Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, — THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. — Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXVIII. — MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., MARCH 18, 1874. — NO. 11.

Poetry.

Life's Questions.

Drifting away
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment,
Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving,
Never to mend—
Such is our progress:
Where is the end?

Whirling away
Like leaf on the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind;
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend—
Such our fidelity:
Where is the end?

Floating away
Like a cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still;
Where to repose ourselves?
Whither to tend?
Such our consistency:
Where is the end?

Crystal the pavement
Seen through the stream;
Firm the reality
Under the dream.
We may not feel it,
Still we may mend.
How we have conquered,
Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,
Sports of the wind;
But stands through the winter
The great tree behind.
Frost shall not wither it;
Storms cannot bend
Roots firmly clasping
The rock at the end.

Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud;
Clear shine the stars through
The rifts of the shroud.
There our repose shall be,
Thither we tend—
Spite of our waverings,
Approved at the end.

Miscellany.

Nervous Mothers.

There is a sentiment among American women which makes it *de rigueur* for a mother to have her children always about her. If she does not nurse her infant—and modern American mothers can rarely do that—she has it constantly in her presence; and purposely employs an ignorant and inexperienced nurse, for the sake of having one about her who will submit to be constantly harassed by directions. The practical result of this sentimental maternity is really disastrous. American women are nervous, American men are nervous. Naturally they have nervous children; children of slender physique, but easily excited into an exhibition of precocious intelligence, which is considered genius. To make it "notice" early, to make it talk soon, and then to report its wise and witty sayings, is the aim of the fond American mother's life.

Instead of letting the little creature suck its fist and grow fat, it is jumped and danced and seesawed, confused with unmeaning sounds, bewildered by unceasing gabble. It is made to know its "own papa and mamma" before it knows there are such things as papas and mammas. It is made to repeat like a parrot names to which it can attach no sense or meaning, and pick the eyes, nose, mouth, and other features out of every visitor's head.

The English method of placing very young children in the hands of experienced nurses, and making them responsible, is much better. The nervous activity of the mother would then cease to irritate, and only act as an occasional stimulus. The child would be subject to less excitement, less indulgence, more regular and heathy habits. The trained mechanism of the nurse, which admits of little outward manifestation of feeling, surrounds her charge with just the quiet, uneventful atmosphere in which a baby best grows and thrives.

A large, airy nursery at the top of the house; a good, clean, wholesome Belgian, Swiss, or Swedish woman to take charge of it; breakfasts of oatmeal porridge and milk; dinners of roast or boiled beef or mutton and rice pudding; tea of bread and butter, milk and fruit, and no candy or "pieces" between meals; rides with mamma and visits at bedtime:—this is the routine which American children need, and which they must have, to counteract the unfortunate tendencies which so many inherit from their parents, and which are aggravated by sharing their bad habits, their late dinners, and the stimulating pressure of their constant society.

Newfoundland not a Part of Canada.

On the 8th of November the general election in Newfoundland to decide whether the island should become a part of Canada or remain, as now, in possession of its responsible government, took place, and the result has proved favorable to those opposed to the scheme of confederation. In St. John's, the capital of the island, a vigorous opposition was made to the scheme of confederation, and not one confederate was returned in that city. Ferryland, Harbor Maine, Placentia and St. Mary's, all returned anti-confederate members. Trinity and Harbor Grace have alone returned confederates, but the greater number of the voters are poor, and they are absolutely controlled by their English employers. The enthusiasm in St. John's over the third and final triumph of the anti-confederates was most ardent. This victory in Newfoundland is conspicuous in view of the struggles made by Nova Scotia, New-Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to remain in possession of their own Parliaments. That island is to-day the only unannexed province in British North America.

Why Not Successful.

The young clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of striving to help him earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, must have a servant to help her spend his limited earnings. Ten years afterward he will be found struggling on under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky. The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks, tariffs, bad public policy or hard times, but their own extravagance and heedless ostentation.

The doll of the period is elaborately dressed, wears jewelry, and is too nice to play with.

WHAT A STRANGE NAME!

"Jessie, my dear, read the deaths for me. "It's such a dark morning I don't seem able to see this fine print," said old Mrs. Martin to her granddaughter.

"I guess it is a dark day," answered Jessie pettishly. "It's too bad for the rain to come to-day when we were going to have a game of croquet in the park, with the Simonsons."

"We must never find fault with the weather, my child. Remember who sends the rain, and think of the good it does to the country. Think of all the mills which need water to work their machinery, and the many animals who depend on the rain to fill the little streams where they drink. Indeed, we shouldn't have water enough to supply our own wants, only the rain falls so abundantly. Anyhow, what are our little amusements compared with the interests of the great region on which the rain falls?"

"I didn't think of that, grandma. Give me the paper, and let me read for you. I'll try and forget my disappointment."

"That's a good, sensible girl. I'll give you a maxim that will always help you: 'Make the best of it.' Now, my dear, just read the deaths over."

Jessie read aloud till near the end of the column, when she was struck by the following: "On Monday, at the residence of her son, Hugh Emerson, Deliverance Emerson, aged sixty."

"Why, grandma, what a strange name! Deliverance. I wonder what the folks called her for short—*Del, Liver*, or *Ancy?*" exclaimed Jessie, laughing.

"Hush, child! Read that again. Is Deliverance dead? Why, she was a little baby when I was engaged to your grandfatherr Read that again."

Jessie read the notice again, and then said: "Then you knew her grandma?"

"Knew her child! I should think I did know her. Dear me, to think that the baby I held in my arms is gone before me!"

"Tell me about her, grandma. Why did her father and mother give her such a name?"

"It's quite a story, child."

"Well, tell it to me, please, grandma. You know I love to hear you tell of when you were young, and it will make up for the game of croquet I expected to play this morning."

"Well, let me think a moment. It brings back the time when your grandfather and I used to stroll by the creek and across the meadows to gather apples. Well, I was about seventeen, when a family named Field came to settle in our country. They were odd kind of people, didn't go to meeting, and kept somewhat to themselves. We all wondered what they were, and where they came from; but they never told us. Well, they had one child, a little baby a few months old; and they were very fond of this baby; it seemed as if they were always playing with the child and talking baby-talk when any of the neighbors passed that way. The father painted pictures of the child in various positions, and hung the paintings up in the sitting-room."

"Was Mr. Field a painter?"

"He knew something about it, but couldn't make a living by it, so he took to farming. He didn't do much at that either; only just managed to live, that's all."

"But what happened to the baby, grandma? I'm so impatient to hear."

"Well, I'm coming to it. One June afternoon, Ned Martin and I were near his father's mill, on the Barton River. He was talking about the lowness of the water preventing the mills from working. He said the men of the neighborhood were going to cut a trench from Long Lake to the little lake from which the Barton River flowed, so that they could get a supply of water to work the mill."

"This was in Vermont, grandma, wasn't it?" said Jessie eagerly.

"Yes, in the northern part of Vermont. Well, on the 16th of June, 1810—I remember the date better than if it happened last year—the men were cutting the trench, when, on a sudden, Long Lake burst its borders and poured down the hill between the two. What a fearful noise the torrent made as it rushed along. We heard the noise and saw the furious stream, but we were not near enough to be in danger of our lives. The torrent rushed across the country fifteen miles, to Lake Memphremagog, carrying with it rocks, hills, forests, houses, mills, and cattle.

"When the water had subsided, it was found that no lives were lost, except the Fields' little baby. Their house was swept away with the baby in it. Mr. Field was out in the woods at the time, and Mrs. Field had left the house for a few minutes, to get something out of the garden. Of course every one gave the baby up, and Mr. and Mrs. Field set off towards Lake Memphremagog to seek for the body.

"Soon after they left, Ned was out in the boat, when he saw the ruins of a house a little in from the course of the torrent. He doesn't know why he was led to go and see what was among the ruins, but he looked under the planks, and saw a child nearly famished, but still breathing. He didn't know the child, but supposed it to be the one the Fields had lamented so bitterly. Our house was nearer than his, so he brought the baby to me, and mother warmed and fed the little creature carefully till she became quite recovered. I carried the helpless thing about, and petted it for several weeks till I grew very fond of it."

"But didn't the father and mother learn that the baby was saved?"

"Not for two—yes three months. They didn't come back, and though several of the neighbors tried to find them, they did not succeed. The reason was, Mr. and Mrs. Field both took a fever from being out in the wet looking for their baby, and went to a cousin's house near the Canada border."

"What a pity they didn't know!"

"Yes, but I suppose there was a purpose in it all. Well, in September, Mr. Field came back to sell his farm. As soon as your grandfather saw him, he told all the good news, and led the astonished father to our house, where I put baby into his arms.

"Before Thanksgiving day came round, the neighbors had rebuilt Mr. Field's house, and furnished it. On Thankgiving day the Fields moved in with grateful hearts.

"'We'll call the little one Deliverance,' Mr. Field said to Ned and me when we were bidding him good-bye, 'for she has been delivered from great danger, and her loss and restoration have led me from doubt into the paths of faith and hope.'"

Lady Holland was rather fond of crowding her dinner-table. Once, when the company was already tightly packed, an unexpected guest arrived, and she instantly gave her imperious order: "Luttrell, make room!" "It must certainly be *made*," he answered, "for it does not *exist!*"

Mistakes in Life.

There is no more prolific cause of repining and discontent in life than that found in looking back upon bygone mistakes. We are fond of persuading ourselves and others that could other crises have been decided differently, our whole course in life would have been one of unmingled success, instead of the partial failure that it so often appears. None can tell how weighty may be the results of even a trifling action, nor how much of the future is bound up in every day decisions.

The great error men make in this revision is in attributing their failures to circumstances, instead of to character. They see the mistakes which lie on the surface, but fail to trace them back to the sources from which they spring. The truth is, that crises are the occasions for bringing out predominating traits of character. They are tests of the nature and qualities of the man, rather than the causes of future success or failure. Chances are lost and opportunities wasted; advisers ill-chosen, and disastrous speculations undertaken; unhappy marriages contracted; but there is nothing properly accidental in these steps. They are to be regarded as the results of unbalanced character as much as the causes of future misery. The disposition of mind that led to these errors would certainly, under other circumstances, have led to different, but not less lamentable results.

We see clearly in judging of others. We attribute their mischances without compunction to the faults that we see in them, and sometimes even make cruel mistakes in the investigation; but in reviewing our own course, self draws a veil over our imperfections, and we persuade ourselves that unavoidable mistakes or unfortunate circumstances are the entire cause of all our misfortunes. It is true that no circumstances are always favorable; no training perfectly judicious; no friends wholly wise; yet he who is ever shifting the blame of his mischances upon these external causes, is the very man who has the most reason to trace them to his own inherent weaknesses or demerits.

It is questionable whether the habit of looking much at mistakes, even of our own, is a very profitable one. Certainly the practice of moaning over and bewailing them, and charging upon them all the evils that afflict us, is the most injurious to our future course, and the greatest hindrance to any real improvement of character. Acting from impulse and not from reason, is one of the chief causes of these mistakes, and he who would avoid them in the future will submit all his sudden impulses to the searching and penetrating ordeal of his best reason before acting upon them. Above all, the steady formation of virtuous habits, the subjection of all action to principle rather than to policy; the stern and unflinching adherence to right, so far and as fast as it is discovered, are the best safeguards against mistakes in life.

Emerson's Mysticism.

I think that the mysticism of Emerson's style was not wholly native and spontaneous to him. But his intuitions told him, and rightly, that without it he could not gain his just influence; our community would deny him a hearing if he should begin by telling us bluntly what he thought. The most conscientious readers are often the most bigoted. In order not to provoke the needless enmity of these good people, Emerson employed an exquisite obscurantism in his style. Persons of mature prejudices passed him by as incomprehensible. They did not take the trouble to understand him; they took up the cudgels and quarreled with enemies whose weapons were coarse, but far less dangerous than Emerson's enchanted lance. But the young, meanwhile, the ardent and delicate spirits of the times, were reading his sayings with glowing hearts. In them they found the coolness, the freedom, the mystery of Nature; his sentences seemed to flow down from the mountain springs. Emerson's thought was attended to; it gained its deserved influence, and has colored the better character of America. It was the triumph of wise method. I do not say that here a wise method was all. Only genius could have wrought so admirable a weapon as Emerson's style. But it was this that gave him opportunity. A categorical clearness in his first volume would have been ruinous. If vulgar people had known what he meant, he would have been whirled away into their gulfs of controversy, and we should have lost Emerson and the best of New England culture.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Friend in Need.

"Confidence," says the proverb, "is a plant of slow growth." It is, perhaps, not best to grow at all in the Australian bush, judging from the following incident by a Melbourne paper. A certain person was traveling through a lonely district, when he heard a great outcry. Thinking bushrangers were at work, he fired off a pistol to intimidate them, and presently the noise ceased and a scampering was heard. On coming to the open ground the traveler discovered a man tied to a tree. "Oh, sir," cried the victim, "I am so glad you are come, I have been attacked by ruffians, and they were robbing me when they heard your pistol." And couldn't you get loose, my friend?" asked the traveler. "No; they tied me so very tightly." "And did they rob you of everything?" "No, only my watch. They had not time to search for my money, which I placed in my left boot." "How fortunate," observed the traveler; "was the sum considerable?" "Over a thousand, thank heaven," said the poor man. "Are you sure they are gone?" asked the other. "Oh, certain." The new comer looked around and around, and seeing the coast clear, said cooly, "Well, as they're gone, I think I'll finish the job myself." And he proceeded to rob the unfortunate victim.—*London Globe.*

Who Cares for the Children?

What is everybody's business is nobody's business! What do the children read? What do they get at the News-stands? Are there bad periodicals for children as well as bad books? Will the Newspapers all over the land look into this business and call attention to it!

Several months ago, a young girl in San Francisco exhibited marks on her hands, feet and side, which she asserted were the stigmata, or marks of the crucifixion, and which she stated to be of miraculous origin. Many persons are said to have believed in the miracle. The Catholic authorities, however, had the girl placed in a convent, where she was carefully watched, and it was lately discovered that she was an impostor, as the marks were caused by self-inflicted wounds.

Life in Northern Texas.

The climate of Northern Texas, during nine months out of the twelve, is absolutely and perfectly delightful. There is no such thing as intense sultriness, for a refreshing breeze is always blowing. Spring comes in April, and enamels the prairies with a wealth of blossoms, among which none are more splendidly beautiful than the prairie plume, a plant which sends up a lofty flower-stalk, crowning it with a plume-like head of closely clustered crimson flowers. These prairie plains are destined, some time in the not far-distant future, to supersede Florida and Minnesota as a resort for consumptives. The dryness and equability of the atmosphere strengthens, vitalizes, and heals the lungs that have become diseased in a wet or freezing climate. It is said that a case of consumption never originates there; while many who have gone there in the last stages of it have taken a new lease of life and lived comfortably for fifteen or twenty years. In such cases, however, they got the full benefit of the healing air by breathing it in an undefiled state, sleeping under a tent, or in an open log cabin.

As a farming country, Northern Texas possesses great attractions. Its broad, rolling prairies are easily convertible into fields of cotton—there is no clearing to be done, only the tall grass to be burned off in the spring, or turned under with a plow. And cotton grows there beautifully. Since railroad facilities have been introduced its culture pays handsomely. If a farmer wants to raise corn, oats, barley, and wheat, as well as cotton, he can just fence in a big prairie field, fifty, a hundred, or three hundred acres, as he chooses, and not go to the trouble of "taking in" all the land he owns. Two plowings, one with a turn-plow, the other with a sweep, will make a crop of cotton, though, as in the "Old States," it does better with more careful culture. The quick growth of cockle-burrs and sun-flowers necessitates the use of the hoe more than grass or any other kind of weeds. Corn yields splendidly. From one quart of corn, planted in May, three bushels were gathered. Stock raising is a specialty of Texan farmers. A herd of forty cows will, in twenty years, produce a drove of eight hundred; horses increase in the same ratio, and both get their living off the prairies, the owner taking no trouble further than branding them; the mark generally being his own initials. Colts are broken, a few at a time, from a drove, caught with a lasso and thrown down. An unbroken horse will bring fifty dollars; a broken one, seventy-five

In the spring of the year cattle speculators pass through the country buying up cattle for beef, giving, where they buy a large drove, not more than six dollars per head. A cruel custom prevails among these cattle drovers, which they excuse on the ground of expediency. As large numbers of cows with calves are included in the droves, they drive them all together for a few days, till they come to some well-watered timber, where, having camped, they shoot all the young calves, saving their skins, which will bring them as much money as the calves' flesh would. They remain at these camps several days, so that the cows may see and be convinced that their calves are dead, as otherwise they would not submit to be driven. The drovers contend that it is more merciful to kill the little calves in this way than to wear them out by a march of several hundred miles, as their usual course lies northward to the track of the Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska Railways, where the cattle are shipped for beef to Eastern markets. The settled population of Northern Texas accumulate property rapidly, raise their herds of cows and horses, and the finest of wheat, but there is a large floating population, constantly on the move, who hardly pay expenses.

There are a good many Indians still in the country. It is said that in the part of country inhabited by the Comanches a silver and copper mine has been discovered, which will doubtless be opened and worked by capitalists in a few years. The friendly Indians who come into the country keep up the old system of barter, bringing venison, hams, deer-skins, moccasins, and baskets to exchange for blankets, whisky, powder, shot, corn, and flour. Their baskets are beautiful specimens of deft handiwork, made of *split* cane, brilliantly colored, red, green, blue, and yellow, with vegetable dyes. They are made by the squaws, who, as from time immemorial, do all the work while the warriors hunt and ride. The price of a basket is what it will hold of corn, wheat, or flour. They use no salt with bread or meat, stripping the flesh entirely off the bones, and stretching it as thin as possible to dry it. Their method of killing a beef aptly illustrates their savage temper, and how they *educate* themselves to practice the torture. Several of them get round the animal to be killed, and shoot arrows at it in parts of the body where the points of the arrows sticking in will only produce a stinging, irritating sensation, and this they will continue, laughing, yelling, hooting, at the evident sufferings of the victim for hours, until, indeed, they see it droop as if about to die, then a well-aimed arrow through some vital part instantly dispatches it. To this day they occasionally steal white girl children and sarry them off, in order to get a ransom for them, managing to get the reward, on the restoration of the child, without betraying the original thief.

The Home of Landseer.

The house of the late Sir Edwin Landseer is at the end of St John's Wood road, London. It is a long, low building, standing in some acres of garden, at the bottom of which runs the Regent's Park Canal. The original of one of the Trafalgar square lions keeps grim watch from under a gigantic tarpaulin kennel on any visitors approaching the house across the gravelled court-yard which lies between it and the road. The painting room is a large bare room with two high windows facing north. Great doors with rusty hinges open into the garden, and through them came the horses, dogs, dead lions, and all sitters that were not human. A hobby-horse with a side-saddle, and all the numerous straps and buckles correctly adjusted, attests the painter's fidelity to all the minuter accessories of his art. In one corner stands the huge couch, covered with a tartan, on which the painter spent many hours of the last few years of his suffering life. Two busts of the Queen, at different ages, attract every eye, placed, as they were, in the master's lifetime, almost in the centre of the room; while his stand of half-emptied color-tubes, and even the raised chair occupied by his sitters, are just as he left them. The walls and ceiling are toned by age into a harmonious gray, which did not attract the painter's sight from his work, and pleased him far better, so he was used to say, than the glaring whiteness and cleanliness dear to less artistic eyes.

twelve natives, and an ample store of stones is kept, which they throw both with slings and with the hand, with great force and precision. At the foot of each of these trees is another hut, in which the family usually reside, the tree house being only resorted to at night and in time of danger. In fact, however, they are never safe from surprise, notwithstanding all their precautions, as the great object in life among the people is to get each other's heads. Captain Simpson found a row of twenty-five fresh human heads fastened up across the front of a chief's house. Raids are made to get heads and to eat the bodies. The heads of men, women, and children are all taken, and the wonder is that the island has not become depopulated.

The people of this and other islands are not, however, noted for their courage. Such a thing as a stand-up fight between tribes is almost unknown, but they prowl about for prey, attacking whenever they have a victim in their power, without risk to themselves. In some of the islands the men have long hair, which they wear in fashions like those adopted by the other sex in civilized lands, the favorite modes being the chignon or loose down the back; the women, whose hair is shorter than the men's, wear it loose and undressed. "In their clothing there is not at present opportunity for European or any other fashions."

Home Life in the Bush.

The first months of this year found us very anxious to get the log-house finished which had been so well begun by our four gentlemen, and as soon as the weather moderated a little, and our means allowed us to get help, we had it roofed, floored, chinked, and mossed. It was necessary to get it finished so that we might move before the great thaw should cover the forest paths with seas of slush and mud, and before the creek between us and our domicile should be swollen so as to render it impossable for ladies. When the workmen had finished, we sent to the nearest town for a settler's stove; and as the ox team could bring it no farther than the corner of the road which skirts one end of my lot, your brothers had the agreeable task of bringing it piecemeal on their backs, with all its heavy belongings, down the precipitous side of my gully, wading knee deep through the creek at the bottom, and scrambling up the side nearest here. It was quite a service of danger, and I felt truly thankful that no accident occurred. Another important event also took place, and this was the christening of our dear little bush girl, who by this time was thriving nicely.

Our Church of England clergyman at B——e kindly came over to perform the ceremony, but as no special day had been named, his visit took us by surprise, and the hospitality we were able to extend to him was meagre indeed. This christening certainly presented a marked contrast to our last. It was no well-dressed infant, in a richly embroidered robe, and French lace cap like a cauliflower wig, that I handed to our good minister, but a dear little soft bundle of rumpled flannel, with just enough of face visible to receive the baptismal sprinkling. We all stood round in our anomalous costumes, and a cracked slop-basin represented the font. Nevertheless, our little darling behaved incomparably well, and all passed off pleasantly.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

An Old-Time Rat Exterminator.

Many years ago there stood on the bank of a river in Tyrone County, Ireland, an old jail, which was so terribly infessted with rats that the prisoners were often bitten while sleeping in their cells. Every method of extermination had been tried without avail, and the authorities had almost determined to forsake the premises and leave the rats in possession, when one day a wretched, weird-looking old man, who was incarcerated for some offence, requested an interview with the Governor of the jail. His request was granted, and when he was alone with the Governor he stated that he was able and willing to exterminate every rat from the place by the next morning, if he might have his freedom in return. He also stipulated that no questions were to be asked concerning his method of doing it, nor was a single rat to be molested by anybody during the time intervening. The curiosity of the Governor was aroused and he consented to the old man's request. He then asked the Governor for pen, ink, and paper, which were given him. He wrote something upon the paper and placed it in the largest rat-hole he could find. He invited the Governor and the officials to assemble next morning on the lawn in front of the jail. At the appointed time they were all anxiously watching the door, when to their amazement out came, first, an old gray rat bearing in his mouth the identical paper which the old man had placed in the hole, and following after him in single file came about two hundred rats, marching slowly onward until they disappeared in the distance. Never afterware was a rat seen or heard of in the place. This story has been handed down through generations, and vouched for as an authentic incident.

Three Habitations in the South Sea Islands.

