STERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873. NO. 19.

—' and making me as miserable a wretch walks the earth."

"Pretty plain talk," interrupted the ctor, with a shrug of his broad shoul-rs.

"Oh yes," sobbed the victim, "and so fully coarse and unkind. If I had had pell, and died there before his very face don't believe he would have cared a ap of his finger. I tell you Doctor Ellis here is such a thing as a man etting hardened."

"Evidently," replied the physician, ith a laconism absolutely painful.

"But my husband has nothing in the orld to trouble him but just my poor alth, and I am sure I can't help that." This remark was more in answer to her companion's tone and manner, than the one single word that had accidentally escaped from his lips, and this the Doctor felt.

"Anybody would think, by the way he goes on," continued the irate woman, "that I enjoyed myself with spasms, and cramps, and fainting fits. Anybody would think it was a pleasure to me to feel every time I see a funeral procession as if the hearse was going to stop at our door next. Oh yes! such a life is enjoyable, very, indeed."

Doctor Ellis took no notice of these last words; the man's eyes grew luminous, and his whole face declared that he considered himself master of the situation; and if Mrs. Stephens had not been so entirely taken up with her own ailments, mental and phpsical, that honest countenance would have betrayed him.

"You say," he began, settling himself in the large easy chair, and assuming a strictly professional air, "that your husband has nothing to trouble him but your health; how do you know that, Mrs. Stephens?"

"How? why, how do I know anything? By the evidence of my senses.—Don't I know that John Stephens has a splendid business that looks after itself, a magnificent income, and money enough to live on the bare interest, as well as a family need to live, if he never entered his office again while he has breath?"

"But women isn't everything, Mrs. Stephens," said the physician, with a calmness almost mephistopholian.

"There are other troubles beside money troubles. How about health, madam?"

"Health?" repeated the lady with a smile, she intended to be sarcastic to the last degree. "Health? Doctor Ellis!—Why, there isn't a healthier or a sounder man than my husband in the whole United States.

He eats more in one meal than I do in the whole of three months."

"There is nothing the matter with your husband's stomach at present." Dr. Ellis shaded his face with his hand, and waited further developments.

Mrs. Stephens mistook this attempt at forced concealment for emotion, and immediately assumed a sitting posture, brushed her hair away from her forehead, and looked piercingly into her companion.'s face.

"Why do you accent the word "stomach" so strongly, Doctor Ellis?" she inquired in anxious tones. Mrs. Stephens was forgetting herself, and this the Doctor hailed as an excellent omen.

"Only that I might make you understand that a man's digestion could be most unexceptionable, and yet be far from sound in other directions."

"Then you mean to tell me that my husband is sick?"

"I do."

"Perhaps you will go still further, and say dangerously?"

"If you desire it."

"Oh, Doctor Ellis, how cold and unfeeling you are! I should think you ought to know by this time,"—and just here Mrs. Stephens broke down entirely, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Ought to know what, Mrs. Stephens?" inquired the Doctor, with uncalled-for deliberation.

"You ought to know—to know—that my—my husband's health and life are a good deal more consequence to me than my own."

"Ah, indeed, interrupted the physician with an elevation of his bushy eyebrows, immensely suggestive of a contrary opinion, as well as several excellent reasons for said opinion.

Doctor Ellis, will you be kind enough to tell what's the matter with my husband?"

Mrs. Stephens was now on her feet—tears all wiped away, eyes flashing with resentful spirit, and only a little quiver of the lip, to show how deep a wound the kind heart in her bosom had sustained.—There she stood, reproachful, defiant, determined, womanly. The Doctor was delighted, and such an honest face it was, that he carried around with him from door to door, from sunrise to sunset, every day in the year, that it was a mighty hard matter to keep it from an immediate betrayal of the whole purpose.

"Mrs. Stephens," said he, "you have no cause to be alarmed. If I can only get your co-operation in this business, I feel certain that I shall be able to make a well man of your husband in a few months, at the longest; but, as true as I sit here before you, I cannot do this alone."

"Why have I not been informed of this before?" broke in Mrs. Stephens imperiously.

"Who was there to inform you madam? Your husband does not know his condition, and I shall really like to be told when you have been sufficiently calm to hear all that was necessary for you to know?"

"But Dr. Ellis, I should think you ought to have understood that my own health and comfort are nothing, compared to my husband's." Mrs. Stephens was weeping again. "There is no sacrifice I would not make for him."

"Curious creatures!" muttered the Doctor; "delightful bundles of contradictions! How the mischief should I know, Mrs. Stephens, how much you care for your husband I, I am sure you have spent the last half hour complaining about him. Is that the way women generally testify their regard for their husbands?"

'Oh, don't, Doctor Ellis, please don't,' pleaded the terrified woman. "I will never complain again—never—if you will only let me know what I can do for him. Do you know, Doctor, I had begun to think lately that something must be amiss with him, he was growing so irritable.—Poor dear! how wicked and thoughtless I have been."

"This then, is the trouble. I shall take it for granted, madam, that you know something about physiology, and can follow me without difficulty?"

"Oh yes--yes sir, for mercy's sake go on.

"Very well, then, I find that the pericardium—"

"The pericardium?" repeated Mrs. Stephens.

"You know what that is, I suppose?"

Evidently Mrs. Stephens' anatomical knowledge was limited. She shook her head in despair.

"Something about the heart isn't it?" she asked at last.

"Yes, the pericardium is the membraneous sac that holds the heart. Well, sometimes this sac—it is no matter about particulars."

And Doctor Ellis suddenly came to a stand still.

"It is enough, for me to say that we are poth anxious that this heart should remain where it belongs. Mr. Stephens must be amused. He wants the opera, the lecture, the social circle, entertaining books—a happy home—music. You play and sing, do you not Mrs. Stephens?"

"Oh yes—I used to," and Mrs. Stephens' tones were so pitiful now that big Doctor Ellis really and truly was obliged to wipe both his eyes and nose. Before he was aware, the lachrymal product had got the upper hand. He said:

"Well try it again; get a teacher and go to practicing,"

"But how am I going to manage my spasms?"

"Well, perhaps between us both—you using your will power, and thinking of your husband, going out with him and taking care of him—and I doing my best in my way, we may be able to subdue them; but you must remember this, madam—do not let Mr. Stephens have the faintest suspicion that you think anything is the matter with him; and above all, do not treat him like an invalid. Just amuse him as you used to when you were first married."

Another series of sobs from Mrs. Stephens.

The Doctor arose to go. His patient had entirely forgotten that he had left no prescription.

"About tea, Doctor?" she asked as he prepared to leave. "Do you think it very hurtful?"

"As an occasional tonic I have no objection to tea; but as a daily beverage, madam it is an invention of the the devil. Good morning."

John Stephens sought his home that evening with a heavy heart. His wife he believed a confirmed invalid, or hypocondriac—it mattered little which; one was as bad as the other. His remonstrances and pleadings had proved of no avail; he was doubtful even whether his wife loved him. He opened the door softly with his latch key. This had become habitual; seldom did he show himself to his wife until after the dinner bell had summoned the family to the dining-room.

A strain of music met and transfixed him on the very threshold. Abt's beautiful song was being rendered, and his wife was the musician. He was just in time to hear—

"The eyes that cannot weep
Are the saddest eyes of all."

For a full year this charming voice had been as silent as the grave.

"Company, perhaps," he muttered,—Curiosity overcame him. He opened the parlor door and peeped in. There was Mrs. John Stephens, becomingly attired, all alone, as enthusiastic over the fine rendition of a piece of music as he had ever seen her.

"What does this mean, Kate?" he asked with outstretched arms.

"That I have given up tea and am going to try hard and be well! I guess my voice will all come back, John."

"I guess so," he replied, folding her to his heart.

Three months after this, the cure was so radical, that Doctor Eilis made a clean breast of the whole thing; and there is no word or set of words that can provoke so hearty a laugh in the happy home of the Stephens' as this physiologically scientific one—Pericardium.—*Woods' Household Magazine.*

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed
as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine, in the far-off
sinless land.
Oh, would that I were with them, amid
their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in
their song!

IV.

The friends that started with me have
entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with
the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph surer won;
How lovingly they will hail me, when all
my toil is done!

V.

With them the blessed angels that know
no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let
me in,
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure; thy time
and way are blest;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O
Father, bid me rest!

John Stevens' Pericardium.

"Now I am going to tell you just what my husband said to me this morning, Doctor word for word," and the invalid, Mrs. Stephens, lay back again on the sofa pillows, the very picture of misery—The family physician, who was called on an average to the Stephens mansion three hundred and sixty times a year, drew a chair close to the couch, and waited quietly for his patient to open her book of complaints.

"Last night you see, Doctor, I had an ill turn and he wanted to come for you; but when I got so that he dared to leave me, he concluded that we'd better let you sleep."

"Much obliged to *him*," said the Doctor, with a little sarcastic emphasis on the personal pronoun. "Last night was the first undisturbed night's rest I have enjoyed for a week."

Mrs. Stephens continued: "This spell was the same as I had the last time you were sent for Doctor—'

"A slight nervous attack," broke in the physician, "nothing more."

"Well, it don't make any difference what you call it, it was mighty hard to bear; but let me tell you what my husband said first, Doctor, before we go into symptoms. When he was going down to breakfast, he says to me, "Kate what shall I send you up?"

"Says I, I don't want anything in the world but a good strong cup of tea. Tell Bridget to send it up in that little tea pot. I saw, Doctor, that he didn't move after I said this, so I turned and looked up at him, and such a picture of rage and disgust I never saw in my life. Finally, says he: "Tea! tea! tea! its nothing but tea from morning till night. "Kate. says he, "you are the color of a chinaman now. Why don't you order a good piece of beefsteak, and a slice of brown bread, and a cup of chocolate; that would be a sensible breakfast?"

"But John," says I, "you forget that I am sick and have no appetite." I was all ready to cry, but I was determined that the doctor shouldn't have the satisfaction of seeing the tears fall.

"Forget," says he; "forget? I wish to Heaven I could forget! Its nothing but grunt and groan from one year's end to the other! I have lost all patience with you,' says he. "When we lived in part of a house, and you did your own housework, you were as well and as happy as anybody, and no man ever had any pleasanter little home than John Stephens; but what have I now to leave or come back to?" And this, Doctor, is what he ended up with,—

"Kate," says he, you are nothing more nor less than a drunkard! and in the sight of God more culpable than most of the men whe stagger through the streets; because the majority of those poor devils have some sort of an excuse for their conduct, and you haven't the slightest.—You have a luxurious home, a husband doing his level best to make you happy—everything under the light of the sun to please you, and yet you will persist in swilling tea." Yes Doctor, *swilling* was the word he used—boo! boo! boo! Oh dear me to think I should ever have lived to hear such dreadful language out of my husband's mouth; and then says

A NERVOUS OFFICER.

A good story has been told of a lisping officer in the United States Army having been victimized by a brother officer (who was noted for his cool deliberations and strong nerves), and his getting square with him in the following manner. The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lisping officer, a lieutenant, for his nervousness.

'Why,' said he, one day, in the presence of his company, 'nervousness is all nonsense, I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous.'

'Well,' inquired his lisping friend, 'how would you do, thpose a shell with an inch futhee thould drop itself in a walled angle, in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharpthooterth, and where it was thertain, if you put out your nothe, you'd get peppered?'

'How?' said the captain, winking at the circle. 'Why, take it cool, and spit on the fusee.'

The party broke up, and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade, and talking in clusters, when along came the lisping lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

'I want to try an experiment thith morning, and thee how extheedingly cool you can be.'

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the Captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest center a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade-ground, the road being built up for defense; the occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended his situation, add in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

'Charley, let me out if you love me!' shouted the captain.

'Spit on the canither,' shouted he, in return.

Not a moment was to be lost, he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now, dropping it, he raised this windew, and out he bounded, sans culotes, sants everything but a very short under-garment, and this, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade-ground. The shout which hailed him brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

'Why didn't you thpit on it?' inquired the Lieutenant.

'Because there were no sharp-shooters in front to stop a retreat,' answered the captain.

'All I got to thay, then, ith,' said the lieutenant, 'that you might have thafely done it; for I'll thware there wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it!'

The captain has never spoken of nervousness since.

VALUE OF SLEEP.

It must be remembered that sleep repairs not the vital functions only, but simultaneously these functions which we distinctively describe as mental attributes, and of which the brain is, to our limited comprehension, the organic instrument. The intellectual part of our nature, taking the phrase in its largest sense, is exhausted by its continued exercise, in like manner as the bodily organs, and requires the intermittent periods of repose and repair. If other proof were needed of the great function which sleep fulfills in the economy of life, it may at once be found in the effects which follow the privation of this repair. A single sleepless night tells its tale tale, even to the most careless observer. A long series of such nights resulting, as often happens, from an over-taxed and anxious brain, may often warrant serious apprehension, as an index of mischief already existing, or the cause of evil at hand.—Instances of this kind, we believe are familiar to the experience of every physician. But here, as in so many other cases the evil of deficiency has its counterpart in the evil excess. Sleep protracted beyond the need of repair, rnd encroaching habitually upon the hours of waking action, impairs more or less the functions of the brain, and with them all the vital powers. This observation is as old as the days of Hippocrates and Artaeus, who severally and strongly comment upon it. The sleep of infancy, however, and that of old age, do not come under this category of excess. These are natural conditions appertaining to the respective periods of life, and to be dealt with as such. In illness, moreover, all ordinary rule and measure of sleep must be put aside. Distinguishing it from coma, there are very few cases in which it is not an unequivocal good, and even in the comatose state the brain, we believe, gains more from repose than from any artificial attempts to rouse it into action.

"I'M ONE OF YOU,"
OR THE DRUMME'RS ASSOCIATION.

I was returning from a tour of the Western States, when chance and the Pennsylvania Railroad introduced me to Fay Montogomery, the handsome conductor of that line, an d one of the best-hearted men that ever shouted —"All your tickets, please."

"Been West, young man?" asked Fay, as he flourishingly "punched" my ticket. A few commonplaces were exchanged between us, and after we left Lancaster, the city of beer, he came and sat down in the vacent seat beside me.

Now, Montgomery was "weak" on anecdotes, as I afterwards discovered, and would patiently listen to one or relate one himself, and it was not long before he drifted into the following:

"Do you know Si Jones? He used to be with Hood, Bonbright & Co., the well-known dry-goods men of Philadelphia. Running a 'shop' of his own in Francisco now, I believe. A lively 'rooster' is Si, and one of the most unmerciful practical jokers I have ever met. One day young Greenebaum entered the store of H. B. & Co., and in a manner highly elated informed Jones that he had obtained the 'posish of drummer' for a firm, and intended to start for Chicago the following night.

"Jones, you'er just the man to 'post' me—to give me some valuable hints and advice."

"Greeney," says Jones, "you should first join our society."

"What society do you refer to?"

"Why, the 'Unquenchable Drummers,' of course. Travel over any road in the U. S. free, if you'er one of us.

"You don't say so! What's the initiation fee.

Only ten dollars"

"Is that all! Propose me won't you? Where do you meet, and when?"

"Well," says Si, slowly, "you see we are a little high-toned—don't take in every 'drummer,' but as I am president I guess we can work you up. We meet at the residences of the members. This is our meeting night, and as it happens to be at my house, I guess we can fix things for you.

"Jonesey, I shall never forget this of you."

"My dear boy, I know you won't. Be there at eight o'clock, sharp!"

And Jones went round and "woke up" the boys with a whisper—"Fun?" By seven P. M. all was in readiness. At eight, sharp, the door-bell rang, and Jonesey, dressed in outlandish costume, and wearing a huge false face answered it.

"Whose hand rang out that peal on the night air?" asked Si, with assumed voice and solemn manner.

"It's I, Greenebaum, and I wish to see your president. I—I want to join the Unquenchables.

"Stranger from the outer world enter!"

Greenebaum entered, the door was shut, and in a moment he was blind-folded, and his hands tied behind him. Before he reached the parlor Jones tripped him, and he fell heavily. Regaining his feet, he said in a tremulous voice.

"Gentlemen, *please* go easy with me I aint used to this joining secret societies, and the least thing makes me nervous."

