W. LEWIS.

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A CARD.

OLIFERU, NEAR BROTHELTOWN, STATE OF IMPROVEMENT, March 20th, 1856. [Correspondence of the Huntingdon Globe.]

I've got to be a doctor-regularly dedica-

ted to the service of Æsculapius—scientifically initiated into the mysteries and miseries of successfully administering pills and potions-in the healing as well as the destroying art. The circumambient process of theoretically administering the all curative, all powerful, never-to-be quenched restoratives of antiquated ancestrified predominance have been thoroughly expurgated, completely and occultly renovated by the enterprising and wonderfully trained genii of our day. Tragically destructive and theoretically bombastical had the attenuated specimens of the "genus homo" arrayed under the banners of Æsculapius become. Now, however, the self-conceited strut, the unlawfui, angenstitutional, unapologetical, disproportional erecpremature Solomons are being brought down to their natural level, by the ubiquitous march of that all-conquering conqueror, scienceimmeasurably conducive to both mental and physical development. By means of it, the fertile resources of a highly imaginative and deeply appreciative mind may enable their possessor to gain undying fame and to erect an altar upon which his cognomen shall be inscribed in close proximity to such memorable worthies as Moffat, Townsend, Jayne, Sands, Brandreth, and Pease, together with a host of imitators. Possessing this general view of the profession, and being at loss to know to what course of life an ignoramus might attach himself with the best probability of success, I determined to become an M. D. For it has become a settled fact that however ignorant an M. D. may be, providing he has tact enough to conceal his ignorance, he may immortalize himself by some unexreak of fortune (as unexpected himself in all probability as to his astonished admirers.) So I procured two or three Medical Almanacs, a New England Primer, the adventures of Dame Wonderful and her cat, together with "Doctor yourself for 25 cents," and in forty-eight hours came out a scientific doctor. So that I can now conscientiously affix M. D. to my name-fully conscious of my power-satisfied that the pen that shall hereafter trace the celebrated exploits of remarkable men will also delineate the praise. worthy deeds of Abe Kershaw, M. D. For the edification of the public in general I will enumerate a few of the many thousand diseases that yield to my superior skill, hoping that mankind may profit by the persevering toil and indefatigable industry spent in their

I profess to cure anything from the longitudinal headache, hereditary on the mother's side, down to the triangular spasmodical twitchings of the gout in the big toe, not even excepting the parallelogrammatical confusion of the heart caused by gum-sucking, star-gazing, moon-light walking, etc., (a serious disorder, indeed, when once it has been deeply seated in the left conical hemisphere of the hearts of an unmarried gent and lady), nor the Brown Critters, (Bronchittis,) nor that diagonal sesquipadilia of animal paraphernalia, otherwise called the Itch, nor the prismodical, suicidal toothache of natural descent, together with a great variety of other ailments to which the human system is liable. Moreover I expect in a short space of time to be able to cure the pips in chickens; staggers in goslins; carniverousness in cattle; kicking in horses; nightmare in owls; chicken-roostrobbing in foxes; adoutolgy in dogs; squalling in cats, especially Thomas-cats; consumption in rats; influenza in mice, brought on by exposure to night air; lumbago in snakes, caused by their immoderately moderate racing; white-swelling in hogs; hoarseness in crows; and all other diseases that are

behalf.

habitual or accidental to them kind o' vermin. Now I might enumerate many more diseases and disorders that yield to my scientific practice like misty vapors to a noon-day sun, but that I consider the list already mentioned sufficient to convince the most inordinate desire of any one that I am "Dominus Artis." Some professional quacks may say that I am a mere automaton trying to "raise the wind" and to dupe the people, others may say that it is impossible for any person to glean knowledge sufficient for an M. D. from the books which I have read. But in order to convince all such that the stepping stones to imperishable renown may be based on the foundation of forty-eight hours hard study at such inimitable works of science as "Dame Wonderful and her cat," "Doctor yourself," &c., I will insert a certificate of my advancements and

attainments: "ALL HUMBUG, RUM PINT, WAY DOWN EAST. a goin' to tell yeou sumthin' about this 'ere !

couldn't stop him. So we gin to think his acquisition, but which might be communicadae wan't a goin' to do nothin' for him, and ted in such a manner as to teach the pupil we put him to clarkin' in Tim Ragamuffin's something beyond words and grammar.

Shotecary Pop; and would you b'lieve it, the Every day witnesses a popular demand for Shotecary Pop; and would you b'lieve it, the little fellow larned so fast that in a few days information of a different caste from that he got so tarnation smart he could tell how many ounces o' "mitten" 'twould take to cure a young feller of love, and how many cure a young feller of love, and how many pounds o' disappointment 'twould take to break a gals heart. Then Tim sed to me, says he, "Jack, you'd better make a doctor out o' this ere chap." So says I, "don't care if I do." You see the feller had got to have sich a dislikin' to havin' brandy put away in bottles for fear it might bust 'am. So he drank' 3m. 6m. 12m. sich a dislikin' to havin' brandy put away in s3 00 \$5 00 \$8 00 50 00 \$8 00 12 00 7 50 10 00 15 00 15 00 15 00 15 00 25 00 38 00 15 00 25 00 40 00 60 00 15

Female Education. We have of late observed in one or two papers, a notice to the effect that a Boston Lady has been lecturing on the highly important and interesting subject of "Female Culture." We are not informed as to the principles which the lady upholds, or the views which she entertains as to what constitutes a proper system of female education in the United States. One thing, however, is very certain, earnestly for discussion, encouragement, and

in too many instances, reform. The great importance of the intellectual development of woman, is, despite all that has been said and written on the subject, far beyond all question true that, so far as intelligence is concerned, with its hereditary transsaid that the entrance of one smart woman we try—the first pair of boots. into a family will keep the fools out of it for half a dozen generations.

The expression "mother-wit," indicates as well as a volume could do, the general faith that the wit and shrewdness which is peculiarly a man's own, is derived from the maternal side, and even if it be not in many cases a matter of purely physiological origin, it is not the less true that the early impressions which most tend to form character, are generally derived from the mother, and that the value of these must greatly vary accord-

ing to her own intelligence and education. It is for this reason that we trust that the subject of female culture may receive a marked and special attention from parents and others. Old custom, and to a certain degree the wants of our unformed or transition age, still demand an old-fushioned style of education for highly educated men. There must still be the same amount of Greek and higher mathematics doled out to all minds, without regard to their peculiar capacity, and compared with which, history and literature, modern languages, philosophy and physical science, to say nothing as to information of the practical condition of their own country, are regarded as decidedly inferior studies, to be it in your ledger. Let honesty be your guitreated as inferior to the former, both as a means of disciplining the mind, and even as sources of information. Those who are familiar with our present college system, the proportion of time which Greek and the higher mathematics are expected to occupy, and the figure which they cut in the class grades, and who are aware of the lax and easy manner in which the other branches describedwith the exception, perhaps, of physical science or natural philosophy—are slurred over, will admit that we have not been guilty of exaggeration. We do not complain of the present system of education, as it is in accordance with much that we continually meet around us. But we are glad that female education is not barred up with such ideas, and that though it is at present in anything but a perfect condition, it is still comparatively a allow field, open to improvements.

In the first place we could wish to see female education more in accordance with the requirements of the age. In society, general information is a passport and a sure attraction to all who are worth attracting. One of the main elements of such knowledge is a familiarity with the history of literature and art, to be studied in connection with political history and geography. Such an associated and associative course of study would be found to not only impress on the mind a far greater amount of facts than would be retained from a study of these branches separately, but they would be found by this very system of association to ripen the memory and discipline the mind quite as effectually as any other system at present pursued.

We have nothing but praise for instruction in physical science. But unless it be well taught-and there are few female schools where it is -it is in most cases not very valnable for girls, beyond the first principles of natural philosophy. We presume that there are many who will not credit our assertion, so ridiculous must it seem, but we can assure our readers that we have actually known of "highly respectable" and highly expensive schools in a neighboring city where lectures were delivered on natural philosophy, chemistry and botany without a single experiment or practical illustration! How the teachers thus contrived to drag along the play "with the part of Hamlet left out," is to us unintelligible. We presume, however, that there is no such "teaching" in our own city. But we imagine that no one will dissent from our opinion when we say that the time consumed in studying any branch in any other than a thorough and perfect manner had much better be applied to acquiring that practical knowledge of literature, biography and history which

We would not have any lady without a in it. All difficulties are overcome by diliknowledge of French—as Hood observes, "it gence and assiduity. Fellers & Gals & Feller Citizens: I'm jist is the corner stone of female education."-But we cannot see the beauty of devoting the Abe Kershaw. Yeou see he used to be a energies of the scholar exclusively to it or to mighty oncommin smart chap and everybody any other language without inspiring any sed he'd make sumthin' big some o' these ere (taste for its literature or a desire to regard it days. So we all wanted his dad to send him as a medium for further information. And off to git an edication, but the old man sed it wan't no use; cause ef he was goin't be a big man he'd be it any way, all creation great, and beyond question, a most essential better to bear an insult than to make an un-hold down the feelings he had tried to repress, man had passed them all and still lived!—

big man he'd be it any way, all creation to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands successful attempt at thrashing a follow, and better to bear an insult than to make an un-hold down the feelings he had tried to repress, man had passed them all and still lived!—

big man he'd be it any way, all creation to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands successful attempt at thrashing a follow, and then he hastened on. At length he great, and beyond question, a most essential get your eye teeth knocked out.

forms such an important part of "general

information" and which is so much neglect-

which is generally brought from schools. An intelligent mind is generally one which takes interest, and a system which is not synthetic, which does not inspire the scholar to co-operate in the work, is useless. Those who have witnessed the degree to which certain schools and systems inspire this interest, and the "brighter" character of the pupils which they turn out, will agree with us, that the present system of female education is sadly in need of improvement and reform.

The Household "Good Night."

"Good night!" A loud, clear voice from "Good night!" A loud, clear voice from the stairs said it was Tommy's. "Dood night!" murmurs a little something we call Jenny, that filled a large place in the centre of one or two pretty large hearts. "Good night!" lisps a little fellow in a plain rifle dress, who was christened Willie about six years ago.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the lord my soul to keep, If I should die—before—I—wa—"

And the small bundle in the trundle-bed has dropped off to sleep, but the broken prayer that there are few subjects which call more may go up sooner than many long petitions that set out a great while before it.

And so it was " good night" all around the homestead, and very sweet music it made, too, in the twilight, and very pleasant melady it is now as we think of it, for it was not from being generally realized. And yet it is yesterday, nor the day before, but a long time ago, so long, that Tommy is Thomas Some-body, Esq., and has almost forgotten that he mission, every race owes infinitely more to ever was a boy, and wore what the bravest its mothers than to its fathers. It is popularly and richest of us can never wear but once, if

The Boy of the Times.

We like an active boy-one who has the impulse of the age—of the steamboat in him.

A lazy, plodding, snail-paced chap, might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but he don't do for these times. We live in an age of quick ideas; men think quick, eat, sleep, court, marry and die quick—and slow coaches are not tolerated. "Go ahead, if you burst your boiler!" is the motto of every one—and he succeeds the best in every line of business who has the most of "do or die" in him.

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times; be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing your eyes as if you were half asleep; but be wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you will be somebody before you

Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act, but think quickly and closely, and when you have fixed your eye upon an

object, spring for the mark at once.

But above all things be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve it in the wood, chisel it in the marble—if a merchant, write it is not a larger. Let hence the beauty and

A LAWYER POSED--"William, look up and tell us who made you, do you know! William who was considered a fool, screwed his face and looking thoughtful, and somewhat bewildered, slowly answered, "Moses, s'pose."

"That will do, Now," said counseller G., addressing the Court, "the witness says he supposes it was Moses made him. This, certainly, is an intelligent answer-more so than I supposed him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture; but I submit, may it please the Court, that it is not sufficient to justify him being sworn as a witness. No, sir; it is not such an answer as a witness qualified to testify

"Mr. Judge," said the fool, "may I ask the lawyer a question?''

"Certainly," said the Judge, "ask him any question you please." "Wall, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do you

"Pose made you?"
"Aaron, I s'pose," said the counseller,

imitating the witness. After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness exclaimed, "wal, now, we do read in the good book that Aaron once made a calf; but who'd a thought that tarnal critter had got in here?" The poor counsellor was laughed down.

MISERABLE PEOPLE. - Young ladixs with connets on rainy Sundays.

A witness in a bribery case. A city sportsman at the finish of one day's shooting.

A printer who publishes a paper for noth-

ing and finds himself. A smoking nephew on a visit to an antismoking aunt.

A young doctor who has just cured his first patient, and has no prospect of any other. A star actress with her name in small letters on the bills.

An editor with nothing but cold potatoes for a Christmas dinner.

AN INTOLERABLE PUNSTER .- Theodore Hook, once walking with a friend, passed a pastry cook's shop, in the window of which was the usual inscription: 'Water ices and ice creams.' 'Dear me," said Theodore, when his mother had done praying, said, "what an admirable description of the effects of hydrophobia!" "How can that be," said his friend; "what have water ices and icecreams to do with hydrophobia ?" "Oh," replied Hook, "you do not read it right. read it thus: Water I sees, and I screams."

Make up your own mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, and persevere Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no

It is said—by some Yankees, of course -to be an excellent plan always to measure a man's length before you kick him; for it is

poultry."

MALCOLM WARREN:

THE OLD MAN'S LESSON.

"Malcolm, I wouldn't go out to night .-Come, stay with me this evening."
"Not this evening, Alice. I have promis-

ed to meet some friends this evening, and I must keep my word. I will be at home in "I had hoped that I should have your com-

pany. Come, why can't you try and see if I cannot make you as happy as those companions whom you are to meet? Just this once, Malcolm. O, this once!"

"No, no, Alice, I am going out. What—crying! Now, what's the use of that? Can't a fallow go out once in a while without look.

a fellow go out once in a while without leav-

ing a crying wife?"

"I can't help it, Malcolm. But here, kiss me before you go."

Thus spoke Malcolm Warren and his

young wife. Malcolm was a young man, twenty-seven years of age, and a carpenter by trade. His wife was one of the sweetest dispositioned girls in town, and she made one of the best of wives. She loved her husband with the whole energy of her pure soul, and she knew that she was beloved in heart.— Her two children, a boy and agirl, often saw her shed tears when they were alone with her in the snug little sitting-room, and the

boy was old enough to ask what made his mother cry, but she dare not tell him.

Malcolm Warren owned the little cottage in which he lived, and he had paid for it all, "Why should I go with you?" he asked. out of his own hard earnings, while Alice had borne her share of the burden by purchasing all the furniture. Malcolm was stout and an excellent workman, and he had never yet seen the hour when he needed to lay idle for the want of work. A better hearted youth lived not in the town, and when he took the gentle Alice for his wife there was many a fair maiden, whose bosom gave place to a kindly, wistful envy. They would not have robbed Alice of her prize, but they only hoped their own lot might be as fortunate. Why, then, should a cloud come upon that house? Why should Alice weep? Ah, for the same reason that thousands of our fairest daughters weep. For the same reason that hot tears are ever crying out their appeals for mercy-tears that run until they make a flood

that fairly shrieks as it rolls over the land.

Malcolm Warren had a high social nature—his society was prized by all who could secure it—and he had been indulging in the false smiles of the wine cup. For the last year he had been allowing his appetite to spend his earnings away from home, and for nearly two months past he had spent all his money with his jovial companions. Alice saw all this, and she knew full well where it your ear."

Toxicating now!. Perhaps you spoke traily, but you did not speak the whole truth, for the whole truth you did not know, and I have brought you here to whisper that truth in your ear." would end if it were not stopped. She had whispered to him her fears, and he had tried to laugh them off as idle whims.

She had prayed to him to stop the fatal career while he had strength, but he had been offended because she should think that he would ever become a drunkard. So Alice was atraid to speak all her fears. Yet she saw with a clear eye all that was coming. She saw the broad road upon which her beloved was travelling, and her heart was aching. She knew that even want was staring them in the face! It was autumn, and she had asked Malcolm for money to buy warmer clothes for herself and children, and he had none to give her. Only a day before, he had brought home a bucket-full of flour instead of sending home a barrel as he used to do. He earned money, and where was it? Alas! poor Alice knew two well Malcolm's face, and she saw that its manly beauty was slowly but surely eaten away. The large blue eyes were growing dim, bleared and bloodshot, the once fair cheeks were becoming swollen and bloated, and his lips looked dry and cracked. No wonder she knelt down by her bedside and prayed.

It was now Saturday evening, and Malcolm was going out. He was to meet some friends, and Alice knew that he was to meet them at the tavern. He had worked only three days the past week, and he had the pay for these three days work in his pocket .-That money was needed at home, but where would it be on the morrow?

"Malcolm, O, do not wholly forget your fond loving Alice when you are gone?"

But Malcolm did not answer. He kissed her not as he used to do, but kissed her because she had asked him to-and then he left his cottage. After he had gone, Alice sat down and wept. She could not help it. Her darling boy crept by her side, and placed his arms about her neck. He asked no questions, but he asked her not to cry. His little mind semed to have some idea of the coming of a calamity. It must have been vague, but it was clear enough to prevent him from forcing the dread thoughts upon his mother .-Once more he asked her not to cry, and then his own little heart burst, and mother and child wept together. This was another drop in the poor wife's cup of affliction. Oh, how palpable now must be the husband's course when even the prattling child saw and knew the danger! But she could only clasp and "Amen."

It was a clear, cool evening, and as Malcolm Warren stepped out into the street, he seemed to shake himself as though he would shake off the influence of the dear place he was leaving. But he could not drive from his mind the fearful countenance of his fond and faithful wife, nor could he forget the look of earnest, simple anguish he had noticed upon the face of his child. Yet he tried to crush the thoughts that were springing into life. "Pooh!" said he, as the image of his wife forced itself upon him, "It's only a little fun and frolic. Whose business is it? Get out with your nonsense."

And thus speaking, the young husband and father closed his hands as though he would

companions. The laugh and the joke commenced, and ere long Malcolm forgot all about home. He sat in the bar-room, and

his sharp wit made food for much merriment. "Who says there's danger in the bowl," cried a young man, as he raised the glass to

his lips.
"It's the raven croak," said another of his companions. "Here's confusion to the idea."
"Good!" exclaimed Malcom Warren, poising his glass. "Poison in the bowl-nonsense! look at old uncle Adam, now.— He's used it all his lifetime, and here he is, the oldest man in town. Come, here's to

uncle Adam!" The person to whom Malcolm had thus alluded was an old, white-haired man, who stood at the bar with a glass of rum in his hand. His name was Adam Stanford, and almost ninety years had rolled over his frosty head. His form was bent, his limbs trembled, but still he lived and his mind was yet clear. He heard the remarks which the young carpenter made, and having set down his untouched liquor, he turned and gazed upon the youthful speaker. He knew Malcolm Warren well.

"Malcolm," he said, "come with me.—Come alone, for I alone would speak with you. Come."

There was something very deep and meaning in the old man's voice, and as he turned

"To please an old man. I mean to do you

no harm, Malcolm. Come." Passing out of the door they moved across the street. Near by was the village church-yard, and thither he bent his step. Arriving at the gate he passed in. When Malcolm

hesitated to enter, the old man said-"Come, follow me."

Malcolm went and soon they stood within the village churchyard! And this whitehaired guide was the sexton, who for more than sixty years had made those beds for the immortality. The pale moon shed its beams upon the place, and the chill air sighed

mournfully among the weeping willows that grew by the hedge. The grave-stones stood up like spectres among the faded grass, and here and there rose a white monument, like some more powerful spirit that watched the

sanctity of the place.

"Malcolm Warren," spoke the old man, in a voice so deep that it seemed almost to come from one of the neighboring graves, year he had been allowing his appetite to gain strength. At first it was only an "one as an expanding guays," then "a glass or so once in a while," and then "one or two glasses a day." But lately he had gone so far as to spend his earnings away from home, and for lately he had gone so far as to exceed the whole truth for

> Malcolm Warren gazed up in the oid man's face and saw how solemn was the expression that rested there, he forgot the bad company he had left behind at the tavern, and his

thoughts became serious.

"Malcolm," resumed the sexton, "I can look back now into the past and see a score of young men who commenced the race life of with me. We went to school together, and together we sat in church. We loved to learn the excitement of the intoxicating cup, and we tho't not then of the dangers we were courting. Years passed on, and I saw those twenty men sink into the arms of death, and I buried them all here. Malcolm Warren, they all sleep in drunkard's graves! One after another I saw them fall, and at length I was left alone of the party who were wont to assemble around the barroom fire.

A deep groan escaped from the young man's lips, and a shudder ran through his

frame. "All gone?" he asked.

"Yes-all!" the old man uttered. "But this is not half, Malcolm. Their wives and children died, and they, too, lie here! O, how well can I remember the bright-eyed laughing, loving girls who used to play with us when we were boys! And how well I can remember when I saw them standing at the altar—and when they turned away from the place they were blushing brides. But a few short years, and I began to gather them into the folds of death. They sank down with broken hearts and crushed hopes!-Some of them lived to be gray-headed, but their gray hairs came down in sorrow to the grave! See that grave there—the one with the dark gray stone. He who sleeps beneath that mound was once the happiest youth in the village. He was a carpenter by trade, and he built the house in which you were born. He used to sing over the wine cup and he thought not then of harm. I once heard his young wife beg of him to remain at home with her, but he refused her the boon. She told him that she was cold and hungry, and that her children needed clothing, but he heeded her not. A few short years afterwards that wife's heart broke, and she died and her children. The husband and father I found one cold night lying by the road-side, and he was dead! These are the graves for I buried them all together. You can see the wife's grave beyond the gray stone of the husband's and those two little graves, are where lie the frozen boy and

The old man drew his sleeves across his eyes to wipe away the tears, and while he did so Malcolm bowed his head, and groaned

mournfully. "Malcolm Warren," he said, "there was

once a full regiment of stout soldiers followed Napoleon Bonaparte into Russia. There were many other regiments went also, but of this one in particular have I read. Of the whole company of men only one solitary individual lived to return to the home of his birth. All the rest died on the way. They were starved or frozen, and they dropped by the wayside. Now suppose some thoughtless youth should point to that single living soldier, and say that amid the eternal snows of Russia there was no danger, because that

The youth gazed up in the face of the aged speaker, and new emotions wers working upon his features.

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"Come, Malcolm, I would show you one

"Come, Malcolm, I would show you one more spot before we go."

The old man leaned upon his staff, and moved slowly on among the graves, and involuntarily did the youth follow. At length they stopped by a spot where two graves lay side by side. The slabs were of marble, and they glistened brightly in the moonlight.

"Malcolm," spoke the sexton in a deep whisper "I remember well when I made these

whisper "I remember well when I made these two graves. There was no sorrow to fill the beds which here I made, for they who sleep here died amid the sweet breathings of peace and honor. They were good, virtuous people, and when they were good, virtuous people, and when they were gone our townsmen mourned, for our village had lost two of its most noble spirits. O, I love to come and stand over those graves, for I know that God smiles upon them! There is no taint nor dis-honor there. Malcolm, do you know who rests in those two graves?"

The youth did not answer, nor did he raise

his head, but with one deep, wild cry, he sank down, and there he lay across both graves, weeping and sobbing like a child. His FATHER and MOTHER sleep there!

For a while the old man gazed tearfully upon the scene, and then he took the youth by the arm and aroused him up.
"Come, Malcolm," he whispered, "we will

oaway now: I can show you no more."

The youth followed his guide out from the church-yard, and after the gate was closed they passed on to the street. Here Adam Standford stopped.
"Now, Malcolm," he said, "you can return to your companions at the tavern, but let me

pray you never use my name again as you did this evening. When you again think of poor old Adam Standford, think only on what he has told you in the church-yard, think of what he has seen, and what he has suffered, and of that you may in welcome speak." The old man turned partly away, when Mal-colm sprang forward and caught him by the

"Uncle Adam," he uttered, in choked and broken accents, "O, forgive me for what I have now said and what I have done. I—I cannot tell you all now. I cannot speak, but I shall go to the tavern no more. O, God bless you! God bless you!"

* * * * * * *

The clock struck nine, and Alice Warren folded the hands of her little boy together, and bade him say his prayers. Her youngest girl was asleep in the cradle. The first words who art in heaven,"—when there came the sound of footsteps upon the plank walk in

the little front garden.

"It's papa," said the boy, letting his hands drop upon his mother's knees, and bending his ear to listen. But the mother dared not

At last the door opened, and the husband entered. Alice cast her eyes tremblingly up and saw the big tears that were rolling down sprang forward and clasped her arms about her husband's neck.

"Malcolm, Malcolm!" she cried, "What has happened? Tell me—O, tell me." Malcolm Warren sank into a chair, and as he did so he drew his wife down in his lap.

"Alice-O, Alice!" he uttered, sobbing and weeping as he spoke. "Can you forgive me for all that has passed?"

The gentle wife was bewildered at first. nay almost frightened, for the speech of her husband was so wild and incoherent she feared his brain was turned. But ere long he spoke again, and as he spoke he kissed her .--He was more calm and his voice was more low. He told where he had been-and he spoke of the resolution he had made. He did not tell of any trial he was going to make, but he told of the iron will that had entered his soul. The night of his temptation had passed, and the day of salvation had dawned. A few moments more, and the husband and wife were upon their knees. Their emotions were too deep for utterance-too wild and thrilling for speech. A moment they

struggled there, and then wept in silence. The little boy crept to the spot, and threw his tiny hand about the neck of his parents, for even his young soul had caught the spark of new life that had been breathed into existence with his happy home.

On the next morning Malcolm Warren arose a better and happier man. He was calm now and he told Alice all that had transpired the night before, and when it was all told they prayed as redeemed souls alone can

Days, weeks and months passed away, and Malcolm became once more the handsome youth that had been loved and cherished by honest men in time gone by. The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearthstone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home

beneath his roof. People wondered when they noticed that Adam Standford went no more to the tavern; but the story of that night's lesson in the village church-yard became generally knowuand other men took it to their hearts and profited by it. It was a good seed sown in a fertile spot, and the fruit was abundant .-The good old sexton never gave his example again on the side of moral ruin, but to the last day of his life was cheered by knowing that some of the happiest families in the village blessed him for the joys that dawned upon them.

Among the last novelties is an electrical machine for the protection of the person. Should a highwayman collar you, the application of the hand to the pocket, generates a steam of electricity that knocks him into a cocked hat.

If you want to gain a woman's affec-tions, don't appeal to her head; but to her feelings. One squeeze of the hand, or press of the lip, is worth a dozen speeches. Calicor is an institution of touch, and not of logic.

Ladies are like watches, pretty enough