The Chestertown Transcript.

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HAYES'S NEW PARTY.

Some
One
s lately begun
To start a
New party;
hich, when it is done,
Is going to smash
Into eternal crash
other parties under the sun.
Whigs,
Nigs,
e-eating rebs,
Tramps,
Scamps,
constructed Confeds,
Hot abolitionists,
Raw prohibitionists,
bor reformers, frantic protectionists,
A pair of
High tariff
Whig resurrectionists;
All the old Federalists,
Butter and breadists,
Wild annexationists,
Emancipationists,
Suspicious strangers,
Texas rangers,
Illinois grangers,
bid secessionists, nullificationists,
Temperance agitators,
Soft-voiced conciliators,
Bruizers,
Snoozers,
Republican broilers,
Barn burners,
Coat turners,
Tories, free soilers,
mmunists, destructionists,
Strict constructionists,
Constitution revisionists,
Dred Scott decisionists,
Loco-
Foco,
Baltimore knucks,
Georgia ku-klux,
" Blue lights dissensionists,
Hartford conventionists,
Fogy old timers,
Modern white liners,
Anti-monopolists,
Bloated metropolists,
ondholders, huffy 'uns,
Border ruffians,
Ballot-box stuffy 'uns,
ree-traders, greenbackers,
ulldozers, back trackers,
Free niggers,
White leaguers,
now-nothing advisers,
u-klux compromisers,
emperance liberals,
icense wine biberals,
nners and publicans,
rivate and public ones,
Till-tappers,
Mouth-slappers,
ickory Democrats, three-card monte
men,
ngels, devils, slouchy and jaunty men,
obody, every one, sickly and hearty,
ayes, the usurper, has got a new party.

BARBARA'S DIFFICULTY.

That Barbara Hawkins owed a good eal to her step-mother was a fact that he could not have concealed from herself she had tried.

Her father's house had been a very ome of discomfort during the dull inter- n between her own mother's death and he arrival of the youthful and winning tranger who had been somehow persuad- d by 'Squire Hawkins to "come and ke keer of his little darter."

The history of the next five years, in hich she herself had grown from girl- ood to womanhood, included all the enuine sunshine of Barbara's life, and he knew to whom that change and a ood many other excellent things were ue.

Then, since the 'Squire had been gath- red to his father's, what a notable man- ger had widow Hawkins proved herself he very moderate property he had left nd him.

It was just here that the difficulty was ow coming in, for that which, with such ood management, had kept the two wo- nen very nicely so long as they lived to- ether, could continue to do so only un- er just that state of affairs. The wid- w's share, if set apart by itself, would e only another name for poverty. True, nd yet what suitor, or at least which one f the two nearest to a proper condition or consideration, would care to "marry mother-in-law," and a step-mother at hat, as well as a wife?

"And she understands it," said Bar- ara to herself that September afternoon. as well as I do. She's as polite to both f them as if they were courting her in- tead of me. I must say it's been very envenient once or twice, for they both ike her. In fact, everybody likes her, nd that's what makes my position very eculiar.

A very pretty girl was Barbara Hawk- ns; even prettier than her stepmother nd that was saying something, in spite f the widow's thirty years.

A bit of a belle, too, was the 'Squire's heiress,' in that unambitious rural com- unity, and by no means without some haracteristics which put the village gos- ips, at times, in mind of "Squire Haw- kins' fust wife."

At the present juncture, however, the ublic opinion of the Dorcas Society was ore than unusually perplexed.

The best judges of such matters were nclined to "guess Bill Emmons is a lee- tle ahead," although this was to be fol- lowed by the remark, "but then you know, Dan Grover's got ten dollars to Bill's one, and he's a mighty sight stid- dier."

And Barbara was in a worse quandary about it than the Dorcas Society knew how to be, for at times she almost sus- pected her heart of threatening an imper- tinent interference before her head could have a fair chance.

"She'd be entitled to a third, I sup- pose," soliloquized the fair maiden, 'and she's a wonderful hand with the needle. There's no danger of her starving.—There's lots of folks'd be glad enough to have her just to come and live with them."

And Barbara did not know it, but a train of thoughts very nearly related to her own was at that moment passing through the mind of the widow, as she stepped lightly to and fro among the household duties of which she so kindly relieved her step-daughter.

