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Rates of Advertising.

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Poetry.

VENLY RECOGNITION.

now our friends in heaven?
know the ones we love,
meet beyond the river
'orld of joy above?
meet us on the margin,
ur feet have crossed the flood?
welcome us with gladness
lity of of our God?

know their angel voices,
to higher notes of bliss
years have ever wakened,
orld of woe like this?
know their happy faces,
with joy eternal beam;
h brow with glory radiant,
Brighter than the stars that gleam?

Will we know that sainted father,
Who so kindly led our way?
Or that gentle, loving mother—
She who taught our lips to pray?
Or the one, who faithful led us
To the blessed Saviour's feet?
O! methinks 'twere part of Heaven
These dear ones to know and greet.

Loving partner of our sorrows;
Of the joys that once was ours,
Can we claim no recognition
When we meet in Heavenly bowers?
And the Children God has given,
Cheering happy homes below;
Surely in that home of glory,
Those dear children we shall know.

Will not all our earthly senses
Find their full perfection there?
Purest love and fond devotion,
And the joy of angels share?
And our knowledge ever growing,
Is it not most clearly shown,
That when we in heaven are welcomed,
"We shall know as we are known!"

O! the bliss! the joy of Heaven:
There to sit at Jesus feet—
Gaze upon the King of Glory—
Dearest friends once more to meet.
There we'll speak of all his goodness,
Tune our harps to sweetest lays,
Spend together in his presence
An eternity of praise.

Life in a Tomb.

In Iowa resides James T. Anderson, aged 25. Three years ago he died from his neck downward. His head, however, is alive and more vigorous and active than before the body which it once governed ceased to be vital. At the age of two, James's father died, and his mother soon married again. At the age of three he was tossed several times by an angry cow.—Shortly afterward, while he was eating bread and milk, a rattlesnake joined him, and when the two had finished, his snakeship made his bow and retired. At five years old a horse ran away with him, and made for a stable, across the entrance of which was a bar. The horse rushed in under the bar, and his mother seized him just in time to save his life. He grew up active and strong, and was fond of sports.—He became a good gymnast.

James, at the time of the accident that left him with a dead body and living head, was a fine, handsome young man. He weighed two hundred pounds, and there was not a superfluous ounce of flesh on his body.

One afternoon, when on a visit to an uncle at Glenwood, Iowa, he was exercising on a pole placed from one tree to another in the back yard. He had on a pair of gaiters, tipped with patent leather. He swung down from the pole by his feet; the leather slipped and he fell. He struck his neck just where it joins the shoulders.

He was bewildered, but perfectly conscious. His body felt as though smashed to a jelly. He experienced a horrible tingling; and when the doctor came he told him to touch him, as his body was broken to pieces. His neck was broken, inflamation set in, and all thought his end was come. To the surprise of all, in a few days he began to mend. He was shortly after removed to his stepfather's house, where he still resides.

Time hung heavily on his hands, and he resolved to learn to write with his mouth. He accomplished this, and, as he says in a letter to Mr. J. K. Nutting, he soon wrote a tolerable good mouth. He is now trying to [illegible] by this means to earn something for his support. He has been and still is, tenderly cared for by his sister, herself a cripple, and speaks in the highest terms of his stepfather, who though a poor man, has shewn him every kindness.

His worst enemies are the flies which buzz about his face. He holds a leafy twig in his mouth, however, and manages to twirl it about in a wonderful way and drive off his tormentors. This case is without a parallel, except that of John Carter of England, who was injured in a similar way, and who became a famous painter.

ONE of the latest humorous papers illustrates this scene: An old gent is walking in his garden. Presently the milkman comes along, outside the high garden wall, and gives his customary yell. Old gent hears something, but, being very deaf, is unable to make out just what is wanted; so he puts his ear trumpet in place, and elevating the bell edge over the wall, exclaims, "Here," Milkman takes it for a dish, and empties a quart of milk into the old gent's ear. It is about as ludicrous a scene as can be imagined.

THE newest word out is itzecuintepoizoth and it means in English, a man who can't take a joke, and gets his back up at the merest trifle. Its Mexican definition is a hunchback dog.

Religious Reading.

A Curious Story.

Was it a Miracle?—For thirty years, Miller, of Bristol, has lived by faith. If he wants money, lands, food, clothes or health, he goes and asks for it and gets it.

A few men in this country have tried that system with various shades of success. Fulton street presents some remarkable instances of direct answer to prayer, if you can believe human testimony.

