

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 19, 1883.

NUMBER 21.

EDWARD DANNER, SADDLE, HARNESS, & TRUNK MANUFACTURER.

3 doors East of White Hall, York, Pa.

THE subscriber continues to carry on the above business, in all its various branches, in Market street, York, 3 doors East of White Hall, where he intends keeping on hand a general assortment in his line, consisting of all kinds of fashionable SADDLES, Bridles, Martingales, Girths, Circles and Halters, also TRUNKS, trunks, trunks, traveling and saddle bags. Those wishing a handsome, durable and pleasant saddle will do well to call and see them. He also manufactures Harness, Bridles, Collars and Whips in all their varieties, and confidently believes from the general approbation of his customers, that he makes the nearest and best goods, in all their variety of breadth, that is made in the country. All the above articles will be made of the best material and workmanship, and with the utmost despatch.

E. DANNER.

York, August 5, 1883.

MORE NEW GOODS.

The richest and best assortment of
FALL & WINTER GOODS
FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, EVER
OPENED IN GETTYSBURG.

SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH

TAKE pleasure in calling the attention of their friends and the public to their extensive stock of Fashionable Goods for gentlemen's wear, just received from the city, which, for variety of style, beauty and finish, and superior quality, challenges comparison with any other stock in the place. Our assortment of Cloth, plain and fancy Tweeds and Casimeres, Vestings, &c. CAN'T BE BEAT! Give us a call and examine for yourselves. We have purchased our stock carefully and with a desire to please the tastes of all, from the most practical to the most fastidious. ✓✓✓ TAILORING, in all its branches, attended to as heretofore, with the assistance of good workmen. ✓✓✓ THE FASHIONS for FALL and WINTER have been received. Gettysburg, Dec. 10, 1882.

FRESH ARRIVAL.

One of the largest and prettiest stocks of
Fancy & Staple Goods,
Ever offered in this place.

J. L. SCHICK has just returned from the eastern cities with his Spring stock of FANCY & STAPLE GOODS,

which he invites the public to examine, at his new location, South-West corner of the Diamond. He feels confident that he can please every taste, in style, quality and price. His assortment comprises

Black and Fancy Silks,
Stains, Berage de Laines, Mous, de Laines
Laines, Swiss, Jacketon and Cambric
Muslin, Ginghams, Calicoes, Trimmings,
Canton Crape Shawls,

a splendid article; Bonnets, Ribbons & Flowers; Gloves, Hosiery, Irish Linens, Muslins, and hundreds of other articles, in this line. Also,

Clowns, Cassimeres, Cashmeres,
Indian Cloth, Tweeds, Cottonades, Linen Checks, plain and fancy Vestings, &c. ✓✓✓ Call and examine for yourselves, at the South-west corner of the public square, and if you don't say that my stock of goods is one of the most desirable that you ever saw, the fault will not be mine. Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to me by a generous public, I ask a continuance of the same, promising that nothing shall be left undone on my part calculated to please and accommodate.

J. L. SCHICK.
Gettysburg, April 8, 1883.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened a NEW HARDWARE STORE in Baltimore st., adjoining the residence of David Ziegler, Gettysburg, in which they are opening a large and general assortment of

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

GROCERIES,

CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS,

Spring, Axles, Saddlery,

Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings,

Paints, Oils, & Dyestuffs,

in general, including every description of articles in the above line of business—to which they invite the attention of Coachmakers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinetmakers, Shoemakers, Saddlers, and the public generally. Our stock having been selected with great care and purchased for Cash, we guarantee (for the Ready Money) to dispose of any part of it on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased anywhere.

We particularly request a call from our friends, and earnestly solicit a share of public patronage, as we are determined to establish a character for selling Goods at low prices and doing business on fair principles.

JOEL E. DANNER,
DAVID ZIEGLER.
Gettysburg, June 12, 1881.—

A Dirge for the Beautiful.

