



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1850.

VOL. XV.—NO. 35.

### CHOICE POETRY.

#### THE ANGEL'S WING.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[There is a German superstition, that when a sudden silence takes place in company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit around them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the seraph. For the purpose of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.]

When by the evening's quiet light  
They sat two silent lovers,  
They say, while in such tranquil plight,  
An angel round them hovers;  
And further still old legends tell:  
The first who breaks the silent spell,  
To say a soft and pleasing thing,  
Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus a musing minstrel strayed,  
By the summer ocean,  
Gazing on a lovely maid,  
With a bard's devotion;  
Yet his love he never spoke,  
Till now the silent spell he broke,  
The hidden fire to flame did spring,  
Fanned by the passing angel's wing.

"I have loved thee well and long,  
With a love of Heaven's own making!  
This is not a poet's song,  
But a true heart's speaking;  
I will love thee, still untiring!"  
He felt—he spoke—as one inspired;  
The words did from Truth's fountain spring,  
Awakened by the angel's wing!

Silence o'er the maiden fell,  
Her beauty lovelier making;  
And by her blush he knew full well  
The dawn of love was breaking.  
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!  
He felt that they should never part—  
She spoke—and oh!—the lovely thing  
Had felt the passing angel's wing.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### CHURCH AND TAVERN.

BY LAURIE TODD.

In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-three, when Louis the Sixteenth was beheaded, and the French revolution was in full blast, I was a thorough-going radical. With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the King's officers, and lodged in Edinburg jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to *banish* myself, and accordingly I took passage in the good ship Providence, and landed at New York, in June, 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath day." I arrived at New York on a Saturday, and the next day being the Sabbath, at nine o'clock, A. M., three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" they inquired.  
"To the church," I replied.  
"We have been ten weeks at sea; our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to-day, and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.

Said I, "you can go where you please, but I'll go to church; the last words I heard from my father were, 'Remember the Sabbath day,' and had I no respect for the Fourth Commandment, I have not yet forgotten his last advice."

They went to the fields; I went to church; they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern; I put a one penny bill in the plate, in the morning, afternoon and night service—total three-pence.—They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daughter, and the landlady's niece would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig, at two dollars a day—wine, cakes and ice cream on the road, fifty cents each; dinner at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock, P. M., half drunk, and having been caught in a thunder shower, their hats, coats and mantles were damaged fifty per cent. They rose the next morning at nine o'clock, A. M., with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots and an angry conscience, besides twelve dollars lighter than when they started. I went to church, rose at five o'clock, A. M., head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet, and commenced the labors of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics; some of them could earn as much as twelve dollars a week. My business, that of a wrought nail-maker, was poor; the cut nail machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shaving. With close application I could only earn five dollars and fifty cents per week. Never mind, at the end of the year, my Sabbath-riding-ship-mates had fine coats, fine hats, powdered heads, and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars piled at the bottom of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty winters are past, and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the Pottery, or some other field; while I received from my Maker a good constitution, (and common sense to take care of it,) I'm as sound in mind, body and spirit, as I was on this day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore at Governor's wharf, New York. Besides, it's a fact, (for which my family can vouch,) I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness, during all that period.

Now, Mr. Printer, I dare say you think, with me, that the Church on the Sabbath is better than the Tavern and fields for the laboring man.

### A FEARFUL STORY.

THE DEMON BRIDE.

"Nota Bena," the New Orleans correspondent of the Concordia Intelligencer, in his last letter, copies the report which appeared in the True Delta, of the case of a man who was attempted to be murdered, some nights since, in that city, by pouring molten lead into his ear, and says:

This reminds me of a singular incident that occurred within my own knowledge, some years ago, in Virginia. Col. T., a gentleman of great respectability, and frequently high sheriff and representative of the county, died, leaving a wife and several children, among them a very beautiful daughter, about fifteen years of age. The widow, finding herself embarrassed, opened a boarding house at the country site, and among her boarders was a Mr. W., a wealthy merchant, over forty years, but a very fine looking man. This gentleman was the prop and stay of the family; gave employment to the sons, educated the daughter at a "fashionable academy," and very naturally, on her return, fell desperately in love with her, when he should have preferred the mother. He pressed his suit with perseverance, but the beautiful Mildred resisted his appeals, and the importunities of all her friends. Finally, however, after two years of assiduity and delicate gallantry on the part of Mr. W., and the combined tears, entreaties, threats and persecution of her family, the fair girl reluctantly stood before the altar, and became his wife. The next evening a large party was given them, but in the midst of it, Mr. W. being attacked with vertigo and sick headache, was compelled to withdraw. His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of the night, apparently in deep distress, and insisted on giving him a potion; she poured out a wine glass full of laudanum, and she swallowed it, unconscious of its nature. It acted as an emetic, but left him stupid and wandering. His senses recled. One moment he lay motionless, as if on the brink of the spirit world, and the next he would leap up convulsively, a strong man in his agony. Mrs. W. denied all admission into the chamber. At length he fell into a deep sleep.—She then stooped for a moment over the smoldering embers—approached the bed—gazed at her sleeping husband—and holding a heated ladle in her hand attempted to pour a stream of melted lead in his ear! She trembled, and the hissing liquid, intended to scald the brain, and thus kill without a trace, fell upon his cheek. He shrieked in excruciating torture, and the revellers in the adjoining saloon rushed into the chamber. There writhed the still stupid husband, the lead riveted deep into his cheek, and there stood the fiend wife, her bridal fillets still upon her brow, the instrument of death in her hand, and an empty vial labelled laudanum, lying on the floor. The fearful realities of the cause flashed upon every one, and, in the confusion of the moment, she was hurried off, and taken to a distant State.

On searching the apartment, an old magazine was found, containing the confession of a woman who had murdered five husbands by pouring lead into their ears. The laudanum and the lead, it was ascertained, she procured from the store of Mr. W. a few days before the marriage, and the ladle was part of his wedding-gift. The grand jury next morning found a bill against the fugitive, and the legislature being in session, forthwith decreed an absolute divorce. What renders this case more extraordinary is, that Miss T. was proverbial for the blandness of her manner, and uniform sweetness of disposition. She was a blonde. The rose laid tinted her lily cheek, as a sunbeam glows on snow. Her blue eyes were indescribably sweet, and her golden hair floated around a form more perfect and voluptuous than ever Apelles dreamed of, or Petrarch sung.

The sequel of this romance is yet more singular. Years rolled away, and W. continued a wretched and solitary man. But the spell of the enchantment was still upon his soul. He closed his stores, sold his estates, collected his ample means, and traced her to her distant retreat, to make a new offer of his hand! She had just married a gentleman of high standing, acquainted with all the details of her career, slandering at the tragedy, but incapable of resisting her charms. Poor W. Then, indeed, did the iron enter his soul. "The deadly arrow quivered in his side." His early love—his fluctuating courtship—his marriage and the catastrophe—the flight—the divorce—his years of misery—the new birth of his passion—and now his disappointment, final and forever—came crashing over him like an iceberg in the tide of bitter memories, and he prayed for death! Whether this prayer was granted, I know not. He may yet wander, broken-hearted, over the earth. If he died, a more wretched, yet a purer and nobler spirit never winged its flight to heaven.

There is not a being that moves on the habitable globe, more degraded or more contemptible than a tattler. Vicious principles, want of honesty, servile meanness, despicable insidiousness, form his character. Has he wit? In attempting to display it, he makes himself a fool. Has he friends? By unhesitatingly disclosing their secrets he will make them his most bitter enemies. By telling all he knows, he will soon discover to the world that he knows but little. Does he envy an individual? His tongue, fruitful with falsehoods, defames his character. Does he covet the favor of any one? He attempts to gain it by slandering others. His approach is feared—his person hated—his company unsought—and his sentiments despised, as emanating from a heart fruitful with guile, teeming with iniquity, and loaded with envy, malice and revenge.

A man seldom attacks the character of another, without injuring his own.

### HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A STORY FOR OUR YOUTHFUL READERS.

We have just found in our reading a capital story which we copy for the benefit of young readers. The lesson it teaches will be apparent to a reflecting mind:—

A traveller who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow storm at the top of a very high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller for a time struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, and his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself, for he, too, could scarcely move, all his powers were frozen, and all appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk to his dying fellow sufferer.

He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off; he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow storm passed away; the mountain was crossed; and the travellers reached their homes in safety.

Now, then, young readers, you will understand, that to be happy and enjoy life, you have only to try and make others happy. Do this, and you will be happy as singing birds.

### Counsels for the Young.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have succeeded. By little and little great things are completed; and so repeated kindness will soften the heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

### The Good Children.

A mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done through the day to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother—only one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of her class, and I smiled on her and ran to kiss her, so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother." The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school, had lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied, she hid her face in the book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck. But I do not know why she said that I was good." "Come to my arms, beloved ones," said the mother; "to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."

There is not a man beneath the canopy of Heaven, however chaste and moral he may be, should his faults be written in plain and indelible characters upon his brow, but what would blush with shame. How quickly, too, would he draw his hat down over his eyes, to hide these faults from the world. How true!

Men are always murmuring at the hardships of this world, yet how they dread to leave it.

### BE ACTIVE.

Be active—be active,  
Find something to do,  
In digging a clam bank  
Or tapping a shoe.  
Don't stop at the corners  
To drag out the day—  
Be active—be active—  
And work while you may.

'Tis foolish to falter  
Or lag in the street—  
Or walk as if chain shot  
Were bound to your feet.  
Be active—be active—  
And do what you can,  
'Tis industry only  
That maketh the man.

'Tis industry makes you—  
Remember—be wise—  
From sloth and from stupor  
Awake and arise.  
You'll live and be happy  
And never complain  
Of the blues or the dumps,  
Or a dull heavy brain.

### "Death has been Busy."

When the year 1849 closed, remarks the Philadelphia Bulletin, it was thought to have been particularly fatal to great men; but 1850 threatens to be even more so. Already we have chronicled the demise of Calhoun, of Wordsworth, of Jeffrey, of Taylor and Peel, each, in his different sphere, a man who "leaves no parallel behind"; and now, as the foreign papers inform us, Louis Philippe probably lies on his death bed, a victim like Napoleon, to cancer in his stomach. The past few years have made sad havoc indeed with those great names which, from our childhood, we have been accustomed to reverence. The giants in intellect—poets, philosophers, statesmen, military men—who formed and led the age have disappeared one after another, until few, or none are left.—With Wordsworth departed the last of the great British poets of the nineteenth century. With Jeffrey went out the last light of that brilliant constellation of wits and poets who revived or rather founded criticism in this age. And now Taylor and Peel and Calhoun are no more; and the old intriguer, Louis Philippe, threatens to follow them. How forcibly all this reminds us that we stand on the threshold of a new age, with new men all around us. Especially, as Americans, do we feel this. Calhoun has gone, and in the order of Nature, Clay and Webster must soon follow.—Taylor has gone, and Worth and Kearney, and others of the heroes of the Mexican war; and Scott, more aged than all, cannot be long behind, indeed, as he followed the corpse of the President to the grave, gloomy thoughts, akin to this we speak of, must have possessed him. With melancholy emotions we see the past take the place of the present; and the reflection arises "who are to take the place of those that are gone?" Alas! who?

### The Harp of the Mind.

The mind is a more delicate instrument than any human invention, and it is worthy of more constant care. The musician is very careful of his favorite instrument, and preserves it from every danger and exposure. How much more careful then ought the youth to be of the harp of the soul. To keep that from the rude hand of sin, and to keep it in such sweet and peaceful tone that it may breathe no other strains than those of virtue, is of great importance to them.

Then listen to the voice of wisdom—"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Let thy conduct through life be such as shall be acceptable and pleasing to him who is the giver of our blessings, and let the chords of thy soul, knowledge, faith, hope and charity, be kept in harmony, and yours will be the sweetest music of bliss in life, and the purest joy and peace in death.

### Sentiment of an aged Chief.

A distinguished Oneida chief, named Skenandoh, having yielded to the instructions of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, and lived a reformed man for fifty years, said, just before he died, in his hundred and twentieth year, "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of one hundred years have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top; (he was blind) why I yet live the great good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus, that I may wait with patience my appointed time to die; and when I die, lay me by the side of my minister and father, that I may go up with him at the great resurrection."

### The King and the Stable Boy.

A King, walking out one morning, met a lad at the stable door, and asked him, "Well, boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the King, "I have no more."

All that the richest possess beyond food, raiment, and habitation, they have but the keeping, or the disposing, not the present enjoyment of. A plough-boy, who thinks and feels correctly, has enough to make him contented; and if a King has a discontented spirit, he will always find some plea for indulging it.

It is with a GOOD BOOK as it is with good company. Introduce a base person among gentlemen; it is all to no purpose; he is not their fellow. Every society protects itself. The company is perfectly safe, and he is not one of them, though his body is in the room.

A facetious friend says that dancing women wear their dresses at half past, as a mark of respect to departed modesty. Our friend had better be careful, or he may be arraigned at the bar of fashion, and forced to take LEG bail.

### HORSE JOCKEYS.

HOW A FRENCHMAN WAS "SOLD."

If any of our unsophisticated readers have never had anything to do with a genuine, unmitigated, bona fide horse jockey, they will possibly be able to sympathize with a certain Frenchman, a passage of whose history has recently come to our knowledge.

