

The Marrettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

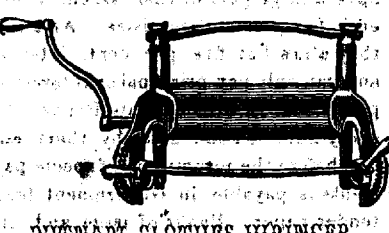
BY FRED K. L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1864.

VOL. XI.—NO. 4.

1864. SPRING 1864.

J. R. DIFFENBACH
Invites attention to a large and handsome assortment of
New Spring and Summer Goods,
Purchased in Philadelphia and New-York,
consisting in part of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS
Silks, Chiffons, Lawns, Chalmers,
Ginghams, Shawls, &c., &c.
Together with all kinds of Domestic goods, such as bleached and unbleached Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Dehims, Furniture Checks, Drilling, &c., &c.
One case of Prints at 12 cents a yard.
Case of bleached Muslins at 12 cents.
Latest style goods for Gentlemen and Boys wear, Fancy and Black Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Cloths, Vestings, &c., &c.
Large lot of Fresh Groceries of all kinds Rio and Java Coffee, Tea, White & Brown Sugar, Press Spices, New Mackerel, Sugar-Cured Hams, &c. 20 barrels of sugar at 12 cents per pound. 5 Hogheads Syrup at 60 cents per Gallon.
Miscellaneous.
French Corsets, *Trouting Over-Shirts,* *Under-Shirts,* *Drawers,* *Handkerchiefs,* *Shirt Fronts,* *Balmoral Skirts, &c.*
Large lot of Pure Liquors.
He also continues to keep on hand a large supply of superior *Brandies, Wines, Gins, Schnidam's Schnaps, Drakes, Plantation Brandy,* and that superior *Old Rye.* Persons purchasing Liquors can rely upon getting the best article at the lowest price the market will afford. Highest prices given for country produce.



PUTNAM CLOTHES WRINGER.

It is the only reliable self-Adjusting Wringer. No wood-work to swell or split. No thumb-screws to get out of order.
Warranted with or without Cog-Wheels.
It took the First Premium at Fifty-seven State and County Fairs in 1863, and is, without an exception, the best Wringer ever made. Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town.
Energetic agents can make from \$3 to \$10 Dollars per day.
No. 2. \$6.50 No. 1. \$7.50 No. F. \$8.50.
Sample Wringer sent and express paid on receipt of price.
Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by the
PUTNAM MANUFACTURING CO.,
No. 13 Platt Street, New York, and Cleveland, Ohio.
S. C. NORTHROP, Agent.
WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS, viz:
That Iron well galvanized will not rust;
That a simple machine is better than a complicated one;
That a Wringer should be self-adjusting, durable, and efficient;
That Thumb-screws, and Fastenings cause delay and trouble to regulate and keep in order;
That wood soaked in hot water will swell, shrink and split;
That wood bearings for the shaft to run in will wear out;
That the Putnam Wringer, with or without cog-wheels, will not tear the clothes;
That cog-wheel regulators are unnecessary;
That the Putnam Wringer has all the advantages, and not one of the disadvantages above named;
That all who have tested it, pronounce it the best Wringer ever made;
That it will wring anything from a thread to a bed quilt without alteration;
We might fill the paper with testimonials, but insert only a few to convince the skeptical, if such there be; and we say to all, test Putnam's Wringer.
Test it thoroughly with any and all others, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it.
Putnam Manufacturing Co.
GENERAL NOTICE: I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized with zinc will not oxidize or rust one particle. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use.
Respectfully yours,
J. M. W. WHEELER.
Cleveland, Ohio.

New York and Philadelphia
ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK.
THE Subscribers having formed a connection with Messrs. WOOD & PEROT, of Philadelphia, under the above title, are prepared to furnish every description of
ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK,
Cast, Wrought and Wire Railings,
FOR ENCLOSING
Cemetery Lots, Duelling,
Public Squares, &c.
Verandahs, Circular and Straight Stairs,
Doors, Window Guards,
Stable Fixtures, Fountains, Vases, &c.,
also, having purchased of the late firm of Hutchinson & Wickersham, Canal Street, their entire Stock of
Bedsteads, Cradles, Furniture, &c.
they now offer to the public, at their New Warehouse,
THE MOST EXTENSIVE STOCK OF
ORNAMENTAL IRON GOODS
to be found in the United States. They have also purchased of the New York Wire Railing Co. the patent right and machinery for making
WIRE RAILING, FARM FENCE, WINDOW GUARDS, GRATING, COAL SCREENS &c.
and will continue the exclusive Manufacture of the same at their Works.
CHASE & CO.,
524 Broadway,
New York.
Orders may be sent through the American Advertising Agency, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