A case occurred some time ago, and I send you the facts as can be confirmed to the satisfaction of any one. Ministers out employment drift to New York, partly to get away from the scenes of their former triumph, partly to find employment outside of the profession without being meddled with.

As Stewart's store is said to be a hospital for decayed merchants because so many bankrupt traders are employed in that house, so may Brooklyn be regarded as the rendezvous of pastors without a parish.

One of this number has been doing a little business, sometimes up and sometimes down. One Saturday he found himself almost cleaned out. His purse was without a penny, his larder empty his credit exhausted. On his way home he went into a store and asked for a bill of goods on credit until the next week. The storekeeper blandly but firmly refused. The poor fellow went to his home sadly enough. There was nothing to eat in the house.—He called his wife and children together, told them he was penniless, and without food, and said:

"My dear children, there is no help from man, let us go to God."

The little household knelt in prayer and went supperless to bed.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock the family were aroused by a loud knocking at the door. The husband went down and found a gentleman waiting to see him. He was a well known merchant of the city, and knew nothing of the distress of the family, or that the household was in want. Addressing the occupant of the house he said.

"You may be surprised to see me here at this time of night. I undertook to go to bed but I could not sleep. I felt impressed that it was my duty to come here. I tried to shake it off, but I could not; and I am here to see if your family want anything."

The man told his story from the fullness of his heart. His friend left him with a sum of money, and promised to see the family early in the morning. Late as it was, the relieved gentleman went out for his Sabbath supply, and spent the night in thanksgiving. He believes in direct answers to prayer.

I LIKE the story of the servant maid who, when she was asked on joining the church, "Are you converted?" "I hope so sir."—"What makes you think you are really a child of God?" "Well, sir, there is a great change in me from what there used to be." "What is that change?" "I don't know, sir, but there is a change, in all things; but there is one thing, I always sweep under the mats now." Many a time she had hidden the dust under the mat. It was not so now; it is a very excellent reason for believing that there is a change of heart when work is concientiously done. There is a set of mats in all our houses where we are accustomed to put the dirt away; and when a man gets in his business to sweep from under the mats—you merchants have your mats, you know—when you avoid the evils which customs tolerate but which God condemns, then you have marks of grace within.—[*Spurgeon.*]

THE WORLD'S HOPE.—Well and truly says the Rev. John Kerr:

Take away our hope in God, and history becomes a sea of tumbling billows, dark and shoreless; nations rising only to fall; great souls shooting across the horizon like dying meteors; and all the spiritual longings of the past written down but to tell us of the vanity of our own efforts. We could bear to study history only as we forget all the higher ends it might serve as a school of training for immortal souls, and as the steps of a Divine Architect through the broken scaffolding and scattered stone wreck upward to a great finished structure. The very glimpse of this is reviving, but to give up at once Architect and end, and see human lives shattered and strewn across weary ages, and human hearts torn and bleeding, with no avoiding result, this surely would fill a thoughtful mind with pain. The more of such history, the more of sorrow.

THERE was no room for Christ in the inn. In these days it is too often the case that there was no room for Christ in the hearts of man. He appeals for admission promising to sweeten tempers, to assuage griefs to santify joys, to bring us to the Father, but men still refuse Him, or rather postpone receiving Him, postpone the great matter of conversion, until they find out that to-morrow comes not. Death will not be put off. All in their spiritual rags, with trunks unpacked, death takes men and brings them face to face with the Great Mystery. Then will the things of this life appear like phantoms, and the things of the other world—faith, truth, honor, love—will be the great realities.

IN Oregon there has not been a failure of crops in the memory of the oldest pioneer of the State.

Temperance Column.

Terrible Effects of Drunkenness.

The Louisville *Commercial* says: Monday afternoon a gentleman living in an aristocratic portion of Second street set out to search for his wife who had been absent from home since Saturday. Going into the row of huts located between Walnut and Madison and East and Floyd streets he was filled with unutterable anguish at finding her in one of these dirty huts, occupied only by colored people, and evidently very much intoxicated. All of his efforts to induce her to return to her home and to her six children with which their marriage had been blessed were unavailing. The woman entreated to be let alone or else be permitted to go where she never would behold his face again. She had on her person the sum of $300, which she stated would take her where she pleased. A carriage was sent to the door, and an officer, whose assistance was required, went into the house and finally persuaded her to return to the home she had not seen, and perhaps had not thought of, since Saturday. She was placed in the carriage, and, in company with the officer, went back to her family, but not without imploring to be allowed to go anywhere else. The appearance of the woman is prepossessing in every respect—above the average size, she is splendidly formed, and in affluent circumstances. Here is a woman of personal beauty, high position—a mother surrounded by her children—dragged down below the level of a brute, and involving in her fall husband, children and loving friends. And what for? Let who will answer.

