THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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Selected Poetry.

"ONLY."

Only a withered rose-bud!
But she wore it in her hair,
When she, in glorious beauty,
Was like that rose-bud fair;
But as the flow'rets wither
In dewy morning tide
With all their sweetness round them,
So she, fair rose-bud, died.
And now, alas! she's sleeping
Where the rose-tree's earliest bloom
Scatters its fragrant tear-drops
In sorrow o'er her tomb.

Only an old-time ballad!
But a song she used to sing;
Though worthless, perhaps, to others,
To me a sacred thing.
Ah, that grave! in it the music
Of my heart lies buried deep;
Since that sunny summer morning
When they laid her there to sleep.
Oh, the long, long years I've waited!
Oh, the years that yet may come!
Ere I join the sweet-voiced singer
In our Father's happy home.

Only a few old letters!
Yellow and dim with years;
But oft this faded writing
Hath been baptized with tears.
For she, whose dear hand wrote them,
Lies 'neath the church-yard sod;
Up in the starry heavens
Her spirit lives with God.
Oh, that those gates would open,
And she, with outstretched hand,
Would lead me to the glories
Of the far-off better land!

A BROTHER'S DEVOTION.

CHAPTER I.

"Of course, sister mine, the insolent Austrain could have but one answer from Lucia da Cavarra?" And the handsome boy, lying on grass at her feet, looked up into the beautiful face so like his own, with a glance full of proud love.

They were the same age, eighteen: orphans for over two years; with no relative in the word, as far as they knew, save a distant one—the Mother Superior of a neighboring Sisterhood of Charity.

They were much alike; the more so that while the girl, maturing earlier, had nearly attained her full height, the boy had not. Delicately featured, slightly made, like her, the down scarcely yet on chiseled lip, his resemblance to her was greater, perhaps, than it would be when he should attain the manhood of which his youth gave such rich promise.

She laid her hand on the broad, fine brow, and answered——"Andrea mio, I would sooner bury myself, dead or alive, than be wife to an Austrian. And this man, this Valdenstein, his hand stained with Italian blood, how dare he address himself to a Cavarra?" she cried, with a passion that made her look ten times more beautiful than before. "My answer was simple. I tore his letter in half and sent it back. He may be governor of this town, perhaps, but never of this daughter of Venice. Oh! Andrea, for freedom from this hated yoke I would sell my life, inch by inch."

"I would live in hopeless captivity," said the young man, steadily, "and that is a fate worse than death."

He laid his handsome head back on her robe, as it swept round her in heavy folds, and she was about to reply; but at that moment a man in the dress of an Austrian gendarme came up, and as both brother and sister sprang to their feet, said:

"You are the Signora Lucia Cavarra?"

"I am. What Then?"

"Then, madam, you must accompany me."

"Where? on what charge? by what authority?" demanded the young Andrea, hutily.

"Signor, this lady is under suspicion of conspiracy against the government."

"It is false," said the youth, "and—"

"Then she will doubtless clear herself," interrupted the phlegmatic German. "At present, signora will come quietly, or my painful duty would be to employ force.'

Andrea looked so much on the point of putting force in use then and there that the brave sister stayed him, terrified for his safety

"Hush, Andrea; do nothing now. It would be worse than useless."

"True, signora," said the gendarme, who seemed not unkindly disposed. "Will it please you to have a fiacre?"

"Certainly," said Andrea, quickly.—"This will pay for one," and he slipped double the sum required into the man's hands. "You will let me know where they put her."

The Austrain nodded in the affirmative, and so the brother and sister parted.

It is, perhaps, difficult for those of our readers, safe under the law, to comprehend the sickening alarm of these arrests. The loved one dragged away on a vague charge, thrown into, perhaps, a secret prison, dangerous even to inquire for.—Try and comprehend the suffering of the poor brother, helpless to save, went through in the following days; ignorant of where she was, until at last, one night, when near home, a man stumbled against him, hastily begged pardon in thick, bad Italian, and hurried on, leaving a paper in Cavarra's hand. Once safe in the house, he read these lines:

"For Heaven's sake, save me! I am in a dungeon in the Castle—in the hands of Valdenstein—my more than life in danger.—Send me, at least, the means of death. A Sœur would perhaps pass. LUCIA."

