LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL---NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY HAINES & DIEFENDERFER AT ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

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FARMERS LOOK THIS WAY.

THE opposition say that in a short time the ground will be ready to sow Oats, Barley, &c. How they know this we are not able to say, but this much we will say, that whenever it gets ready, you had better give us a call for one of the best Grain Drills, and warranted at that, (no large talk about refunding money,) but if the article is not as represented, it can be returned, and all matters satisfactorily arranged. Likewise, in due time the grass will be in order for hay making, and then we are prepared to furnish you with Allen's Mower, a splendid machine for cutting grass of any kind. And in addition, when desired, we have also the combined Mower and Reaper, of Manny's Patent, which is manufactured upon a different principle from those made heretofore, and warranted to cut grass and grain as fast as one team of horses can draw it. And further, we have the Premium Corn Sheller of Lehigh county, and as there has been sold a very large number in a short time that have rendered universal satisfaction, we are confident in saying, that it has no superior here or elsewhere. We likewise have a mill for chopping feed, which has been tested thoroughly in different sections, and all who have witnessed its operations, testify to the good qualities of the mill, and recommend it to farmers as an article to save time, and likewise grain in the amount which is yearly given to millers in the shape of "toll." In short we have almost any article which farmers require for agricultural purposes, such as Ploughs of almost any pattern, Corn Cultivators, Revolving Hay Rakes, Hay Forks, Corn Ploughs, Corn Planters, Lime Spreaders, Threshing Machines and Horse Powers of different kinds, and all warranted to give satisfaction. Repairing done in all the different branches, on reasonable terms and at short notice. Any person residing at a distance, in want of any of the above articles, can obtain them by addressing the subscribers at No. 80 West Hamilton st., Allentown, Pa. SWEITZER & SAEGER.

GRAIN DRILL REFERENCES.

Reuben Helfrich, North Whitehall; Charles Henninger, do; David Beary, do; David Kuhns, Macungy; George Beisel, Allentown.

CORN SHELLER REFERENCES.

David Bortz, Wescoesville; John Bortz, Cedar Creek; Jacob Wenner, Lower Macungy; C. & W. Edelman, Allentown; Reuben Gackenbach, North Whitehall.

FEED MILL REFERENCE.

Charles Seagreaves, Allentown.

Allentown, April 2. —1y

WARREN'S
IMPROVED FIRE AND WATER PROOF
COMPOSITION ROOFING.

Joseph Clewell, Allentown, Agent for Lehigh Co.

YOUR attention is respectfully solicited to the above method of Roofing, now much used in Philadelphia and vicinity, and which has been extensively in use in many of the cities of the West, during more than eleven years past, during which time it has been tested under every variety of circumstances, and we confidently offer it to the public as a mode of Roofing unobjectionable in every important particular, while it combines, in a greater degree than any other roof in use, the valuable requisites of cheapness, durability, and security against both fire and water.—This is rapidly superseding the use of all other kinds of roofs, wherever it has been introduced, giving general satisfaction, and is highly recommended by all who have tested its utility. These roofs require an inclination of not more than one inch to the foot, which is of *great advantage in case of fire*, and for drying purposes. They are offered at a price considerably less than any other roof in use, while the amount of material saved, which would otherwise be used in extending up the walls and framing for a steep roof, often makes a still farther important reduction in the cost of building. Gutters may be formed of the same material as the roof, at much less expense than any other. In case of defect or injury, from any cause, there is no roof so easily repaired.

The materials being mostly non-conductors of heat, no roof is so cool in summer, or so warm in winter. Those wishing to use our roof, should give the rafters a pitch of about one inch to the foot. For further information apply to Joseph Clewell, at Allentown, our agent for Lehigh and Carbon counties, who is prepared to execute all orders at short notice.

H. M. WARREN & CO.,

No. 4 Farquhar Buildings, Walnut St., Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

The following named gentlemen in Allentown have their houses roofed with the above named composition, and are able to testify to its superiority over any other kind of roofs:

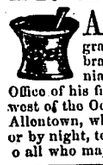
B. F. Trexler, Union st., between Ninth and Tenth.
B. Stettler, Walnut st., between Eighth and Ninth.
F. Boilles, Seventh st., between Hamilton & Linden.
Roth & Egge, Linden st., between Fourth & Fifth.
J. R. Wolle, Sixth st., between Hamilton & Linden.
Seip & Knauss, Ninth st., between Linden & Turner.
A. Klotz, corner of Union and Seventh street.
R. E. Wright, Fourth st., between Linden & Turner.