Useful Information.

Salt stimulates digestion.

Pineapples irritate the bowels.

Ripe currants will cure diseases of the bladder.

Dry renet and rhubarb wine will cure dyspepsia.

Sunstroke is caused by a sudden check of prespiration.

Lemons will cure chills and fever, and correct a bad liver.

Onions are the best vegetable known to correct bad blood.

Ice cream produces acute dyspepsia in consumptive patients.

Cantaloupes eaten freely will cure dysentery and cholera morbus.

Cracked wheat boiled or cooked as rice is a good diet for dyspeptics.

Gooseberries contain astringent qualities, and are good in diarhœa.

Mush and milk is the best diet for those desiring an increase of avoirdupois.

EXCITEMENT.—The Rev. Dr. Arnot having been charged with "excitement," when speaking on total abstinence, has replied:

"People need not tell me that I am excited on these questions. I know that I am. I should be ashamed before God and man if I were not. There is more in the public-houses of Glasgow to stir the spirit of a minister than all that Paul saw at Athens. In my ministry I meet the horrid fruits of these whiskey-shops; I see men and women perishing in these pitfalls.—The number of the victims is so great that it overwhelms me. My brain is burning, my heart is breaking. The Church is asleep, and the world, too, and they are hugging each other. I am weary with holding in. I must cry. I would rather be counted singular in the judgement of man, than be unfaithful in the judgment of God."

TEMPERANCE FABLE.—The rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said:

"It is my opinion that if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats present loudly squealed assent. Then they were startled by a faint voice and a poor rat, with only three legs limping into the ring, stood up to speak:

"My friends, I have tried the method you propose, and you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap, *Let it alone.*"

IS ALCOHOL A NECESSITY OF LIFE?—The National Temperance Society and Publication House of New York has issued an admirable pamphlet with the above title, written by Dr. Henry Monroe, an English physician of note. In discussing the subject, he states that for a number of years he has had much experience in medical attendance upon persons who are total abstainers. He is convinced, from actual facts, that these persons, as a class, do not suffer from anything like the amount of sickness experienced by moderate drinkers of intoxicating drinks; that when they are sick the sickness is much more amenable to treatment, and, necessarily they are sooner well again.

A LITTLE boy on returning home from church, was asked by his mother to give the text. After a thoughtful pause, the little fellow replied, I don't hardly remember, but it was something about a hawk between two pigeons." The text was, "Why halt ye between two opinions."

Miscellaneous.

A Traveler's Story.

Between Cable Swamp and Line Creek, we saw a considerable crowd gathered near a drinking house, most of them seated and smoking. It was Saturday, and there had been a quarter race for a gallon of whiskey. The first thing that I noticed on alighting was the singular position of one of the horses of the party. He was kneeling down and standing on his hinder feet, his head wedged in between the ends of two logs of the grocery, and was stone dead, having run against the building at full speed, causing the horse to partially fall. About five paces from the horse, lay the rider, quite senseless, with a gash in his throat which might have let out a thousand lives. As I said most of the crowd where seated and smoking.

"What is all this? what is the matter here?" I inquired.

"Matter?" after a while answered one in a drawling voice, giving a good spit and filling his mouth with a new cud. "Matter enough, there has been a quarter race."

"But how came this man and horse killed?" I asked.

"Well," answered the chewing spitting gentleman, "the man was considerably in liquor, I reckon, and ran his hoss chuck into the house and that's the whole on it."

"Has the doctor been sent for?" inquired one of our party.

"Reckon there ain't much use of doctors here," replied another of the crowd, "burnt brandy won't save either of them, man or hoss."

"Has this man a wife or children?" I inquired.

"No children that I knows on," answered a female sitting on the ground, but a short distance from the dead man, smoking composedly.

"He has a wife then?" I remarked,—"What will be her feelings when she learns the fatal termination of this unfortunate race?"

"Yes," sighed the female, "it is an unfortunate race. Poor man! he lost the whiskey."

"Do you happen to know his wife? has she been informed of the death of her husband?" were my next inquiries.

"I know her? Has she been informed of his death?" said the woman. "Well I reckon you ain't acquainted about these parts; I'm the unfortunate widder,"

A Woman's Fidelity.

