

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 7.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1865.

NUMBER 5.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
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Presbyterian—Rev. T. M. Wilsons, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. A. BAKER, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Wich Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month, and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Catholic—Rev. MORGAN ELLIS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 7 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

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Catholic—Rev. R. C. CHRISTY, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12:00 o'clock, noon.
Western, " " 12:00 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Newnan's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRENSON STATION.

West—Balt. Express leaves at	9:17 A. M.
" Philadelphia Express " "	10:07 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:58 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	8:28 P. M.
" Pittz. & Erie Ex. " "	8:18 A. M.
" Altoona Accom. " "	4:59 P. M.

East—Philadelphia Express " "
Fast Line " " 8:50 P. M.
Day Express " " 1:43 A. M.
Pittz. & Erie Ex. " " 7:03 A. M.
Mail Train " " 12:03 P. M.
Altoona Accom. " " 5:10 P. M.
11:10 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Bailey, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Receiver—James Griffin.

Sheriff—James Myers.

District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—John Campbell, Edward Glass, E. R. Dunnegan.

Clerk to Commissioners—William H. Sechler.

Treasurer—Isaac Wike.

Clerk to Treasurer—John Lloyd.

Four Horse Directors—George M'Cloughlin, George D. Roberts, Phillip S. Noon, Abel Lloyd, David J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, R. Jones, Jr.

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County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—William Flattery.

Mercantile Appraiser—John Cox.

Sup't. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE—Harrison Kinkead, Edmund J. Waters.

Borough Council—T. B. Roberts.

School Directors—Phillip S. Noon, Abel Lloyd, David J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, R. Jones, Jr.

Borough Treasurer—Geo. W. Oatman.

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Town Council—E. Hughes, Evan Griffith, Jno. J. Evans, Wm. D. Davis, Maj. John Thompson.

WEST WARD.
Constable—Thos. J. Williams.
Town Council—Isaac Crawford, James P. Murray, Wm. Kittell, H. Kinkead, George W. Oatman.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Jno. E. Scanlan.
Judge of Election—John D. Thomas.
Auditor—Capt. Murray.

SOCIETIES, &c.

A. Y. M.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

I. O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. Meets in Old Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.

T. T.—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
"THE ALLEGHANIAN."
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE,
OR
\$3.00 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

"Some Day."

You smooth the tangles from my hair
With gentle touch and tenderest care,
And count the years ere you shall mark,
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say,
"You'll think of this again some day,
Some day!"

I do not scorn the power of Time,
Nor count on years of fadeless prime,
But no white gleams will ever shine
Among these heavy locks of mine:
Ay, laugh as gaily as you may;
You'll think of this again some day,
Some day!

Some day! I shall not feel as now,
Your soft hands move about my brow—
I shall not slight your light command,
And draw the long braids thro' my hand;
I shall be silent and obey,
And you—you will not laugh that day,
Some day!

I know how long your loving hands
Will linger with these glossy bands,
When you shall weave my last crown
Of these thick braidings, long and brown;
But you will see no touch of gray
Adown their shining length that day,
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot
Upon the lips which answer not,
You'll take from those one treasured tress,
And leave the rest to silentness—
Remembering that I used to say,
"You'll think of this again, some day,
Some day!"

Martinstower.

"It is almost dark," said Lizzie Elliott,
perched on the bars that led into the
solemn quietude of the Martinstower
woods, with her brown hood hanging from
one arm, and a scarlet shawl drawn over
her tangled black curls. "I wonder why
papa don't come!"

Lizzie was a selfish sort of a damsel,
with great black eyes and peach-red cheeks,
and a blue calico dress fearfully torn by
some jagged bramble. She was not particularly
graceful, nor were the hands that held
the shawl together under her chin slender
and snowy. On the contrary, the March
wind had reddened them, and blown her
short curls about until you could scarcely
have told, from any outward
indication, whether she were boy or girl.

"Lizzie! child! come down this instant!
When will you learn to be a little more
lady-like?"
And Lizzie slipped guiltily down from
her seat on the top-most bar, as a stout
old gentleman, with iron gray hair, and a
suit to matel, came trotting down the road
on a stout little pony.