LANDIS & TROUT.
Landis & Trout
Landis & Trout
At the "Golden Mortar,"
At the "Golden Mortar,"
Market Street, Marietta,
Market Street, Marietta,
Keep constantly on hand
Drugs,
Perfumes,
Fancy Articles,
Patent Medicines,
Coal Oil Lamps and Shades,
Howe & Stevens' Family Dye Colors,
Shoulder Braces and Trusses,
Papers and Periodicals,
Books & Stationary,
Portmanteaus,
Saddles,
&c.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Remember the place,
Remember the place,
Dr. Grove's old Stand,
Dr. Grove's old Stand,
Give us a call,
Give us a call.

SUPPLEE & BRO.,
IRON AND BRASS,
FOUNDERS.
And General Machinists, Second street,
Below Union, Columbia, Pa.
They are prepared to make all kinds of Iron Castings for Rolling Mills and Blast Furnaces, Pipes, for Steam, Water and Gas; Columns, Fronts, Cellar Doors, Weights, &c., for Buildings, and castings of every description.
STEAM ENGINES, AND BOILERS,
IN THE MOST MODERN AND IMPROVED MANNER; Pumps, Brick Presses, Shuffling and Pulling, Mill Gearing, Traps, Dies, Machinery for Mining and Hoisting; Brass Bearings, Steam & Blast Gauges, Lubricators, Oil Cocks, Valves for Steam, Gas, and Water; Brass Fittings in all their variety; Boilers, Tanks, Flues, Heaters, Stacks, Bolts, Nuts, Vault Doors, Washers, &c.
BLACKSMITHING IN GENERAL.
From long experience in building machinery we flatter ourselves that we can give general satisfaction to those who may favor us with their orders. Repairs promptly attended to.
Orders by mail addressed above, will meet with prompt attention. Prices to suit the times.
REPAIRS.
R. SUPPLEE & CO.,
Columbia, October 20, 1860.

How Lost—How Restored!
Just Published, a new edition of
Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay
On the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacities, Disorders to Marriage, etc.; also Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.
Price, in a Sealed Envelope, only Six Cents.
The celebrated author in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife—pointing out a mode of cure, at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing the publishers,
DR. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New-York, P. O. Box, 466.

JACOB HARLEY,
SUCCESSOR TO
STAUFFER & HARLEY,
No. 622 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Dealer in Fine Gold and Silver
WATCHES, SOLID SILVER-WARE,
Fine Gold Jewelry,
and the best make of Silver-Plated Ware. Constantly on hand a large assortment of the above goods at low prices.
Watches and fine Clocks repaired by skillful workmen; also, Jewelry repairing; Engraving and all kinds of Hair-Work to order at short notice.
Don't forget the old stand, Number 622 Market street, Philadelphia.
April 9, 1864.—3m 5 and FJ

Black Hawk Iron Ore Washer
The undersigned having just completed new patterns for the manufacture of the celebrated Black Hawk Iron Ore Washer, has removed several objections to the old pattern, and now feels certain of being able to wash one-third more iron ore per day, and much cleaner. Machines manufactured and put up anywhere desired at the shortest notice, and the working of the machine guaranteed. He can refer, by permission, to Col. James Myers, of Ivesburg Furnace, Marietta, and to James L. Stru., Esq., adjoining Marietta.
Address:
SAMUEL HOPKINS,
Marietta, Lancaster Co., Pa.
EQUAL OF REGULAR TIME-KEEPERS
can be had of H. L. & E. J. ZANUS, 260 North Queen-st., and Center Square, Lancaster, Pa., in the shape of *Equilibrium Levers*—the best article of Swiss levers now in the market. They are lower in price than any watch of equal quality and accuracy for timekeeping.
HICKORY and Oak Wood 50 Cords each Hickory and Oak Wood. Orders must be accompanied with the cash when they will promptly fill. C. Spangler & Patterson.

Published Weekly
By F. K. L. Baker.
AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Office in "Orall's Row," on Front street, five doors East of F. Lur's Hotel.
Single Copies, with or without wrappers, **FOUR CENTS.**
ADVERTISING RATES:—One square (10 lines, or less), 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$5 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, free; but for any additional lines, five cents a line.
A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.
Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type; Cuts, Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of JOB & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

Gloria in Excelsis.
Hark the sweetest notes of angels singing,
Gloria, glory to the Lamb,
All the hosts of heaven their tribute bringing,
Singing high the Saviour's name.
We will join the beautiful angels,
We will join the beautiful angels,
Singing a-way, Singing a-way,
Gloria, glory to the Lamb.
Ye for whom his precious life was given,
Sacred thestes to you belong,
Come, and join the glorious choir of heaven,
Join the everlasting song.
We will join, &c.
Hearts all filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above;
Sweet the theme, the theme of free salvation,
Fruits of everlasting love,
We will join the beautiful angels, &c.,
Let us praise his precious name,
Gloria, honor, riches, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.
We will join, &c.
Celestial Coming, Blessed Saviour.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice;
We would be thine for ever,
And in thy love re-joice.
We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear thy gentle voice.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

Sons of Ministers.—The Watchman and Reflector says it is a sad fact that few of the sons of the ministers of our day have the pulpit in view. They study for the other learned professions, orient different departments of business, and some are wordly success. We cannot count on several scores of fine young men, pious and energetic, not one of whom has any thought of following in the footsteps of an honored father in the ministry. It used to be quite otherwise. The family records of the clergy in the last century show that a large majority of their sons followed them in the sacred office. The change is a mournful one, and argues ill for the power of the pulpit in the next generation. We fear it is owing often to maternal influence at home, and that many mothers secretly rejoice when ambitious sons decide to enter other professions.

How I Began My Life.
I began life, by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate, and the peck of a turkey. Atilla started in life with no other cause, and capital than an old sword, which he was adroit enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wettling his stockings—and there heard "words which burp," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running away from home arose from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.
Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with a little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our oldest girl at school." We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time that it is, with feelings of bewilderment, that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time came, as come it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.
Well do I remember how and when the "green-eyed" perpetrator of this incendiary deed! It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than "thick" deep, we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to, with hands interwoven, "chair fashion," and she carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough at the time—have frozen anything like feeling out of boys, less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was, I know not, for we had carried Helen fifty times across the brook ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arms around his neck while she steadied herself on my shoulders holding the cuff of my jacket.
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Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who had obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.
We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford.—I lifted Helen with the utmost ease, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly; or rather wadingly, for a minute. But alas, in the very deapest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous bit of wood which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.
I need not describe the taunts of Donald; of this mode accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated this superior ability, by bearing her in his arms for a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling cold, and better humored, attempted to compliment me. But I preserved silence. I was mortified beyond measure.
That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyhood was sensitive and irritable, and suggested the

action which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led me to better results than usually attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business.—Wealth flowed in upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland, rich, educated, in short, everything but married.
One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a young lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and heightened expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure and pain.
But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now a governess in a family of the city.
I was fascinated with her conversation and was continually reminded, by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I am naturally neither talkative nor prone to confidence, but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar, indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and an incredible store of information.
We progressed in the intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the reasons which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that my own travels were owing to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.
I had hardly spoken these words, ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by quite a remarkable paleness. I attributed it to the heat of the room—laughed—and at her request, proceeded to give the details of my ford adventures with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.
Her mirth during the recital, became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked:—
"Mr. Roberts, is it possible you have forgotten me?"
I gazed an instant—remembered—and was dumfounded. The lady with whom I had become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.
I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married.—Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence; when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style:—
"Hey, Donald! mon, dinna ye ken yer old friend?"
The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to old friends.
Different men start in life in different ways. I believe that mine, however, is the only instance on record, of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

Don't Rock the Baby.
If all the ultimate consequences of one's acts are to be laid to his charge, the man who invented rocking cradles for children, rests under a fearful load of responsibility. The down-right murder of tens of thousands of infants, and the weakened brains of hundreds of thousands of adults, are the undoubted results of his invention. To rock a child in a cradle, or to swing him in a crib, amounts to just this: the rapid motion disturbs the natural flow of the blood, and produces stupor or drowsiness. Can any suppose for a moment that such an operation is a healthful one? Every one knows the dizzy and often sickening effect of moving rapidly in a swing; yet wherein does this differ from the motion a child receives when rocked in a cradle. It is equivalent to lying in a berth during a violent storm, and that sickens nine people out of ten. A very gentle, slow motion may sometimes be soothing, though always of doubtful expediency; but to move a cradle as rapidly as the swing of a pendulum three feet long—that is, once in a second—is positive cruelty. We always feel like grasping and staying the arm of the mother or nurse who, to secure quietude, swings the cradle or crib with a rapidity equal to that of a pendulum's foot long. If any mother is disposed to laugh at our suggestions, or consider them whimsical, we beg her to have a bed or cot hung on cords, then lie down in it herself, and have some one swing it with the same rapidity that she allows the cradle to be rocked. What she will experience in both head and stomach is just what the infant experiences. We insist that the rocking of children is a useless habit. If not accustomed to rocking, they will go to sleep quite as well when lying quietly as when shaken in a cradle. If they do not, there is trouble from sickness or hunger, or more likely from an overloaded stomach; and though the rocking may produce a temporary stupor, the trouble is made worse thereafter by the unnatural means taken to produce quiet for the time being.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A Happy Device.
The editor of the *Cleveland Herald* formed one of a party of four travelling over the Pennsylvania Railroad. At Altoona, in order to avoid the tobacco spitting nuisance of the other parts of the train, the party endeavored to enter the ladies' car, but were politely informed that they could not be admitted unless in company with ladies. We will let the writer tell his own story:—
"We yielded to the ruling as correct. Just then a gentleman bearing a bandbox mounted the platform, and the key was turned in the lock without a question. Through the window we saw the result of the innocent fraud, as the lucky passenger handed over the bandbox to a lady, with laughing thanks at the complete success of his happy expedient. Upon that hint, one of our numbers peeped through the window, and out was handed the bandbox. Its second appearance at the door worked a like result, and the same experiment with the box three times, successfully gained entrance unquestioned. The fourth man, and the one who had at first been repulsed, now, with a faint hope of success, bore the magic box to the car door, but the Cerberus of the car remembered faces, and for a moment hesitated, but as the bandbox was raised to his vision, stepped aside, and with 'Beg your pardon, sir— I did not see your bandbox,' opened the car, and the triumph was complete. The bandbox power was over at least four friends to that abused article, who hereafter will not be found among its scoffers."

To Destroy House Flies.—It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper, not red, is a poison for many insects. The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house fly extant. Take equal proportions of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece; moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk (a little cream is better); keep that in your room and it will keep down the flies. One advantage over other poisons is that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air, and hover in the house, the windows being open, and do not enter the room.
"Why is the letter 'K' like a Pig's tail?"
Because it is the last of the

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A Happy Device. (continued)
The editor of the *Cleveland Herald* formed one of a party of four travelling over the Pennsylvania Railroad. At Altoona, in order to avoid the tobacco spitting nuisance of the other parts of the train, the party endeavored to enter the ladies' car, but were politely informed that they could not be admitted unless in company with ladies. We will let the writer tell his own story:—
"We yielded to the ruling as correct. Just then a gentleman bearing a bandbox mounted the platform, and the key was turned in the lock without a question. Through the window we saw the result of the innocent fraud, as the lucky passenger handed over the bandbox to a lady, with laughing thanks at the complete success of his happy expedient. Upon that hint, one of our numbers peeped through the window, and out was handed the bandbox. Its second appearance at the door worked a like result, and the same experiment with the box three times, successfully gained entrance unquestioned. The fourth man, and the one who had at first been repulsed, now, with a faint hope of success, bore the magic box to the car door, but the Cerberus of the car remembered faces, and for a moment hesitated, but as the bandbox was raised to his vision, stepped aside, and with 'Beg your pardon, sir— I did not see your bandbox,' opened the car, and the triumph was complete. The bandbox power was over at least four friends to that abused article, who hereafter will not be found among its scoffers."

To Destroy House Flies. (continued)
It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper, not red, is a poison for many insects. The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house fly extant. Take equal proportions of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece; moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk (a little cream is better); keep that in your room and it will keep down the flies. One advantage over other poisons is that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air, and hover in the house, the windows being open, and do not enter the room.
"Why is the letter 'K' like a Pig's tail?"
Because it is the last of the

How I Began My Life. (continued)
I began life, by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate, and the peck of a turkey. Atilla started in life with no other cause, and capital than an old sword, which he was adroit enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wettling his stockings—and there heard "words which burp," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running away from home arose from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.
Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with a little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our oldest girl at school." We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time that it is, with feelings of bewilderment, that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time came, as come it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.
Well do I remember how and when the "green-eyed" perpetrator of this incendiary deed! It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than "thick" deep, we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to, with hands interwoven, "chair fashion," and she carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough at the time—have frozen anything like feeling out of boys, less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was, I know not, for we had carried Helen fifty times across the brook ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arms around his neck while she steadied herself on my shoulders holding the cuff of my jacket.
No flame can burn so quickly or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I was wishing Donald at the "bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—
"Ye need no hand see gin'goff; Helen, as if ye feared a fa' I can see carry ye lighter than Donald can half of ye."
Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my powers. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of moral courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous; and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly carrying Helen across the ford in our arms.
Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who had obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.
We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford.—I lifted Helen with the utmost ease, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly; or rather wadingly, for a minute. But alas, in the very deapest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous bit of wood which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.
I need not describe the taunts of Donald; of this mode accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated this superior ability, by bearing her in his arms for a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling cold, and better humored, attempted to compliment me. But I preserved silence. I was mortified beyond measure.
That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyhood was sensitive and irritable, and suggested the