The New Orleans *Picayune* furnishes the following beautiful but sad illustration of a woman's fidelity:

Shortly after the close of the war Mrs. Beach, living near Carrolton, became insane. The cause of her derangement was attributed to the loss of her husband in one of the numerous conflicts in Virginia. Notwithstanding the unsound condition of her mind, she continued about her daily duties as usual taking care of her children (she had two, a boy and a girl) and sewing for their support. It was only in conversation that her infirmity was apparent, and her utter aversion for society. Naturally week and delicate in organization, her overtaxed strength gave way under the arduous work she performed, and day by day her thin pale face grew care-worn, and her soft and silent footsteps drew nearer and nearer to the grave. But to all inquiries of friends about her health she would shake her head and say "I'm well; I can't die; who would care for my little ones?" The sad and lonely life of the woman excited compassion, but she would take no alms. She toiled early and late. But not a great while since she sent for a gentleman living a short distance from her, and when he arrived said to him, "I'm going to die now; my children are provided for." In less than two days she was dead, and contemporaneous with the fact came the intelligence that by the death of an uncle her children had become heirs to a large fortune in Maryland.

Saturday Night.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a cure, how many a caress, how many a look of hate, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a soul lost, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest treasures of the heart.

A week is life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man in business! Go home to your hearth, erring wanderer! Go home to the chair that awaits you, wronged waif on life's breakers! Go home to those you love man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by!

Leave your book with complex figures, your dingy office, your busy shop! Rest with those you love, for heaven only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and the battles of life which have furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth!—Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets strive to be a better man, and bless heaven for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal, as Saturday night.

An Unknown Land.

Sailing down on the bright river of life, we seem evermore approaching the green shores of an Unknown Land, where the most beautiful flowers charm the eye; where the sweetest of bird-songs greet the ear; where earth and air seem to vie with each other in the endeavor to reach perfection.

On the nearer bank there are sunny flowers fragrant as memories, and there are shady woods and smiling plains stretched out before us; and voices of pleasant duties call us thitherward. There is the laps of murmuring streams where little children play all day long; there is fair fruit hanging on low branches, that we may pluck and eat; there are bright sunrises, and glowings goings down of the sun; there are fresh airs blowing from gardens of delight, and gentle airs whispering to us of Heaven. But from all these we turn aside to gaze wistfully toward the glories of the Unknown Land.

For one, there rises a fair summit of eminence from whence he believes he can see the whole world at his feet; men bowing down before him, and women and children singing his praises in the sunshine.

For another, there are restful reaches of green meadow, stretching away under the tenderer light of stars; and when once reached, there shall be no more vexing debate about the baser things of life, but only eternal peace and quietness.

For one, there is the shining of gold on the beautiful emerald shore; gold, which will gain him power and influence among his fellow-men, and spread comforts in his path.

For one, there is the gain of friendship, the joy of true love, to lighten all the labors of life. He may still have to work, but his toil will be pleasure and pain will no longer be penance when soothed by the sympathy of a kindred mind.

You and I are sailing with the silver tide, but we shall never reach the shore of that unknown land!

In the spring we wait for the summer time; when the green bud of the spring is full of life and color, and bursts into a blossom, we long for the joys of the harvest field: when we are gathering the golden grain and ripe fruit, then we begin to look forward to the winter of of happy firesides; the long and silent winters, when we rest from our labors.

But how often, oh, how often, death steps in and breaks our plans! How often our search ends in disappointment, because we have trimmed our sails, while the sunshine lasted, for bright, little voyages to this unknown land, and forgotten the reality of that shining shore upon which we hope some day to stand secure.

We neglect too often the duties of to-day; we forget the blessings that surround us on every hand; we slight real friends and real joys for an unreal glimpse of to-morrow.

Yes, this is the Unknown Land which no one of us ever reaches!

We look up to the sky, and mourn because a cloud hangs dimly above the horizon; but then we turn away and say: "It will be bright to-morrow!"

But to-morrow never comes. It is always before us, a bright picture in the air; and the sun of to-day may go down and another sun arise, yet it will only be another day after all.

Let us take care of the present—let us look well to our deeds of to-day, assured that all the Future is in His hands, who careth for us all.

Inside the Earth.

The greatest depth of the earth hitherto attained by man's explorations has not reached more than one mile from the surface. When, as Professor Forbes states, it is remembered "that the diameter of the earth is 7,900 miles," the disproportion of our studies between the surface and the interior of our planet is evident. We have traversed every sea from pole to pole; the desert, the prairie, the great forests, and the inland river founts have alike been explored. All the sciences prove with what ardor we have studied things of the earth's surface, and thence directed our attention to distant planets, to study them; yet our planet no attempt has been made beyond one mile down. What, however, we have learned from this descent is astonishing.—We have discovered that the earth is not solid substance, on the contrary, it has a fluid interior, and only is [illegible] relatively not so thick in proportion as a hen's egg. It is found that for every hundred feet of descent there is a rise of two degrees Fahrenheit, and but little calculation will be needed to fix the depth for such intensity of heat as will melt iron, and the lava which we see ejected by volcanoes. Now without any verifying experiment, the existence of volcanoes in different parts of the world, the perpetual springs of boiling water in Iceland, at Bath, at Matlock, clearly proves the existance of subterranean heat. Fortunately, experiments of a different character from those of descending into the earth substantiate the fact of interior fluidity.

CURE FOR EARACHE.—Put a little black pepper in some cotten, dip in sweet oil and insert in the ear. This is one of the quickest remedies known.

AN experienced old gentleman [illegible] all that is neccessary to the enjoyment of love or sausage is confidence.

There are forty-one Counts in the French Assembly.

THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

There is a gem more pearly bright,
More dear to mercy's eye,
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow light
First cheers the evening sky;
A liquid pearl that glitters where
No sorrows now intrude;
A richer gem than monarchs wear;
The tear of gratitude.

But ne'er shall narrow love of self
Invite the tribute forth,
Nor can the sordid slave of pelf
Appreciate its worth!
But ye, who stop the widow's woe,
And give the orphan food,
For you this liquid pearl shall flow,
The tear of gratitude.

Ye who but slake an infant's thirst
In heavenly mercy's name,
Or proffer penury a crust,
The sweet reward may claim;
Then while you rove life's sunny banks,
With sweetest flowrets strewed,
Still may you claim the widow's thanks,
The orphan's gratitude.

Different Views of Death.

It is singular to note in how many different ways death is regarded by mankind, and the variety of feelings produced by its consideration. To some it is an object of hope, to others of dread, some love to ponder on its import and bearings, others turn from it with aversion, and dismiss it imperiously from their thoughts. Some think of it but as a door, which, opening, will lead to more complete developments and higher existence, while to others it appears to be a termination to all their plans and aims, a sudden cutting short of life, with all its varied excitements. To some it is a theme which enkindles the imagination and inspires the soul, to others it suggests chiefly its outward trappings and symbols, the body arrayed for the tomb, the funeral, the house of mnourning, the grave. It is not only the varied opinions which men hold as to the meaning of death as an entrence to a future life which operate to produce these different effects of the mind.—Natural temperament, habits of thought, courage or timidity, the tendency of the mind to dwell on the material or the spiritual, all contribute to tinge the subject with their peculiar coloring. It is noted of Sir Walter Scott that amid his boldest flourishes of material enthusiasm, and his most charming passages of natural description, there is a constant tendency to return from subjects of life, to dwell on death; and it is mentioned as illustrative of the popular character of his disposition that he loves to depict its outward symbols, and linger fondly over the images of death and the detail of funeral ceremonies, at times even going out of his way to describe these scenes with a minuteness that shows them to have held a large place in his meditations.

It is rare to find one so full of rich vitality, and with so ardent a love for nature in all her living forms of beauty as Scott, who likewise loves to dwell on the theme of death. Yet whilst it may tinge his writings with a shade of tender melancholy, he does not invest it with that calamitous and hopeless character with which so many clothe it in their thoughts. Apart from the natural and inevitable grief which must attend the parting from dear friends, death in itself considered is not a woe, nor should our meditations upon it partake wholly of sorrowful features. That they so frequently do, and that they are for this reason so generally avoided, and is chiefly owing to a current belief that the things of this life are hostile to man's spiritual being, that time and eternity are so antagonistic in their nature, that there can be no congeniality or harmony between them. The love of life, and of all that is known by experience to constitute life, is strong in man, and hence the shrinking from what is supposed to be at variance with it. A firm belief in the wisdom, consistency, and harmony of the workings of Divine Providence will dispel this error. As we already occupy a definite place in the arrangements of this world, as these arrangements must be parts of a great whole, under the same government, and as our happiness and interests are promoted here only by faithful fidelity to duty, so the same great principles will underlie any other world or different state, and the same power and love uphold and regulate it.

A pure and virtuous life will more than all beside strip death of the terror and gloom so often thrown around it. The nature of all vital force is *cumulative*. A falling body does not gather momentum more surely, than the character gathers force in whatever direction it is guided. The energy of the will augments with every volition, the capacity of the benevolent affections, the sense of honor, the love of truth and goodness are forever increasing in those who cherish them. To the sensual passions, unholy desires, selfishness, pride, avarice—all that tends to crush goodness out of the soul, gain power with fearful rapidity in those who suffer them to take root in their hearts. This is what gives to immortal life all its dignity, and only as we take in this idea can we form any adequate notion of its power. To those who regard the material part of life as all in all, death coming only to dissolve it, will seem a cruel tyrant, crushing all that is most dearly prized; but to those who think of life as something nobler than mere physical existence, who recognize the ever increasing power of character, death will be but the agent which sets the spirit free from earthly limits, and as such will bring no terrors.

Extraordinary Freak of Nature.

We have it from the undoubted authrity of a highly respected citizen of Port Deposit that a negro appeared at Port Deposit a few days ago, who is most singularly constituted in his "make up." He possesses the power of changing the location of the heart, and of doing some other wonderful things with his "internal improvements." Drs. Evans, Broomall and Shure examined him. He caused his heart to drop down from its place on the left side, then moved it across his stomach, then up the right side and across the chest to its proper place, remarking. "There, she's gone home!" The doctors followed it (the heart) in its singular circuit, marking its pulsations as it progressed. Then the "colored brother dropped his ribs! then he put his bowels in motion, causing the whole mass to revolve twenty-one times. He then unwound them as many times. He then suspended the action of his heart, the doctors not being able to detect the slightest pulsation.

This negro is a short but powerfully-built and muscular man. He says he was born in Itally; shows scars where he says he was opened twice by doctors in Europe. Dr. Evans offered him an hundred dollars if he would let him "go for him" again, but he said he believed he "wouldn't try that any more!" The doctors made him up a sum of money, and he went on his way rejoicing. This is, perhaps, the most wonderful case on record.—*Balto Evening Journal.*

"Do not Give Up."

A gentleman travelling in the Northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children and paused to listen.

Finding the sounds proceeding from a small building used as a school house, he drew near; and, as the door was open, he entered, and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, sad and dispirited.

"Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he's good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so rough and stern that the younger and more timid boys were nearly crushed. He said a few kind words to him; then, placing his hands upon the noble brow of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar.—Do not give up, but try, my boy, try."

The soul of the boy was roused. His dormant intellect awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious and ambitious. He did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible—a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clark.

The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up but try, my boy, try!"

A Physician's Story.

An eminent physician, in *Hearth and Home*, tells the following excellent story for the benefit of young mothers. He says:

"An intelligent young mother inquired some days since how she could best preserve her child's linen clean and sweet when changed frequently through the day. I directed her never to dry it before the fire, but in the sun and open air, as the weather permits. You thus not only avoid saturing the air of your room with the volatile and poisonous gases driven out of the linen, but the sun's rays have the power of cleansing and disenfecting which artificial heat has not, and will purify and preserve the linen. She followed my directions; but as is too often the practice, dried and aired it in the nursery window. Her fastidious husband remonstrated in vain against this unseemly exposure. Believing that if she saw her practice as others saw it, she would desist, he so directed their afternoon walk as to bring the nursery window into full view from a central part of the town. Stopping abruptly he pointed to the offending linen flapping conspicuously in the breeze; and asked, sarcastically; 'My dear, what is that displayed from our windows?' 'Why,' she proudly replied, 'that is the flag of our union!' Conquered by this pungent retort, he saluted the flag with a swing of his hat, and pressing his wife's arm closer within his own, said as they walked homeward. 'And long may it wave.'"

PUMPKINS FOR INFLAMATORY RHEUMATISM.—At a recent meeting of the New York Farmers' Club, a correspondent wrote of the virtues of the pumpkin, giving the following instance of its value for inflammatory rheumatism: A poultice was made of stewed pumpkins, which was renewed every fifteen minutes, and in a short time produced a perfect cure. The fever drawn out by the poultices made extremely offensive, as they were taken off. I knew a man cured of severe inflammation of the bowels by the same kind of application.

A GOOD story is told of a rather verdant agricultural laborer, who, having by hook and crook scraped together fifty dollars, took it to his employer, with a request to take charge of it for him. A year after the laborer went to another friend to know what would be the interest on it. He was told three dollars. "Well," said he, "I wish you would lend me three dollars for a day or two. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me a year, and I want pay him the interest for it."

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