Among the papers presented to the British Parliament relating to the South Sea islanders, is a report by Captain C. H. Simpson, of Her Britannic Majesty's ship Blanche, giving an account of his visit in 1872 to the Solomon and other groups of islands in the Pacific ocean. While at Isabel Island, Captain Simpson, with a party of officers, went a short distance inland to visit one of the curious tree villages, peculiar, he belives, to this island. He found the village built on the summit of a rocky mountain, rising almost perpendicularly to a height of eight hundred feet. The party ascended by a native path, and found the extreme summit a mass of enormous rocks standing up like a castle, among which grew gigantic trees, in the branches of which the houses of the natives are built. The stems of these trees rise perfectly straight and smooth, without a branch to a height of from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. In the one Captain Simpson ascended, the house was just eighty feet from the ground; one close to it was about one hundred and twenty feet. The only means of approach to these houses is by a ladder made of a creeper, suspended from a post within the house, and which, of course, can be hauled up at will.

The houses are most ingeniously built, and are very firm and strong. Each house will contain from ten to

Mrs. Nevercantell hasn't heard of the Brown girls making their *debut* yet, but she don't whether it will be safe to notice them or not, since she understands they are going to act in concert.

Charity.

Without the exercise of this grace it is impossible to make domestic and social life delightful. Deeds and words of conventional courtesy, grown familiar are comparatively empty forms. The charitable soul carries with it a charmed atmosphere of peace and love, breathing which, all who come within its benign influence unfold their noblest qualities and develop their most amiable traits. Inharmonious influences are neutralized, the harsh discipline of life is changed to wholesome training, the crooked places are made straight, and the rough smooth.

The uncharitable and censorious are generally found among the narrow' the bigoted, and those who have never read the full page of their own hearts, or been subjected to various and crucial tests. How can a man whose temperament is phlegmatic, judge justly of him whose blood is fiery, whose nature is tropical, and whose passions mount in an instant and as quickly subside? How can one in the seclusion of private life accurately measure the force of the influences those are subjected to who live and act in the centre of vast and powerful civil or social circles?

No man in this country has been a target for so much abuse of all kinds, and perhaps justly, as Aaron Burr. But can any one doubt that if his mother had lived to form his character he would have been a different man? Could she have restrained him within the boundaries of virtue, by the power of love and example, and presented the Christian faith to him in the contrite form of a saintly and lovely life, instead of in the harsh outlines of a doctrinal theology, is it probable that he would have abjured the faith of his fathers and lived, as he did, utterly without God in the world? Confided to the care of a stern old Puritan uncle, having religion forced upon him in its most repulsive forms of bigotry, self-denial and dogma, no wonder a free, bold, sunny, and defiant nature like his revolted. We do not propose to justify Aaron Burr in any of his misdeeds, but simply to suggest ways by which, while we hate the sin with all our hearts, we may still the sinner love.

Frank and expressive people are not nearly so liable to misconstruction as are those who by reason of trials known only to themselves, of adverse or prosperous circumstances, of powerful temptations, or a peculiar course of life are beyond the reach of ordinary sympathy and incapable of being easily understood by their fellows. If a man for a series of years gives himself to the study of disease by the aid of the microscope, and will believe nothing but what he sees with his own eyes through his lens, while his accurate knowledge of disease is enlarged, and his powers of observation and judgment strengthened, may not his wings of faith lack exercise and grow weak? Some of our scientists study so closely the silver side of the shield, the handwriting upon rocks and forms, the elemental constitution and laws of the physical world, that they neglect the golden side whereon in letters of light is inscribed the revelation of God himself. Shall we condemn them for this? Nay, and yet their indifference need not shake our faith.

Could we know the secret influences by which the characters of those around us are formed, we should have a key wherewith to decipher what is now in hieroglyph. Wanting this we frequently censure or condemn what could we read we might admire or pity. "I know I'm deceitful," said a young lady the other day, "but father has always been so stern, so blunt and so cross, that in putting a pleasant face upon matters and smothing things over, I couldn't help becoming deceitful." The characters of children and young people are often warped in this manner, and strangers ignorant of their domestic history are at a loss how to explain inconsistences. The best of us are bound to confess that but for the circumstances from birth and training we, too, might swell the multitude of convicts that fill our penitentiaries.

He who carries ever with him the spirit of boundless charity to man often does good when he knows not of it. An influence goes forth from him which soothes the distressed, encourages the drooping, stimulates afresh the lover of virtue, and begets its own image and likeness in all beholders.

Here and Hereafter.

Two glorious futures lie before us: the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. History indicates that the individual man needs to be transplanted in order to excel the past. He appears to have reached his perfection centuries ago. Men lived then whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal. Our knowledge has gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite accumulation. But for power, for the highest reach and range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shown no sign of increase or improvement. What sculptor has surpassed Phidias? What poet has transcended Æschylus, Homer, or the author of the book of Job? What devout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman have modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What patriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquirements, was Bacon superior to Plato? Very early in our history, individual men beat their wings against the allotted boundaries of their earthly dominions; early in history God gave to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend. Here, then, surely we see clearly intimated to us our appointed work—viz: to raise the masses to the true standard of harmonious virtue and capacity; not to strive ourselves to overleap that standard; not to put our own souls or brains into a hot bed, but to put all our fellow men into a fertile and a wholesome soil.—*Enigmas of Life.*

The newly-elected Lord Mayor of London, Sir Sidney Waterlow, is a practical printer. In early life he was an apprentice to Messrs. Harrison, Government Printers, and through his own exertions and ability has won honor and distinction. During the past few years he has devoted himself to the welfare of the working classes in various ways, and was the promoter of some excellent and cheap cottages for workingmen in various parts of the city that has just chosen him to be its Chief Magistrate.

Bogwood comes from the swamps of Ireland, and is only wood that has lain a few centuries in the strange, resinous mud, until it is so hard and black that it will polish finely. The mud of these swamps will burn, and is sometimes made into candles; and no doubt the whole thing is on its way to make soft coal.

Youths' Column.

Our Baby.

Little blue eyes,
Little brown locks,
Little plump cheeks,
Little low frocks;
Near us one moment—the next out of sight,
Who has a heart half so feathery light,
Who has a smile half so babyish-bright
As Baby?

Dear little ways
'Gu ling the time—
Odd little "says"
Not fitting rhyme—
Who can win hearts half so quickly as she?
Who such a bright bit of sunshine can be?
Who loves a baby so dearly as we
Our Baby?

A True Story of a Camel.—I dare say many of my little readers have seen a camel; but I don't think they ever saw such a funny camel as I saw in London last year.

Taking my little son with me one pleasant morning, we drove to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. These Gardens contain the largest collection of animals in the world. One must spend a whole day there to see it thoroughly. We spent a good part of the day, and it was there that we saw this wonderful camel.

He was a very big fellow, and had for his own apartment, all to himself, a circular piece of ground surrounded by an iron railing. But the remarkable thing about him was, that he was going through the most singular antics, racing around his enclosure on three legs, and dragging the other after him as if it were broken.

A crowd of boys stood around him, shouting with laughter at this odd performance; and I soon discovered the secret of the creature's gambols. A little lame boy had been in the habit of running round the circular enclosure, rattling his crutch against the pavement, to the great delight and amusement of Mr. Camel, who, after numerous visits from the boy, had come out with this remarkable imitation.

Now, a camel is not a graceful beast at any time; and when he attempts to mimic a lame boy, he presents a very funny appearance. I asked the boy if he fed him often; and he said, "Oh, yes! I always bring him something to eat."

So whether the camel had an eye to the boy's good things, or whether he played the mimic just for fun, we shall never know. At all events, he did it to perfection, and I never was more amused in my life.—*The Nursery.*

A Sagacious Calf.—My little readers have been told about sagacious dogs and horses; but have they ever heard of a sagacious *calf?* Uncle Horace, who lives on a farm, has one,—the only one I ever saw. Her name is Bessie, and she is not quite a year old yet.

In the lot where Bessie is kept, there is a trough which is usually filled with water, so that the calves can come and drink when they are thirsty. The other day the trough happened to be empty when Bessie came to drink; and what do you think she did?

Why, she put up her fore-feet into the trough, and, reaching her head over the fence, took hold of the pump-handle with her mouth, and worked it up and down just as she had seen the folks do when they were pumping water.

Aunt Nancy thinks that when Bessie grows up, she will know so much that "there will be no living with her."—*The Nursery.*

"Please Take my Kittens."—Lily is a small Spanish dog. A pet cat, owned in the same family, had two kittens when Lily's little puppy was about three weeks old. The cat had a basket in one corner, the dog in the one opposite. Puss was a very old cat, fourteen years; and not only were her kittens very feeble, but she soon found she could not nurse them. What did she do?

She jumped out of her basket, rubbed her nose against the dog, purred and looked at the kittens. Lily went to the cat's basket, took out a kitten and carried it to her own; went back and brought the other, and then jumped in beside them. She washed and nursed them. Pussy stood up with her fore paws on the edge of the basket a few moments, and satisfied that they would have loving care, purred her thanks and walked away.

A Letter Carrier.—Fido is a little black-and-tan dog owned by a friend of mine in Worcester. He is not usually fond of people out of his owner's family; but he has taken a great liking to a gentleman who lives near, and often goes to see him.

When this gentleman wants to send a message to any one at my friend's house, he writes a note, ties it around Fido's neck, and tells him to go home.

Home trots Fido, never stopping to play, and finds one of the family. When the note is taken, he seems to think he has done his duty, and barks and jumps as if very happy.

