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Poetry.

(NUMBER 32.

1 11

"I DARS YOU." "Pooh | I could do it easily, and be back ere again before you could count fifty." "Muy be sa; but you don't dare to try it." "*l) a dwel* now Tom you know better." "Well, I dare you !"

over the forbidden ice; while his schoolmates looked on,—some with astonishment, some with fear, and a few with shouts of applause. Clear to the other side he went, though the ice crack-ed and bent :---then with a graceful turn he was coming toward them again, swifter,-swifter,with a look of pride on his glowing face; and the praises, of the other boys already sounding

"Win by name and win by nature."

"Run quick | get a rope !" "Stand back! every one of you !"---and the voice, generally so kind, frightened them now with its sternness; and they looked in silence at the teacher's white face, as he drew off his white gown, and crept with it to the boundary line which he had marked for the boys that morning. Over that, too, so carefully, yet so quickly -- and the ice cracked, -- cracked !--And the boys could none of them tell just how it was, only that soon the dark, dripping form of their school-mate appeared above the broken ice,-then his hody-slowly, slowly dragged to-ward them, his hand clutching tightly the

not. In his teacher's own strong arms, Winthrop was carried to the house, and warmed and rubbed;-aud-no, he was not dead !- for, in a few moments, he opened his eyes, and, looking at the group of anxious, boyish faces, gathered around, san; "All right." How it brightened every heart/there. The boys could speak now. "Oh ! Win! "I hare'nt counted fifty yet !"

"Now, let me lien all about it," said their

"How came you to disobey my rule, Winthrop,

me to do a thing,____" W n hrop stopped suddenly, as the recollec-tion came over him of the cold gurgling waters,

"And the end of your daring, this time, might ave been-leath."

oor Tom.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE .- There is nothing in the scrid conduceth more to the composure and tray callity of the mind than the serenity and clearness of the conscience; keep but that safe and untainted, the mind will enjoy a calm and tranquility in the midst of all the storms of the world. And, although the waves beat, and the sea works, and the winds blow, the mind that erty, a sun that will give thee light in the midst-

THE END OF SPEECHES .--- The leading political orator of England is, we suppose, Mr. John Bright, A friend recently asked him whether his great speeches were delivered without study. His reply was that he usually wrote out on a card three or four of the principal subjects or branches of the subject, and walked about his branches of the subject, and white a hold his room a little while, fitting them to their proper order. "There is one thing, however," added Mr. Bright, "I always prepare, and that is the end of my speech. Before I get up to speak, I always know how I am going to leave off, and that is half the art. Many a decent speaker has spoken well for a time, but cannot, while speak-ng, hit upon a few good sentences with which ito stop, and at last makes a mess of it, and leaves an unfavorable impression."

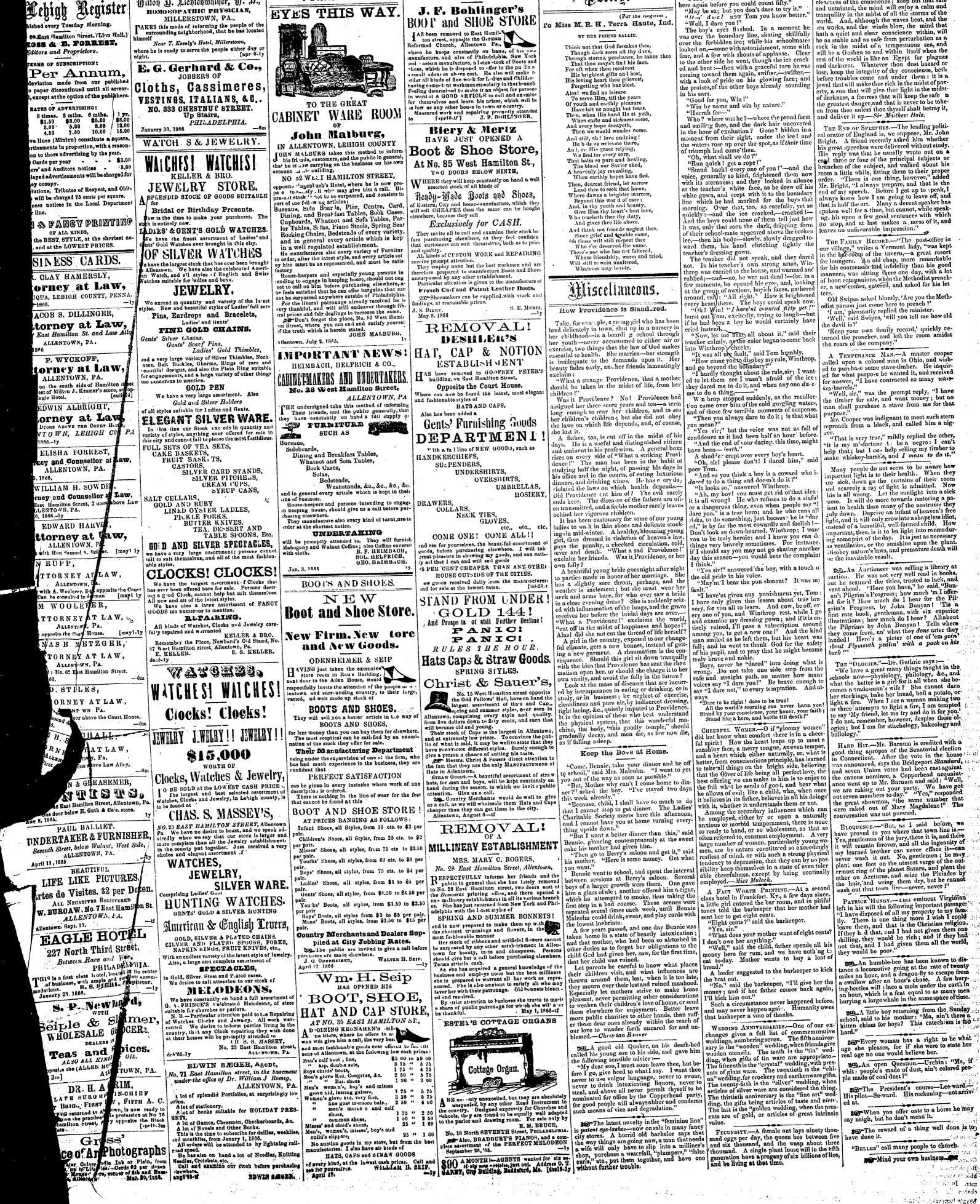
THE FAMILY RECORD.—"The post-office in our village," writes a Vermont lady, "was kept in the bar-room of the tavern,—a great resort for loungers. An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness and infidelity than his good manners, was sitting there one day, with a lot of boon companions, when the Methodist preach-er, a new-comer, entered, and asked for his let

'Keep your own family record,' quickly re-turned the preacher, and left the room amidst

A TEMPERANCE MAN .- A master cooper called upon a colored man in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave-timber. He inquired for what purpose he wanted it, and received for answer, "I have contracted so many whis-

"it is my m'sfortune t. be a negro: I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whiskey barrels, and I mean to do it."

are sick, down go the curtains of their room tre sick, down go the curtains of their room ind scarcely a ray of light is admitted. Now his is all wrong. Let the sunlight into a sick oom. It will do more towards restoring a pa-ient to health than many of the nostrums they rulp down. Deprive an infant of heaven's free light, and it will only growinto a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful, well-formed child. How important then, is it to let light into roomsdur-

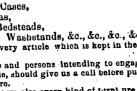




Milton D. Lichtenwalner, M. A.,

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FURNIFURE.





man shall purchase a stave from me for that

"That is very true," mildly replied the other,

Many people do not seem to be aware how important light is to their health. When they

Well

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