

VILLAGE RECORD

By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



DEATH OF THE IMMORTAL DANIELSEN.

BY M. S. N.

Firm, with his face to the foe,
Steady the sword in his hand,
Stranger to terror or woe—
Worthy to lead such a band:
Bravely he met victory,
Seal'd with his own precious blood,
His bold heart died to be free
Warm'd by its out-gushing flood.

CHIEFTAIN OF GLORY! all hail!
Majesty pales in thy light—
Despote wilt stagger and quail,
To see thee bleed for the Right—
Freedom will sing of thy name,
Ages of time yet to be;
Bright are the laurels of fame,
Twining in beauty for thee.

Time will but add to the thrill,
Swelling the popular heart—
Vengeance and glory will still
Blend with our tears as they start.

Garlands of roses we'll twine,
Softly we'll speak in thine ear,
Home of the brave shall be thine,
Liberty weeps at thy bier!

Traitors may scoff at thy course,
And friends may howl at thy grave—
Freedom forgets not its source,
In the warm blood of the brave—
Deity smiles upon thee;
HERULES OF LIBERTY! hail!
The stripes and the stars of the free,
Will never grow languid or pale.

BENDE THE RAILWAY TRACK.

On its strait iron pathway the long train was rushing,
With its noise, and its smoke, and its great human load;
And I saw where a wild rose in beauty was blushing,
Fresh and sweet, by the side of the hot, dusty road.
Untroubled were its branches, untended it flourished,
No eye watch'd its opening or mourn'd its decay;
But its leaves by the soft dews of heaven were nourish'd,
And it opened its buds in the warm light of day.
I asked why it grew there, where none prized its beauty,
For of thousands who passed none had leisure to stay,
And the answer came sweetly, "I do but my duty,
I was told to grow here by the side of the way."
There are those in life's pathway whose spirits are willing
To dwell where the busy crowd passes them by;
But the dew from above on their faces is distilling,
And they bloom 'neath the smile of the All-seeing eye.
They are loved by the few—like the roses, they remind us,
When tempted from duty's safe pathway to stray,
We too have a place and a mission assigned us,
Though it be but to grow by the side of the way.

MISCELLANY.

THE SHINGLE BOAT.

the poor man, who could hardly speak, he was so overcome by the innocent talk of his little child.

The father died; the poor widow had to get into a single room, and work out almost every day to support Johnny and his little sister. Johnny did all he could to help his mother; and he did a great deal, for when his mother was absent, he took care of little Sis. When she was asleep, one day, he took the jack knife that belonged to his father, and made what he called a boat, out of a shingle, and then stood at the door and asked every one that came along to buy it.

"Do you want to buy a boat?" said he to a large boy who was passing.

"You get out?" said the boy, as he knocked the boat into Johnny's face and broke the mast. The poor boy's heart was almost broken, too, but he made another mast, and stood at the door again. Two little girls came along, and Johnny asked if they wished to buy a boat.

"What do you call it? a boat?" said one of the girls. "It's a funny looking boat."

"We don't sail boats," said the other girl.

"Well, you don't know what fun it is," said the little boat builder.

"We have no wish to know," said they, as they went off, laughing at poor Johnny.

Presently an officer of the frigate that was lying in the harbor, passed by.

"Please buy my ship?" said Johnny, very imploringly.

"Did you make it?" said the officer.

"Yes, I did it all myself," said Johnny.

"What put it into your head to make a ship?" said the good natured man.

"Why, you see," said the little fellow, "Sis hasn't any bread to eat, and I thought I'd work and earn some money, and buy some."

"Who is Sis?" said the Captain.

"Why, don't you know Sis?" said Johnny. "Just look in here."

So the officer entered, and saw Sis asleep on the bed. "Whom do you belong to?" said the Captain.

"To mother, now," said Johnny, "for father is dead and gone away."

Just then the little Sis opened her eyes, and seeing the uniform of the officer she began to laugh.

"What do you ask for your ship," said the Captain.

"One cent, if you can't give any more," said Johnny.

The Captain gave him a pat on the cheek, and said, "Wait a few minutes, and I'll come back and buy your ship."

He went out and bought two large loaves of bread, and gave them to Johnny. He then patted Johnny's head and told him to be a good boy, and he would come back and see his mother. He did call again, and after learning all about the family, he promised to take care of them; and when Johnny was a large boy he took him on board his ship, and when he had grown up and learned all about the ship, the Captain made an officer of him, and adopted him; and after a battle, when he was dying of a wound he had received, he asked Johnny, who was now Lieutenant, Cole, to hand him that casket on the deck.

