CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

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THE HUSBAND OUTWITTED

A week at the watering place, and m[redacted] of the time each day spent in the compa[redacted] of Mr. Mainwell, the gentleman who[redacted] Miss Ellsworth's old friend Ned Whita[redacted] had introduced to her one morning on the piazza. She had sailed with him along the shore on the moonlight evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing-rooms.

Miss Ellsworth was not a flirt, who distributed her ideals among many gentlemen, and she had found her ideal well nigh realized in Mr. Mainwell. Only the evening before their talk had withdrawn itself from the general topics to which each had been congenial, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness, she had encouraged an approach to the personal sort of conversation which relates to love and matrimony.

And now to find Mr. Mainwell this morning, with his coat off and a smith's apron on, engaged in mending a lock! He was doing it publicly. The lock was on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza where the fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading.

His back was towards her as she approached, leaning on the arm of Anna West. She recognized him, looked intently at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near, and then stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you like that sort of work, Mr. Mainwell?" she asked.

"I do, Miss Ellsworth. I believe I am a natural mechanic."

"It appears very odd to see you doing this."

"It is my trade," he replied, rising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blanched a little. "Your trade!" she said, faintly.

"Yes, trade, Miss Ellsworth. The proprietor said the lock needed mending, and I told him I could mend it for him."

The party of girls came along just then.

After wondering at Mr. Mainwell awhile and laughing at him, they proposed a ride.

There were three carriages for them all. These would take the party.

Ned Whitaker here joined them.

"What the deuce are you about here?" he exclaimed to Mr. Mainwell. "Ah," he added, when the latter turned and looked at him, "but while you are here you might as well enjoy yourself."

Mr. Mainwell excused himself from joining the party, and they all went away, leaving him to finish his work.

Miss Ellsworth left him without any word at parting.

"It is well," he muttered to himself. "If she cannot take me as I am, she is not worthy of me. The woman that marries me must take me for myself."

He stood and looked after her until she had disappeared. She did not once turn to look back.

He gave his shoulders a shrug, compressed his lips, uttered a cynical 'humph!' and turned to finish his work.

"Let it be so!" he muttered, when he was through and was putting on his coat. "I thought perhaps that I had found a woman after my own heart. Amidst this world of wealth and fashion, she, too, has lost her soul. Let her go."

He avoided her thereafter. He did not seek to catch her eye for a bow of recognition. When she entered a drawing room where he was, he would go out by another way. But he was more than ever in the company of Ned Whitaker. Ned in passing to and fro between Miss Ellsworth and him, served as a sort of link between them.

"But they won't take me as I am. That is the trouble."

"Pooh! You see yourself that she allowed no other suitors to accompany her. Don't you see she is alone or with the other girls the most of the time?"

"Her heart is full of vanity."

"Pshaw! she is trained to luxurious notions, that's all."

Mainwell's trunk was awaiting him and the stage, outside on the piazza, at the time this conversation was going on. On the trunk were his initials, G. M. Miss Ellsworth, passing that way, saw the initials, not by chance, for she had been very busy scrutinizing the trunks that lay together in a pile—and when she saw the initials she started and turned pale. She recovered herself and withdrew with her companion a little way, and then stood still and watched. Presently Mr. Mainwell came out with Ned on the piazza. He chanced to turn his eyes toward her, and their eyes met—met for the first time since she left him while he was at work upon the lock. She did not turn away her eyes. She bowed. He lifted his hat. The ice was broken. He approached her to bid her good bye.

What the conversation was that ensued between the two when left alone, by means of Ned's ingenuity in spiriting away the rest of the company is unknown, save the following:

"But I am a locksmith," said Mr. Mainwell.

"No matter."

"Are you willing to live as the wife of one who with his hands earns his daily bread?"

[redacted]

your sake, I am not worthy of you."

"But then the loss of wealth, of position, of the surroundings of refinement."