Now indeed, such a terror fell on the boy's bold heart as for a second almost numbed it. He saw now the whole villainous scheme. His sister was at the mercy of that most dangerous of all enemies—a scornfully rejected suitor. Save her? Yes, if he burned the whole town down.

He flew to the Convent presided over by his relative, Teresa Bagnolo.

In the gloomy prison in the castle fortress sat Lucia Cavarra, her head, her whole form drooping, sick at heart, with such terror as only a woman who can know. Would her messenger fail her? She had bribed him largely, and pledged him double the sum the hour admitted one of the Sisters of San Guiseppe to see her. Every step outside made her tremble lest it should be the Count Valdenstein, and her ear, painfully acuate, caught every sound. Now she heard the heavy step of a man without, the lock turned, the door swung back. Then a figure entered and the door closed. Not the Governor, but a tall woman in the black and white robes of a Sœur de Charite.

'Ah! this is kind, carra sorella. Did Andrea send you?' But the nun clasped the prisoner close.

'It is Andrea himself, come to save his darling! Hush, Lucia, no word; it must be! Me he can only kill, but you—listen! Our good relative lent me this sacred garb to put over my own; we change; you will easily pass out, and then fly to Teresa and she will conceal you, or send you to England.'

'Never, while you live, Andrea. I cannot do this. He will kill you," she said clinging passionately to him.

"Hush, hush! Quick—it must be done. I shall escape perhaps. What is my life against my sister's safety? Quick, Lucia.'

Forced to yield, the exchange was soon made. Then there came the agonizing and the two separated. The jailer let out the sister, the brother remained in the prison triumphant. His darling was saved, and it was already dusk, the jailer in entering with food, did not notice any difference. The bowed form in its velvet robe was apparently the same as before. It was not till late the next morning that any one came in, and then, attended by the jailer, the Governor himself entered the prison. He stopped in a blank surprise, that was even ludicrous, as his eye fell, not on his intended victim, but on the slight form, and bold, haughty face of her brother.

'Ha! what is this? whom have we here?' he almost shouted, with an oath too blasphemous to be written

"Andrea da Cavarra,' said the young Venitian coolly, 'at your service, Signor Comte.'

The Governor uttered a fierce German exclamation, and lifted a glaring weapon to strike the speaker; but a yet more cruel thought arrested his hand.

'No,' said he, ferociously; 'death were release; captivity—death! Here, then, rot out existence, knowing that this girl will in a few hours be mine on my own terms.'

'Do your worst,' cried the Venitian, scornfully. 'To my own fate I am utterly indifferent, since my sister is saved and forever beyond your reach. Torture this body if you choose, shut it in here for life, I care not! I glory in suffering for Lucia.'

For one moment Valdenstein gazed on his captive in utter amazement; such a soul, such sacrifice was absolutely beyond his comprehension.

'Be a martyr, then!' he said, with a grim, hoarse laugh; 'a few months will wonderfully alter your tone.'

'Never!' replied Cavarra steadily, and in his eye there was a look before which the tyrant quailed. He turned and left the dungeon. It was years before that iron door opened to the brave boy.

CHAPTER II.

All search after Lucia Cavarra failed. Earnest Von Valdenstein was baffled entirely by woman's wit. Lucia never left the town, but somehow it got about in the neighborhood that the Cavarra's had fallen under Austrain notice, and fled secretly. Then, as time went on, people thought they were dead, and so they were nearly forgotten. None guessed that the one lay hidden in a dungeon and the other in a Convent, disguised under the veil of a Sœur de Charite—both victims of a bad man's passion and revenge.