The Frenchman in question, having adopted this country as his residence, wanted to procure for himself an animal, the use of whose legs should serve instead of his own, in the various peregrinations he designed making in the prosecution of his search after knowledge. Being little acquainted either with horse jockies or horse flesh, he was grievously taken in by a cheat in the purchase of a steed. He gave a hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare, that had been fattened up to sell, and turned out to be ring-boned, spavined, blind and wind-broken. The Frenchman, on discovering that he had been cheated, went to request the horse jockey to take back the animal, and refund the money.

"Sare," said he, "I've fetch back de mare horse vat you sell me, and I vant de money in my pocket back."

"Your pocket back?" returned the jockey, feigning surprise, "I don't understand you."

"You not stand under me?" exclaimed the irritated Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate furiously, "you not stand under me! Sare, by gar, you be one grand rascal—you lie like Sam—like Sam—vat you call de lectle mountain? eh?"

"Sam Hill, I suppose you mean?"

"Oui, Monsieur—Sam de Hill—yes, sare, you lie like two Sam Hill. You sell me one mare horse for one hundred dollar—he no vort one hundred cent, by gar."

"What's the matter with the beast?"

"Matair! Sare! Matair do you say? Vy he is all matair—he no go at all—he got no leg—no feet, no vind—he blind like one stone vid dat eye—he go veechee-o, veechee-o, like one forge-hammer-bellows—he no go over at all de ground—he no travelle two mile in ten day. Oui, sare, he is one grand cheat. You must take him, and fund de money back."

"Refund the money! Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing."

"Vat! you no fund me back the money? You sheat me vid one hundred dollar horse, dat can no go at all!"

"I never promised you that he would go."

"By gar! vat is one horse good for ven he no go? He is no better as one dead shackass, by gar. Vill you, sare, take the mare-horse back and give me my money vat I pay for him?"

"No sir, I cannot—'twas a fair bargain—your eyes were your own market, as we gentlemen of the turf say."

"Gentilman de turf! You be no gentilman at all—you be no turf—mon Dieu! you be one grand Turque—one Shew—one sacre dam deceptione.—You sheat your own born mother—you play one rascalie trick on your own gotten father. You 'ave no principalle—"

"The interest is what I look at."

"Yes sare, your interest is no principalle. You be one grand rascalie cheat. Mon Dieu! vere you lie when you go to! heh! Le Diabl black he fetch you no time quick, by gar."

Failing to obtain redress of the jockey, the poor Frenchman sent his "mare-horse" to an auctioneer to be sold. But the auctioneer proved to be as great a rogue as the jockey; for he took care that the fees for selling should eat up the price he got for the animal.

"By gar!" said the Frenchman, in relating the story, "I be sheated all round. De shocky horse he sheat me in trade; and de auctioneer he sheat me in dispose of the animale. He sell me de mare horse for one ten dollar, and by gar he charge me eleven dollar for sell him. Mon Dieu! so I be take all round in. I lose eleven and one hundred dollar all in my pocket clear, for one sacre dam, limp lump, veechee-vind, no see at all, good for nothing shade of a mare-horse, vorse as nineteen dead shackasses, by gar!"

### "Touch Me if You Dare."

Some of the Indian Chiefs having become the open enemies of the gospel, Mr. ELLIOTT, sometimes called the Apostle of the American Indians, when in the wilderness, without the company of any other Englishman, was at various times treated in a threatening and barbarous manner by some of these men, yet his Almighty Protector inspired him with such resolution, that he said—"I am about the work of the Great God, and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you, nor all the sachems (or chiefs) in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare!" They heard him and shrunk away.

### I Dispose as well as Propose.

When Bonaparte was about to invade Russia, a person who had endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, finding he could not prevail, quoted to him the proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," to which he indignantly replied, "I dispose as well as propose." A Christian lady, on hearing the impious boast, remarked, "I set that down as the turning point of Bonaparte's fortunes. God will not suffer a creature, with impunity, to usurp his prerogative." It happened to Bonaparte just as the lady predicted. His invasion of Russia was the commencement of his fall.

Never allow yourself to be coaxed into doing that which you know you should not do. The most urgent importunity of another, is no excuse for the commission of an evil deed, but displays a want of firmness most contemptible.

The Historic Times of London announces that Gen. Taylor's successor is Mr. Phillimore!