"Do not say anything more about it; I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am weary of being without you."

"Would you be willing to become my wife this day, this hour? Your father and mother might otherwise put obstacles in our way."

"I am willing—this very hour, this minute."

"They don't know my position in life."

"They still think that you are wealthy—as I did."

"Come, then, we will go our way with Ned and become before the world what we are now in spirit, husband and wife, and then at once take the cars for the home I have for you—a home which, though lowly, will make you happy."

"Whither you go I will go."

They were married in a quiet way in the little watering place chapel, with the wicked Ned conniving at the mischief. The next train sped with them to the city.

"I will show you the shop where I work," said Mr. Mainwell, when the carriage they took at the depot in the city had drawn up before one of a long block of brown stone houses in a splendid part of the city.

"What do you mean?" she demanded as she accompanied her husband up the broad steps to the door.

"I mean," he replied, "this is the home and this the workshop."

And he led her in. Among other rooms to which he conducted his wife was one fitted up as a workshop, where he said he was accustomed to indulge his love for mechanical work, after having, as he assured her, regularly served his time at learning a trade.

Mrs. Mainwell stood and looked at him intently.

"This is your house?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"And you are not poor, but rich?"

"You speak the truth, Mrs. Mainwell."

"And why did you play this jest upon me?"

"To see whether you really loved me for my own sake."

"Ah, pretty indeed! And suppose you don't love me?"

"But I do."

"Humph!"

So there was a little family quarrel on the spot.

"Now invite your father and mother to come and see us," said Mr. Mainwell, after the clouds had cleared away, somewhat.

"I will," she replied, "I will. But first you must go with me to see them, and to pacify them, in view of what we have done."

"Very well."

In a few days they started out in a carriage on their errand. Mrs. Mainwell gave the direction to the driver, and her husband could not help expressing his wonder at the increasing squalor of the neighborhood through which they rode. The carriage drew up at length before a miserable looking tenement house and stopped.

"Where the deuce are you taking me?" asked Mainwell, looking sharply at his wife.

"Come and see," was her reply, as she proceeded to step from the carriage.

"Here, wait," he exclaimed, after his hesitancy; "let me get out first and help you out. What does this mean?"

"Follow me," was her reply.

She led him up stairs—up, up, through throngs, and dirt, and smells, to the fourth story. Here she opened a door without knocking, and the two entered. The woman was dressed neatly, and so were the children, but they were all dressed very poorly, in keeping with the place. The man was clad more carelessly, and even more poorly. On his head he kept his hat, which certainly was full half a dozen years old.

"My husband, Mr. Mainwell; my father and mother, brothers and sisters," said Mrs. Mainwell; introducing all parties.

Mr. Mainwell stood and stared without speaking.

"Ask their pardon, George," said Mrs. Mainwell, "for running away with me."

"Who are they?"

"Have I not told you; didn't I introduce you?"

"Who were they I saw at the watering place?"

"Some wealthy people who had seen me at the milliner's where I sewed for a livelihood—served at my trade, George—and who fancied my appearance, dressed me up and took me with them!"

"You jest with me," he said, with a ghastly smile.

"Do I? do I, indeed? These people seem to recognize in me a daughter and a sister. Jest, indeed! You will find that out."

"You are too cultured, too tasteful, too fine featured."

"All this a milliner may be, or a sewing girl. Look for yourself among the class. Is it not true? All that we girls need is dress." Mainwell lifted his fist and dashed it through the air. He ground his teeth, and turning away left the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

His wife took off her hat and cloak and flung herself down at the table and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The door opened again and Mainwell put in his head.

"You have deceived me," he said, "but come—you are my wife—I will try and bear it."

She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

"Your wife, am I?" she exclaimed. "Your wife, and doomed to live with one who does not love *her* but was in love with her *circumstances*. No, sir! you may go. I will not live a wife unloved for *myself*—you must take me thus or I will stay. Still I can work."

He closed the door and retired down the stairs to the street, clenching his hands and ground his teeth as he went.

"The horrible disgrace of it," he muttered. The derision that will be my lot. And then to marry such a girl!"

But at the street door he tarried. He had a struggle with himself there all alone. Suddenly he turned and dashed impetuously up stairs, flung open the door of the room, seized his wife in his arms, and clasped her to his heart.

"My wife," he whispered in her ear, "Such you are and ever shall be before God and the world."

"Now I begin to think that you do love me," she said, smiling in his face. "You do love me? You really think you do, George?"

He clasped her more tightly to him.

"Come then," she said, though of such parents as these, poor as they are, I should not feel ashamed—yet they are not my parents, but have only played a part in which I have instructed them. Shake hands with them, George, they are worthy people."

And he did shake hands with them, and what is more, he helped them.

A merry party was gathered that evening at Mainwell's house, a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Mainwell, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, the lady acquaintances of the watering place, and Ned Whitaker. Ned never was in better spirits, nor, let it be stated, were Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, who forgave their daughter and her husband without hesitation.

"I say, George, said Ned, whispering in Mainwell's ears, two can play at that game, can't they?"

Mainwell took Ned's jeering very soberly.

"Yes," said he, after a few moments of thoughtfulness, "and the experience has taught me a lesson. What fools the pride of wealth makes of us all. I thought she ought to have taken me regardless of any circumstances, for myself alone, and without hesitation even. And yet when she tested me, I myself was found wanting. Shall we ever learn to disregard a person's occupation and look only at the character and soul?"

Ned shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

"I think I have learned the lesson," Mainwell added.

FASHIONABLE GEMS.

STYLES IN GARNET, RUBY, TOPAZ, AMETHYST, AND DIAMOND.

So long as the faculty of admiring the beautiful shall exist, so long shall gems be held in high esteem. Their sparkling brilliancy, rich and varied tints, variety, and costliness have won for them the graceful appellation, "flowers of luxury," held alike in ancient and modern times the most precious in the world. Fashionable caprice has never demanded more variety, and novelty in jewelled ornaments than at the present day, to gratify which designs in endless and fantastic profusion are displayed.

Of the large amount of capital invested in precious stones in every part of the world 90 per cent, is said to be represented by diamonds, while colored gems constitute the remaining 10 per cent. It is found that the sparkle and radiance of the diamond is greatly enhanced by placing it pendent within the setting. The most recent device is to suspend the gem like a pendulum in a slender circlet of enamelled gold. Thus the stone changes its position with every movement of the wearer, and its reflections and refractions are multiplied in prismatic hues. The diamond is far less brilliant in the broad glare of day than by night, and its best effects are seen in a candle-lit room.—Next to the brilliant comes the pearl with its unpretending beauty and chaste loveliness—formed perfect by nature, it does not require the aid of art to enhance its beauty, and with many its elegant simplicity is more admired than the diamond's eye-dazzling splendor. A distinguished traveller informs us that "the Orientals share the taste of Europeans with regard to pearls, diamonds, bread, and women; they give the preference to the whitest." The present taste demands this gem tinted with the palest rose. There are many disadvantages attending pearls. "Time crumbles them to dust and annihilates their beauty."—They tarnish and lose their brilliancy by contact with the skin and unfavorable atmosphere. Fashion ranks the ruby unrivalled. Its brilliancy, color, and exquisite beauty is greatly enhanced by artificial light. The emerald is the next favorite, and, like, the ruby when without blemish is more valuable than a pure diamond of the same size. Rubies and emeralds surrounded by brilliants, as they are usually set, form the most beautiful ornaments that are worn. A marked change in the style of ladies' rings is the increase of size. The mounting varies from one-third to a full inch in length, oblong and square, with rows of diamonds or pearls alternating with one or more in gems of brilliant color. The paler hues of the ruby—white, peach-blossom, crimson—the indigo sapphire, the violet amethyst, the golden topaz full of resplendent spangles, the Brazilian stone in deep orange and pale rose, cut in long forms, and encased in single and double rows of rose diamonds, and crystals of Beryl in cylindrical form, wound by a narrow band of gold around the centre, and a gold boss at each end are among the costly novelties in ring stones. The rich and varied tints of the opal, yellow, flame-red, violet, purple, golden, and emerald-green, showing by reflected light when its position is varied, when surrounded by the bright scintillating rays of brilliants in which it is set, form the most admired of ornaments. The pointed oval setting is much in vogue for cameos and intaglios, which are frequently engraved in grotesque and whimsical fancies, triplets, of divinities, composite heads, human and bestial, and grotesque distorted masks, that threaten to swallow everything in their gaping jaws, give them an unmistakable air of antiquity.—Sometimes the wing cases of flies and the diamond beetle are mounted like gems on rings with a pretty effect. Golden and enamelled hoops, with devices expressed in precious stones, is an old fashion revived. These mottoes or inscriptions were called posies, and often expressed the word "regret" with a ruby, an emerald, a garnet, a ruby, an emerald, and a topaz; and ladies names were often similarly spelt in gems. The name Adele was expressed with an amethysist, a diamond, an emerald, a lapis lazuli, and another emerald.

Finger-rings are favorite ornaments with women. They are never out of fashion, and a lady's hand is seldom seen unless one or more of the fingers are encircled, to which it gives grace and symmetry unlike other ornaments, which sometimes exaggerate defects. They often mourn as deeply the loss of a favorite ring as that of a friend.

CORK—WHERE IT IS PRODUCED—WHAT A HEALTHY CORK TREE CAN DO.

Cork is the bark of the evergreen oak known as *Quercus suber*. It grows plentifully in the south of France, in parts of Italy, in Spain, Portugal and Algeria.—Commerce is indebted to Portugal for its largest supply. There the cork-tree, majestic in size and rugged in covering, its branches sweeping gracefully over the flower-studded greensward, and its foliage of brightest green, is monarch of the forest. The fawn-color of the lesser limbs, and the tawny gray of the body, furnish emphatic and pleasing contrast to the leaves. Cork-oak forms the royal parks and shade the piazzas of palatial mansions. Single trees of gigantic size, sacred as manorial heirlooms, or from historical associations, whose branches through centuries have been growing gray with moss, are regarded with almost superstitious veneration.

For constructive purposes the wood of the cork-tree is almost valueless. It not only decays rapidly, but its sap, from which no dryness ever quite frees it, corrodes nails driven into it. But the value of the bark fully compensates for the inferior quality of the wood. In fact, the bark of the cork-tree, although, like other oaks, it bears acorns, may be regarded as its fruit. Besides, in its native state, every few years, it sloughs its old covering and takes on a new. This natural yield is not commercially valuable, however, and hence a mechanical yield takes its place. Bark-stripping, done periodically, when the material is in its best condition, and not the shedding of its coat from necessity, makes the cork tree one of the most valuable in the vegetable world.

When a healthy cork tree has reached the age of twenty-five years it is subjected for the first time to its shearing. This is not done at a single process, else the life of the tree would be endangered. A circular incission is first made through the bark at or near the ground, and another, exactly similar to, but above the former, close by the branches. These cuts are followed by others equally deep, made longitudinally, and dividing the bark into broad planks. The tree is then left.—The sap has been stopped from circulation, the bark begins to dry and curl outward, and shortly each strip is peeled off by the hand.

This process is repeated every ten years and, as the cork tree lives to a great age, there are those now standing that are growing their twentieth crop. But the finest cork comes from the earliest yield. Every crop is less valuable than its predecessor. The best cork is known by its pliancy, elasticity, absence of porosity, and depth of color, and these qualities are gradually lost by successive yields. The Spaniards keep their superior material for manufacture at home. Of late years Algeria is sending exceedingly good cork to market. The estate there of M. le Duc de Montebello, presented to him by Louis Napoleon, is covered with cork-oak forests, the yield from which is very great, and the quality unsurpassed. About six thousand tons of the raw material of corks are annually shipped from cork-producing countries, and probably an equal quantity is furnished for home consumption.

"GETTING RELIGION."—I remember an incident of my school days which illustrates the popular idea of religion.—One of the girls was absent some time.—One day, when she came for some books, we noticed her eyes were red and swollen, her countenance, generally so bright and and smiling, sad. "Don't you know what ails Mat?" said Jessie, another schoolmate. "Come here and I'll show you." And taking her slate, she drew her decidedly unautomical figure of a girl holding a book marked "Holy Bible" in one hand, and a handkerchief to her eyes with the other. Though deeply impressed, both by the picture and the mystery of Jessie's manner, evidently implying some great misfortune had befallen Mat, I was yet unable to decipher the allegory. "She's got religion!" whispered Jessie, in the exact tone with which she would have said, "She's taken up for stealing." We were all rather shy of Mat, for a while, until the damaging charge of religion, was disproved by our learning she was really kept at home for misconduct. This childish aversion to religion is a feeling shared by a good many older people, caused by wrong views of the subject and wrong language about it. What is religion? Some people seem to regard it as a sort of umbrella, a bother to carry round with one, but handy in case of a shower. Others as a medicine, something unpleasant to take, but necessary in sickness. Others as a best coat, only to be worn Sundays and at funerals.—Others, as an insurance policy, a wise precaution in view of death. Others, a Turkish bath, where, however unclean you may enter, in half an hour you come out washed spotless. People talk of "getting", "experiencing" religion, "enjoying" religion. Half the aversion felt especially by young people, for religion, comes from the use of these natural phrases. The dictionary defines it: "Duty to God; the bond that unites us to the Deity." Substitute "duty to God" for religion in the above phrases and see how meaningless they are. Religion is not an "experience," something to be gone through once, like the measles, and then done with. It is a life—a life consecrated to God, that never feels itself to have attained, but always, forgetting the things that are behind, presses on to the mark of the prize of his high calling in Christ. Religion is to the soul what health is to the body, and education the mind, the state for which it was created, in which all its powers have their natural development. He who leaves religion out of his plan of life, lives only with the meanest two-thirds of his nature. The soul, that which should ennoble and harmonize his whole character, elevate life for him, lies dormant, undeveloped, rusted with unuse. Why "get religion?" Because we need it. Living without God in the world is a hard experiment to try. No shallow surface life, however, successful as the world goes, satisfies the deep craving of the soul. Dissatisfied, restless, it still yearns for that something better of which it is capable. We need it because we must live; live in a world where we are weak and temptations are many, a world which, with all its brightness, has dark days for every soul born into it; long, wearisome days of sickness; days when the heart sinks under the failure of its deepest hopes; days of hard, thankless toil; days of parting, days of poverty, bitter days when we lose our faith in others and ourselves, when old friends forget or betray us, when we are tired of living and afraid to die.—*P. Thorne, in Christian Register.*

WRITING A COMPOSITION.

I wonder who first thought of Composition Days? They're always sure to be sunshiny ones, when a fellow wants to be out. It's the biggest kind of a shame.

Here I am, Jack Malcolm, kept in, "can't leave," Mr. Simpson says, "until I write a composition, and it must be half a page longer than usual because I didn't do it at the bright time."

If I had Hal Burt's brains, I shouldn't mind, or if I hadn't any more conscience than Jan Halliday I suppose I shouldn't mind either. But I'd rather use up the little bit I have of my own, than borrow other people's. I couldn't go home and look mother in the face.

"You can talk fast enough," Mr. Simpson says, "just write as if you were talking." Hem, this talk to myself would look very fine on paper, wouldn't it?—Think I hear him reading it and in school.

But here goes. Such subjects as he gives too—so original!

THE HORSE.

The horse is a noble animal, (when he doesn't kick, or back, or shy.) He saves man much labor, (unless he has epizootic.) The horse is useful in a great many ways, and also in hunting, and for pleasure trips, (such as riding with your sweetheart.) A horse has generally a very long flowing mane, and tail, and four legs, (wish I had to-day, legs I mean,) and should be treated kindly.—Horses are among the most intelligent of animals, (except dogs,) and one horse we are told, was extremely valuable. I don't remember the name of that horse, but a great king, (a dead and gone old chap,) offered to give his kingdom for him.—(Old Simpson shall see I'm well up in history.) I don't know that I can say much more about horses; most every body about here has them, except the parson, and if the congregation don't turn to, and subscribe him one pretty soon, they ought to—to be set to writing compositions, On The Horse, for a month without stopping." That's about enough.—Hurrah! I'm off! G. A. H. M.

COMMON SALT.

On a hot afternoon in September, 1862, by order of the War Department, I presented myself before a Board of U. S. Army Surgeons for an examination for the position of Surgeon of U. S. Vols., and having introduced myself, the president of the board placed in my two small pieces of paper—not two inches square—and directed an orderly to show me into a second story room, which contained but little furniture excepting one chair a large table, an inkstand and a quire of fools-cap paper. Upon examining the papers I found written on one, "What use does the animal economy make of *Common Salt*," and of the other, "Give the different methods of amputation at the shoulder joint?" These questions were to be answered in writing and speedily sent to the board waiting below. The latter question did not concern me, but the first was so unexpected, the subject so common and yet so little written or even thought upon, that I was for the moment disconcerted.

Common Salt—Chloride of Sodium— a compond of one equivalent of Chlorine, and one of Sodium containing no water of chrystalization, universally distributed over the globe and the most abundant of all the native soluble salts, existing either in solution, as in lakes, springs and seas, or in a solid or rock state associated with gypsum in the secondary formations. The Eastern Continent, also South America, abound in salt mines but numerous saline springs, flowing naturally or produced by sinking shafts to various depths. Sea water contains about one pound of salt to every four gallons, the waters of the Mediterranean being salter than those of the ocean, while the salt springs in Onondaga county, N. Y., contain one-seventh part of dry salt, are very valuable and have been worked since 1787. In the human body chloride of sodium is ever present in all its parts—in solids, tissues and fluids, the only exception, perhaps, being the enamel of teeth—being also present in the food used to sustain life. There is indeed no other substance so universally used by all races and conditions of men as common salt, instinct prompting its addition to nearly all the substances used as aliments. And this instinctive desire for common salt does not depend upon custom or a fancy gratifying the palate, but arises from a demand of the organism for a substance which is necessary to the proper constitution of all its various tissues and fluids. But its function in the organism is something more than that for aiding in the formation of tissue, for common salt is a stimulant and tonic, facilitating digestion and is the source whence the hydrochloric acid of the gastric juice is derived.

Its presence in the body is necessary also as a regulator of the phenomena of endosmosis and exosmosis, or the transmission of fluids through membranes and tissues—solutions of common salt passing through the animal membranes much less readily than pure waters. Chloride of sodium after fulfilling its mission in the stomach, passing into the intestines to be taken up by absorption and a portion of it deposited in various quantities in the different structures of the body, and the balance discharged with the excretions, as in the urine, mucus and cutaneous perspirations. It would be interesting to observe in man the effects of a deficiency of salt in his food, but this is not possible unless some one should voluntarily subject himself to the experiment of denying himself the use of it. It is reported, however, that several centuries since in Holland, certain crimes were punished by confining the offenders to a diet of bread and water, with an entire deprivation of salt, and that the criminals became insane, and finally idiotic, in which condition they died. When an allowance of salt is withheld from animals a remarkable change in appearance soon manifests itself, they become dull and lifeless—the hair matted or erect, and actually falls out leaving the skin rough and unhealthy. If however at this stage they are offered salt, with what avidity they lick it up, the whole aspect soon changing, and animals speedily manifesting a cheerful and healthly appearance. But another question connected with the use of salt as an adjunct to food, relates to the results which ensues when it is ingested in large quantities for a long time,—scurvy and other forms of cachexia often following when the diet for a prolonged time consists of salt meat. Liebig assures us that in the preservation of animal substances from putrefaction, salt having a great affinity for water, absorbs that contained by the meat, and thus removes one of the essential conditions of putrefaction. But salt also produces another effect which tends to prevent decomposition,—it takes away a large portion of the albumen of the meat, which is present in a soluble form, and this being the most nutritious element, individuals subject to a diet consisting mainly of salt meat are not properly nourished, and hence the constitutional disturbance manifested. But I have written enough to show how necessary a full allowance of common salt is to both man and animals.

McCLURG.

HOME AND HAPPINESS.—There can be no doubt that the truest happiness is ever to be found at home. No man without a home can be long and truly happy. But the domestic group can be productive of happiness only when it is assimilated by affection, and keep in union by discreet friendship. Then it tends to produce as much happiness as this world is capable of; and its sweet repose is sought for by all sensible men, and ever by the wisest and greatest. What can be compared in our intercourse of life with the attentions of our family, with their exhilarating smiles and undissembled love? All that raises the gentlest and most pleasing emotions, and calls forth all the sentiments of uncontrolled nature. What are the raptures of ambition, the pleasures of fame, the delights of honor in comparison, with this? Utterly worthless and insipid.

Hence it is that we see senators and heroes shutting out the acclamation of an applauding world to partake of the endearments of family conversation, and to enjoy the pratling of their little children in their harmless pleasures. This is one of the purest sources of mirth. It has influence, too, in amending the heart; for innocence is communicated by coming in contact with it; and the sweet simplicity of children tends to purify the heart from the pollution that it has acquired from moving in the world and mixing with men.

In what an abyss of moral degradation should we not be sunken were it not for women and children. Well might the Great Author of evangelical philosophy have been delighted with the presence of children, and found in them—what he in vain sought among those who judged themselves their superiors—goodness and virtue. Cicero, with all his liberality of mind, felt the tenderness of home attatchment. At one time, he acknowledged that he received no satisfaction in any company but in that of his wife, his little daughter, and—to use his own language—"his honeyed young Cicero."—Sir Thomas Moore, with his great powers of mind, devoted a great share of his time—because he knew it to be his duty, and felt it to his delight—to the amusements of his children. Homer, in his "Iliad," in the parting interview between Hector and Andromanche, has interested the heart of the reader in his terrible hero by showing the amiability of his Trojan chief, by depicting him, while standing completely armed for the battle-field, taking off his helmet that he might not frighten his little boy with its nodding plumes. How refreshed are we by this tender scene of domestic love! And how pleased to see the arm which is shortly to deal death and destruction among a host of foes employed in caressing an infant son with the embraces of parental love!

☞The following advertisements appeared in a Waverly (Iowa) paper, one over the other, just as they are printed below:

All persons are hereby notified not to trust any person, my wife included, on my account, as I shall pay no debts of others contracting. JOHN BOYER.

All persons are hereby notified not to trust my husband, John Boyer, on my account, as I shall pay no debt of his contracting. The said John Boyer left my bed and board because I refused to give him a deed of my property. I shall try to get along without using his credit. After he has wasted his subsistence in riotous living, we may sing:

"We'll all drink stone blind,
When Johnny comes marching home."

SARAH BOYER.

☞The gentleman so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has obtained work in a boiler manufactory with extra pay, on account of his peculiar faculty.

☞You can secure one faithful mourner at your funeral by always lending your morning paper to your neighbor. He will truly grieve when he bends above your coffin.

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