Feb. 13, 1856. —1y

DR. H. A. GRIM, A. M.
OFFICE AT THE
EAGLE HOTEL,
NO. 3 WEST HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

Allentown, Feb. 6. —1y

Dr. Edwin G. Martin,



ANNOUNCES to the citizens of Allentown and vicinity, that he has lately graduated as Physician in all the various branches, in the University of Pennsylvania, and has commenced his practice in the Office of his father, Dr. Charles H. Martin, next door west of the Odd Fellows' Hall, West Hamilton street, Allentown, where he is at all times prepared, by day or by night, to aid the afflicted, and render his services o all who may honor him with a call.

REIMER'S

PREMIUM INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE, just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, at Reimer's Shaving Saloon, No. 10 East Hamilton Street.

☞ Hair colored at all times, and satisfaction warranted.

Allentown, March 5. 1y

JUST received, a fresh supply of Groceries, such as Sugar, Molasses, Teas, Spices, &c., &c., for sale at the lowest market prices, at

HOUPT & STUCKERT'S.

THE ONLY CHILD.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORNING BATH.

"God keep the child, with thine angel brow,
Ever as sinless and bright as now."

"Look at my darling is she not beautiful Annette?" said Mrs. Conyngham to her sister, as from the drawing room they stepped out upon the colonnade, at the termination of which was the summer apartment, where the maid servant was preparing Alice, Mrs. Conyngham's only child, for her morning bath.

Exquisitely lovely indeed did the little Alice look. Her golden hair fell down a neck than which alabaster was never more pure, and her large hazel eyes, so seldom seen with such sunny hair and transparent complexion, were dancing with light as Bessie, her faithful African nurse, submitted to her playful efforts to wash white her ebony skin.

No wonder that Mrs. Conyngham's heart beat with maternal fondness and pride, as her eyes rested upon the graceful child, whose very attitude was a fit subject for an artist's study. One dimpled hand rested on the cushion, on which the maid was half reclining, the other grasped the sponge, which was again and again dipped in the massive ewer before she wearied of the vain task she had undertaken.

The proud mother did not for once take her eyes from her darling until the bath was finished—the rippling hair arranged in ringletted precision, the sleeves of the snowy lawn dress banded off from the rounded shoulder, and then as Alice bounded towards her she opened her arms, and folding the child to her heart, gave expression to her feeling in every endearing term she could think of.

So intently had she watched her child, that she had not observed her sister's silence, when she asked her if Alice was not beautiful, and the expression of disapproval which had now settled upon Annette Preston's face was entirely unnoticed by Mrs. Conyngham, as she continued to lavish her caresses upon her treasure.

It was not until Bessie had claimed the child, and disappeared with her in the shaded garden walks, that Miss Preston broke the silence which she had hitherto maintained.

"Carie," she said, "I must caution you again in regard to your child. Do you not know that you are spoiling her by the course you are pursuing? You would not wish her to grow up in vain, selfish and exacting, and yet such will inevitably be the result, if you are not more judicious in your management of her."

Mrs. Conyngham did not receive the well-meant reproof kindly.

"I suppose you think that if you, with your prim ways, had the care of Alice, she would grow up perfect; but I have heard of old maids' children before."

A deep glow overspread Miss Preston's calm, pale face, and resuming her knitting, she bent over it to hide her emotion. She made no reply, and from that hour never advised her sister upon any point her Alice was concerned.

CHAPTER II.

THE TEMPTATION.

"His tales like him no man could tell,
His words which melted as they fell,
Might even a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe."

Ten years glided over the home of the Conynghams, scarcely leaving a trace in the beautiful grounds that surrounded the mansion.—True, there was a greater luxuriance of shrubbery, a wilder growth of the vines that hung unpruned from the noble old trees of the park; but no change sufficient to materially alter the aspect of the place. The same accia tree drooped beside the fountain, whose musical plash had charmed Alice in the days of her childhood. From the stone urns that adorned the massive balustrade, the same odorous myrtles yielded their perfume to the waving breeze.

But the hand of time had suffered the inmates of the mansion to escape thuslightly. Mr. Conyngham's black hair had changed to an iron gray, and there were lines upon his massive brows, and by the corners of his mouth and eyes, which had been traced with no sparing finger. His wife, although ten years younger, had been still more severely dealt with: for disease had wasted the roundness of her form, and destroyed her brilliancy of complexion, making such constant encroachments upon her constitution, that she had been obliged to confine herself almost entirely to her own room. Much as the mother would now have enjoyed the society of her own child, that pleasure was denied her; for Alice was giddy and vain, and too fond of admiration to renounce her gaities for the confinement of an invalid's room.

Yet Mrs. Conyngham found no fault; for Alice, who was not wanting in affection, overwhelmed her mother with caresses whenever she spared her an hour. Even Mr. Conyngham, strong-minded and discerning as he was, seemed blinded to the defects of his drughter's character; and Aunt Annette, who had changed the least of all, was alone aware of the dangers which beset the courted heiress's path; but seduously as she strove to counteract them their came at length a crisis which she was powerless to meet.

Alice had persuaded her mother to consent to her having one more interview with Paul Lincoln, a young man whom her father had resolutely forbidden the house; having reason to believe that the disreputable reports concerning him were not without foundation.

The time chosen was evening, and the place an orange grove, that swept back from the summer department where we first saw Alice, and which adjoined her mother's room. It was on the opposite side of the house from Mr. Conyngham's library, and Alice was sure of escaping detection. At any rate she could shield herself from his displeasure, she selfishly thought, by the permission which her mother had so weakly given.

The night arrived—a calm and beautiful night in June. Alice's cheeks were flushed with excitement as she paced the walk beneath the grove. Now she tore handfulls of blossoms from the trees that were snowy with bloom, and tossed them upon the green turf, unmindful of their pleasing breath. Then wearied by her own impatience, she threw herself upon a garden seat, and weaving a few orange buds together, fastened them in the massive braids of hair which were round her head. And thus the moments, seemingly hours to her, passed until Paul Lincoln was by her side.

One instant was she trained tightly to a heart whose evil depths could she have fathomed, would have caused her to turn shudderingly and loathingly from the embrace which now she but released herself from with a thrilling glow of happiness too intense for words.

That was a long, *long* interview. Thrice Bessie came to tell her how late it was growing, but the tempter would not release the hands he had imprisoned, and Alice was but too willing to listen to his repeated and impassionate entreaties, to give him, to call her wholly his bride. It was eloquent pleading, for Paul Lincoln knew well the weaknesses of a woman's heart, and he failed not to avail himself of this knowledge.

When at length he called her attention to the orange clusters in her hair, saying—"Let this omen plead for me, dear Alice, and no longer refuse to be my bride." She answered not, but her beautiful head bent lower until it rested on his shoulder.

For the first time his lips met her's in a kiss she was powerless to resist; and then, in a low and passionate tone, he commenced anew his entreaties, and they ceased not until he had won from her a consent to leave all and flee with him that night.

Then she crept noiselessly up the walk, and through the summer apartment to her mother's room.

The pale anxious mother, who had been so nervously watching her coming, received her with no chiding tones; and Alice who would fain have thrown her arms around her for a kiss, as was her custom, now for the first time felt herself unworthy of a mother's love; and she knelt by the bedside and seized the thin, wasted hands, covering them with burning kisses, while the tears which rained from her eyes betrayed to her mother a depth of emotion which she could not account for.

Surprised and agitated, she questioned her, but she received only the answer—

"Mother, forgive me that I love Paul so well! I worship him! I adore him! and I cannot live without him! Say that you will forgive him, mother."

Mrs. Conyngham had not time to answer, for Alice, hearing her aunt's step in the apartment, and surprised to find that she was still awake, and fearing momentarily her presence, she arose, kissed her mother, and fled hastily from the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN

"She sleeps: dark and dreamless in her slumber—
She will not wake when the morning breaks;
No—time a weary catalogue shall number
Of vanished years ere she again awakes."

It was a chilly autumnal evening. The morning wind whirled the dying leaves down the deserted garden walls; and to make the desolation of the scene more complete, a few rain drops pattered now and then against the windows of the stately mansion that loomed up in the darkness as stately as when its inmates were not bowed down to the earth with grief and trouble.

"Even a greater change had those few months wrought within than had the ten long years preceeding.

As the night wore away, the wind increased in violence, and the rain fell steadily in torrents to the earth. Midnight came on, and now a sharp peel of the hall bell awoke Aunt Annette from the slight slumber she had just fallen into. Before she could awaken Bessie, another and still louder clang rang through the silent mansion.

Mr. Conyngham was the only inmate of the house who was up. It was he who proceeded to the hall, and unlocked and opened the door. A form drenched with rain, although wrapped in a heavy cloak, and shrouded with a veil met him in the doorway.

"Father, do not refuse me the shelter of your roof in this hour. They tell me, my mother is dying—oh, forgive me, father, and take me to her."

The door was closed heavily upon her, for Mr. Conyngham seemed steeled against the touching tones of her entreaty when she threw herself upon her knees at his feet, and implored him for her mother's sake to have mercy upon her.

"I have come alone," she said, "through the darkness of this stormy night from my husband's home to see my mother's face and hear her voice once more. Look at me, father. see how I have pined for her, and for the love of heaven, I entreat you to refuse me no longer."

As she spoke she threw back her hood and veil, and surely he had been more than human could he have resisted those pleading eyes—that wan and wasted face. Her hair, loosened by the wind, fell in heavy tresses to her feet, and the white, sharpened features stood out in bold outline as the sobbing gust swept the damp masses from her face.

Her father, without speaking, stooped, took her hand and led her silently down the dimly-lighted hall and a corridor to the well-known door of her mother's bed-room. He paused for a moment: some strong emotion was at work within him. For an instant he looked pitifully upon his child; but there came other memories to chase away the tenderness he felt gathering there.

"Go in, to the mother whose only fault was in loving you to well—too trustingly," he said.

Alice's heart beat quickly. She opened the door, stepped in alone, and looked around her. Stretched upon the couch before her, lay a form whose rigid outlines too plainly spoke of death.

Alice needed but a glance to comprehend all. With one agonized shriek she stretched out her arms, and fell prone upon the floor.

Her father's heart smote him for his cruelty, as he bent above her; and when the restoratives which he applied, with Aunt Annette's assistance, brought her back to consciousness, he strove in every way to make atonement for his harsh and unfeeling conduct.

Alice lay ill under that roof for weeks following; but that period of her life in many ways proved beneficial to her. Aunt Annette's example and advice were no longer unheeded.—The seed which had so long fallen on stony ground now sprang up with vigor in the soil which sorrow had prepared.

Mr. Conyngham also had changed in those hours of anxious watching beside his daughter's couch. He had asked himself, had not his child been more sinned against than sinning; and as he recalled all, he acknowledged that undisciplined to acts of self-denial as she had been from her childhood, in the course she had pursued when my heart had pleaded so strongly for her, she was more to be pitied than condemned.

"Ay, pitied! for unworthy indeed had the husband proved who had plighted such vows. Disappointed in not receiving with Alice the dowry he expected, and convinced by her fruitless attempts to see her mother, that her father would always prove relentless, he had ceased to take any pains to conceal from her his true character; and Alice found herself the wife of a heartless *roi*, gambler and athei st.

No wonder that Mr. Conyngham's proud blood revolted from such a connection, or that he resented the disgrace which he felt Alice had brought upon his name, by refusing to admit her within his doors.

When, however, actuated by a principle of duty, she expressed her desire to return to her husband, her father no longer opposed her, although he judged rightly that she had ceased to love and respect him. In the hope of bringing about a happier state of things in his daughter's household, he advanced a considerable sum of money, to enable Mr. Lincoln to engage in a lucrative business, for which an opening had offered.

A few days after the reception of the money, Alice found herself deserted; and with a chastened and subdued spirit, she returned to her old home, rejoicingly welcomed by her father. Nor was she ever heard in after-life to murmur at the severe discipline which had developed the faculties of her soul. She knew that affliction had been good for her, for it had taught [illegible]

[redacted]

Who vied him to a distant land,
Where, battling for a home, he died.

She loved him, and his memory now
Was treasured as a thing apart;
The shades of thought were on her brow,
The seeds of death were in her heart.
For all the world, that thing forlorn
I would not, could not be and live,
That casket, with its jewel gone—
A bride who has no heart to give.

The Love of a True Woman.

"Oh, the priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude with corroding care thickly clusters around, and the gaunt form of poverty menances with his skeleton finger, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress, it follows the prisoner into his dark cell and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays a round his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of a loved one, is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the hand of a loved one loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her, brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement survives the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first frailty, had planned this jewel in her breast, whose heavenlike influence should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the Fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains."

To Prevent Horses Jumping Fences.

Pass a small and strong cord round the body just behind the shoulders, and tie the halter to this cord between the fore legs, so as to leave a distance of about two feet from the cord to his head. If then he undertakes to jump, he is compelled to throw his head forward, which draws hard on the small cord, causing it to cut into his, back, and he instantly desists. The cord should not be more than a quarter of an inch in diameter. This is said to prove infallible, when every other mode of prevention has failed.

☞ The following "notice" is posted up in a printing office out west:—"Shut the door, and as soon as you are done talking business, serve your mouth the same way." Bores should cut this out and paste it in their hats.

Domestic Recipes.

FISH.—In dressing all sorts of flat-fish take great care, if you *boil* them, to have them done enough, but do not let them break. Put plenty of salt in the water, also horseradish; let the fish be well drained, and cut off the fins when cleaning them. When to be fried let them be well dried in a cloth; egg and bread-crumb them, and fry them to a light brown; use plenty of fat, and when done, drain the fish on a clean coarse cloth. If to be fried without egg and bread-crumbs, proceed as for sausages.

AN EXCELLENT SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, six eggs, and season to taste. Pour into shallow pans, and bake half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

AN EXCELLENT PLAIN TEA CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, half teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tarter, and flour enough to make it like soft gingerbread. Flavor with the juice of a small lemon. This makes one good sized loaf.

EXCELLENT FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, one of brown sugar, one of molasses, one of sweet milk, three of flour, and four eggs. One and a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of soda. Two pounds of raisins, chopped fine; one nutmeg, and a little brandy if you choose. This will make two good sized loaves which will keep moist without liquor from four to six weeks when properly covered.

ANOTHER FRUIT CAKE.—One and a half pounds of sugar, one and a quarter pounds of flour, three quarters of a lb. butter, six eggs, a pint of sweet milk, one teaspoon of saleratus, one glass of wine, one of brandy, and as much fruit and spice as you can afford, and no more.

DELICATE CAKE.—Nearly three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, white of six eggs, one teaspoon of cream tartar, half teaspoon of soda, half a cup of butter, lemon for flavoring.

CRACKERS.—One pint of water, one teacup of butter, one teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar, flour enough to make as stiff as biscuit. Let them stand in the oven until dried through. They do not need pounding.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, two eggs, one teaspoon of saleratus, flavor with lemon.

Too Good to be Lost.

AN old miser in England owning a farm found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half starved pauper hearing of the terms accepted them.—Before going into the fields in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast, after finishing the morning meal, the old skin flint thought it would be saving time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched.

"Suppose now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will save time and trouble you know."

"Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the satisfied and delighted employer.

"Thank you;" said the delighted laborer, "I never work after supper."

The Production of a Man.

Man begins life as a simple vesicle. This vesicle adds brood after brood of vesicles to its progeny, enlarging the constituted mass thereby. In the mean time the vesicles get variously modified and arranged, and organ after organ is successively planned and framed. Within three or four weeks of the first division of the germ-vesicle, the foundations of the eyes, the limbs, and the spinal cord are laid: but the general outline of structure is only that of a lowly worm. If, at that time, the creature were separated from the fostering frame of the parent, and could maintain independent life, it would indeed be nothing more than a worm, however much it might grow. In two more weeks, however, such separations not taking place, traces of forming bone present themselves: a face is sketched out, and fingers may be traced. In two more weeks, a forehead, lungs, and ribs have been added. In another month, there is a rudimentary brain, and a two-sided heart. In two months, the nails and the teeth bud; and in four beyond this, every organ is comprised in the scheme that is necessary for the accomplishment of the aims of human life. Then the *growth of development* ceases; and from that time the growth of augmenting size alone goes on.

Book Printing.

Book-making is most actively pursued in the United States. Over three hundred publishers are busy supplying the mental wants of the public, and over three thousand booksellers are distributing the productions. Books have multiplied to such an extent in our country that it now takes 750 paper mills, and 2,000 engines in constant operation, to supply the printers. These mills produced 270,000,000 pounds of paper the past year, which immense supply was sold for about $27,000,000. A pound and a quarter of rags are required for a pound of paper, and 400,000,000 pounds were therefore consumed in this way last year. The cost of manufacturing a twelve months' supply of paper for the United States, aside from labor and rags, is computed at $4,000,000. With this ceaseless production it is almost impossible to keep up with the publishers in the notices of their works.

Poisonous Flowers.

Many persons who cultivate flowers are not aware that they often get into their collections some plants that are very poisonous. Among the showy flowering plants found in many gardens, is the Monkshead, (Aconite.) We have heard of children who have been poisoned by chewing the leaves of this plant while at play in the garden, and it should prove a caution to florists not to have such deleterious plants in the way. The Larkspur and the Foxglove are among the poisonous plants often cultivated for their beauty.

The Position of the Farmer.

The great object of life is to be happy, and we know of no position or situation in life which affords so favorable an opportunity of securing the object as that of the farmer. The fore-handed farmer has all that he need desire in life; there is no man so free from annoyances and temptations of all kinds, and consequently no one so well circumstanced to be useful to others, to make intellectual and social improvements, as he. The regular changes of the season, the ever returning spring, summer and autumn: of seed-time and in gathering of harvests: the bursting into life, the growth and gradual decay, cannot but lead his observing mind through most interesting and ennobling fields of inquiry and reseach, up to the Great Author of all created things.

The broad fields, the fresh, untainted air, the blossoming orchards and fragrant meadows; the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky: the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of earth, the music of the air and waters—all are his, to bring light, life and joy and animation to his heart.

Some may say that there is no enjoyment to be found in these things—that it exists only in the imagination: but this is a mistake. The thoughtful man will ever find these objects the source of the purest pleasure.

It is within the power of every farmer and mechanic to devote some time to study and reflection, and he will find that every addition to his supply of information and knowledge, which he thus gains, will tend to make his walks the pleasanter, the flowers the sweeter, and everything more full of interest and meaning.

Days Without Nights.

There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly when he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of the night. We arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends—had not taken note of time—and returned about midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the street. It seemed as if the inhabitants were gone away, or were dead. No signs of life—stores closed.

The sun goes down ot Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, the sun passes around the earth towards the north pole, the refraction of its rays is such that you may see to read at midnight. Dr. Baird read a letter in the forest near Stockholm at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain near Bothnia, where on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun goes down in the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The hens take to the trees about 7 o'clock P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning, and the people get into the habit of rising late too.

Advantage of Printing.

Mr. ——, a well known metropolitan printer once told us that on one occasion, an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand.

"I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. It's getting a leetle blurred sort o', and my eyes isn't what they was. How much do you ax?"

"Fifty cents."

"Can you have it done in half an hour; wish you would: want to be gettin' home; live good ways out of town."

When the old lady went out he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society and purchased a copy for fifty cents.

"Lor' sakes a massey!" exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, "how you've fixed it—it's e'eena' most as good as new! I never see anythin' so curious as printia' is!"

Get Married!

Marry, let the risk be what it may—it gives dignity to your profession, it inspires confidence and commands respect. With a wife, the lawyers are more trusty, the doctor more esteemed, the mechanic throws the hammer with increased power, and shoves the plane with a more dexterous hand, the merchant gets a bigger credit—in short a man without a wife, is no man at all! She nurses while sick, she watches for him when in health. Gentlemen, get a wife—a pretty one, if you like them best—a good one, if she is to be found—and a rich one if you can get her!

Kisses.

The editress of the Ladies' Repository says, "Kisses, like faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as coal fire, some as sweet as honey, some tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than any other sorts. As to proposed kisses they are not liked at all. A stolen kiss is the most agreeable. We have been kissed a few times and as we are not very old, we hope to receive many more." An exchange pertinently remarks: "At what hour may the lady be found at her office."

A Riddle.

P H M

K O M

These letters in their proper place,
Will show the world and thee,
A cause of sorrow and disgrace,
And source of misery.

The above riddle is taken from an old paper. The solution will be found in folding the upper line partly over the lower lines of capitals.

☞ "Now papa, tell me what is a humbug?"

"It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt."