

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the "Star of the North."

THE ORPHAN.

Angels watch are keeping
Around the couch of rest,
Where a lovely babe is sleeping
Upon its mother's breast.

But ah! the mother's pillow
Death's form is hovering o'er;
And from that silent slumber
She'll never awaken more.

Thou'rt left, poor helpless infant
Without a mother's care,
For cold and lifeless is the form
That rests beside thee there.

Sleep on—thou knowest not that so
Beside thee is so cold,
Or that a grave both wide and deep
Thy father's corpse doth hold.

Oh! clay cold are the lips that oft
Upon the young babe smiled;
Thou take unto thy home and heart
Thy little orphan child.

Protect it in its infancy
And guard it in its youth;
And kindly, gently guide it
In the paths of Love and Truth.

And should the world's unkindness e'en
Bid sorrow's way to start;
Then with the balm of sympathy
Go, heal the orphan's heart.

Hemlock, Col. Co., Pa. LILLIAN.

[Translated from the French of Gerard, by Chas. G. Whithead.]

THE ADVENTURES OF A LION-KILLER.

A LION KILLED ON HIS OWN HEARTHSTONE.

I left the dour with several Arabs, following the tracks the lioness had made when carrying away the stolen sheep. Her course lay along a path that lay parallel with the one I had been watching, and I could see in the snow that she had walked at an easy pace, stopping from time to time, to rub off the snow that clogged to her feet. At about a mile and a half from the dour we came to the place where she had dined. There was nothing remaining of the old lady's sheep but its skin, which had been neatly pulled off, and was rolled up and cast aside with the extremities of the fore legs. From here the trail ran on for about a pistol shot, and then went into the woods. Here the Arabs came to the conclusion, that it would be safest for them to wait and kindle a fire, not intending in the least to hinder me, in case I desired to carry my researches any further. Rather pleased than otherwise to be free from their company, I continued on the trail alone, and followed it into the woods being armed with my double barrel rifle and a poniard.

As I advanced into the woods, the walking became more difficult, and the close vault of trees overhead more compact, and every minute I was obliged to stop to unfasten my burrows that had caught in the bushes, until finally, I took it off altogether and left it behind. At about a half a mile from the edge of the woods, I saw what I thought was the lion's cover. It consisted of a dense thicket of olive trees, about a hundred yards in circumference, and so closely packed that it formed a perfect roof; snow laden above, but dry beneath, and warm with the soft sittings of the many foliaged trees, a goodly chamber for the forest queen. The place seemed to breathe the very odor of sanctity, and I could see here and there the marks of her majesty's feet, or more sacred still to plebeian eyes, the very impress of her person as she had laid here and there where fancy led her.

Knowing how soundly the lion sleeps after he has well eaten, I hoped to be able to reach her while still in dreamland, and to awaken her by the ringing of my rifle. So I advanced slowly, step by step, with my body bent, and my eye following the tracks or scanning the thicket around me. Sometimes a thorn would catch my shirt and hold me back, sometimes a vine had fastened its strong tendrils across my path, and I would have to stop to free myself with the greatest caution, or on hands and knees glide under the obstruction.

Finally, I came to a halt, before an olive tree closer than any of the others, under whose low sweeping branches the lioness had glided, crouching like myself. In vain I tried to see behind these branches; they formed an impenetrable veil that shut out all eyes from the lady's bower. I was certain she must be here, it was directly in the middle of the grove, which was not a very large one, and as I had been all around it I was sure that she had not passed out after entering it.

As the conviction forced itself upon my mind, my heart beat so full with emotion, that I was obliged to keep quiet for a moment or two that my blood might flow on its accustomed course.

When I became perfectly collected again, I carefully pushed aside the branches that impeded my view with the end of my gun. I was right—there lay the lioness not five steps from me, stretched on her side, with her head pillowed on one paw, dreaming in

perfect quiet, with the soft respiration of a girl in her slumbers.

I made ready to fire, but when my gun was at my shoulder, and my eye ran along the barrel, I found myself in a most perplexing situation.

The lion was lying in such a manner that I could see the whole of her form, and yet being obliged to fire while kneeling, I feared lest the horizontal position of her body should injure my shot.

In a dangerous position, haste or delay are equally bad; but inspiration came to my mind to free me from my troubles, and I adopted a bold course. Rather than send a doubtful ball into the jaws of the animal, or into the uncertain regions of the heart, I resolved to awaken the lioness, and only shoot when she should raise herself up. In order, therefore, that her awakening might be calm and natural, I proceeded with the greatest caution. While my left hand held my gun to my shoulder, with the right I broke a little twig at my side.

The lioness slept on. I broke another a little louder. Hardly had my hand reached the trigger before the lioness was on her belly. Her eyes lazily opened, her ears were laid back on her head, her lips moved up and down, and her glance, fearful with its fixed intensity, wandered around her chamber to seek the cause of the undefined sound that had caught her senses.

Before she saw me I sighted her right ear, and fired.

The smoke of my gun lay so heavy in the air that I could not see before me, but I heard a short strangled roar, that sounded like a good omen. Soon I could see the lioness stretched out where she was lying when I fired.

Her sides heaved, and her feet moved back and forward with a quick, convulsive motion.

I saw in an instant that she was only stunned, and would be on her feet in a moment.

I hastily wound my turban around my arm and sprang into the cover. Without losing a moment, I placed the muzzle of my gun to her head and fired. The bold spirit that ruled the woods was quenched with the report of my gun, and her graceful form lay at my feet a corpse.

I found my first ball had entered at the corner of her eye, and gone out at the top of the head, fracturing the skull without piercing it.

In an hour after my shot had been heard, this part of the forest, heretofore so silent and sacred, was invaded by a crowd of Arabs, who, with a thousand wild cries and songs, placed the body of the lioness upon a rough litter, and bore in in state to the dour.—There it was laid upon a mat in the centre of the village, a black bull was killed in honor of the patron of Saint, Sidi-Amar, and the entire flight devoted to festivities.

It was a spectacle worthy of an artist's pencil, and a fantastic and memorable event to an eye that was used to the daily life of the nomads.

The fires of cork and oak-wood flashed bright, while moving groups and spreading trees cast dark shadows on the background of snow. In the red light the women of the dour went to and fro, as they distributed the flesh of the beast and the lioness. By the cauldron that would have boiled an ox, Ad-dallah, the minstrel, chanted rude songs of valorous deeds, and the softened notes of a flute came from the woman's tent.

Here the girls babbling away some romance of their fancy, there were groups of the men holding high converse on warlike deeds and talking powder and ball. The birds in the park lowered at the unwonted light, the dogs came in and out from the shadow to seize a stray morsel, and pet gazels shook their heads, and rung their bells doubtfully at the bonfires.

Then, swelling and dying, the war-song rose on the air to the clapping of hands, and the gleams of waving steel, and all the people—wild phantoms draped in their white burnous, arose to their feet as if arise one day the dead that lie in the valley of Jehoshaphat. The women sound the shrill tabour, cry, the men reply with the firing of guns, which roll away on the hills and come back in repeated echoes, and then the specters sink again to the ground, and only the sighing flute breaks the sudden stillness.

The scene excited my fancy with its beauty, and my pride was its triumph; and I can never forget its kindly memories or the grateful hearts of these mountaineers.

When the stars gave place in the sky to the reddening dawn, the women retired to their tents. The men gathered around the tomb of Sidi-Amar, and with their faces to Mecca, devoutly listened to their holy seer as he recited the morning prayers. Then, one by one, the whole tribe came to me to bid me farewell, and I leaped in my saddle and picked over the plain towards Guelma, with a heart at ease with myself, and full of emotion at the curious life I had witnessed.

A LION THAT DEVoured THE WHOLE FACULTY OF A COLLEGE.

There was once a mosque on the old road from Constantine to Bains, that went by the name of Jemaal-Bachiva, and its ruined minarets exist to this day.

The holy men who inhabited this retreat had raised a young lion that was brought in by the Arabs, but after it had nearly attained its growth, the ungrateful scholar finding the path of religion a thorny road suddenly disappeared.

In a little while after, the dours that were located in the neighborhood of the mosque, became the prey of its heretical appetite.

One evening the head of the holy fathers of Jemaal-Bachiva was missing from prayers.

The next evening one of his assistants was found absent from his supper, a thing very unusual with a good Mussulman.

So on for forty days, one by one, the number of these wise men diminished gradually, the responses became fainter at prayers and the platters fewer at table. The lion lay in ambush by the brook, and when they came down to make their daily ablutions, they found their way into his infernal maw.

It was not until the fortieth professor had disappeared, (a whole faculty devoured by a lion,) that the ten of the faithful who remained took the better part of valor, and emigrated to a safer country, and the mosque was deserted.

Then the lion not having food for the coarser fare of horses, descended to the laity, and taking to the road, seized on every traveler who happened to be placed a perfect prey, and the route, and there was not an Arab as he might be, that dare go over the road even in the daytime.

At last the lion growing melancholy in perfect isolation that his predatory habits imposed on himself, left the country probably in search of another mosque, and thenceforth, the El-Bachiva road was traveled by every one in perfect security.

A NEW KIND OF LION'S DAIT.

I came back to my post where I had left my two men about midnight, and feeling very much fatigued, selected a thick-set tree by the side of the path, and lay down for a nap, bidding my saphi keep a good watch until I awoke. The Arab stretched himself out a little distance, and in a few minutes was snoring like a windmill.

It was a night of perfect beauty. The full moon poured down a flood of silver that filled off the trees, and lay knee-deep on all the fields of grain and glossy knolls. There and there a cultivated patch of ground showed its fruitful breast amid the woods, margined with the stately trees of ages ago. The air was warm and fresh, the wind was whist, and no sound met the ear, save the murmur of insects in the air, or the bumping of beetles as their shardy whing came against the white barked trees. The shadows lay heavily under the foliage where we were stationed, though the Arab slept in the full moonlight that gleamed on his burnous white as snow.

I saw for a while around me the pleasant view dissolving away in the mists of sleep, when I felt my arm gently pulled by my saphi. I slowly raised my head, and following his eye, saw on the pathway, at about a hundred paces from us, two lions sitting down side by side.

I thought at first that we had been discovered, and was preparing to fire away as best I could, but then again I reflected that we were in the shadows, partly concealed by the bushes, while the happy native was lying in the full light of the moon. It was evident it was he they were watching. I forbade my comrade to awaken him, persuaded that he would be proud of his share in the adventure after it was over, and carefully rising to my feet, stood behind the trunk of the tree to watch the operation of the enemy.

The distance between me and them was only a hundred yards, and yet they must have taken a full half hour to cross the intervening distance. The moon was shining bright on the path, but I could only see them from time to time, as they raised their heads to see if the Arabs remained in the same place. They took advantage of every tuft of grass and every stone to conceal their approach, gliding rather than crawling and winding like snakes among stones or over sticks without the slightest noise.

As the leader had come to within ten paces of where I was standing, and to within fifteen steps of where the Arab was snoring, and his eyes were fixed upon the sleeping man with such a concentration of desire that I feared I had waited too long, and that he would make his spring before I could fire. The other lion, a few steps further on, placed himself abreast of his comrade, and it was not until then that I saw that both of the animals were females, but of so large a size that their sex was hardly recognizable. Their stealthy motions were feminine, though the texture of their skin, their form and their royal proportions has completely deceived me as to their sex. How beautifully they were as they drew down, like pointer dogs on their prey, with every passion of their souls delineated on their faces!

I took aim at the shoulder of the first and fired. The report of the gun and the loud roar of the wounded lioness brought the dreaming Arab with a bound to his feet.—A second ball pierced her heart, and she fell dead at the very feet of the frightened man, who stood rooted to the spot by terrible nightmare.

Without losing any time, I changed guns with my saphi, and looked around for the other lioness. She was on her feet at a little distance off, watching with amazement the scene before her. As I took aim at her shoulder, she crouched down to the ground. I fired, and she rolled over, badly wounded, as it appeared, and sought safety in a cornfield that bordered the road. On coming to the place where she had been standing, I could hear her mutterings in the plantation, but did not think it was best to follow her into the land of shadows at such an hour.—So we waited for daylight, and then followed the trail until it left the field, and entered the woods where it was soon lost to sight.

FILLMORE'S POSITION & SPEECHES.

At Newburg, on Thursday, in reply to a complimentary address, Mr. Fillmore spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens of Newburg.—Accept my cordial thanks for this unexpected but hearty greeting. My friend has introduced me as the standard-bearer of the American party, and a friend of the Union. For the former position, I am indebted to my friends, who have, without my solicitation, made me their standard-bearer in the coming campaign. "But I confess to you that I am proud of the distinction. I confess, also, that I am a devoted and unalterable friend of the Union. I have no justiciary to foreigners; I have witnessed the deplorable condition in the old country, and God forbid that I should

duty, fellow-citizens, to hold them to a strict responsibility. The agitation which disturbed the peace of the country in 1850 was unavoidable. It was brought upon us by the acquisition of new territory, for the government of which it was necessary to provide Territorial Administrations. But it is for you to say whether the present agitation, which distracts the country and threatens us with civil war, has not been recklessly and wantonly produced by the adoption of a measure to aid in personal advancement rather than in any public good. [Cheers.]

Sir, you have been pleased to say that I have the union of these States at heart.—This, Sir, is most true, for if there is one object dearer to me than another, it is the unity, prosperity and glory of this great Republic.

Sir, that I fear it is not the duty of any particular candidate for the several candidacies, to presume that they are the most exciting in bloodshed and or-

Sir, we see a political candidate for the Presidency, selected for the time from the Free-States alone, with the avowed purpose of electing these candidates by suffrages of one part of the Union only, to rule over the whole United States.—Can it be possible that those who are engaged in such a measure can have seriously reflected upon the consequences which must inevitably follow in case of success? [Cheers.] Can they have the madness or the folly to believe that our Southern brethren would submit to be governed by such a Chief Magistrate? [Cheers.] Would he be required to follow the same rule prescribed by those who elected him in making his appointments? If a man living south of Mason and Dixon's line be not worthy to be President or Vice President, would it be proper to select one from the same quarter, as one of his Cabinet Council, or to represent the nation in a foreign country? Or, indeed, to collect the revenue, or administer the laws of the United States? If not, what new rule is the President to adopt in selecting men for office, that the people themselves discard in selecting him? These are serious and practical questions, and in order to appreciate them fully, it is only necessary to turn the tables upon ourselves. Suppose that the South having a majority of the Electoral votes, should declare that they would only have slaveholders for President and Vice President; and should elect such by their exclusive suffrages to rule over us at the North. Do you think we would submit to it? No not for a moment. [Applause.]—And do you believe that our Southern brethren are less sensitive on this subject than you are, or less jealous of their rights? [Tremendous cheering.] If you do, let me tell you that you are mistaken. And, therefore, you must see that if this sectional party succeeds, it leads inevitably to the destruction of this beautiful fabric reared by our forefathers, cemented by their blood, and bequeathed to us as a priceless inheritance.

I tell you, my friends, that I speak warmly on this subject, for I feel that we are in danger. I am determined to make a clean breast of it. I will wash my hands of the consequences, whatever they may be; and I tell you that we are treading upon the brink of a volcano, that is liable at any moment to burst forth and overwhelm the nation. I might, by soft words, hold out delusive hopes, and thereby win votes. But I can never consent to be one thing to the North and another to the South. I should despise myself if I could be guilty of such evasion. [Tumultuous applause.] For my conscience would still ask, with the dramatic poet:

"Is there not some secret cause— [wrait]—Some hidden thunder red with immoral To blast the wretch who owes his greatness To his country's ruin? [Cheers.]

In the language of the lamented, immortal CLAY—"I had rather be right than be President." [Enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.] It seems to me impossible that those engaged in this, can have contemplated the awful consequences of success. If it breaks asunder the bonds of our Union, and spreads anarchy and civil war through the land, which is it less than mortal treason? Law and common sense hold a man responsible for the natural consequences of his acts, and must not those whose acts tend to the destruction of the Government, be equally held responsible? [Applause.] And let me also add, that when this Union is dissolved, it will not be divided into two Republics or two Monarchies, but broken into fragments and at war with each other.

But, fellow-citizens, I have perhaps said all that was necessary on this subject, and I turn with pleasure to a less important but more agreeable topic. [Cheers.] It has been my fortune during my travels in Europe, to witness often and twice the reception of Royalty, in all the pomp and splendor of military array, where the music was given to order, and the cheers at word of command. But for myself I prize the honest, spontaneous throbs of affection with which you have welcomed me back to my native State, above all the pageants which royalty can display.— [Cheers.] Therefore, with a heart overflowing with grateful emotions, I return you a thousand thanks and bid you adieu. [Prolonged applause.]

The youngest member of the present Congress is the Hon. William Cumback, being only 26 years of age.

From the Public Ledger.

"DIED OF EATING."

Such would be the verdict of a coroner's jury, in but too many cases, if coroner's juries sat upon all persons, whether dying by accident or in bed. If, in less fruitful lands, people often die by famine, here we die of too much eating. In New England, it is pies and sweet cake that kill; in the Middle States it is a surfeit of good beef; in the South it is another thing; in the West, still another; everywhere it is too much eating. The evil would be less if we were a more active people. It may seem strange to accuse Americans of a want of activity; but while they give the brains plenty to do, or one set of muscles, they neglect everything else. The lawyer sticks to his desk, the minister to his study, the shopkeeper to his counter, the merchant to his store. They eat and work, but take no recreation. They reduce themselves to mere money-making machines. They go one unvaried round, like horses in a mill. It is wonderful, that, while living like hermits, yet gorging like fox-hunters, they gradually lay the seeds of disease, varying accordingly to the professions they follow, yet all originating in over-feeding, combined with neglect of exercise? It is strange that they die of too much eating.

The season has come when thousands of citizens go out of town. Their ostensible object is the benefit of their health; yet, many will come back, in consequence of excesses, far worse than they went. Fortunately, in this age, excess in drinking is less common than formerly, especially among those classes who are in the habit of annually going out of town; but the cognate vice of excessive eating, if anything, is on the increase. Gentlemen devour incredible amounts of oysters, eat lobster salad to a miracle, indulge in terrapin without stint; in a word, over-task their digestive organs in every way, and then express surprise that they have headaches, feel dull, or are laid up with positive sickness. Ladies surfeit themselves on pastry and cake; take no exercise, except a bath, and not always even that; and then wonder why the sea shore, the springs or the mountains do not agree with them, while they are guilty of too much eating.

We have Temperance societies, Co-temperance and Maine Law associations in plenty. But who will found a "Society" on the discouragement of excessive eating, which, to be frank with reformers, we need almost as much. Recollect, wine bibbers and glut-tonous were anathematized in the same breath. Yet many a person who would not touch strong drink, dies at last a victim to eating.

IN DEBT AND OUT OF DEBT.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is beget the father! What meanness, what invasion of self-respect, what cares, what trouble! How in due season, it will carve the frank open face into wrinkles; how, like a knife, it will stab the honest heart! How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; how, with the "doomed custom" of debt, has the man become the callous trickster! A freedom of debt and what nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsome in dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in hard egg. Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit and an onion, dines in "the Apollo." And then for retirement—what warmth in a thread-bare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in your pocket! what Tyrian purple is the faded waistcoat, that never owed for! How glossy the well-worn hat, if it cover not the aching debtor! Next the home sweets, the out-door recreation of the free man. The street-door falls not a knell on his heart; the foot on the stair-case, though he live on the third pair, sends no spasm through his anatomy; at the rap of his door he can crow forth, "come in," and his pulse still beat healthfully, his heart not sink into his bowels. See him abroad. How he returns look for look with any passenger, how he saunters; how meeting an acquaintance he stands and gossips?

But then this man knows not debt that casts a drug into the richest wine; that makes the food of the gods unwholesome, indigestible, that sprinkles the banquet of a Lucullus with ashes, and drops soot into the soup of an Emperor; debt that like the moth makes valueless furs and velvets—inclosing the weaver in a festering prison, (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for;) debt, that writes upon frescoed walls the hand writing of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that makes the heart quake at the haughty frowns; debt, that invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a haunted beast, and now bringing to his face the hue of death as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him. Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may and sometimes will be gulped down. Though the drinker make dry gulches, there may, after all, be a wholesome bitterness in the cup. But debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a siren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, is poison. The man out of debt though he have a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the single lark above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holy-day—a slave—to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor.—My son, if poor, see the wine running spring, let thy mouth water at least a week's rest, think a thread-bare coat the "only ware," and acknowledge a white washed garret the finest housing place for a gentleman. Do this, and flee from debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff is confounded.

Two men used to work in the fields together. One was cheerful and happy, but the other was always full of tears, and miserable. "What would become of my children if I were to die?" And the other would try and persuade him to be thankful that he was yet able to work, and to earn bread for them; but he could not comfort him.

Now in the field in which they were at work, they spied two nests on one bush, and they used to watch the old birds going in and out all the day long, with food for their little ones. And they often spoke to each other about the care of these birds for their young. But one day, as one of the old birds was flying to his nest, a hawk pounced down upon him, and carried him away. And now the poor man had been miserable before, became ten times more miserable. He could hardly sleep all night, for thinking first of the poor little birds that had no parents to feed them; then of his own children who would have no one to work for them if he should die.

In the morning he went softly to the bush, and looked in at the nests, for he thought he should see the young birds in one of the nests dying. But he was astonished to see that they were alive in both nests, and chirping as merrily as though no hawk had ever come near them. He could not tell how it could be; so he sat down close by to watch them. Presently he saw the old birds, belonging to one of the nests, fly in, and then they went away, and came back with food to the little ones in the nest; and so they went all the day long. And he called his companion, and almost wept for joy as he showed him this thing.

So they said to each other, that they would imitate the birds, and work as well as they could, each for his own family, so long as he was able; and if either of them should die, or be unable to work, then the other would go on and labor for both families.

What a blessed thing it would have been for that poor, fearful man, if he had known the kind words of the Saviour once spoke, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Portland Transcript.

Scranton, Luzerne County Pa.

The town, which now contains between 5,600 and 6,000 inhabitants, was founded about ten years ago, by the Messrs. Scranton, (after whom it is named) who were the heads of the Scranton Coal and Iron Company, now possessing a capital of \$1,000,000, employing 1,000 men, using 70,000 tons of coal annually, and manufacturing 15,000 tons of iron per year. The coal-field is the largest known, being 65 miles in length, with an average breadth of six miles, and a supply apparently inexhaustible. The field is mainly worked by three companies—the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, who work the mines located at Carbondale, and who forward their coal by railroad to Honesdale, and thence, by canal to Rondout and New York; the Pennsylvania Coal Company, whose works are at Pittston, whence they transport their coal by railroad, 45 miles to Hawley, on the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and thence to market; and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, and all used in constructing the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and Warren railroads, and in making the double track of the New Jersey Central railroad are manufactured here.

Print it in Letters of Gold.

A father whose son was addicted to some vicious propensities, bade the boy to drive a nail into a certain post whenever he committed a certain fault, and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In the course of time the post was completely filled with nails.

The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretions, and set about reforming himself. One by one the nails were drawn out, the delighted father commended him for his noble, self-denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults.

"They are all drawn out," said the parent. The boy looked sad, and there was a whole volume of practical wisdom in his sadness. "With a heavy heart he replied:—

"True, father, but the scars are still there." Parents who would have their children grow sound and healthy characters must sow the seed at the fireside. Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps, make a useful member of society; but alas! the scars are there! The reformed drunkard, gambler and thief is only the wreck of the man he once was—which will disgrace his character as long as he shall live.—Dolor Times.

A sentimental girl was describing with the tenderest emotion the last moments of a deceased friend, who was noted during life for his meanness. "He drew me tenderly towards his side, squeezed my hand, and gave me his watch." "Did he?" said a bystander, "you are mistaken; you meant to say, he gave me his hand and squeezed his watch."