Lucia sat by a window bending over some fine embroidery for the service of the altar. Look on the soft outlines, the sweet mouth and patient brow. Would you recognize the proud, bright, brilliant Lucia Cavarra in this gentle, chastened woman? For seven years she had sought every means to rescue her brother, refusing to believe in his death till failure after failure crushed out all hope of his release, and the poor heart was almost broken — Then, in its sorrow, the beauties of religion found their way into the once proud nature, and as years passed by patient resignation had taken the place of agonized hope and schemes of vengeance No vows bound her to the Sisterhood, but by the leave of her aunt, the Superior, she wore the habit which so well had sheltered her, and, in her gratitude, did all the work she could within the walls.

'You mean, Madre dolce, that our Italian standard is raised in Lombardy,' and her brow flushed. 'Yes, I know.'

'And our army is in want of nurses," continued the Superior. "Some of our Sisters are going at once. Ah, you start Lucia—your eyes brighten.'

'I will go, too—oh, please let me go, Madre.' The hands were clasped passionately—the old, strong, energetic, active nature woke at once to new life, but a life now rightly directed. 'I am more fitted for such work than this,' flinging down the embroidery. 'Let me go.'

'Go, and God be with thee, my daughter,' said Teresa Bagnolo, kissing her tenderly. 'Go, and carry consolation to the wounded and dying.'

CHAPTER III.

A desperate battle had been fought, and the bright southern moon fell on a ghastly scene of blood and carnage; of dead, and dying, and wounded; beaten Astrians and victorious Italians, equal here at least. A fearful sight, but it does not appal those brave, true woman, Who, accompanying the serching parties, are seeking those in whom life is still left. One especially—a tall, slight woman, whose veil is drawn close, seems incapable of weariness, but returns again and again, binding up wounds, administering restoratives, and helping to convey the sufferers into camp.

Now she moves forward in advance of the little troop to which she is attached, and the moonlight falls on that beautiful, pitying face as she bends over the corpses which lie thickly around.

'Dead—dead,' she murmured, and for a moment the bold spirit sickened at the carnage 'Ha! what is that?'

A groan close by, then silence; she listened intently till another groan guided her, and then searching carefully, she at last found the wounded man, an Austrian whose rich uniform showed him to be of rank, but whose face was so disfigured that perhaps his own mother would have failed to recognize him. Lucia knelt down and lifted the sufferer's head so as to force some of the brandy, which she carried, between the lips, while scarcely raising her soft voice in the clear air, she called her troop.

'Ola, here is one living still.'

'Who are you? I am dying.' The voice was very feeble, the accent husky, the speech Austrian; but through it all something made Lucia start and tremble. 'Let me die—only—more brandy—who are you—and—those men?'

The heavy, glazing eyes stared up at the soldiers now around them. Their commander said:

'She is a Sister of Charity. We are going to take you into camp to be looked after.'

The Austrian tried to lift himself, but fell back against Lucia.

'For pity's sake let me die here. My wounds are mortal—only I must first undo—. Oh, how can I die without her pardon?'

'He wanders,' said one.

'Hush!' said Lucia, sternly; 'he is dying. Whose pardon?' she asked, bending over him. 'Who are you?'

'I am—Count Valdenstein. Give me brandy—ah—good! Leave me alone—only'—the words came slow and weak—'in mercy carry one message for me.'

'To whom?' she said, still forcibly controlling herself.

'To her—to Lucia Cavarra.'

For one second that calm face was uplifted with a look those around her never forgot. Then she said, quietly:

'It is Lucia Cavarra who supports you.'

'Lucia! herself!' cried the dying man, as if aroused into a momentary energy. 'How dare I ask your forgiveness—I who have robbed you of your brother all these years? But it is not too late. Take off my signet ring; it will open his prison door. And oh, can you pardon a wretch such as I am?'

'Even as I hope to be forgiven,' said Lucia, gently. 'And I know—'

'Sorella, mio, he is dead,' said the captain, and gently transferred the signet ring to Lucia's finger. Then fatigue, the tension, the sudden hopes asserting their sway, she sank down insensible on the battlefield.