By D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

Softly, peacefully,
Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly
On her young breast;
Gently, solemnly,
Bend over the bed,
Where you have pilloved
Thus early her head.

Plant a young willow
Close by her grave;
Let its long branches
Swooshingly wave;
Twine a sweet rose tree
Over the tomb;
Sprinkle fresh buds there—
Beauty and bloom.

Let a bright fountain,
Limpid and clear,
Murmur its ceaseless tale—
Scatter its diamonds
Where the loved lies,
Brilliant and starry,
Like angel's eyes.

Then shall the bright birds,
On golden wings,
Linger o'er the grave,
Murmuring sing;
When shall the soft breeze
Penitently sigh,
Bearing rich fragrances
And melody by.

Let the soil lightly
Over her breast;
Calms are her slumbers,
Peaceful her rest,
Beautiful, lovely,
Voyes she but gives,
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.

Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

By E. JENNIE WARNER.

Howe, not thou, with thy sombre wing,
O'er the beautiful buds of earth,
Gather not thou what the angels bring,
Bright not the flowers at birth—
Childhood hath roses that fade at thy touch,
Voyes she but gives,
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.

Visions are wreathing the brow of youth,
With a deep, mysterious spell,
Pulses are throbbing, whose joy and truth
Have meanings too deep to tell—
Youth hath visions that chill at thy touch,
Gather not thou, 'mid the summer flowers—
Gather ripe fruit, oh Death!

Majesty resteth on Manhood's brow,
The fever of life and his heart,
Hope hath enmeshed with eagerness now,
Did not her spirit depart—
Manhood hath visions that chill at thy touch,
Gather not thou, 'mid the summer flowers—
Gather ripe fruit, oh Death!

Sadness hath crept o'er the dreams of age,
Business lies at his heart,
Youth's and manhood's bright life's page,
Did not her spirit depart—
Wings that are fettered will plunge at thy call,
Shadows will flee at thy plume—
Come, then, in mercy, with sceptre and pall—
Gather ripe fruit, oh Death!

Peacefully smother the crown of years,
On the Christian's hoary head;
Faith, in its fullness, has silenced his fears,
The tumult of passion has fled,
Holy the visions that over him roll,
Prayer is the more of his breath,
Render the temple that prison his soul—
Gather ripe fruit, oh Death!

Little Willie.

It is hard to lie upon a bed of sickness,
Even though the bed be of down. Nauous,
too, is the healing draught, though
slipped from the silver cup, held by a loving
hand. Wearisome are the days, and nights,
even with the speaking eye of love over
your pillow.

Dear little Willie! You were as much
out of place in that low, dark, wretched
room, as an angel could well be on earth.
Mockly, in the footsteps of him who loveth
little children, wore those tiny feet tread-
ing. Patiently, unmurmuring, uncom-
plainingly were those racking pains en-
dured. A tear, a contraction of the brow, a
slight, involuntary clasp of the atten-
uated fingers were the only visible signs
of agony. What a joy to sit beside him—to
take the little feverish hand in mine—to
smooth that ruffled pillow—to pass the
tangled locks on that transparent forehead,
to learn of one, of whom the Saviour says,
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

But never did I guess God so fully, so
gratefully for the gift of song, as when—
with that little sensitive heart held close to
mine—I made him forget his pain by some
simple strain. I had sung for my own amuse-
ment—I had sung when dazzling light,
fairy forms, and festal hours were inspira-
tion; but never with such a zest, and with
such a thrill of happiness as when in that
wretched room, I soothing the sufferings
of "little Willie." The garland-crowned
prima donna, with half the world at her
feet, might have envied me the tightened
clasp of that little hand, the suffused,
earnest gaze of that speaking eye, and that
half-whispered plaintive—one more! Wil-
lie is happy now!

Ay! Willie is happy now. Music such
as only the blessed hour, fills his soul with
rapture. Never a discordant note comes
from the sweet harp swept by that cherub
hand, while forever that majestic anthem
rolls on in which his infant voice is join-
ing, "worthy the Lamb."