"First degree!" called out the president, and from a deep voice came the words, "Question the stranger from the outer world, and let him remember that the least hesitation in speaking the truth will bring with it instant punishment. Prepare the knife above his head.

The President then put the following questions:

PRESIDENT.—"Have you ever allowed a man to tell you he did'nt want anything, without forcing him to purchase before he left?"

G (Hesitatingly.) "Yes once or twice."

PRESIDENT.—"Miserable sinner from the outer world, sit! (Greenebaum was forced into a chair.) Now, sir, have you not cheated your employer by putting down various items—dollars and cents—in your 'miscellaneous, as current and necessary expenses?"

G.—"No; that is—yes."

At this moment one of the boys pulled the chair from under "Greeney, who came down upon the floor with an unpleasant rapidity and amid terrific and deafening yells. Scarcely able to speak, the victim at last managed to say, "Oh, my! *please* don't!"

And now came the degrees. The boys placed Greenebaum into all sorts of awkward and decidedly unpleasant positions. They stood him on his head, put pieces of ice down his back, tossed him in a blanket, stripped him of his clothing, and at last came the awful command—

"Now *hang* the stranger from the outer world; and if at the expiration of ten minutes there be life in him cut him down. *He then will be one of us.*

They put a rope around his neck, and he struggled manfully, and said: "Gentlemen, I've changed my mind I don't want to be one of you."

Here one of the members interposed in behalf of their trembling victim, and asserted that their initiation allowed the omission of the "hanging degree," where the stranger was of a nervous temperament. So they untied Greeney's hands, took the bandage from off his eyes—having first put out all the lights and made him sign the constitution; after which they gave him the "traveler's sign, which was as follows—

Place the little finger and thumb of the right hand against the lower part of your nose, causing the three middle fingers to stand perpendicularly. Then say to all conductors, with your fingers still in that position, "Sic temper," and you will be passed "dead head" on all the roads.

GREENEY TRIES IT.

Next evening, Si Jones went to the West Philadelphia deport, and purchased a ticket for Pittsburg, with the $10—Greenebaum's initation fee. This done, he sought for my friend Montgomery, the conductor, with whom he was well acquainted and to whom he briefly related the events of the previous night, and gave a full description of Greeney. The idea was for Montgomery to take the ticket bought by Si, "punch" it and hand it to the next conductor, who was also to be made a party to the joke, and thus would Greeney firmly believe—for a time that the Society he had joined was bona fide.

Greeney "made" the 11.40. P M. The train started. Fay soon came in for the tickets, and asked G. for his.

The "initiated one" placed his fingers to his nose, as instructed, and in this rediculous position sang out "Sic Temper," and "I'm one of you." Montgomery smothered a laugh, and said, "You'er all right," and passed on.

Greeney felt good; the sign worked to perfection. And so the next afternoon he found himself in Pittsburgh.

"The best of it is," said he, "It didn't cost me a cent to get here." He wrote glowing accounts of the society's greatness to his folks in "Philly," and one to Si Jones thanking him for his great kindness.

ENRAPTURED GREENEY TRIES IT AGAIN.

Greenebaum having finished his business in Pittsburgh, jumped upon the train the following afternoon, for Chicago. Enter conductor.

CONDUCTOR.—"Ticket, sir!"

G.—(With his feet on the next seat,) "Oh, I don't need any."

CONDUCTOR.—"How's that?"

G.—"That's all right, I'm one of you," said Greeney, smiling.

CONDUCTOR.—"One of you. What do you mean?"

G.—(Knowingly) "Sic!" (Places his fingers to his nose.)

CONDUCTOR.—"Sic, are you? Where are you going to?"

G.—"To Chicago. 'Sic Temper' I'm one of you!"

CONDUCTOR.—"What the devil is the matter with you? Come, come, I'm in a hurry!"

G.—"You must be a new member. The other conductors understood me immediately. Look sharp, now" placing his fingers to his nose—'Sic Temper.' Damme, I'm one of you!"

CONDUCTOR.—"You'er either a darn fool, a lunatic, or a dead beat. I want your ticket or money."

Greeney made the sign repeatedly, and sang out "Sic Temper," and "I'm one of you," till he was hoarse, but all in vain. The conductor became decidedly angry, and at last threatened to "put a head" on him. And so Greeney sorrowfully came down with his "chucks."

"You see," said Montgomery, in conclusion, "the conductor from Pittsburgh wasn't in the joke."

☞ A Keokuk lady while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour barrel.—Now, most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possesses more than the ordinary degree of feminine courage. She summoned the hired man and told him to get the shot gun, call the bull dog and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she climbed half way up-stairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel vigorously with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down the stairs, and the hired man, thinking she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, disappeared and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

☞ At a recent Sunday School service in New Haven, the rector was illustrating the necessity of Christian profession in order to properly enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world; and to make it apparent to their minds, the rector said: "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house, I have it pumped—the pipes and faucets, and every convenience in good order—but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get water?" (expecting them to see that it was because he had not made connection with the main street.) The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing. "Can no one tell me what I have neglected in order to get water?" reiterated the rector—looking over the flock of wondering faces, bowed down by the weight of the conundrum. "I know," squeaked out a little five year old, "You don't pay."

WHY FRANK WAS FORGIVEN.

It happened one day that Frank, the son of an eminent clergyman, was sent into the garden to play with the other children, and in a short time fixed his longing eyes upon a favorite cherry-tree of his papa's, the fruit of which all the little ones had been forbidden to touch; but the temptation was too strong for poor Frank. He looked again, and then tasted, after which he returned to his companions; and in a few minutes after his father entered the garden. Seeing what had been done, he called the children around him, and inquired what had become of the missing cherries. For a moment all were silent, little Frank looked up, and said:

"I cannot tell a lie; I did it."

"How many have you taken?" was the next question asked by his father.

"Three," replied Frank.

"Then," said Mr. C——, "for the next three days, sir, you will live on bread and water as a punishment for your disobedience."

For two days the plate of dry bread and cup of cold water waited for poor Frank at mealtimes, instead of his usual fare; and on the morning of the third day, while standing at the breakfast table, his father asked him how he liked his fare.

The child answered: "I can eat it very well, papa, but I don't much like it;" and after standing in silence a few minutes, looked up and said, "Can't you forgive me, papa?"

"No, sir, I cannot; my word has passed, and you must take your three days, as I told you."

The question was again asked: "But, can't you really forgive me, papa?"

"No," was the answer, "I cannot break my word."

Frank instantly said: "Then, papa, how could you say the Lord's prayer this morning?"

Mr. C—— ordered the bread and water to be removed, and turning to his little one, said with evident pleasure:

"My boy, you have preached me a better sermon than I ever preached in my life."

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG MEN.

1. Make few promises.
2. Always speak the truth.
3. Keep good company or none.
4. Never speak evil of any one.
5. Live up to your engagements.
6. Be just before you are generous.
7. Never play at any game of chance.
8. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
9. Good character is above all things else.
10. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
11. Never borrow if you can possibly help it.
12. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
13. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
14. When you speak to a person look him in the face.
15. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
16. Ever lived within your means.
17. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.
18. Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it.
19. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.
20. Small and steady gains give competency, with a tranquil mind.
21. Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.
22. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
23. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him.
24. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.
25. Never be idle; when your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivatson of your mind.

AFTER THEM.—John N. Beadle, a correspondent of the Utica Observer, sends that paper an account of an adventure in the North Woods, recently, which reads like the stories or a century ago. In company with a friend, Mr. Beadle went on a fishing excursion, and the pair were enjoying their sport finely, when an angry growl a short distance off disclosed the presence of a bear with evident hostile intentions. The two took to separate trees without unnecessary delay, Bruin following Mr. Beadle so closely that he had barely time to scramble out of his reach. After a thorough reconnoisance of the ground, the bear leisurely proceeded to secure his game by gnawing the tree down, but became disheartened with his job, and about midnight stalked surlily off. The men were treed from four in the afternoon till daylight next morning, not daring to venture down after the bear left until it was light enough to enable them escape if the hungry brute should reappear.

A man advertises in the London *Telegraph* for "very comfortable apartments, two bed-rooms and a sitting-room with meadow attached."

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