"Oh, papa! I thought you never was
coming!"
"I'll tell you what I am going to do,"
said the old gentleman irascibly, as Lizzie
sauntered along by the pony's side, with
one hand thrown over his shaggy mane,
and the reddened fingers playing with the
loose locks.

"I'm going to buy a pair of loose trousers
and a coat, and set you to work cutting
trees with the rest of the men-folks.
It's all a mistake trying to make a young
lady of you."

"I wish you would, papa," ejaculated
Lizzie, "it would be such fun!"
"Fun!" echoed the old gentleman.—
"Now I give you fair warning, Miss Lizzie,
you have got to be a little more circumspect
in future. Mr. Martin is coming home."

"Mr. Martin of Martinstower?"
"The same."
Lizzie looked back to where the sunset
was turning the vast gothic windows of
the gray stone mansion among the Martinstower
woods to gold, and opened her
black eyes very wide.

"I wish he would stay at Para—Parn
—what's his name? I can't steal any
more reses from the lawn, nor play at hide
and seek with Nero in the great stone
portico any more. What does he want to
come back for?"

"Probably because he is tired of living
in foreign countries," dryly responded her
father.

"And when will he be here?"
"In the course of a month or two—
His confidential clerk comes immediately
to see about refurnishing and decorating
Martinstower for his reception, and—"
"He must be a very fine young gentleman
if the old furniture isn't good enough,"
said Lizzie, elevating her little nose.

"Will you hold your saucy tongue,
Miss? How dare you speak in that way
of a man who must be worth, at least
computation, a quarter of a million? I
was going to say that I hope Mr. Martin
will make it his home at our house for a
day or two before he takes possession of
his new residence. Viola is a pretty girl,
and it may not be a bad idea to establish
some intimacy between our place and
Martinstower before—"
"I understand," said Lizzie, nodding
her head knowingly. "Viola would make
a splendid fine lady, and so would Blanche.
Mrs. Martin, of Martinstower! wouldn't
it be glorious!"
"Lizzie!" said her father, sharply,
"you will oblige me by moderating your

tone somewhat. There is somebody coming
down the road—hush!"
The words were yet on his lips as a
tall, well built young man, in a coarse
gray overcoat and a felt hat, came up.

"Can you tell me the way to Martinstower,
sir?"
"Martinstower!" repeated Mr. Elliott,
staring at the stranger. "Upon my word,
it is a strange coincidence, young
sir. You are undoubtedly Mr. Hartwell,
referred to in the letter I this morning
received from Maurice Martin—and beg
leave to introduce myself as Job Elliott,
agent for the Martinstower estate."

"Letter," repeated the young man, "has
the letter but just arrived?"
"This morning," returned Mr. Elliott,
courteously. "Perhaps you'll return with
me to-night, Mr. Hartwell, and we can
go over the property to-morrow. I have
the less hesitation in extending an invitation
to you, young man, as your employer
gives me to understand that you are an
exceedingly worthy person, although—
ahem—of common-place extraction."

The stranger had removed his soft hat,
probably out of compliment to the red-
fingered young lady, and stood with a
pair of large blue eyes fixed on Mr. Elliott's
rather pompous face.

"Thank you, sir," he said composedly
"As it is late, and I am totally unacquainted
in the vicinity, I shall accept your
hospitable offer."

Viola Elliott, a handsome, olive-cheeked
girl of about twenty—was eagerly awaiting
her father, just within the threshold
of the cozy, though plainly furnished
family apartment.

"Oh, papa, is it true that Martin is—"
She stopped short, and Blanche, a
plump, languishing blonde who was curled
upon the sofa with a novel in her hand,
burst into a giggle as the confidential
clerk's tall figure loomed up behind her
portly parent.

"My dear," said Mr. Elliott, flourishing
his hand, "this is Mr. Hartwell, the secretary,
clerk—I scarcely know what to
call him—dispatched by Mr. Martin to
prepare Martinstower for a fitting reception."

Viola bent her head stiffly. Blanche
just nodded. Truly the confidential clerk
felt that his greeting could scarcely be
characterized as over warm.

"Papa," said Viola, following her father
into the dining room, "what made you
ask him home with you just when you
are so hurried?"