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur but the deep are dumb;
So, when the storm is past, it seems
The bottom is all shallow when they come.
They that are rich in words must needs discover,
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

In character, manner, and style, the
supreme excellency is simplicity.
The future destiny of a child is always
the work of the mother.—BONAPARTE.

TRUST IN GOD & PERSEVERE.

By D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

"Why so sad, Ernest?" said a young
wife to her husband, affectionately twining
her arm around his neck, and kissing him.
He looked up with a smile and replied,
"I am almost out of heart, Mary. I think
of all pursuit, a physician's profession is
the worst. Here I have been, week after
week, month after month, and I may soon
say, year after year, waiting for practice,
yet without success. A lawyer may volun-
teer in a celebrated case, and so make
himself known; but a physician must
sit patiently in his office, and, if unknown,
see men with half his requirements rolling
in wealth, while he, perhaps, is starving.
And it will soon come to that," added he,
bitterly, "if I do not get employment."

An unbidden tear stole into his wife's
eye, but she strove to smile, and said,
"Do not despond, Ernest. I know you
have talents and learning to make your way
as soon as you get a start; and depend up-
on it," she said, with a cheerful look,
that will come when you least expect it."

So you have told me, often told me, but
the lucky hour has never come," said the
husband, despondingly. "And now every
cent of our little fortune has been expen-
ded, and our credit will soon be gone, when
it is found that we do not pay. What
then is to become of us?"

Ernest was in a mood that the most
sanguine sometimes experience when dis-
appointment after disappointment has
crushed the spirit, and the voice of hope
is no longer heard within. His wife would
have given way to tears if she had been
alone; but she felt the necessity of sustain-
ing him, and answered cheerfully—
"And what if every cent is gone? Have
no fear that we shall starve. God sent
Ravens to Elijah, and he will yet interpose
for your aid. Trust in him, dear Ernest."

The husband felt rebuked, as she thus
spoke, and answered less despondently—
"But really, Mary, this want of success
would try the stoutest spirit. The mechan-
ic, the day laborer, the humblest farmer, is
sure of his food and raiment; but I have
spent years in study, have waited years
besides waiting for practice, and now, when
all my fortune is gone, if I resort to other
occupations—"

But, after a moment or two, she arose,
went up to him, and fondly encircling him
with her arms, said—
"Dear Ernest, you must not worry your-
self so. You think it painful for me to
hear poverty, I know, or you would not
take it so hard; but a woman never regards
such things when she loves. A crust of
bread, a low cabin, would be preferable
to me if I shared them with you, to a
palace with any other. But it will not
come to this. Something within assures
me that you will yet be great and rich—
Have patience only awhile longer.
There, there is a knock at the door, it may
be for you."

As if her words had been prophetic, the
little girl, their only servant, appeared at
this crisis and said that the doctor was
wanted in a great hurry. With an ex-
ulting smile his wife ran for his hat, and
then sat down with a beating heart to await
his return.

It was almost the first summons that
the young physician had received, though
he had resided in the village more than a
year. The place, too, was large and popu-
lar, but medical men of large practice
resided there, and all these combined to put
down their rival. More than once heretofore
Ernest would have abandoned the field
in despair, but his young wife cheered and
encouraged him—though sometimes her
own heart seemed ready to give up. Mary
Linwood was, indeed, that greatest of all
blessings, a good wife; she sympathized
with her husband, economized to the ut-
most, and by her anguine words chased
despondency from his heart.

Honour after hour she sat there awaiting
her husband, yet still he came not. At
length darkness set in, and she began to
feel uneasy. She was about to go to the
door when she heard her husband's feet
on the step, and hurrying out she met him
in the hall.

"God bless you, Mary, an angel as you
are," were his first words. "If it had
not been for you, I should have given up long
ago, and now my fortune is made."

Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet
not unmindful of his probable wearied con-
dition, Mary hurried her husband into her
little sitting room, where the tea things
were laid, and began to pour out the re-
freshing beverage with a trembling hand,
while Ernest told the story of his day's
absence.

"I found," he said, "I was sent for by
old Gov. Honston—the richest and most
influential man, you know, in the county—
and when I got there, I learned, to my
surprise, that the Governor had been
thrown from his carriage and was thought
to be dying. All the physicians of the
town had been sent for, one after another,

but none could do anything. In despair,
my wife, without consulting me, had sent
for me. I saw his condition for life
depended on a new and difficult opera-
tion which none of the other physicians
had ever performed. I had assist-
ed at one when a student, and stated what
I thought could be done. The old Gov-
ernor is a man of iron nerves and quick res-
olutions; so, when he heard the others
say they could do nothing for him, he de-
termined to commit his life to me. I suc-
ceeded beyond my hopes; even the other
physicians acknowledged my skill; and
there is now nothing but care required to
make my patient as well as ever. On part-
ing he put a roll of notes into my hand."

Mary was in tears long before her hus-
band had finished his narrative; but her
heart went in thankfulness to God for hav-
ing thus interposed just at the crisis when
hope seemed gone.

From that day Ernest Linwood was
a made man. The fame of his skillful opera-
tion was in every man's mouth, and by the
aid of his patient, who now became his
patron, he stepped at once into practice—
among the best families of the place—
Wealth as well as reputation flowed in up-
on him; but he always attributed his suc-
cess to his wife, whose affection, he said,
had cheered and sustained him when out
of heart.

"There was nothing," he would say,
"like a faithful wife; under God, our well-
or woe for this life depends on her. If she
is desponding your sanguine spirit catches
the infection; but if she is full of hope
and energy, her smiles will cheer you in
the darkest hours, and enable you to a-
chieve what you first thought impossibil-
ities. Our success in this world, as well
as our happiness, depends chiefly on our
wives. Let a man marry one, therefore,
"suited to either fortune," who can adorn
his riches or brighten his poverty; and
who under all circumstances will be his
helpmate.

How seldom do we think of the dead!
Although we sit around the same hearth
where they once sat, and read from the
volume they so loved to pore, yet we do not
often think of them. Oh how the heart
throbs with wild, unspoken emotion,
when we stand beside the dying friend we de-
arly love! We wildly strive, but all in vain,
to prolong the precious life; we follow in
deepest anguish down the dark flowing
river; the spirit of the loved one passes
onward alone—and we are left to linger on
the shore of time. We think, as we be-
hold the inanimate form consigned to the
cold grave and hear the damp earth rattle
over it, that we will never forget the life
scenes of the departed—that there mem-
ory will always remain fresh in our hearts,
and almost wonder that the busy multitude
can move so briskly around us. But the
sun shines brightly as ever on the new
made grave. Nature looks as gay and
smiling and the birds sing as merrily as
before. Again we mingle with the busy,
jostling throng. Weeks and months roll
on—we visit the grave less frequently;—
and gradually cease to think of the lost
ones, save when some sweet voice or inci-
dent of by-gone days recalls them to our
memory. The feelings of bitter anguish
and bereavement so soon worn off by the
accumulating care and pleasures of life—
Thus we, in turn, must ere long pass away,
and be forgotten. Such is human life.

WOMEN AND FLOWERS.—The editor of
the Louisville Journal has a very reliable
article under this head, from which we cut
the closing paragraph.
"Blessings on the heads of those whose en-
gagements have been monopolized by disease—
Flowers impart not only fragrance and
beauty to one's ark room, but they abun-
dantly light up thigdom that hangs around
it like a dark cupin, and cause cheerfulness
to take the place of heaviness and oppres-
sion of head. Often has our soul felt
exceedingly grateful to those dear women,
who have conspired our low estate, and
sent flowers, fresh, fragrant and beautiful,
to cheer our isolation. Could we strew
their pathway through life with flowers,
how eagerly would our hand perform the
task! Had fingers no other office than to
minister to the pleasure of the sick, that of
itself would be sufficient why they
should be cultivated. But when we re-
member that they are not only an ever
pleasant joy to the eye, but are also true
and gentle teachers of moral truth and ex-
cellence, as well as tender prompters to
the highest as well as the most refined sen-
timents, we can perceive of how great im-
portance it is at the hand and heart of
woman's power is her loveliness, and she
ought to do every thing to encourage it.
Her loveliness has broken the bondage in
which many sinful man was bound, and
which had ranted persuasion and force
through man's year. Let her increase
her power by tiding in her loveliness, and
this she will fail to do if she gives
up to a love life—the beautiful poetry of
earth."

DOUBT NOT!
Better trust and be deceived,
And weep it out, and that deceiving,
Than doubt of heart, that, if believed,
Had lost of life with true believing.
Oh, in this moping world, too fast,
The doubtful doubt deceives our youth;
Better be ahead to the lost,
Than lose all blessed hope of youth.

An interesting story, well told.

CHAT WITH THE CONDUCTOR.—"It's
not often a man loses anything by kind-
ness. I know a little matter of that sort
saved my life, and perhaps the lives of
many others at the same time."
"How was that?" asked we of our
friend Rawlings, the model conductor.
"Why, we had an Irishman on this
road washing a Sunday morning. The
weather, so he used to get into the tunnel
to keep cool. I rather think he used to
take a little liquor when he was lone-
some; any way, he laid down on the track
one day to listen for the cars. He fell asleep,
and very imprudently got his head out off
by the express train. Well, there was the
last of that Irishman. There was the
devil's own row in his shanty when we
took the pool fellow up, and got away as
soon as we decently could, for it's not
agreeable to be surrounded with a distract-
ed family when you're neither a doctor,
nor a nurse, nor a preacher."

"Someone I was always sorry when I
passed that place; of course I felt as if—
not exactly the same thing—but just as if
bad might happen to me some day, and
then there'd be another row in a family.
I told my wife about it, and she sent the
family some little things. The widow of
the dead Irishman was a Catholic, and, as
I was then on a very fast train, I would
sometimes take up the old woman on
Sunday and carry her to church at Martins-
burg. I somehow thought it was a situa-
tion for her to go to church, for she had
but little chance in the world anyhow. I
certainly did not expect to get anything
for it in this world, and I expected they
had so much scored against me in the other
that it wouldn't amount to anything there."
"That was during the summer. One
night the next winter, it was very cold,
and the mountains were covered with snow;
we were running to make time, when, on
turning a curve, the engineer saw a wa-
ving light on the track, and we soon heard
some one ahead shouting. I was then
on the platform. The engineer slack-
ed up and stopped the engine, and we got
out and went ahead in the dark to see what
was the matter. There it was. A large
land-slide had fallen across the track, near
the shanty of that old Irishman, and
the train was a large fire and washed for
the rest of the run. There were so sharp
indications of weather, as shown by
animals, insects and plants; and was full
of facts, many of them new, and of scien-
tific explanations of themselves. Be-
lieve it, invariably slow, by the way
they build their nests, whether a weaver
to be windy or otherwise. If the former,
they start the nest, between the twigs
and lining. If the latter, they omit these
precautions. If a dry season is in prog-
ress, they build their nests close to the
ground, and the water-cress, I can't say
of observation of these peculiarities will
afford, Mr. Thomas says, a certain cri-
terion, early in spring, of the coming weather.
Snails also reveal, by their habits, whether
rain may be expected or not. Several
species of these animals invariably ascend
the stems of plants two days before a rain,
in order to place themselves on a leaf,
there to imbibe the water, for they never
drink. Other species have tubercles that
rise from their bodies generally ten days
before a rain, there being a pore at the end
of each tubercle to imbibe the water—
Others grow reticulate white just before a
rain, returning to a darker color after rain.
Lions also foretell rain by sheltering
themselves under leaves of trees, and in
hollows and trunks, as soon as they
changes in the atmosphere, they discover
that rain is impending. Most leaves of
trees are also barometers, for, if a rain is
to be light, they turn up so as to receive
their fill of water, while, for a long rain,
they double so as to conduct the water away.

Another member, Professor Brooksbury,
of Hartford, read a paper describing a
spring, near his residence, whose waters
were invariably better a rain. He suggest-
ed that the diminished atmospheric pres-
sure which precedes a rain was the cause
of the phenomenon, and recommended that
observations should be made over the
whole country, to ascertain whether the
phenomenon was general or only excep-
tional. It would be curious if the former
could be established, and not less useful
than curious, for, if nature has made every
spring a natural barometer, the fact will be
of vast benefit to know.

THE PERT YOUNG MAN.—There is a
period in the life of a young man which
may appropriately be called the age of
puppyism. It is at that period when he
is a little more than a boy, and a great deal
less than a man—when he strokes and
crosses the chin, detects a sort of inequality,
and victims of barbers and razor rise up
constantly before him—when the tailor
suddenly becomes a person of great im-
portance, and he begins to talk of the "men
of our college and the ladies of our ac-
quaintance." Very tight pantaloons, dis-
playing immense moral and physical cour-
age in venturing into the wide with such
slender supports as they contain, a revival
of great proportions,—a kno wing half-jock
gentleman hat—fancy vest, gold chain and
quizzing glass, make up the external qual-
ifications of the pert young man.

He sets his leg apart in addressing men
old enough to be his grandfather, twirls
his cigar and calls him "my dear fellow,"
or "my boy." His parental parent he
always calls "the governor," and never
thinks of him or refers to him except when
he wants the "governor to come down
handsome"—who he maintains has no
right to "expect a man" to be unable to pay
his billiard expenses. His conversational
powers are very limited, never having
fashioned anything deeper than the bottom
of a brandy snuff; or extending his in-
quiries beyond the bill of fare of his favorite
restaurant. In his manner to the ladies
he is rather patronizing, and in the friend-
ship of the sex, and the next with
considerations with regard to the killing of
his beauty and manly accomplish-
ments. He cannot possibly marry them
all, and to show partiality would be unfair.
His head is the only place where nature
acknowledges a perfect vacuum.

Love Preferred to Fame.

Give me the boon of love!
I ask no more for fame;
Far better an unobtrusive heart
Than glory's proudest name.
Why waste a fever in the blood,
Or damp the spirit's glow,
To gain a wreath whose leaves shall wave
Above a withered brow?

Give me the boon of love!
Ambition's need I vain;
Deeper affection's earnest smile
Than honour's richest train.
I'd rather lean upon a breast
Responsive to my own,
Than all the passions voraciously
Upon a kingly throne.

Like the Chalcid sage,
Fame's vorippere adore
The brilliant orb that scatters light
O'er heaven's entire floor;
But in their very hearts embroiled,
The stars of glory shine no more.
Keep o'er the holy flame, which once
Blamed the courts above.

Give me the boon of love!
Renown is but a breath,
Whose loquacious echo ever floats
From out the halls of death.
A loving eye bequeals me more
Than Rome's embossed seal,
And one sweet note of tenderness
Than triumph's widest peal.

Give me the boon of love!
The path of fame is drear,
And glory's arch-deth ever open
A billow cold and drear.
One willow flower from the path of love,
All lowly though it be,
Is dearer than the wreath that waves
To stern ambition's spear.

Give me the boon of love!
The lamp of fame shines far,
But love's soft light glows near and warm—
A pure and household star.
One tender glance can fill the soul
With a perpetual fire.
But glory's flame burns fatally—
A lone funeral pyre.

Give me the boon of love!
Fame's trumpet strains depart;
But love's sweet lullaby breathes melody
That lingers in the ear.
And the flame of soul will burn
When sea and earth are empty,
But the rose of love in happier spheres,
Will live in deathless bloom.

SCIENCE FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.—A variety
of interesting and important papers
were read before the American Scientific
Association, during its late session at Cleve-
land. Wm. H. Thomas, Esq., of Cin-
cinnati, read an essay, which discussed the
indications of weather, as shown by
animals, insects and plants; and was full
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before a rain, there being a pore at the end
of each tubercle to imbibe the water—
Others grow reticulate white just before a
rain, returning to a darker color after rain.
Lions also foretell rain by sheltering
themselves under leaves of trees, and in
hollows and trunks, as soon as they
changes in the atmosphere, they discover
that rain is impending. Most leaves of
trees are also barometers, for, if a rain is
to be light, they turn up so as to receive
their fill of water, while, for a long rain,
they double so as to conduct the water away.

Another member, Professor Brooksbury,
of Hartford, read a paper describing a
spring, near his residence, whose waters
were invariably better a rain. He suggest-
ed that the diminished atmospheric pres-
sure which precedes a rain was the cause
of the phenomenon, and recommended that
observations should be made over the
whole country, to ascertain whether the
phenomenon was general or only excep-
tional. It would be curious if the former
could be established, and not less useful
than curious, for, if nature has made every
spring a natural barometer, the fact will be
of vast benefit to know.

THE PERT YOUNG MAN.—There is a
period in the life of a young man which
may appropriately be called the age of
puppyism. It is at that period when he
is a little more than a boy, and a great deal
less than a man—when he strokes and
crosses the chin, detects a sort of inequality,
and victims of barbers and razor rise up
constantly before him—when the tailor
suddenly becomes a person of great im-
portance, and he begins to talk of the "men
of our college and the ladies of our ac-
quaintance." Very tight pantaloons, dis-
playing immense moral and physical cour-
age in venturing into the wide with such
slender supports as they contain, a revival
of great proportions,—a kno wing half-jock
gentleman hat—fancy vest, gold chain and
quizzing glass, make up the external qual-
ifications of the pert young man.

He sets his leg apart in addressing men
old enough to be his grandfather, twirls
his cigar and calls him "my dear fellow,"
or "my boy." His parental parent he
always calls "the governor," and never
thinks of him or refers to him except when
he wants the "governor to come down
handsome"—who he maintains has no
right to "expect a man" to be unable to pay
his billiard expenses. His conversational
powers are very limited, never having
fashioned anything deeper than the bottom
of a brandy snuff; or extending his in-
quiries beyond the bill of fare of his favorite
restaurant. In his manner to the ladies
he is rather patronizing, and in the friend-
ship of the sex, and the next with
considerations with regard to the killing of
his beauty and manly accomplish-
ments. He cannot possibly marry them
all, and to show partiality would be unfair.
His head is the only place where nature
acknowledges a perfect vacuum.

DEAR WOMEN IN PARAGUAY.—The
author of "Sketches in Paraguay," gives
us this fragment moral: "Everybody makes
a love thirteen years ago. I am wrong.
They do not chew, but put tobacco in their
mouth, keep it there, and instead of chewing,
roll it about with their tongue and suck it.
Only imagine yourself about in the same
red lips of a magnificent Hebe, arrayed
in satin and flashing with diamonds—
she puts you back, with one delicate hand
while, with the fair, taper fingers of the
other, she draws forth from her mouth
a brown black roll of tobacco, quills two
inches long, looking like a monstrous
 grub, and depositing the savory lozenge on
the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face,
and is ready for your salute. I have
sometimes seen an over-delicate foreigner
turn away with a shudder of loathing under
such circumstances, and get the epithet of
a *salvaje* (the savage) applied to him by
the offended beauty, for his sensitive
aquiline nose. However, one soon gets
used to this in Paraguay, where you are,
for force of custom, obliged to kiss every
lady you are introduced to; and one-half
you meet are really tempting enough to
render you reckless of consequences, and
you would sip the dew of the proffered
lip in the face of an imbued battery, and
the double-distilled "honey-dew" of Old
Vergina."

To Blackbitter.

What are another's faults to me?
I'm not a culture's test.
To peck at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.