Geographical Enigma.—I am composed of seventeen letters.
My 9, 14, 1, 10, 12, is a city in Georgia.
My 2, 11, 4, 3, 6, 16, is a city in Texas.
My 7, 15, 12, 1, 10, 8, 16, is a city in Nebraska.
My 2, 3, 7, 14, 13, 2, is a city in Georgia.
My 1, 14, 13, 17, 5, 15, 7, 8, is a city in New York.
My whole is a range of mountains in the United States.
Answer:—Catskill Mountains.

Word Square.—
Worth.
A foe.
Kingly.
A likeness.
A President of the United States.
Answer:—
M e r i t
E n e m y
R e g a l
I m a g e
T y l e r

A story is told of a watchman in a mill who made friends with a large rat and his family. At his midnight lunch he would give a light rap on the wall, when out would come the rats to share his hospitality. After finishing their meal they would play about their benefactor for a while in the most sportive and trusting manner, and then run off again to their hiding-places.

President Nott once said: "I want to give you this advice, my children—don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. Just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you."

Have a care of your temper, for a passionate boy rides a pony that runs away with him. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it.

What is the cheapest way of procuring a fiddle? Buy some castor-oil and you will get a vial-in (violin!)

Varieties.

Natural wit—Humors of the blood.

Divine fisticuffs—The mills of the gods.

The poorest diet—eating your own words.

Young ladies economy—never throw away a good match.

The spirit has moved them in Ohio to move the spirits.

Parties with decayed teeth are not always good stump speakers.

Oysters are advertised at seventy-five cents the half dozen in Salt Lake City.

Central Falls, R. I., boasts of a 260-pound boy, who is only 16 years old.

There is but one baby in a newly-made Oregon town, and the neighbors take turns borrowing it.

A very fashionable lady says she is resigned to her *fete*—or to as many as she can get invitations for.

He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.

An Ohio lady wants a divorce, because on one occasion her husband put her to soak in the rain-water barrel.

The latest burglar-alarm—Newspapers spread loosely upon the stairways and in front of doorways and windows.

An Indianapolis paper attempted to call a cotemporary editor a wood-sawer, and the more intelligent printer made it "word-sawer."

An unfortunate swain, who was kicked out of the house by his sweetheart's stern parent the other night, declares it to have been quite exit-ing.

Faint not; the miles to heaven are few and short. There are many heads lying in Christ's bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest.

An exchange says: "Keep an eye out for the early resumption of specie payment." Both our eyes are already out looking for it—and so are our elbows!

It is said that the street venders of lemonade in Marseilles have struck, but probably before striking each vender provided himself with a "stick" in his lemonade.

The first Russian newspaper was published over one hundred and sixty years ago, under the special patronage of Peter the Great, one of its principal contributors.

Our principles are the springs of our actions; our actions the springs of our happiness or misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be taken in forming our principles.

A Detroit Justice of the Peace told a girl, who appeared before, that she had an artless way about her that reminded him of a hen balanced on the top of a picket fence, but he sentenced her to "ninety days," nevertheless.

Ar a juvenile party, one little fellow, rejoicing in the splendor of his new clothes, went up to another with the triumphant remark: "You ain't dressed as well as I am." "Well, retorted the other, "I can lick you, anyhow."

The Bishop of Montreal had prohibited dancing. Two officers, wishing to obtain permission to dance the polka at a military ball, danced it together to show the Bishop how it was done. After the exhibition, the Bishop gave his permission in these terms: "You can dance the polka as long as you please—with each other!"

I like to hear of such a boy as this. He is so natural that he will never get into a book. He went into a bookstore with his mother, and crept up to the juvenile of the establishment with the sly query, "Say, have you got any books for boys that ain't got any religion in 'em?" Poor little wretch. It is not hard to imagine the weary, weary work he has found reading.

A stock company is organizing in Atlanta, Ga., for the purpose of manufacturing paper from palmetto, of which that section of the State abounds. A mill of capacity sufficient to make 20,000 pounds of paper per day, is proposed to be erected on a water power in Lowndes County, in the midst of palmetto growth and a sufficient quantity of this plant grows within an area of ten miles to supply a 20,000-pound mill a year.

An Englishman who had but lately arrived in the United States was astonishing the unsophisticated "natives" in Cleveland the other day by describing the many wonders in Great Britain and the vast superiority of the country over "Yankeedom." Referring to London he descanted at length upon the immense number of buildings which the "village" contained, concluding with a statement relative to the enormous amount of square miles which they covered. At this point, however, a person in the crowd interrupted him with the query: "That's all well enough, mister, but what I want to know is, has she been fenced in yet?"

A writer in the current *Cornhill Magazine*, discussing the claim of certain women that, if their sex were released from the drudgery of house-keeping and maternity,