"Hurried, Viola?"
"That's just a man's view of things,"
pouted the young lady. "You might
have known that Blanche and I have
nothing fit to wear—we must have our
new pink dresses made against Mr. Martin's
return—and the best bed room must be
repared, and the parlor paint is
shocking, and here you bring a great
stranger fellow to lounge round in the way.
Why couldn't he go to the village tavern?"

"My dear, you forget that he is Maurice
Martin's confidential clerk."
"No, papa, I don't forget anything of
the sort," retorted Viola, sharply. "But
I am sure that is no way to give Mr. Martin
a favorable impression, for him to find us
hand and glove with his trumpey
clerk. He will suppose—he must suppose—that
our associations are of the very
lowest. Papa, it is too bad!"

And Viola burst into tears.
"I am astonished at papa," added
Blanche, who had entered to participate
in the discussion. "Inviting a clerk—a
common clerk—to our house! At any
rate he must sleep in the little dark room
over the kitchen. So Viola, we can have
the best bed room papered just as if he
were not here."

The confidential clerk, standing in front
of the bright red sparkle of the fire in the
room beyond, smiled to himself even while
a deep and indignant flush mounted to his
forehead, as he involuntarily overheard
the little *sotto voce* by-play in the other
room.

"And this," he murmured to himself,
sady watching the gloomy masses of coal,
"is all the welcome a wanderer receives,
after twenty years spent on the sterile
rocks of a foreign land. Home! the word
has a pretty echo, yet there is something
hollow in the sound after all."

"Mr. Confidential Clerk, you are crying!"
He started with a quick blush, as a
little hand, red and frosted with the cold,
was laid upon his coat sleeve.

"Crying! I!"
"You needn't try to deceive me, sir,"
nodded Lizzie Elliott, who had crept to
his side, with a white kitten in her arms.
"I saw the bright drop sparkle on your
eye-lashes—like a great diamond, and then
I saw it fall upon the hearth. Why are
you crying? Is it because you are poor,
friendless, and of—what did papa call it?
oh, of common-place extraction!"

He did not answer. There was something
in the soft pitying shine of those
black eyes that enthralled his gaze. Lizzie
came close to him, winking hard to keep
a sympathetic moisture from her own
dark lashes.

He smiled.
"My dear little girl—"
"I am not a little girl!" interrupted Lizzie,
indignantly. "I was sixteen last
November."

"Well, then, my dear young lady," resumed
the Confidential Clerk, smiling,—"I will
accept your words as an omen of
coming good fortune. Tell me about
Martinstower. Is it a pretty place?"

"It is a splendid place," corrected Lizzie,
with great enthusiasm. "With marble
mantles, you know, all covered with
ancient gods and goddesses, and floors of
inlaid wood, and ceilings to look like
yellow sunsets, and spots in the woods
where the vines are growing overhead—
And there are lawns and wide gravel
walks, and I once peeped through the
glass doors of the conservatories and saw
great blue passion flowers and caecuses like
tassels of flame, and orange trees with
ripe oranges growing on them. It is like
a fairy story."

"Lizzy! Lizzy! you are talking far
more than is proper for a child," interrupted
Viola, sharply, breaking in upon their
tete-a-tete. "Put down that kitten and
go to your French immediately."

And as the abashed damsel with the
tangled curls obeyed her elder sister's
behest, the energetically whispered words,
"dignity of the clerk," reached Hartwell's
ears, together with Miss Lizzy's pettish
reply—

"I don't care—I like him!"
The next morning, the confidential
clerk exchanged the "little room over the
kitchen" for a more comfortable and
spacious apartment in the village inn, whence
he calmly superintended the projected
improvements at Martinstower, and all the
gossip was exchanged between him and
Lizzy in the course of her daily rambles
through the Martinstower woods. If
Blanche and Viola had only known of the
rapidly cementing friendship which had
sprung up between the two, what a shock
their aristocratic tendencies would have
received!

"Lizzy! Lizzy Elliott! I am ashamed
of you!"
"But papa, he says he loves me."
"Loves you?" echoed Viola, holding up
both hands. "Papa, only listen to her.
A paltry clerk to dare fall in love with
our Lizzy!"

"A mere child, too—not seventeen,"
chimed in Blanche, whose twenty-seventh
birthday was looming darkly over her.
"Papa, I wish you would buy Lizzy a doll
and send her to boarding-school."

"Girls! girls! will you give me a chance
to speak?" panted Mr. Elliott despairingly.
"Lizzy, I don't know which astonishes
me most—this fellow's audacity or
your ridiculous folly."

"Papa," said Lizzie, gravely, "I intend
to marry him."
"Silence!" thundered the old gentleman.
"You shall not marry him! I'll
write to Maurice Martin to discharge the
impertinent puppy at once."

The evening meal was already spread,
and the lamps lighted, when Mr. Elliott
came, the next night. Blanche was reading,
and Viola was clipping the dead
leaves of her favorite gemma.

"Where's Lizzy, girls?" said the old
gentleman, taking his seat in front of the
pile of buttered toast, and liberally helping
himself to the same.

"In her room, I suppose," returned
Viola. "I have twice rung the bell."
"Go after her, then. She's sulking after
her beloved clerk, I suppose," commented
Mr. Elliott.

Viola went, but returned almost immediately,
with a pale, frightened face.
"She's not there, papa, but this note
lay on the table."

Mr. Elliott broke the seal, and hurriedly
glanced over the tremulously written
words with a face that had grown like
ashes:

"BY THE TIME YOU READ THESE WORDS,
DEAREST PAPA, YOU'LL BE ANOTHER
OF THEM. I SHALL MARRY MR. HARTWELL.
I HOPE IT IS NOT WRONG. INDEED, INDEED,
I LOVE HIM."

As he folded the note with stern, rigid
features, a light step crossed the threshold,
and Lizzy's arms were around his neck,
the Confidential Clerk standing by the
door with a face where pride and indomitable
resolution struggled for mastery.

"Papa, forgive me—forgive us!"
"I'll see you hanged first!" roared the
old gentleman, turning purple around the
mouth. "Begone, both of you. Beg,
starve if you like, but never come to me
for aid or help!"

"This is Mr. Elliott, I suppose."
"Yes, sir," returned the old gentleman,
hesitating whether to embrace the
stranger as Maurice Martin, or repel him
as an emissary from the obnoxious Confidential
Clerk.

"Ah—so I concluded. Has Mr. Martin
been here to-day?"
Mr. Elliott started.

"Mr. Martin is in Parnaham, Brazil."
"I beg your pardon, sir," returned the
young man; "I am his secretary, and am
quite convinced that he is at this present
time at his family estate of Martinstower.
Perhaps I had better seek him there. I
am told it is but a mile further on."

He retreated, bowing with a foreign
profusion of courtesy, leaving Mr. Elliott
overwhelmed with amazement.

"My dear," he said, hurrying back to
the sitting-room, "I must go over to Martinstower
at once. Mr. Martin has arrived at last."

Blanche sat up, tossing the bright drops
of cologne from her curls.

"Oh, papa! you will be sure to bring
him back to supper?"
"I'll try, my dear—I'll try," said the
flurried senior.

"Papa," said Viola, "you are trying to
pull your boots on over your slippers!"
"Confound it, so I am—this affair of
Lizzy's has completely unsettled me!"

So saying, Mr. Elliott darted forth into
the darkness like some new style of projectile.

The lights of the stained Gothic windows
at Martinstower were streaming
brightly across the lawn as he came hurriedly
up the broad stone steps and rung
the bell.

"Mr. Martin—has he arrived?"
The servant bowed, and ushered him
into a large room, whose superbly arranged
furniture struck Mr. Elliott with an
indefinite idea of luxury. Lizzy was
standing by a tall alabaster vase of clinging
tropic vines that occupied one of the
bay windows, with a colored lamp burning
above.

"Papa! oh, papa! you have forgiven
me?" she cried.

He turned rigidly away from her pleading
eyes to her husband.

"I have called to see your master,
young man."
"To see whom, sir?"
"Mr. Martin, of Martinstower."

"I am at your service, Mr. Elliott."
"You are! Who the deuce cares
whether you are or not! I tell you I
want to see Mr. Martin."
"Maurice Martin is my name, sir."
Mr. Elliott stood aghast.

"Why, I—I—I thought you were the
confidential clerk!"
"I never told you that I was, sir. You
chose to take it for granted, and I allowed
you that privilege. As the confidential
clerk I wooed and won your daughter—
as Maurice Martin I could have obtained
no greater treasure!"

"It's all a mistake from beginning to
end," exclaimed poor Mr. Elliott, wiping
the perspiration from his fevered brow.—
"Lizzy, my dear, come here and kiss me!
Son-in-law, you're a trump! Why didn't
you tell me of this before?"

"I didn't know it myself, papa, till we
were married," said Lizzie, laughing and
blushing; "and when I tried to tell you
all about it to-night, you wouldn't let
me."

Educational Department.

[All communications intended for this column
should be addressed to the Educational Editor
of The Alleghanian.]

GOVERNING A SCHOOL.—Some years
since, while spending a few days in a quiet
village in one of the western counties
of the State, and not being pressed with
business, I concluded to pay a visit to the
two schools in the town, each of which
was in charge of a female teacher with
whom I had some acquaintance. Knowing
one of them to have been a more than
ordinarily diligent student, and also to be
possessed of a strong, clear mind, I gave
her school the preference as regards the
priority of my visits. Order had been
called fully half an hour at the time I
entered the room, or at least more than
length of time had elapsed since the hour
of beginning the exercises. Upon entering,
it was hardly possible not to notice
my friend's embarrassment, the crimson
suffusing her cheeks as she apologetically
said that her pupils appeared "very noisy
this morning." Two full hours of a visit
convinced me that in saying her pupils
appeared very noisy, she spoke only the
truth. "What will I do with these un-
governable children?" was the question
she addressed me after dismissal of her
school; "I talk to them, I watch them,
punish them, do everything I can to get
them to keep quiet and to study, but it
all seems to be no use." And it was of
no use. It controlling her school, she
herself made more noise than enough to
overturn the quiet and good order of any
set of pupils. In her hands during
recitations were a text-book, stick and bell,
while either bell, stick, or her tongue was
in just less than constant use. At the
time I entered, a reading class was reciting.
A scene ensued something like the following:
"Read, John." John gets
up to read "Dingle! dingle! rings out
from the bell. "Go ahead, John, and
read." John reads about a line, when a
half dozen quick, sharp raps interrupt
John's reading, and momentarily occupy
the attention of those who would be diligent
if given opportunity. John again
proceeds, but before finishing his paragraph,
he is stopped by, "Jane what are
you doing there? will you always be in
mischievous? why can't you behave yourself
and attend to your books, and not be all
the time giving annoyance to your teacher?"
Thus throughout the morning the
exercises were interrupted, the teacher
harassed to exhaustion, and the school
kept in a continual uproar. Now, a remedy
for all this might be found in the observance
of a few rules:

1. Preserve at all times a quiet, self-possessed demeanor, never getting confused or petulant.
2. Choose the proper moment for reproof, that is, during the intervals between recitations, or in case of necessity for instant correction by words, between the moments occupied in recitation by different scholars.
3. Speak in a voice no louder than is necessary to be heard.
4. Do not scold, but let the words be few, and, if need be, sharp.
5. Do not threaten any more than is included in a necessary warning of the punishment you will positively inflict for certain offenses.
6. Do not be needlessly severe in the infliction of punishment.
7. Have as few rules as possible. A multiplicity of rules are so many temptations to sin.
8. Never let a pupil see that you are at a loss what to do.

GOOD ADVICE.—Hall's Journal of Health gives the following good advice with reference to school children:

See that they have all the sleep they can take. Every child under ten should have eleven hours sleep; those older can do with something less.

See to it that every child goes to bed with warm, dry feet, and sleeps warm all night.

Always send them off to school in a happy, affectionate state of mind; and when they return, let them be invariably received with a kindly greeting.

By all possible means, arrange that they shall reach school with dry feet and dry clothing; the neglect of this has sent many a sweet child to an early grave.

School children should be with regularity; thrice a day is all sufficient.

Embrace every opportunity of impressing the child's mind with the fact that teachers are laboring for their good, and therefore ought to be loved, respected and obeyed as their best friends.

EFFECT OF LAZINESS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as surely as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree.—Think of that, my lads. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a miserable, shiftless vagabond when he was old enough to be a man, though he was not a man in character? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up to do nothing useful. All those who are good men now, and useful to the community, were industrious when they were boys. If you do not like to work now, a love for industry can soon be acquired by habit. Shun idleness as you would the evil one.