"Open it," said the Captain, giving him a key.

"What do you find there?"

"Nothing but my shingle boat," said Johnny.

"When you made that boat, you made your fortune," said the Captain. "Under the boat is my last will, and all the property I have is yours." John became a rich man, and he deserved it.

Now, what is the object of this story? Merely to teach you that, if you are good, and do all you can, God will in some way help you. The shingle boat was a small affair to the unfeeling boy who broke it, and to the thoughtless girls who laughed at it, but to the officer and to God it was above all prices. Go, then, my young friends, and in your conduct imitate Johnny Cole.—*S. S. Gazette.*

Memory.

How many mingled memories are hidden away in every soul, memories of good and ill, of joy and sorrow, that wait the woe of the will to spring into vivid and glowing life before us, or start unbidden into our presence in the quiet hours of loneliness and meditation. How the soul can sweep backward over the history of its being, and bask itself in the golden sunshine of the long ago, and listen to the sweet melodies that make eternal concord in the soul's inner temple! The sweet intonations of some song that thrilled us with a mystic joy years ago, come floating into our consciousness with a dreary rapture and a peace like that of "The Eden Above"; so, too, we bend over the dear faces that have been hallowed by the tenderest associations of our lives, with a quiet joy, mingled, perchance, with a tinge of sadness that all they represent and suggest to us is irrevocably gone save in its results and influences upon our plastic hearts. The world knoweth not the hidden life within us, and the stranger intermeddles not with our joy; yet who may tell the potent sway these memories have held in moulding and developing our spiritual natures to a higher and better being?

HOME-MADE CANDY.—Contributed to the *Agriculturist* by Mrs. I. S. Kaler: To one cup sugar (New Orleans is best), add one cup cider vinegar. If the vinegar be very sour, put in one-third water. Boil 15 to 20 minutes, then work till white. This is very nice, and when thus made at home you know that it contains no poisonous substance.

GAMES IN CHICKENS.—Holding gopy chickens in or over tobacco smoke, until they have inhaled smoke enough to make them sneeze two or three times, is said to be an infallible cure for this disease. It is worthy a trial.

Praying Mothers.

A clergyman from California related the following incident, in connection with his own experience and observation: As he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances at the East, and as it was known that he was traveling to a great extent over California, he received many letters from friends, begging him to hunt up a brother or a son, and endeavor to bring them to Christ. Many an earnest letter of this kind he had received. Among the rest was one from a mother, so urgent, so full of entreaty, that it took a deep hold upon his heart. The letter told him how she had agonized and prayed for a son in California until she had lost all traces of him, begged of him that, on her behalf, he would endeavor to look up the lost boy, who she feared was in the broad road to ruin, and as he loved souls, do all he could to save him.

Then the speaker went on to say, "I hunted for that son a whole year. I made inquiries for him everywhere. I determined to find him, if possible. At last I found him in a gambling saloon, at the card-table engaged in play. In the midst of his game I approached him, and told him I wished to speak with him. We descended into the street together. I told him how long I had been on the hunt for him, and it was all about the salvation of his soul. He laughed me to scorn. He assured me I used my time and money to a very poor advantage in looking for him, and that he would take good care of himself, he did not know but thanks for all my painstaking would be superfluous. He said much that indicated that he looked upon my efforts with haughty disdain and contempt. But I had a commission to fulfill. So I requested him to go with me to the temperance room and there sign the pledge; and then I wished him to go to the prayer-meeting with me. He flatly refused to do either. Stepping up close beside him, I placed my hand upon his shoulder and said: 'Charlie, I believe you have a pious, praying mother. I am here at the request of that mother. All this long year have I sought you, from place to place, in obedience to a request of that mother. I have the letter in my pocket asking this of me; would you like to see it?' The young man was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment. I ran my hand into my pocket for the purpose of showing him the letter.

"Oh," said he, "don't show it to me; don't produce the letter. I cannot bear to see it. If any young man owes a debt of gratitude to a mother, none more than I. I asked him again to go back with me. He answered, 'Let me go back and finish my game, and then I will come and go with you.' He went back and played out his game, and as he saw his word, he came out and went with me. We first went to the temperance room, and he signed the pledge. Then we went to the prayer meeting. The man was soon in great agony of spirit.

"To make a long story short, that young man became hopelessly converted, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. He was a liberally educated young man. He was in process of time, chosen to be a judge of the court in the county in which he resided. He was a conscientious judge. One day he was trying a man who was indicted for gambling and similar offenses—just such as he had before been guilty of. The man at the bar was a desperado, and shot the judge upon the bench. He was mortally wounded, and life was fast ebbing away. He sent immediately for me," continued the speaker; "I had just time to reach him and receive his last words. Oh, what precious words they were. 'Tell my dear mother,' said the dying man, 'that I am dying in the assured hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Send to her a thousand thanks that she sent you that letter, and oh, a thousand thanks to you that you so faithfully followed me up, and hunted that whole year for me. Tell my darling mother I thank her for that love which never tired, and for the prayers which were never omitted for her far-off son. I am going—going to heaven. I shall meet her there. Oh, who can value a mother's prayers? And who would not complain of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God; if they would give him no rest, as did this mother—my dear, dear mother! Farewell!'

An Ingenious Device.

The following story is told of a lady living in Buckinghamshire, England: The husband of this ancient dame died without making his will, for the want of very necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following expedient to avert the loss of her property. She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed upon an old cobbler, her neighbor, who was in person somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writing. The widow, who on his arrival appeared in great affliction at her poor man's daughter began to ask questions of her pretended husband, calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired. The cobbler groaned aloud, and looked as much like a person going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered, "I intend to leave you half my estate, and I think the poor old shoemaker who lives opposite is deserving the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor." The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different from that which she expected, but dared not negative the cobbler's will, for fear of losing the whole property, while the old rogue in bed who was himself the poor old shoemaker living opposite) laughing in his sleeve, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

An idle man is a bolster for the devil.

The Noble Revenge.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother!" sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker scowled down the top.

"Why don't you get out of the way, boy—why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute!" cried the hapless, hopeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box; and as he gazed in to that rough face, tears of anguish streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "only once! let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood peering with grief and rage; his blue eyes distended; his lips spasm; a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent, screamed, "when I'm a man I'll pay you for that!"

There was a coffin and a head of earth, between the mother and the poor forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite, built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from the first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced, convicted. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I cannot!"

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I— I believe you are unknown to me?"

"Ma'am! I will refresh your memory.—Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin; I was that boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No; I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child!"

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible; and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

Useful Domestic Hints.

When from any cause the bowels fail to act at the usual time, do not eat an atom more until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; the first meal after a fast should be very light, of bread and butter, and a cup of weak tea or coffee.

Billiousness is indicated by a bad taste in the mouth of mornings, a poor appetite, and a general feeling of discomfort, often accompanied by the headache and cold feet.—The best cure is to work moderately take but two meals a day, and these of bread and butter, with a cup of tea or coffee.

Poison of almost any kind swallowed will be instantly thrown from the stomach by drinking half a glass of water, (warm is best) in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of ground mustard; as soon as vomiting ceases, drink a cup of strong coffee, into which has been stirred the white of an egg; this nullifies any remnant which the mustard might have left.

An inkstand was turned over on a white table cloth, a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool dry place.

The best rice is large, and has a clear fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

The small white sago, called the pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earth taste. This article and tapioca, ground rice, &c., should be kept covered.

To select nutmegs, stick them with a pin. If they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as the odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Soft soap should be kept in the cellar in a dry place, and not used until three months old.

To thaw frozen potatoes, put them in hot water. Frozen apples in cold water, but use them at once.

OVER-EATING.—As soon as you are sensible that you have eaten too much, take a walk, gradually increasing its rapidity until there is a free perspiration, and continue at this gate until every feeling of discomfort about the stomach or lungs has disappeared, then cool off very slowly in a closed room, and eat not an atom until the second meal thereafter, thus omitting one.

Sick headache is always attended with cold feet, and the failure of daily action of the bowels; and there is no permanent cure without the rectification of these.—*Hull's Journal of Health.*

The Peach Blow Potatoes.

We have heretofore heard various opinions uttered in regard to the quality and value of this potato. These opinions were all more or less favorable, but not of so decided a character as to cause the variety to be cultivated to the extent their solid merits warranted. Having laid in our winter's stock of peach blow, for the first time, last autumn, and having eaten of them daily since, we feel as though we possessed some right to give our opinion of it, in saying frankly that we regard it as the best potato we now have in this region. We pronounce it to be quite equal to the best masher, and in point of producing capacity far surpassing it. We desire no better article. The proportion of small ones in the crop is very small, comparatively. They are all round and smooth, the eyes being very shallow. So far we have not seen a single unsound tuber. They roast and boil white and mealy; and those who desire to enjoy the flavor in perfection, should eat with butter and salt the hot skin of a roasted one. We repeat that we desire no better potato; and we shall lay up no other for our winter store so long as it retains its present character. Farmers should take the hint.—*Germanman Telegraph.*

Think of it.

The number of languages spoken is 3,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter die before the age of 7. One half before the age of 11. To every 100 persons, one only reaches 100 years. To every 100, only 9 reaches 65 years; and not more than one in 500, reaches the age of 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these, 33,333,333 die every year; 7,777 every hour, and 60 every minute—or one for every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of 50 years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth the population.

Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but, while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be "disjoined by an easy separation." It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from Heaven, and chronic from ourselves; the dart of death, indeed, falls from Heaven but we poison it by our own misconduct.

A cellar which opens inside a dwelling should be kept as faultlessly clean all the year round as any other part of the house, because its atmosphere is constantly ascending, and impregnates every room in the house with its own odors. In reality there ought not to be any cellar under any dwelling.

Marked Articles.

Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts, &c., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home. Thus—on a homespun blanket, worn, but washed as clean snow, was pinned a bit of paper, which said: "This blanket was carried by Milly Aldrich (who is ninety-three years old) down hill and up hill one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier."

On a bed quilt was pinned a card saying: "My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and almost all of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

On another blanket was this: "This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812—may it keep some soldier warm in this war against traitors."

On a pillow was written: "This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died recently on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it for the soldiers."

On a pair of woollen socks was written: "These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit some more, for mother says it will help some poor soldiers."

On a box of beautiful lint was this mark: "Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-bye as they have gone out to the war."

On a bundle containing bandages was written: "This is a poor gift, but it is all I had; I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give, but I haven't."

On some eye shades were marked: "Made by one who is blind. Oh, how I long to see the dear Old Flag that you are all fighting under."

THE BRIDE.—I know of no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and tender bride in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl in the tenderness of her years, forsake the home of her father and the home of her childhood—and with the implicit confidence of the self-abandonment which belong to women, give up all the world for the man of her choice, when I hear her in the old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better, for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honor, and obey, till death do us part," it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth:— "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The world has a million of excuses for a man, but only one nest.

Hans Enlists for a Soldier.

"Brick," of a La Crosse, Wisconsin, paper, is an inhuman joker, and lately witnessed a scene in Milwaukee, that we transfer to our columns:

The reader must picture a stout, big-bellied, short-haired recruiting officer, with a blue cap, broad stiff iron-plate—a short sword—blue uniform, size too small, and a raw customer from "faderland," with wooden shoes and long-tailed grey coat. The officer was after recruits for a German regiment, and thus went for his susceptible countryman:

"Lo! dere, Hans! he dat you?"

"Yaw."

"Come mit me to be a sojer man."

"Nein!"

"Yah! Come! It be so nice."

"Nein! I gets shoot!"

"Nix! Py tam it is better as goot. Is be foot all de vile. You enlist mit me, you gets sin hundred dollar bountish!"

"Yah! And you gets such nice clothes ash never vos! Shust look mit me!"

"So?"

"Yaw. And in der morning ven der drum peets dat is der gurnel's compliments to come an' git some schnapps mit him."

"So?"

"Yaw. And party soon, bine by de drum peets agin, and dat ish de gurnel's compliments to come an' eat some sour kroat up satsers mit him, py tam!"

"So, my ober?"

"Yaw, dat ish so. Den party soon bine by, der drum peets, and dat ish de gurnel's compliments to ride mit him in der carriage to see your vrow or your Katrina. And den you rides all over de city mit him, and it no costs you one tam cent! And bine by der drum peets and dat ish der gurnel's compliments to come and schmoke a bipo mit him! And don' bine by, party soon, right away, der drum peets like ter tveyel, and dat ish der gurnel's compliments to come and git cin hundred dollars bountish, I think, but I guess not, py tam!"

"Yaw! So goot!"

"Yaw. And den der gurnel, and der President shake hands mit you, and you get kroat mit der President's vrow, and you must live like one fighting rooster, py tam! And den in a little vile you say der President be one nice man, and you gets another hundred tollars bountish; and der President makes us grand general mit you; party soon, I guess, but I think not! You go mit me?"

"Yaw!"

Deacon Peters lately took occasion to administer a reproof for swearing to Joe Mills, a particularly wild fellow, but not intentionally "transgressional." Joe listened attentively to his words, and seemed to appreciate exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows: "The fact is, deacon, that I swear a great deal, and you pray a great deal, neither of us means anything by it."—The deacon alludes to Joe as an instance of the most total depravity.

It is a curious fact that in sacred history, the age, death and burial of only one woman, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, is noted. Woman's age ever since appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

We once kept an account for a lady during a three miles walk through rather sandy loess, who declared herself "half dead" with fatigue every few minutes; and we found that she had died exactly eleven times and a half at the end of the journey, when she swallowed cider and sandwiches in a most vital fashion, considering her multiplied state of demise.

Never quarrel with a lady. If you are troubled with her, retreat; if she abuses you be silent; if she tears your cloak, give her your coat; if she boxes your ears, bow to her in return; if she tears your eyes out, feel your way to the door, and—fly.

Two Irishmen were in prison, one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch. "Hallo, Mike, what o'clock is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other.

"And sure, Pat, I haven't any time-piece than 17, but I think it's almost milking time."

Mr. Jenkins is about to get married. He says that to live single is not only singular, but "agin nature, law, gospel, common sense, and, and—a generally." Jenkins is about eight.

"(I've the jury aged?" asked a judge of a court attorney whom he met upon the stairs with a bucket in his hand.

"Yes," replied Patrick, "they have agreed to send out for a half-gallon."

"Will you take something?" said a lecturer to a friend, while standing near a tavern.

"I don't care if I do," was the reply.

"Well," said the lecturer, "let's take a walk."

A Gentleman who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging, complained one morning that his coffee was not scalded. "You had better settle for the coffee and then complain," said his landlord.

Patrick O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "while I married her she had a rag in her back, but now she's cov'ered with rag."

One of the frozen fowls found hanging by its claws to the limb of a tree, at New Albany, Indiana, had its last crow sticking cloven inches out of its mouth, and frozen stiff.

A little time will serve to do ill.

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Then the speaker went on to say, "I hunted for that son a whole year. I made inquiries for him everywhere. I determined to find him, if possible. At last I found him in a gambling saloon, at the card-table engaged in play. In the midst of his game I approached him, and told him I wished to speak with him. We descended into the street together. I told him how long I had been on the hunt for him, and it was all about the salvation of his soul. He laughed me to scorn. He assured me I used my time and money to a very poor advantage in looking for him, and that he would take good care of himself, he did not know but thanks for all my painstaking would be superfluous. He said much that indicated that he looked upon my efforts with haughty disdain and contempt. But I had a commission to fulfill. So I requested him to go with me to the temperance room and there sign the pledge; and then I wished him to go to the prayer-meeting with me. He flatly refused to do either. Stepping up close beside him, I placed my hand upon his shoulder and said: 'Charlie, I believe you have a pious, praying mother. I am here at the request of that mother. All this long year have I sought you, from place to place, in obedience to a request of that mother. I have the letter in my pocket asking this of me; would you like to see it?' The young man was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment. I ran my hand into my pocket for the purpose of showing him the letter.

"Oh," said he, "don't show it to me; don't produce the letter. I cannot bear to see it. If any young man owes a debt of gratitude to a mother, none more than I. I asked him again to go back with me. He answered, 'Let me go back and finish my game, and then I will come and go with you.' He went back and played out his game, and as he saw his word, he came out and went with me. We first went to the temperance room, and he signed the pledge. Then we went to the prayer meeting. The man was soon in great agony of spirit.

"To make a long story short, that young man became hopelessly converted, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. He was a liberally educated young man. He was in process of time, chosen to be a judge of the court in the county in which he resided. He was a conscientious judge. One day he was trying a man who was indicted for gambling and similar offenses—just such as he had before been guilty of. The man at the bar was a desperado, and shot the judge upon the bench. He was mortally wounded, and life was fast ebbing away. He sent immediately for me," continued the speaker; "I had just time to reach him and receive his last words. Oh, what precious words they were. 'Tell my dear mother,' said the dying man, 'that I am dying in the assured hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Send to her a thousand thanks that she sent you that letter, and oh, a thousand thanks to you that you so faithfully followed me up, and hunted that whole year for me. Tell my darling mother I thank her for that love which never tired, and for the prayers which were never omitted for her far-off son. I am going—going to heaven. I shall meet her there. Oh, who can value a mother's prayers? And who would not complain of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God; if they would give him no rest, as did this mother—my dear, dear mother! Farewell!'

The Noble Revenge.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother!" sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker scowled down the top.

"Why don't you get out of the way, boy—why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute!" cried the hapless, hopeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box; and as he gazed in to that rough face, tears of anguish streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "only once! let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood peering with grief and rage; his blue eyes distended; his lips spasm; a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent, screamed, "when I'm a man I'll pay you for that!"

There was a coffin and a head of earth, between the mother and the poor forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite, built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from the first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced, convicted. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I cannot!"

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I— I believe you are unknown to me?"

"Ma'am! I will refresh your memory.—Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin; I was that boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No; I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child!"

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible; and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

Useful Domestic Hints.

When from any cause the bowels fail to act at the usual time, do not eat an atom more until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; the first meal after a fast should be very light, of bread and butter, and a cup of weak tea or coffee.

Billiousness is indicated by a bad taste in the mouth of mornings, a poor appetite, and a general feeling of discomfort, often accompanied by the headache and cold feet.—The best cure is to work moderately take but two meals a day, and these of bread and butter, with a cup of tea or coffee.

Poison of almost any kind swallowed will be instantly thrown from the stomach by drinking half a glass of water, (warm is best) in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of ground mustard; as soon as vomiting ceases, drink a cup of strong coffee, into which has been stirred the white of an egg; this nullifies any remnant which the mustard might have left.

An inkstand was turned over on a white table cloth, a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool dry place.

The best rice is large, and has a clear fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

The small white sago, called the pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earth taste. This article and tapioca, ground rice, &c., should be kept covered.

To select nutmegs, stick them with a pin. If they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as the odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Soft soap should be kept in the cellar in a dry place, and not used until three months old.

To thaw frozen potatoes, put them in hot water. Frozen apples in cold water, but use them at once.

OVER-EATING.—As soon as you are sensible that you have eaten too much, take a walk, gradually increasing its rapidity until there is a free perspiration, and continue at this gate until every feeling of discomfort about the stomach or lungs has disappeared, then cool off very slowly in a closed room, and eat not an atom until the second meal thereafter, thus omitting one.

Sick headache is always attended with cold feet, and the failure of daily action of the bowels; and there is no permanent cure without the rectification of these.—*Hull's Journal of Health.*

The Peach Blow Potatoes.

We have heretofore heard various opinions uttered in regard to the quality and value of this potato. These opinions were all more or less favorable, but not of so decided a character as to cause the variety to be cultivated to the extent their solid merits warranted. Having laid in our winter's stock of peach blow, for the first time, last autumn, and having eaten of them daily since, we feel as though we possessed some right to give our opinion of it, in saying frankly that we regard it as the best potato we now have in this region. We pronounce it to be quite equal to the best masher, and in point of producing capacity far surpassing it. We desire no better article. The proportion of small ones in the crop is very small, comparatively. They are all round and smooth, the eyes being very shallow. So far we have not seen a single unsound tuber. They roast and boil white and mealy; and those who desire to enjoy the flavor in perfection, should eat with butter and salt the hot skin of a roasted one. We repeat that we desire no better potato; and we shall lay up no other for our winter store so long as it retains its present character. Farmers should take the hint.—*Germanman Telegraph.*

Think of it.

The number of languages spoken is 3,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter die before the age of 7. One half before the age of 11. To every 100 persons, one only reaches 100 years. To every 100, only 9 reaches 65 years; and not more than one in 500, reaches the age of 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these, 33,333,333 die every year; 7,777 every hour, and 60 every minute—or one for every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of 50 years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth the population.

Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but, while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be "disjoined by an easy separation." It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from Heaven, and chronic from ourselves; the dart of death, indeed, falls from Heaven but we poison it by our own misconduct.

A cellar which opens inside a dwelling should be kept as faultlessly clean all the year round as any other part of the house, because its atmosphere is constantly ascending, and impregnates every room in the house with its own odors. In reality there ought not to be any cellar under any dwelling.

Marked Articles.

Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts,