seem to admire. Is - is - your father in?" - I mean can I see him for a few moments?"

"Our girl told you he was asleep didn't she? The young lady's indignant answer, searching for something, as she spoke, in the pocket of her dress. "Besides, Livermore, as you have come to stay several days, and have brought your portmanteau - there, for that purpose, anytime will do - I suppose, to hold confab with papa."

"Your father, Miss Towney, is remaining invisibly in manner, 'if he beid, sir, I should not be in my department.'"

"And why so, Liv?"

"Liv?" Could Richard Livermore believe his own ears? Was this vixenish, holdenish, overgrown female the Clara Towney whom he had worshipped in dreams as his future wife? Had her father been mad, to write as he had concerning her? He would rather die - the man was already telling herself - than become the husband of a hideously ugly creature!

"I have no reason to give for leaving so abruptly," he now said, in sharp, cold tones.

Miss Towney made some odd sound between a giggle and a chuckle. "You don't like me? Confess you don't!" she cried, and taking the unsuspecting Livermore thoroughly by surprise, she performed the action popularly known as a *poke in the eye*.

"Pshaw! not a bit of it. Have a cigar, won't you?"

"Heaven!" exclaimed the bewildered Livermore, holding up both hands, and stumbling backward in astonishment, "you can't possibly mean that you smoke?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply. Miss Towney biting the end off a very nice *figaro*, as she spoke.

Mr. Livermore once again, and as if by a masterly effort, regained his self-control. Walking deliberately toward his portmanteau, he picked up the article, and having bowed to his hostess, was about quitting the apartment when Miss Towney exclaimed:

"I hope I haven't offended you. I'll be frightfully mad when he hears you've gone in this style. He'll be sure to blame me, too. I wish you'd leave a little note explaining that you go - of your own free-will, as it were. You don't mind doing this, do you?"

She looked at him with what was evidently intended for a winning smile, but poor Livermore thought it only a repulsive leer. "I shall be very willing, Miss Towney," he said, to leave a note for your father, thoroughly vindicating you in the matter of my departure. What is it that you desire me to write?" taking a card case and a pencil from one of his pockets.

"Only that you don't want to marry me - that you don't think we shall suit each other, and all that. Please be good enough not to say anything about the smoking, because papa don't know that I smoke, and -"

But Livermore, without waiting for further instructions, began rapidly writing on one of the cards which he had selected from his case. When he had finished he turned toward Miss Towney with these words:

"The following is my message to your father:

"Sir - I desire to have the agreement broken concerning my future marriage with your daughter. I have held an interview with her and she has been wholly unwilling that such a lady shall become my wife."

RICHARD LIVERMORE.

"That's precisely it!" hotly exclaimed Miss Towney, when her companion had handed her the card. "Old fellow," suddenly slipping Livermore's name into the pocket of his coat, "I don't like each other. Better try a cigar before you go!"

But Livermore rushed from the apartment as though willing to remain no instant longer in the society of so unattractive a nonentity of womanhood. And shortly afterward the hall door closed upon his retreating figure.

"Lyman, you have certainly been making the most utter revolting creature of yourself that it is possible to conceive of."

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I have been listening in the dining room, yonder to every word you said." And the young Clara Towney having just entered the room by different door from that by which poor Livermore had made his exit, surveyed his disguised love with laughing eyes.

"There is my chief trophy," exclaimed Lyman, waving above his head the card which contained Livermore's message to Clara. "In hoc signo vinces. Your father will of course consent to our marriage now Clara; for he will become alarmed lest you lack the power to attract a husband to your side, on reading this stinging criticism from Livermore, and gratefully accept the next chance that offers itself."

Whether Mr. John Towney indulged in any such train of reasoning as the above, it would be difficult to say. But two facts are certain, viz: his deep indignation on reading Livermore's message, and his ultimate consent to Clara's marriage with Lyman Palmer, the man of her choice. So much for the clever disenchantment and the verification of Clara Towney's favorite motto:

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

Miscellaneous. The American Flag.

WHERE AND BY WHOM WERE THE STARS AND STRIPS FIRST UNFURLED?

At a meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, held in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 14th instant, Wm. J. Starbuck, Esq., read a paper on "The First Stars and Stripes made in America, and who made it."

"He discovered, in tracing the history of this national emblem, that the first instance when the stars and stripes were at the siege of Fort Mifflin, August 17th, 1777, and upon an occasion just about one year prior to that time, the brig Nancy was chartered by the Continental Congress to procure military stores in the West Indies, during the latter part of 1775. While at Porto Rico, in July of the ensuing year, the information came that the colonies had declared their independence, and with this information came the description of the national banner. A young man, Capt. Thomas Mifflin, set to work to make one and successfully accomplished it. The flag was unfurled and saluted with thirteen guns. When the brig Nancy was upon her return voyage she was hemmed in by British vessels of Cape May. Her officers succeeded in removing all the munitions to the shore, and when the last boat put off, a young man in it, John B. Smith, jumped into the sea, swam to the vessel, and secured the shrouds of the mast, and securing the flag, brought it triumphantly to the ship through a hot fire from the British."

"The first American flag, however, according to the design and approval of Congress, was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross. Three of her daughters still live in its vicinity to confirm this fact - founding their belief upon the fact that they saw it, for it was them. A niece of this lady, Mrs. Margaret Rogers, aged ninety-five years, now lives in Germantown, and is conversant with the fact in its origin. It is generally known that to Philadelphia not only belongs the honor of being the first star spangled banner to the breeze, but to a Philadelphia lady belongs the honor of having made it."

"The house in which it was made still stands on No. 329 Arch street, the old number 39 - the last of an old row of buildings that when Congress had decided upon the design, Colonel George Ross and General Washington visited Mrs. Ross and asked her to make it. She said, 'I don't know whether I can, but I'll try,' and directly suggested to the gentleman that the design was wrong in that the stars were not arranged in thirteen stripes, but that they should be. This was correct, she made the flag, Congress accepted it, and for half a dozen years this lady furnished the Government with all its national flags, having, of course, a large assistance. This lady was also the wife of Claypo, one of the lineal descendants of Oliver Cromwell."

"How MARBLES ARE MADE. - The chief place of the manufacture of 'marbles' these little round pieces of stone which contrive so largely to the enjoyment of 'Young America' is at Oberlin, in the State of Ohio. There are large quarries, where there are large agents mills and quarries, the refuse of which is carefully turned to good paying account by being made into small balls employed by experts to knuckle with, which are mostly sent to the American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard, calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with the hammer. These are thrown by the one hundred or two hundred into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of concentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak or other hard wood, of the same diameter, is placed over the small stones and partly revolving upon them. This block or log is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned to spheres, and then, being fit for sale are henceforth called 'marbles.' One establishment, containing only three of these rude mills, will turn out full sixty thousand 'marbles' in each week. Agents at making into 'marbles' at Oberlin are by first chipping the pieces nearly round with a hammer, handled by skillful workmen, and then wearing down the edges upon the surface of a large grindstone. - Manufacturers and Dealer.

CONFISCATED LANDS. - A case was decided by the United States Supreme Court some days ago which will no doubt create a sensation among the holders of confiscated property in the South, many of whom made their purchases without fully understanding the law upon the subject. The case is that of Biglow vs. DeForest in which certain real estate in Virginia was seized under the confiscation laws and sold, its owner being adjudged guilty of treason. That person having since died, his heirs brought suit in judgment to recover the property. The claim was resisted upon the ground that the title of the original owner was forfeited by his treason, and his rights in the property thoroughly forfeited. But the United States Supreme Court has held that the United States, during his life which was forfeited, and since his death, his heirs may recover the property. This decision is in accordance with the clause two section three, article three of the Constitution of the United States, which says: "Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason, but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted."

ON SLEEPING. There are thousands of busy people who die every year for want of sleep. It may be that too much sleep injures some, but in an excitable people and our intense business habits there is far more mischief from want of sleep than from too much of it. Sleeplessness becomes a disease. It is the precursor of insanity. When it does not reach that result, it is still full of peril, as well as of suffering. Thousands of men have been indebted for bad bargains, for lack of courage, for ineffectiveness, for loss of sleep.

It is generally supposed that all the popular practical representations of sleeping and waking are the reverse of the truth. We speak of sleep as the image of death, and of our waking hours as the image of life. But all activity is the result of some form of decomposition in the body. Every thought, still more, every emotion and volition, wastes a part of the nervous substance, precisely as flame is produced by wasting the fuel. It is the death of some part of the physical substance that produces the phenomena of intelligence and voluntary life.

On the other hand sleep is not like death, for it is the period in which the waste of the system ceases, or is reduced to its minimum. Nature repairs the wastes of waking hours before made. It rebuilds the system. The night is the repair-shop of the body. Every part of the system is silently overhauled, and all the organs, tissues, and substances are replenished. Waking consumes, sleep replaces; waking exhausts, sleep repairs; waking is death, sleep is life.

The man who sleeps little, repairs little; if he sleeps poorly he repairs poorly. If he uses up in the day less than he accumulates at night, he will gain in health and vigor. If he uses up all that he gains at night, he will just hold his own. If he uses more by day than he gathers at night, he will lose. And if this loss be long continued, he must succumb. A man who would be a good worker must see to it that he is a good sleeper. Human life is like a mill; sometimes the stream is so copious that one needs care but little about his supply. Now often the stream that turns the mill must be economized. A dam is built to hold a large quantity of water, but by shutting down the gate, the night refills the pond, and the wheels go merrily when spring rains are copious and day; overcloud, the mill may run at night should but this rare privilege will fill up by run by day, and at night.

As much force in him as he is expended for sleep. The quality of sleep, especially mental activity, depends upon the quality of sleep. If day time is the loom in which men weave their purposes, night is the time when the threads are laid in and the filling prepared.

Every man must sleep according to his nature. If he sleeps eight hours is the average. If one requires a little more or a little less, he will find it out for himself. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, completely diminishes those accounts, and no man can dodge his settlement.

There is a great deal of temperance besides that of tobacco, opium, or brandy. Men are dissipated, to overlook their system all day long and sleep every night. Some men are dissipated by their physical stimulants, and some by social, and some by professional and commercial. But a man who dies of delirium tremens is no more a