The young officer lifted her in his strong arms and carried her back into the camp.

Scarcely could the sunlight find its way into the gloomy prison, but such as there was fell full on the noble self-devoted captive, who seven years ago had taken his place within those walls to ransom his sister's safety.

Worn and haggard was that handsome and now bearded face, but the delicate features, above all, the beautiful eyes, were the same; matured, altered, grave and melancholy, wearing a settled look of proud resignation and stern endurance. The subtle figure had attained to a noble stature, but slight and graceful, as in the youthful days when its height passed un challenged for his sister's, and thus set her free at the cost of his own liberty. His dress, his noble appearance was still, as before, that of the refined gentleman, for Valdenstein had not carried out his cruel revenge into such mean details of oppression. Captivity itself was bitter enough; that alone, he knew, was slowly wearing out the life of the youth by inches, and he cared not to hasten the freedom of friendly death by any extra means.

There he stood now, with the slim hands crossed on his breast, his dark eyes uplifted to the barred window, through which some few sunbeams strayed; so intent was his gaze, so wrapt and absent his thoughts, that the ear did not hear the heavy door open; still less a light step enter the prison. Yet there she stood close by—the sister for whose sake he had sacrificed himself with a devotion worthy of a woman, without one murmur, one wish that he had acted otherwise.

Motionless as himself she stood, his living likeness, his very shadow, till perhaps that silent presence spread round him like a mystic halo of love and peace, for with a sudden start and almost wild look he turned The next moment Lucia was clasped close to the prisoner's breast, a hold from which no human power could have torn her.

Long captivity had done its work even on that fine, vigorous frame. Cavarra's whole nervous system was prostrated and impaired, and the physicians ordered him away on foreign travel for change of scene, promising the anxious sister that a couple of years would see a complete restoration to health.

So the two left Serranto on their travels and came to England, and visited London. There are many who, if they chanced to see this little tale, would recognize the brother and sister; though few, if any, of those who met them in the world are acquainted with the story. If they were, they would probably cease to be surprised at the close, deep love and devotion to each other which has made the most brilliant offers of marriage fail to separate Lucia from Andrea de Cavarra.

Brains in Mechanical Pursuits.

We are not going to say or to imply that there are no brains in mechanical callings. But there is a pernicious feeling that mechanical work is a little below a man of culture, and our learned blacksmiths quit hammering horse-shoes and give themselves, like Burritt, to hammering languages, or, like Collyer, to hammering sermons. Perhaps a forge and anvil do give rather more scope to brawn than to brains, but in the present advanced state of the mechanic arts in this country there are trades which give a large enough field for any man's genius, if only his genius have the right bent. There is no apology for the sham gentility that thrusts a young man into the law or the ministry or the medicine, because it is supposed to be the only proper vocation for a man of ability or culture. There are plenty of poor lawyers and threadbare doctors who have that sort of talent that might succeed finely in steam-engineering or in some mechanical handicraft. It is a capital mistake that the artist enthusiasm for excellence can only find its proper object in art proper or in literary work. We know a man who is an artist in cooking oysters—not a very elevated pursuit truly. We can think of numoerless handicrafts in which an ambitious young man with mechanical gifts might gratify the highest aspiration for excellence and success. Thoreau set a good example when he determined to make the best lead-pencil in America. But when he had succeeded his ambition was satisfied and he never made another. We are not satisfied that even Thoreau's gift might not have borne as good literary fruit had he stuck to the lead-pencil factory as they did in his hermitage on Walden Pond. We do not know why a maker of excellent lead-pencils might not write as delicate essays as a dreamer in the forest.

We do not propose to mention the mechanical callings in detail. There is hardly one in which great improvement might not be made by a patient and able man. With us, money-making takes the chief place. So impatient are we to make money that we can not take time to do our work well. Since the old apprenticeships went out of vogue we Americans are in such haste to make money quickly that we do not take time to make money most surely. We are continually gathering unripe fruit.

There are many average men, painters in oil, who, by expending a tenth of their enthusiasm in another direction, might have made good pressmen. Good printing is almost a lost art in America, and there is no place where taste and talent is more needed than at the press. Why might not a young man of patience and taste find a noble ambition in making himself an Elzevir or an Etienne, a printer of beautiful or a printer of learned and correct texts? We have printing enough and rapid printing enough, but we have almost no printers. One reason for this is that printing is done by great firms, and that the name of the printer whose taste produces the work is not known to the public. Men will never do the best work while we give them no higher motive than money. By the combinations of trade we have buried the artisan and taken away his incentive to become an artist, unless he be one of those rare men who love their work better than money or fame.

Photography is hardly mechanical, and yet it is nearer to being a handicraft than an art, in its present condition. Even our out-door scenes—our stereoscopic pictures—are generally taken without artistic feeling and with little excellence. On Mount Washington, last summer, we found a villainous set of views by an artist who seemed to have a monopoly of the grand opportunity of the summit. Now, we have photographers enough. Let us have some photographic artists. There are hardly a dozen in the country worthy of the name

What Webster said of his profession is true of the trades. There is room enough in the upper stories.—*Hearth and Home.*

How Summer Suits Should be Washed.

Summer suits are nearly all made of white or buff linen, pique, cambric, or muslin, and the art of preserving the new appearance after washing is a matter of the greatest importance. Common washerwomen spoil everything with soda, and nothing is more frequent than to see the delicate tints of lawns and percales turned into dark blotches and muddy streaks by the ignorance and vandalism of a laundress. It is worth while for ladies to pay attention to this, and insist upon having their summer dresses washed according to the directions which they should be prepared to give their laundresses themselves. In the first place, the water should be tepid, the soap should not be allowed to touch the fabric; it should be washed and rinsed quick, turned upon the wrong side, and hung in the shade to dry, and when starched (in thin boiled but not boiling starch) should be folded in sheets or towels, and ironed upon the wrong side as soon as possible. But linen should be washed in water in which hay or a quart bag of bran has been boiled. This last will be found to answer for starch as well, and is excellent for print dresses of all kinds, but a handful of salt is very useful also to set the colors of light cambrics and dotted lawns: and a little ox-gall will not only set but brighten yellow and purple tints, and has a good effect upon green.

Pacific male—A Quaker.

Treacle.

Very wise people may be ignorant of the use of common words. A young married lady, who was trying to make some fine cake, stumbled on the word treacle in the receipt book, and gives an account of her perplexity:

"Is there any treacle in the house?"

"Any what?"

"Treacle, Ann!"

"I never see a bit."

"James, go and get some treacle."

He scratched his woolly head.

"Will it be in a jug or in a paper?"

I glanced at my book. "One cup of treacle"—jug, of course. But the butter and flour were in cups. I should not send a jug for those.

So, glancing at my watch, I said: "Never mind, to-day. Ann, you make some cup-cake for tea;" and walked as majestically as possible out of the kitchen. Once in my room, I exclaimed, in profound disgust at my ignorance: 'Treacle!' Had it been French, or Latin, or Greek, I could have known or asked. Had it been some classic passage from some standard author, I could have talked learnedly about it; but not to comprehend a common receipt in a common receipt book was too outrageous. I could not ask any one, I could not even guess. A bright thought struck me. There was Worcester's big dictionary smiling down upon me. I seized it—opened, and read: "Treacle—molasses."—*Exchange.*

HOW TO USE WASTE PAPER.—Few housekeepers are aware of the many uses to which waste paper may be put. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea-kettle, coffee-pot and teapot bright and clean, than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives and tinware after scouring. This saves wetting the knife handles. If a little flour be held on the paper in rubbing tinware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp-chimneys, etc., paper than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mould, if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it. Two thicknesses of paper placed between other covering on a bed are as warm as a quilt. If it is necessary to step upon a chair, always lay a paper on it, and thus save the paint or wood work from damage.

Paper Comfortables.

The mode of making comfortables warmer, by lining them with newspapers, is good as long as they last, which cannot be long, especially after washing a few times. I have tried a similar way of attaining the same object on cold nights, when I have not had sufficient bedding over me, especially at hotels, where we cannot always get just what we want. Throw off one or two of the top covers from the bed, then pull from the satchel or pocket two or three large 'newspapers —one very large one will do; spread them on the bed and replace the covers and you will have a warm and comfortable night, without any perceptible increase in the weight of the bedding. Again, when you have a hard, cold ride, of ten or twenty miles against the wind, place a spread newspaper over your chest before you button up your overcoat, and you will not become chilled through. Nothing can be cheaper, and, as far as it goes, nothing more efficient.

☞ In manufacturing the finest kinds of Brussels lace the thread used is of exquisite fineness, and is spun in dark, underground rooms, where the air is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used; and for a larger width as many as eight hundred on the same pillow.

☞ That was a very curious way of getting rid of an official which was practiced in Idaho last summer. The resignation of Joseph P. Lewis, the Associate Justice of the Territory, was received at Washington, and his successor appointed, and it afterwards proved that his resignation was forged by some unknown political enemy. He has now received a similar appointment to Washington Territory by way of compensation, and will probably be on the lookout against an involuntary resignation by proxy.

☞ Ah Hank, a Chinaman, was tried in New York for highway robbery, the complainant being Ayee, also Chinese.—Ayee wished to be sworn after his native custom, and to this end a crockery plate was procured. The interpreter then repeated the words of the oath, and at the end Ayee waved the plate twice in the air, and brought it down on the reporter's table with a crash that sent the splinters in every direction, and caused a general retreat among the Caucasian element.

☞ The following are the dimensions of the great bridge now being erected between New York and Brooklyn; Total length 5862 feet; length of central span, 1600 feet; elevation above high water, 130 feet; width of bridge floor, 80 feet; height of towers above high water, 268 feet; base of towers at water line 134 by 56 feet.

[From the Phrenological Journal.]

How to Keep Well.

BY HOWARD GLYDON.

This subject, at first glance, appears to be worn threadbare, and it would seem as if very little could be said that has not already been said upon it; yet the reading public is continually crying for "more," and the avidity with which people search out little practical bits on this and kindred subjects, in popular publications, in preference to reading the long, dry medical dissertations which are issued, proves two things: First that their interest is unabated; second, that to gain their attention it is only necessary to write in a simple, familiar style, discarding all technical terms and scientific expressions. The popularity of two or three well-known books on this subject, which have been published within the last few years, is illustrative of this.

A man gets into the habit of working early and late; of bolting his meals, and of going straight from the dining-room to the desk. He rides between his house and his office, to save time, and, in short, makes a machine of his body, and another of his mind. Presently both revolt. Neither of them like this *regime* of all work and no play. The body wants rest and fresh air and exercise, the mind wants relaxation and recreation.—Each begins to assert its individuality and to conspire for its rights. The man feels heavy and dull. He does less in two hours than he used to do in one. He has no appetite, or his meals do not agree with him. His sleep is broken, and at last, he begins to wonder what is the matter with him.—His next bright idea is that the doctor will tell him, and that the doctor will set it all right. So, to the doctor he goes. Now, once in a long, long while, he will find a precious physician, worth his weight in gold who will tell him, what the great Stupid ought to know well enough without any telling, that his bad health is owing to non-physiological habits, and that the only way to get well is to give up these. But most doctors will feel his pulse, and look at his tongue, and scribble a Latin prescription, and send this unobserving creature, who neglects his health to accumulate money which he will not live to spend, back to his old ways again.

Now, every man and woman who gives the least attention to the workings of his or her physical system, ought to know, better than the doctor can, what is, as a general rule, best for himself, in all except acute attacks, and all ailments which refuse to yield to strictly hygienic living. If you have something the matter with you, you ought first to question strictly your habits and change those that are not all together healthy. If, after giving this course a fair trial you are no better, it is then time to apply to the doctor. No matter what he does or advises, you will find that by acting as I have recommended, in the first place, you have been his very best auxiliary. There is nothing that makes a doctor so cheerful and hopeful as to get hold of a patient who has lived a regular life, and on whose self-control and good sense he can depend. In such cases the battle is half-won.

