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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE LANGUAGE OF THE BELLS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAZ.

Down in a peaceful sylvan dell,
Echo responding to the bell,
Repeats the call to rise, to rise,
Before the sun has lit the skies.
The time, the time, the time has come,
To toil, to toil, to toil; the hum
Of wheels whirring 'tis well, 'tis well,
Obey the morning workshop bell!

'Tis noon, gone is the dew that fell;
The hollow sky, like a vast bell,
Is ringing with the cheerful chime
Of music, like the rhythmic rhyme
Of singing birds, of stinging birds,
Or ringing woods, or ringing woods,
Too soon 'tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis well
To heed the welcome dining bell!

Day closes like a closing shell,
The silence broken by the bell
Gives place to tones that fill the air,
Like music melting into prayer.
Another day has passed away;
The evenings gray, like nuns to pray,
Come not to dwell, come not to dwell,
Says the evening bell, the evening bell.

Two loving hearts with rapture swell,
The soft notes of a cooling bell
Sound sweetly to the listening ear:
"O darling dear, time's near—'tis here!
Swift flying, happy, golden hours
Come, crowned with snow-white flowers,
Through life, sweet wife, we'll dwell
In love," rings the sweet wedding bell.

Loud clanging like an angry knell,
At midnight hear the awful bell;
Loud and louder, high and nigher,
Kinging, ringing, fire! fire! fire!
Awake! arise! the crimson skies
Seem all ablaze! a banner flies
Of flame, where stormy tempests swell
"Put out the fire!" exclaims the bell.

Soft sounds of love and duty tell
The heart attuned to a sweet bell,
That beats in holy harmony,
And throbs with joyful ecstasy
To worship here—to worship here
With contrite soul and heart sincere.
"O here the Christian loves to dwell,"
Exclaims the cheerful Sabbath bell.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

BY S. A. N.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?"
Clarence Spencer to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked towards the speaker.—Clarence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and was book-keeper to Solomon Wardle. It was Mr. Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Clarence?" the merchant repeated.
And still the young man was silent.—His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."
"Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."
"Ah, Clarence!"

"Certainly do not."
"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"
Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I have no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing; and had grown to a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone;—then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; and then another look; the voice rose higher; reason was unhinged; passion gained sway; and the twin lost sight of the wain, enduring love that lay smitten and aching deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught a sight of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more—he thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning;—and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?"
The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and after a brief pause he answered—"Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"My boy, I am going to venture upon

a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend?"

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice "you love your wife?"

"Love her? Yes; passionately."
"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"I don't think anything about it—I know."
"You know she loves you?"
"Yes."

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at heart."
"Of course not."

"It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?"
A moment's hesitation, and then—"Yes, yes; I am heartily sorry."

"Now, mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly—Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are?"
"I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"
"Yes."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"
"Yes—I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this is lodged?"
Clarence looked upon his interlocuter wondering.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"
Clarence assented.

"But," continued Mr. Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return."

"The young man bowed his head as he murmured an affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there?"
Clarence looked up in surprise.

"—I carry it?"
"Aye—you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home.—Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course, such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And so you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long as she can.' Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant, "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon inability to bear the burden. By-and-by it will happen as it has happened before, that one of the twin will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife falls first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keener and most sensitive. The husband, in such case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers, until his wife is forced to let the sunlight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled.—He saw the truth, and he felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar.—During the silence that followed, he reflected upon the past, and he called to his mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thought; and after a time he arose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be; and with this thought you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms around your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with amazement that shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect and esteem you the less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!"

"Repulse me?"

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pen, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes—her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her; and he said to her, in broken accents, 'Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.'

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom, and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the whole burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that. 'We will share it so evenly,' said he, 'that its weight shall be felt no more.—And now, my darling, we will be happy.' 'Always!'

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's beaming eyes, and in his joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me."

And it serves you yet, my boy?"
"Aye; and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come, as in the other days—for we are but human, you know—but the heart which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to the ill-feeling will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

Time.

How precious is time, yet how lightly esteemed. All the wealth in the world cannot purchase it, and when once lost, it never can be regained. Many, when they are about to leave this world and bid farewell to the things of time and sense, wake up to the real value and importance of time.

Thus it was in the case of Queen Elizabeth, who exclaimed in her dying moments, 'Millions of money for an inch of time.' But alas, all the wealth of her kingdom could not purchase one moment of time. Voltaire, the infidel, when he was about to depart this life, exclaimed with the utmost horror to his doctor, 'I am abandoned by God and man.' He then said to his doctor, 'I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months life.' The doctor answered, 'Sir, you cannot live six weeks.' Voltaire replied, 'Then I shall go to hell and you will go with me!' and soon afterward expired. Time is too precious to squander away, so much depends upon the choice we make here in this world of probation.

Every day we live we are forming our characters for another world; we are either fitting ourselves as vessels of honor or glory, or as vessels of wrath for destruction. God in His infinite mercy and love has given us a short space of time to prepare for eternity. Oh, eternity, eternity, 'thou lifetime of God.' Surely the great care and object of our lives should be to prepare for eternity. 'What is life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.'

BUSINESS MAXIMS.—Caution is the father of security.

He who pays before-hand is served behind-hand.

If you would know the value of a dollar try to borrow one.

Be silent when a fool talks.

Never speak boastfully of your business.

An hour of triumph comes at last to those who watch and wait.

Word by word Webster's big dictionary was made.

Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.

Never take back a discharged servant.

If you post your servants upon your affairs they will one day rend you.

Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.

Systematize your business and keep an eye on little expenses. Small leaks sink great ships.

Never fail to take a receipt for money paid, and keep copies of your letters.

Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.

Law is a trade in which the lawyers eat the oysters and leave the clients the shells.

Rothschild, the founder of the world renowned house of Rothschild & Co., ascribes his success to the following:

Never have anything to do with an unlucky man.

Be cautious and bold.

MEETING AND PARTING.

We walked beneath the low-voiced trees
And heard the cries of birds that broke
The silence, falling on the breeze;
And neither turned, and neither spoke

We met the river; saw it run
To kiss the warm shore by our side;
We watched the spirit of the sun
Float down a red shield on the tide.

We wandered on and down, and came
To where the waters thundering broke
Aslant the crag, a sea of flame;
And neither turned, and neither spoke.

We parted in the summer noon;
A sweet, round arm was lifted high;
A wanderer went forth alone;
And one, a maid, went back to die.

[Published by Request.]

Hints to the Public Schools.

Now that the public school examinations and exhibitions are just over, it may be worth while to call public attention to one or two points in which their management, as it seems to us, is largely susceptible of reform. Our people are taxed more heavily than any other nation for the free education of their children, and it is their right to see that the whole object does not fall short of its end from the creeping into the system of the national fault-and-folly—a preference of show and display to solid substance. The chief way in which this is shown is the system of preposterous cramming, to which we have formerly called attention, practiced especially in the higher grade of schools. The pupil is regarded only as a probable candidate for a teacher, and the sole aim of his instruction is to qualify him to bear examination on certain text-books which he may have to teach, but on all subjects of useful knowledge outside of these he remains in absolute ignorance. The amount of "memorizing" required to pass these examinations is so large that no explanation can be given by the teacher.—Eleven or twelve text-books are frequently placed in the hands of young girls of sixteen at one time, when competing for rank in graduation. It is evident that either the brain is injured by such unreasonable force-work or the work is left undone. Another point in which this false deference to display is shown is the dress worn by the young girls at graduation, which both here and in neighboring cities is often of the style and value of that of a handsomely dressed bride.

Bad as this, worse remains behind. Certain itinerant showmen, with an ability to turn a ready penny by their shrewd wits, have chosen the children and teachers of the public schools, first in one city and then in another, as their ready victims. They find out that a school wants a piano or an ornamental desk, and propose—for a consideration—to show the scholars how to procure it. Whereupon a drama is planned, illustrative of the religion of the pagans, or of the Great Republic, and the children are given roles to fill of Virtues or Vices, Goddesses of Liberty, Rebellion, or Heaven knows what not. The school-room is turned into a theater and green-room; the showmen—for a consideration—furnishing scenery, music, etc. Books are thrown aside or hurried over. Scholars and teachers (poor, tired creatures, glad of even this rapid excitement in their dreary drudgery) grow wild with enthusiasm for weeks and months until the exhibition is given. In some schools the whole business of teaching has been surrendered to this work, and the pupils not engaged in it sent home. Now, while it is very desirable that the schools should have pianos or ornamental desks, is it the scholars' business to lay aside their studies in order to procure them? But that is not the gist of the matter. While we always heartily urge the ennobling influence of the drama as it should be, we protest against the vulgarity, the debasing effects of such shows as this. While we can understand the motive which leads a pure woman, feeling that she has a high calling to a great art, to sacrifice much personal reticence and reserve (at how great cost is known only to herself) in order to follow that art, we do not understand the motive which can induce mothers to trust innocent, modest little girls into precocious vanity and stage trickery before a multitude of people for such a paltry end. The effect of one such exhibition is enough to taint and deteriorate a child's mind for life.

The children in our public schools, as a rule, belong to two classes: those whose parents are quiet, respectable people, not too well-to-do, that desire for their girls and boys as much solid, practical knowledge as their three or four years of schooling will give, which knowledge will help them to earn their livings, and make them useful, God-fearing men and women.—What end of this purpose will be served by making their boys and delicate little girls puppets in these raree shows to which any rough from the street may gain admission by paying a quarter? The other class consists, unfortunately, of children whose birth and association have led them to place undue value on such goods of life as may be expressed by cheap shows, tinsel, and melodrama. There is no need for us to push them on in their downward path, or foster an already vitiated taste, to their undoing. We commend these considerations to the trustees of our schools, who have been, as it seems to us, willfully blind to them.—N. Y. Tribune.

POTATO BUG.—A correspondent of the Beaver Times says: Please let your readers know that if they put a few grains of buckwheat in every hill of potatoes, it will save their crop from the potato bug. Try it and you will be surprised to see what a perfect remedy it is.

A Chat about Sleep.

A very thin young lady, of about thirty years, came to consult me about her 'skin and bones.' I had frequently met her when she seemed even more emaciated, but now she 'would give the world to be plump.' Sitting down in front of me, she began with:

"Don't you think, doctor, that I look very old for twenty?"
I admitted that she looked rather old for twenty.

"Can anything be done for me? What can I take for it? I should be willing to take a hundred bottles of the worst stuff in the world, if I could only get some fat on these bones. A friend of mine was saying yesterday that he would give a fortune to see me round and plump."

"Would you be willing to go to the Cliff Springs in Arkansas?"
"I would start to-morrow."

"But the waters are very bad to drink," I said.
"I don't care how bad they are; I know I can drink them."

"I asked you whether you were willing to go to Arkansas Springs in order to test the strength of your purpose. It is not necessary to leave your home. Nine thin people in ten can become reasonably plump without such a sacrifice."

"Why, doctor, I am delighted to hear it, but I suppose it is a lot of some awful bitter stuff?"
"Yes, it is a pretty bitter dose, and has to be taken every night."

"I don't care; I would take it if it was ten times as bad. What is it? What is the name of it?"
"The technical name of the stuff is 'Bedibus Ninoe clockibus.'"

"Why, doctor, what an awful name! I am sure I shall never be able to speak it. Is there no common English word for it?"
"Oh yes. The English of it is, 'you must be in bed every night at nine o'clock.' We doctors generally use Latin. 'Bedibus Ninoe clockibus' is the Latin for 'you must be in bed every night by nine o'clock.'"

"Oh, that is dreadful. I thought it was something I could take."
"It is. You must take your bed every night before the clock strikes nine."

"No; but what I thought was that you would give me something in a bottle to take."
"Of course I know very well what you thought. That's the way with all of you. One person eats enormously of rich food till his stomach and liver refuse to budge; then he cries out, 'Oh, doctor, what can I take? I must take something.' Another fills his system with tobacco until his nerves are ruined, and then, trembling and full of horrors he exclaims, 'Oh, doctor, what shall I take? I write a prescription for him—Quintibus Chawibus at Smokibus.'"

"But tell me, what time do you go to bed?"
"Generally about twelve o'clock."

"Yes, I thought so. Now, if you will go to bed every night for six months at nine o'clock, without making any other change in your habits you will gain ten pounds in weight and look five years younger. Your skin will become fresh, and your spirits improve wonderfully."

"I'll do it. Though, of course, when I have company, and during the opera, I can't do it."

It is regularity that does the business. To sit up till twelve o'clock three nights of the week, and then get to bed at nine o'clock four nights, one might think would do very well, and that at any rate it would be 'so far so good.' I don't think this every other night early, and every other night late, is much better than every night late. It is regularity that is vital in the case. Even in sitting up one night a week deranges the nervous system for the whole week. I have sometimes thought that those people who sit up till eleven or twelve o'clock every night get on quite as well as those who turn in early six nights, and then sit up once a week till midnight. Regularity in sleep is every way as important as regularity in food.

At length my patient exclaimed, "Doctor, I will go to bed every night for six months before nine o'clock, if it kills me, or rather if it breaks the hearts of all my friends."

She did it. Twenty-one pounds was the gain in five months. Her spirits were happily culminated, and she spent half her time in telling her friend of her delight with the new habits, and she had no further cause to complain of skin and bones.

A COMET AND PANIC.—In the year 1712, Whiston predicted that the comet would appear on Wednesday, 14th of October, at five in the morning, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the Friday following. His reputation was high, and the comet appeared. A number of persons got into the boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place. South Sea and India stock fell. A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered. At noon, after the comet had appeared, it is said that more than one hundred clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth; to request that proper prayers might be prepared, there being none in the church service. People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and some acted on this belief, sure as if some temporary evil was to be expected. There was a prodigious run on the bank, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time the head director, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good look-out, and have a particular eye upon the Bank of England.

The dressing-gown is the most lasting of all garments—it is seldom worn out.

River of Life and River of Death.

There are two principal rivers of earth I shall call attention to. They are not natural rivers, but symbolic. They both traverse this earth, but their origin or source is in another world. The one called Life has its fountain beneath the Rock of Ages. It gushes forth from the throne of God, and so winds and meanders as to run near every man's house.

The other river, which I have denominated Death, also has its origin in another world. Everything has its opposites, and these two rivers are in direct opposition, one rising in the upper world of light, the other in the lower world of darkness. Reader, we desire to call your attention to the river of Death. It is swelled by various tributaries the most important of which is the stream of drunkenness. This stream bears annually over sixty thousand men from America down to death. And well may it be called the stream of Death, since the drunkard death leads to the second death. What a terrible sight to see husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, and even women going down the river, and every day becoming more and more as the plague spots indicate new phases of the wretched complications which drunkenness unites with other vices.

The great problem of the age is, how shall the stream of sixty thousand American men annually be stopped. Or who shall induce the men to stop and turn, and how shall it be done? Can an arm of flesh do it?—Is it possible for human organization to accomplish the work?—Let the experience of the last fifty years answer. What new efforts can we make? I shall answer—mothers, wives, sisters and daughters may, under God, do it, but they must make home happy. Home, the place when lit up by genial society of loved ones, possesses more charms than the ruddy wine that glitters in the cup.—The prayers of the pious women of old were heard, and why may not the exertions of women of the present be attended with salutary results?—Let the women all act in this struggle for freedom from strong drink, so that it can be truthfully said of each, "She hath done what she could."

This effort at home amongst the women is the hope to be relied upon. Home influence, the influence of prayer, and for husbands, brothers, sons and fathers, may do the great work. We know the next generation can be reared in soberness if the women will all work.

The Little Worries.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

"Their goes another china-cup," said a mother in an excited tone, and with a general dash over her face, as she caught the little scared culprit by the arm and gave him a severe shaking. Then with a push she sent him to the nursery for an hour.

"I believe that child does more mischief than two ordinary children. He is forever breaking dishes, or soiling his clothes, or falling down stairs. I am quite out of patience with his carelessness," she exclaimed, as she proceeded to pick up the fragments. Her invalid brother leaned back in his chair, and looked on sadly. At length he said:

"It will not make much difference twenty years hence, Kate, if your boy did break your china, and leave finger marks on your windows and ballusters, and get his clothes soiled. But it will make a vast difference with him how you take these little worries. Every tone, every word, and every gesture is leaving its finger mark on his soul."

Frank said no more, but turned again to the book he was reading; yet the mother could not forget his words. Was she, in her zeal for order and neatness in her house leaving black finger marks on the soul of the child so dear to her? Was he catching her petulant tones and angry words, and would he one day wine her soul by some exhibition of the result of her ceaseless scolding? Was she slowly and steadily alienating his heart from his mother, and would he soon begin to look forward impatiently to the time when he might go forth from under the parental roof? Ah! if she was not all in all to her little boy, she never would be so near to the heart of her growing-up one.

The mother who can learn well the little worries—who can wisely discriminate between accidental and intentional mischief, and who can manage herself accordingly, will get the strongest hold of the hearts of her children. And this mother has become the sheet anchor which has kept many a wanderer from eternal shipwreck. Some one said, "they never knew a boy going to the bad, who began his career by falling in love with his mother."

If you would have your old age soothed and cheered by the loving attention of your children, be watchful of your tones and manner toward them. If you would guard their various stations in life, see that you live before them daily such a life as you desire to see repeated in their experience.—Presbyterian Weekly.

A managerie exhibitor says lions range in value from \$1,400 to \$4,000, and live from eight to twenty years. The next most valuable animal is the Bengal tiger, which lives from fifteen to eighteen years. African elephants range from \$800 to \$4,000, and live to three-score years.

CELERY VS. NERVOUSNESS.—The Practical Farmer advises the use of celery as a cure for nervousness, and avers he has known cases where a cure of palpitation of the heart has been effected by a plentiful use of this delicious salad.

Abundance is a blessing to the wise; The use of riches is discretion here! Learn this, we men of wealth—a heavy purse Is a fool's pocket—a heavy curse.

The days are shortening.

Spending Money.

Money is hard to get and easy to spend. There is peril in it, and there is blessedness in it. To the wise and good it is the best of servants, to the weak and foolish it is the most terrible of tyrants.

There are those who think it a fine thing for a young man to spend his money with a careless, dashing freedom, and the spendthrift is a character less despicable than the miser. But we think the weak vanity which prompts the young man to spend carelessly that which he could do so many noble and satisfying things, is not more wise than that of the miser who devotes all his thoughts to getting, without any definite plan of present or future use.

All things are given that we may use them for the general good as well as personal needs. Hence all who do their duty must toil with head or hand. We should take all the rest or recreation that the body or mind requires, but while we can benefit one person by precept or example, we have no right to be careless or wasteful of time or money.

Carelessness in all its forms is wrong, but carelessness in the spending of money is the surest to lead to misery and shame. Frugality and liberality should be joined. The first is leaving off useless expenses, the last is bestowing our savings for improvement of others.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—Well has a writer said:—"Flowers are not trifles, as one might know from the care God has taken of them every where, not one bearing the marks of a pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain winters, grace the pulseless heat of the gray, old granite, everywhere they are harmonizing. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button-holes. Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors." And another adds, "Flowers are for the young and for the old, for the grave and the gay, for the living and for the dead—for all but the guilty, and for the guilty when they are penitent."

Proverbs.—Count your very minutes; let no time slip.

Famper not the body; a youth wants a bride not a spur.

A fine coat is but a livery, when the person who wears