### THE YANKEE ABROAD.

Among the great human family that spring from the great egg-shell of nothing the Yankee shines as A. No. 1. Queen Vic he astonished, just at the sight of a patent churn; while her "dear Albert" and the rest of the nobility, wonder at the *fix ups* of a patent corn cracker. He sells mouse traps to Metternich; tooth powders to the Orleans branch; tin-ware to the Arabs; introduces Anderson's best to the refined nobility; prescribes Townsend's Sarsaparilla to the Pope of Rome; Sherman's Lozenges to the Duke of Wellington; Huchling's Dyspeptic Bitters to Queen Victoria; Davis' Pain Killer to the Mandarins of China; Moffat's Life Pills to Philippe; and Brandreth's to the famous Emperor of Russia. He makes a foreign bully run like *je leu*, just at the doubling up of his fist; talks a three thousand dollar job right into the Governor of Jamaica, on the *cash plan*; sells wooden combs of any quality to the granlees of Timbuctoo; in a gale heaves over a cook stove, when short of an anchor; introduces himself to Lord Brougham, while letters of introduction remain in his *trousers* pocket; kisses a Spanish belle, when no one else dares undertake the delicate job; appears before the Queen of Portugal as the celebrated Yankee corn doctor, on the "scientific—scientifically" plan, with tools in hand; offers to sell, in a gentlemanly way, the very best of *metabolism* razor straps to Sir Robert Peel just as he is decending the steps of Parliament; sells cowhide boots to O'Connell; makes love to the Florence ladies—sells cakes of the real regular yankee shaving soap, at the main door of the Royal Exchange; takes his hat and makes a regular shipshape bow to Lamartine, and then gets his candid opinion of Bancroft; boasts of yankeism right on the steps of the Bank of England; in an independent way he walks before the Emperor of Russia; presents to him an acorn from Mount Vernon, and rides seven different times in the royal carriage; rolls up the white of his eye like a duck in thunder, to a celebrated Vienna belle, and says, "how do you do marm?" and what caps all, makes several Dublin grandees actually believe by "yankee convincing proof," that he could scoop the water of the Thames with a sieve; change the wind at his calling; run an ordinary horse seven miles in seven minutes; live forever, and turn into a white oak post!—Whew! what a genius.—Etc.

### An Affecting Scene.

In a lawyer's office, in a remote part of Connecticut, lay a mortgage for eleven hundred dollars, which was within a few days of being due. One morning, the man on whose place the mortgage was held, called and inquired if the payment could be put off for a short time. He was a man somewhat advanced in life and very intemperate. The lawyer in reply to his inquiries, said that the man that held the mortgage, wanted his money,—that he was sorry, but it could not be extended. The tears came in the old man's eye, and after standing a few moments, a perfect image of despair, he turned and left the office. He returned home, he lived in a few days, his aged and infirm wife, and invalid daughter would have to quit the roof which had so long sheltered them and seek a home he knew not where.

He could say nothing to them about it, it would cause them so much grief. The mortgage became due, and in the morning early, the farmer again repaired to the lawyer's office. He pleaded for a time, but to no purpose. Overcome with emotion, the old man sunk into a chair, and there set for two hours, apparently unconscious of anything that was passing around him, when a carriage drove up to the door, and a lady stepped from it. She entered the office. After standing a few moments, eyeing the old man with interest and emotion, she spoke and the old man looked up.

Father how do you do?  
Oh! Sarah, I am well but sad. I am glad to see you, but sorry for your aged mother and invalid sister; I cannot return to them, for it will be to tell them they have no home, and this I cannot bear. It will kill your poor mother.

Father! Father! said the daughter, could you live a temperate man if this were paid?  
Yes, oh yes! I would; but it cannot be, for I have nothing to pay it with.

Now, sign the pledge, and here is the money. The old man put his name to the redeeming, the saving pledge, and departed to his home with a happy heart.

The daughter had saved the \$1,200 by working in the factory.

### Don't Waste.

Waste nothing! A crumb of bread may keep life in a starving bird. A large and useful volume has been written with one quill from the wing of a goose; and an inch or so of writing paper has served for a dispatch to save an army from falling into the enemy's power. Waste nothing. "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

Girls will kiss, let them perform the ceremony as if they loved it. Don't let them sneak about the thing as if they were purloining cheese, nor drop their heads.

Like lilies o'pressed with the rain.  
On the contrary, they should do it with an appetite, and when they "let go," should give rise to a report that will make the old folks think somebody is firing pistols around the house.

Good.—An anecdote is told of Governor Jones of Tenn., which is too good to be lost. Whilst making a speech some two years since, a rowdy fellow hissed him. Immediately the cry—"turn him out, turn him out!"—arose from various parts of the crowd. Just at that time an ass near by commenced braying, when the Governor remarked to the audience, "let him alone, gentlemen, his father is calling him, and he will soon leave."

SEE FOURTH PAGE.