We shudder when we hear of the sudden deaths of those who seemed, up to the last moment, to be in good health. Some of us are ready to say, "What matters it how I live, since death is liable to spring upon me at any moment?" And I reply, that by far the greater number of sudden deaths from disease have had a long chain of aggravating and predisposing circumstances, of which sudden demise is but the natural and legitimate culmination and sequel.

Know yourself, and there will be much less mystery about these things, much less occasion to trust yourself blindly to other hands.

If you were to live in a house all your life and spend your time in keeping it well-ordered, how could you expect a stranger who should step before it suddenly some day, to know at a glance just where everything was just as well as you would yourself, and to be able to decide in a moment, without any previous prepetration, just what was out of place here, or what was lacking there?—This is just what you expect of the doctor. To be sure, he has dissected a few bodies, he knows something about the location of your heart, liver and lungs; but every disease that fastens itself on you has a cause of being a chain of circumstantial evidence connected with it, a history back of it, which no one but yourself can trace and appreciate and use profitably. It is the same with every one of your physical and mental idiosyncracies. You must see that nobody can serve you so effectually, from a sanitary point of view, as you can serve yourself, unless you have, by carelessness or ignorance, brought yourself into that critical state where all that is done must be done promptly, and where both your mind and your body are so worked upon that another must take the helm for you.

Yet, how many of us go blindly and passively to the doctor, taking none of these into consideration expecting him almost to heal us with a word, as if he had some divine revelation, direct from heaven. We rush to him with every little finger-ache and ear-ache, when a little common sense, a little reflection upon the principles of practical science, would teach us what to do.

But there are people who seem to think that a doctor is omniscient and omnipotent, and that a cold sponge bath, or a daily morning walk of an hour, or some simple application which they knew very well beforehand was needed, must work some miracle for them just because he has authorized it.

I thi nk this tendency to go blindly to another for help must be due to that feeling implanted in the human heart which makes us reach our hands up, as it were, to take hold of something stronger than we are.—We are always feeling around us for something wiser than ourselves, something full of redeeming power, to which they may cling

Yet, after God and nature there is no physician, for both soul and body, like self-help. Every intelligent and thoughtful man and woman ought, after a little experience, to be able to do better for himself or herself, in all but sudden emergencies, than any one else can. Some careful observation, some reasoning upon facts, some reference to the past some taking into consideration of the present, some allowances for the future, will enable nearly all so to order their physical lives that, under ordinary circumstances they will run on with passable smoothness.

Every human system has its own individual deficiencies and needs. Deficiencies, to be studied and remedied, needs to be met, and stumbling blocks to be guarded against. You can learn to make a diagnosis of your own state of body, and ascertain what is best for it, better than any doctor can at first sight. You should know what things agree with your stomach better than any one else can. You should know, too, under what circumstances you are most liable to take cold, what degree of heat or cold is necessary to your health and comfort, and, from experience, what quantity of clothing you ought to wear, how far you can walk without over fatigueing yourself, how much mental or physical labor you are capable of in a given time, or on an average, and which of these agrees with you best. Also, whether you are best suited for sedentary or active employments. These are the things that exercise the greatest effect upon the health. It is inattention to these details which generates acute and chronis diseases, and calls out and confirms hereditary and constitutional complaints, dissipation being left out of the question.

The ordering of these things is with you alone. If you neglect to take into consideration, there is no medicine in the Pharmacopia which will do more for you than produce temporary relief. Indeed, this is all that medicine can do for you under any circumstances. It is the province of hygiene to build up, of medicine to alleviate. One cures you, prevents you from contracting disease, thus doing away with the need of medicine.

Above all, avoid the common but foolish error of taking the habits and capabilities of others as your *vade mecum*. "Such and such a man works eight hours a day, and so I ought to work eight hours a day."—No such thing. If you are stronger than he, you may work longer without hurting yourself If you are not so strong, you should not work as long as he does. Another man's hours for work and rest and recreation should be no criterion for you. If you are wise, you will so order your life as to meet the needs and capabilities of your own mind and body, in so far as your circumstances will allow. In this respect, you are either your own best friend or your own worst enemy; and certainly you are your own most reliable physician. Self-khowledge and a proper application of it are the only guarantees for sound health and long life. "Know thyself" holds equally as good for the physical as for the mental organization of man.

GOOD REZOLUSHUNS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

That i wont borry nor lend—espeshily lend.

That i will live within mi inkum if i hev tew git trusted tew du it.

That i will be polite tew evry boddy, except muskeeters and bedbugs.

That i wont advise enny boddy until i know the kind ov advice they are anxshus tew follow.

That i wont wear enny more tite boots, if i hev tew go barefoot tew du it.

That i wont eat enny more chickken supe with a one-tined fork.

That i wont swop dogs with no man, unless i kan swop tew for one.

That i wont objekt tew enny man on account ov his color, unless he happens tew be blue.

That i wont sware enny, unless i am put under oath.

That i wont believe in total depravity, only in gin at 4 shillings a gallon.

That poverty may be a blessing, but if it iz, it iz a blessing in disguize.

That i will take my whisky hereafter strait—strait tew the gutter.

That the world oze me a living—provided i earn it.

That i will stick tew my taylor as long az he will stick to me.

That i wont swop enny hosses with a dekon.

That no man shall beat me in politeness, not so long az politeness kontinues to be az cheap az it is now.

That i wont hev enny religious kreed miself, but will respekt evrybody else's.

That if invly woman smaks me on one cheek, i will turn her the other also.

That if a man kalls me a phool i shant cask him tew prove it.

That i will lead a moral life, even if i lose a good deal ov phun by it.

That if a man tells me a mule wont kik i will believe what he sez without trying it.

That if ennybody loozes even a goose i will weep with him for it iz a tuff bizness tew looze a goose.

That if i ever du get a hen that can lay 2 eggs a day, i shall insist upon her keeping one ov the eggs on hand for a sinking fund.

That it iz no disgrace tew be bit bi a dog unless he does it a second time.

That it iz just as natural to be born ritch az poor, but it iz seldom so convenient.

That one uv the riskiest things tew straddle is the back of a 60 day note.

That the best time tew repent ov a blunder iz just before the blunder iz made.

That i will tri tew be honest, but it will be just mi luk tew miss it.

That i wont grow enny kats. Spontaneous kats hav killed the bizness.

That i will luv my mother-in-law if it takes all the money i kan earn to do it.

That i believe real good lies are gittin skaser and skarser evry day.

That i will respekt public opinyun just az long az i kan respekt myself in doing it.

That when i hear a man bragging on his ancestors i wont envy him, but i will pity the ancestors.

That i won't beleave in enny ghost or ghostesses unless they weigh about 150 pounds and kan eat a square meal.

That i wont bet on nothing, for things that require betting on lak sumthing.

That i will brag on mi wife all the time, but i will do it silently.

That i wont be surprized at ennything, not even tew be told that Ben Franklin waz a spendthrift, or that Lazarus died ritch.

That i will dispize most things that i see, not out ov malice, but out ov wisdum.

That I wont hanker for happiness, but if i see enny that i think iz a bargain i will shut one eye and go for it.

That i wont wish i was pure az King David, but that i waz purer than i am.

That i wont kovet enny man's wife, nor hiz oxen, nor his kornstalks, nor the color ov his mustash.

That i will laff evry good chance i kan git, whether it makes me gorw phatt or not.

Finally, i will sarch for things that are little, for things that are lonesum, avoiding all torch lite prosshuns, bands of brass music, wimmins' rites convenshuns, and grass widders generally.

"Consequential damages"—a breach of promise suit.