"I don't hear the piano," murmured the soft voice of the widow, "and yet I know she wanted to practice that new practice that new piece. Young Em- mons'll be here this evening. I ought not to say a word in such a matter. She's old enough decide for herself, but why can't she see that Dan Grover's worth five hun- dred of hith? not to mention his big farm, and that's something nowadays. I would not put that in her head, however, not for the world. I've paid dearly enough for just that sort of a mistake. Better have come out to service or taken in sewing. That's what I may have to do when Bar- bara is married.

The neat, tidy figure paused in the kitchen doorway as she said that and a shade of sadness passed over her face.

"Live in the house with Bill Emmons master of it? Not I, indeed! She won't have sense enough to settle on Dan Gro- ver, I'm afraid. Would I stay, then, if she did? Not so long as I could earn or beg any other shelter?"

The last exclamation came out with un- necessary energy, and the widow caught up a broom and made an immediate as- sault on the kitchen floor.

Although the sweeping was unneces- sary indeed.

Barbara had clearly misunderstood her step mother, and the widow had also fail- ed to penetrate the mind of the 'Squire's pretty and sensible representative.

There was only to glad a reason why the sheet of music forwarded by Mr. Em- mons had received so little attention that afternoon.

Barbara's morning walk had carried her past the fine old homestead of the Grovers, now the sole property of the family representative, and she had noted only too precisely the renovating and beautifying process on which Dan was ex- pending half the proceeds of that year's liberal wheat crop.

Carpenters, glaziers, painters, and all the Dorcas Society were in arms she knew, about the extravagant waste which the old fashioned interior was transform- ing.

More than one village critic had added to his other valuable thoughts the sur- mise, "Looks kinder bad for Bill Em- mons;" and Barbara herself could assure them of the correctness of their reason- ing.

She was too kind-hearted, not to add to herself: "So much the better, too, for Mrs. Hawkins. Neither Dan nor I would object to her living at the old place till we could find a buyer. I only wish she could raise the money and buy it her- self."

It was, therefore, as the mistress of the renovated mansion behind the maples at the turn of the road that Barbara Hawk- ins was considering herself when tea time came, and she was quite willing to hurry back into the parlor while her ready hand- ed step mother supervised their solitary "help" in putting away the tea things.

By the time poor Bill Emmons made his appearance, after his long day's drud- gery in the one law office of the village where he was the junior, and therefore perhaps the working partner—by that time Barbara was ready, civilly as she re- ceived him, to wish he would postpone his call until she could "receive him in so much better style." And yet that night, of all night, the young lawyer had made up his mind to put his fate to the test "and win or lose it all."

Not a bad fellow was Bill, and he had more than once reflected how charming- ly convenient was the location of the Hawkins' homestead, and what a tremen- dious lift the possession of that and the productive little farm belonging thereto would give to a struggling young lawyer like himself The fact that he was over head and ears in love with Barbara made the whole affair absolutely beautiful.

Sad was the trial to his impatient feel- ings, therefore, when all the eloquence of which he was master—and he had long considered himself master of the situation as well—only resulted in obtaining for him a promise from Barbara that she "would consult her step mother."

"Such a change it would make for her if I should leave her!" sighed little Bar- bara.

"Not at all, not at all," eagerly ex- claimed Bill. "She could live with us, you know. Everybody likes her. I'm sure I do. She wouldn't be in the way at all."

But vain was all he could say or do, except that Barbara's vision of the Gro- ver farm and house may have receded somewhat as she listened to the pleading of her suitor. She almost hoped Dan might not come that evening, for not on- ly the present situation had its charms, but it might have its perils as well. Dan Grover was not a man to be trifled with, she knew, for all his quiet, self-contained ways.

And so it was with something of a feeling of relief that Barbara listened, at last, to the burr of the big kitchen clock striking nine.

It was at the same itstant that the shad- ow of two who were walking side by side in the moonlight fell on the gate in a sin- gularly unified manner; and then, as the gate opened, Barbara sprang to her feet with a slight exclamation. She had been sitting close to the low window seat, and she had not seen fit, or had forgotten, to light a lamp.

There may or there may not have been any cause for surprise, but the way of it had been this: No sooner were the tea- things out of the way than Mrs. Hawkins remembered an errand she had in the vil- lage, and had slipped quietly out to per- form it. Nor would no simple matter have taken two long hours, but that, just as the widow was stepping across the lit- tle footbridge at the brook, the form of a tall, broad shouldered, vigorous man of, say, thirty-five summers, stood before her, and a deep voice remarked:

"Right about face, please. I want a bit of talk with you, and there'd be no chance for it at the house."

Not a word said the widow, as Dan Grover drew he arm in his, but she thought, "If he wants to speak of Bar- bara, he's right, for Bill Emmons must be there by this time! What a fool she is! He don't begin to compare with Dan."

It must be confessed, however, that it seemed wonderfully pleasant, even when Dan turned up the shadowy lane toward the grove, and when he seemed disposed to put off his express business and to talk of the farm and the house, and lastly of himself.

"I have everything around me fixed as nicely as I could ask for," he remark- ed at length "but I grow lonesome every day. The fact is, I've determined to have a wife, if I can get the one I want; but there's only one in the wide world.—I'd be lonlier than I am now with any other."

"Why don't you speak to her, then?" said the widow, with a half choked feel- ing in her throat "She's a very sensi- ble girl, but I don't think it would be right for me to try to influence her. I lieve a woman has no right to marry with- out loving."

Quick as lightning—very different from Dan's ordinary calm, slow style—was his responsive query: "Have you always been of that opinion? Have you acted on it?"

The plumy, soft hand on his arm was jerked away in an instant, and Barbara's step mother was almost sobbing with an- ger and wounded feelings, as she step- ped back from him, exclaiming, "How dare you! What have you to do with that? Ask Barbara for her secrets, if you will. Mine are my own."

"Exactly," responded the steadymind- ed Dan, but his voice was shaken now in spite of his self-control. "You have told me part of your secret, Marian Hawkins. whether you meant to or not. I knew you never could have loved him. Now I will tell you mine. You are the one woman without whom I must forever be lonely. And you have only been too faithful to Barbara, or you would have seen it before."

Rapid, earnest, passionate, grew the strong man's words as he uttered them, and he closed with a sudden forward movement. Before the widow knew it, Dan's arms were around her, and even her tears betrayed her.

It was too late to do anything but too let Dan have his own way. Such a will- ful fellow he was too. And when at last the widow insisted on going homeward, their arrival at the gate was signalized by just such another theft as he had perpe- trated twenty times already, for Barbara's exclamation had been simply, "kissed her!"

Never was a lamp lit so quickly in all the world before; but, between the find- ing and scratching of the match, Bill Emmons managed to say—for he was a fellow of exeellent mind—"Perhaps, Bar- bara, that may remove some of our diffi- culties."

And Barbara made no reply; but when Dan and the widow came into the parlor, it was not easy to say which of the two women was blushing most violently.

"It's all right, Bill," remarked Dan. "I don't know that any explanations are required. You have our entire con- sent."

The visions of the newly painted house had faded from the mind of Barbara Haw- kins, but it was Dan's remark that called her attention to the manner in which she was clinging to the arm of Bill Emmons. The latter was equal to the occasion, how- ever, for he replied;

"Well, so long as I've got Barbara's I don't mind having yours:" and then he added quickly, "a say, Dan, you and I are two fellows of remarkably good senses."

So Barbara's difficulty about her step mother's future as well as her own was removed from her entirely, and curious- ly enough. Dan Grover spent the re- mainder of his natural life in the unbro- ven assurance that neither he nor his admirable wife had ever known but one love.

☞A youngster, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remon- strated with by his father, who said:

"Go 'way from the stove, the weather is not cold."

The little fellow, looking up demurely at his stern parent, replied: "I ain't heatin' the weather, I am warming my hands."

The Man who had to Wait for a Seat in Church.

From the New York Observer.

He writes a grumble to one of the daily newspapers. He says that he went to one of the large uptown, Fifth avenue church- es, got there half an hour before the time for service to begin, had to stand by the door and wait, and wait, until the people assembled, and the pewholders were in, and then he was conducted to a vacant seat. He had to stand up so long that he became impatient and cross, and now complains of the practice which is not peculiar to the church he visited, but is the same in all churches that are not free. And he is not a stranger in the city, but had. this Sabbath morning, wandered away from the neighborhood of many churches, to hear a celebrated preacher.

Such complaints are rarely made by strangers. A person from a hotel in the city, going to a popular church, expects to depend on the hospitality of the people whose church he visits, and he is thankful when, at the proper time, he is conducted to a seat. There is no want of hospitali- ty in any of our churches. In many of them the young gentlemen organize them- selves into a corps of ushers, and take their positions in the several aisles, to show strangers to seats with the least possible delay. They perform this gratu- itous and thankless service as a religious work, to promote the good of the church and of strangers. In other churches the trustees themselves, venerable men, assist in this office. But why is it necessary? The few strangers in town, scattered among the several churches, would not require extra aid to find seats. The door- keeper of the house could easily attend to their wants. But the trouble comes of the habit that thousands of people have, of going about to hear preaching, with no settled place of worship. Nine-tenths of all the people standing at the door, wait- ing to be shown into pews, are residents of the city, and ought to have pews of their own. This grumbler, whose com- plaint has led to these remarks, ought to have been in his own pew in the church where his *residence* or his *views* made it convenient and profitable for him to attend. But he is one of the thousands in this city who sponge on other people for the "means of grace." This is the way it works.

We have tried various ways and means of "supporting the gospel" as it is called. Free churches, open to all comers, first come first served, have been tried, and some, on the same plan, are in operation now. That is one way. The plan has been a failure. Even the Roman Catholic churches, which are supposed to be prac- tically free, exact a rent from the poorest working girls. The Methodists have pewed churches, whereas they formerly repudiated the system. In our Protestant churches the plan is to rent sittings, and from these rents to pay the necessary ex- penses of the church. And if a family or individual wishes to have a seat in any one of them, and is unable to pay for it, the applicant will be furnished with a good pew, free, or on such terms as he prefers. This is the constant practice in all our Protestant congregations. No one, outside of those in charge, knows whether you are paying $150 a year for your pew, or only $1.50, or nothing. No family in this city lives so far from church or is so poor, as not to be able to have a good seat in a Christian church. Thus the gospel is offered without money to all who wish to hear. And going out into the highways, are visitors seeking those who neglect the sanctuary, and persuad- ing them to come in, so that no one per- ishes, or lives, in want of an offer of the gospel.

That is the plan for supporting the church in such a city as this. But we will now suppose that "the man who had to wait for a seat" was to have his way: his idea seems to be that, as soon as he arrives at the door of any church in town, he may walk in, select such seat as best pleases him, plant himself in it, and "enjoy the gospel." If he has that right, others have it, and the church is at once given up to squatters. Who will "hire" a pew if it is thus to be at the mercy of such interlopers as these who go from place to place to hear something new. The plan of sustaining the church by pew rents would break down in a year, if it were practically understood that no pewholder can have his own when he wants it.

There is no church in this, or any other American city, where a stranger would not be instantly invited to a vacant seat in any pew as soon as his presence was discovered. In London I have stood in the aisle, *through the whole service*, at the door of a pew in which there was room for two or three persons, but the occu- pants would not invite me in, *because* I was a stranger. Etiquette probably for- bade the courtesy. The French are said to be even more particular: at least, I have read of a Frenchman who would not give his hand to a drowning man because he had not been introduced to him. Our pews are reserved until the regular at- tendants are in them. Then the ushers fill up the vacant sittings with the wait- ing strangers. If a better plan can be devised, let us have it. Perhaps a con- vention of those who get their preaching for nothing every Sabbath, might be held, and a *standing* committee appointed to suggest a plan to obtain their rights. I can imagine them in session, being called together by my grumbler, at the close of a service which they have attended in other people's pews. The grumbler would take the chair and open the meeting with prayer, thanking God that they are not as other people, and especially as those who build churches, pay for them, and wor- ship in them: and praying that the time may soon come when churches will grow on the street corners and ministers will be fed with manna from heaven, and men may have the means of grace without its costing them a cent. Then he would draw from his pocket a series of resolu- tions which, being read, would be unani- mously adopted; to this effect:

Resolved, That it is unbecoming a Christian people to sit in their own pews while we want the use of them.

Resolved, That the people who pay for the church and its support ought to be satisfied with having had the privilege, and now it is no more than fair that they should stand at the door and wait till we have taken their pews: then, if there are any left, they can come in and be seated.

Resolved, That these resolutions be pub- lished in the *New York Observer*, provided the editors will pay us for the privilege.

These resolutions express the views of that large class of church-goers who have no pews of their own for which they hon- estly pay. Instead of grumbling because they have to wait for a seat, they should take a pew, or part of one, in a church convenient to their residence: identify themselves with the congregation: go to work as Christian people: and then only will they get the good of the gospel.

IRENÆUS.

A GRAMMAR DREAM.

From the New York Observer.

Little Nell was in trouble, not because of anything she had done, but because of something she could not do.

Nell was a school girl and had reached "Verbs" in her grammar. I imagine I hear many sympathetic sighs from those who understand what it is to have reached verbs. Nell could not understand the relationship that verbs sustained to each other, and therefore was very much puz- zled and discouraged. But I am going to let Nell tell the story as she told it to me the next day:

"Well, Aunt May, you know I was dis- couraged, and was in what school girls call a 'genuine fit of the blues;' conse- quently I was not in very good humor, having made up my mind that I was the dunce of the class—that I did not know anything and never should. I drew up an arm chair before the grate and settled myself comfortably with my school books. The wind was whistling through the trees, making that mournful sound so unpleasant to one's ears; yet so sympa- thetic it sounded to me that I closed my book and sat listening to it, and watching the flames rising higher and higher, form- ing all sorts of objects. At last the flames seemed to separate, and I was surprised to see a large room, which appeared to be a large school room without desks. As I sat looking, the room seemed suddenly filled with people, each one having a large card suspended from his neck. In one corner of the room there was a man whose card said: 'My name is John Smith; I am a noun, because I am the name of something.' A man standing next to him pushed him down and stood in his place; his card had the word 'He' on it, and said: 'I am a pronoun, because I stand in place of a noun.' Standing next to the pronoun was a boy dressed in his Sunday best, with a book of psalms in his hand, and his eyes cast upward; his card said: 'I am an adjective, because I assert that the pronoun 'He' is good, and in this way add to its meaning.' Next I saw a man sawing wood; his card read: 'I am a verb, because I express action.' Then came a man beating a little boy with a stick; his card read: 'I am a *transitive* verb, be- cause I represent an act done by one per- son or thing to another.' The poor little boy's card said: 'I am in the passive voice, because I am acted upon.' In the middle of the room was a little boy stick- ing pins into his playmate, who was cry- ing, 'Oh!' 'Ah!' in quick succession; his card read: 'I am an interjection, be- cause I speak abruptly to express emo- tion.'

'I had not had time to read all the cards when they formed a straight line, leaving space enough on each side for another person. When they became still, a line of boys and girls came and filled the va- cant places. Their cards said: 'We are conjunctions, because we connect words.' They then made a bow, and marched away.

"The flames came together with such a loud report that it made me jump. It was not until I found myself on the floor that I realized I had been asleep. I gathered up my books with renewed courage, and I must say that my dream has helped me wonderfully."

My dear young friend, perhaps you are troubled as Nell was; if so, I hope her dream may assist you. AUNT M.

OUR KINDRED.

The deepest affection is often the most exacting. We can excuse in others faults which we cannot tolerate in our friends. Our love craves for them some- thing of the superhuman. We cannot endure that they should be guilty of the petty sins to which common humanity is subject: They must measure up to their ideal standard. So it results, that those we loved most are severely criticised by us, and do not consciously receive from us that sympathy which is necessary to their encouragement and success. We do not phrase our objectious tenderly e- nough, and wound where we meant the blow. We do not carefully enough choose our modes, and confound hard- ness with justice. We think it necessary to blend with our caresses some strong words which shall act as bitter herbs of healing, but alas! the remedy is some- times too sever. The very love we con- fess makes us feel a sort of proprietorship in those we criticise, and we deal with them unreservedly as with ourselves.

We have careful thoughts for the stran- ger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.

Think of it, loving hearts, and see if it be not so. You would have the loved one perfect. Well, do so if you can, but remember that your tones and looks should all the sympathy and tenderness that your heart possess, or you will cer- tainly and sadly fail:

How many go forth in the morning,
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken,
For hard words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.

—*Methodist Recorder.*

☞A good story, showing that "in union there is strength," is told of Dr. Radcliffe. Once, when attending an in- timate friend during a dangerous illness, he declared (actuated by a generous feel- ing) that he would receive no fee. But when the cure was complete, and the phy- sician was taking his leave—

"I have put every day's fee," said the patient, "in this purse, my dear doctor; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude."

The doctor eyed the purse, counted the days of his attendance in a moment, and then, extending his hand by a kind of pro- fessional mechanical motion, replied—

"Well, I can hold out no longer; sin- gle, I could have refused the guineas; but all together, they are irresistible!"

☞The following lines are not the production of Theodore Tilton, and have not been read on the Beecher trial. They were written by an impatient New Or- leans girl to her lover, and were publish- ed in the Times of that city:

Give me kisses—do not stay
Courting in that careful way;
All the coins your lips can print
Never will exhaust the mint;
Kiss me then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—nay, 'tis true,
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe
I can pay you back you know,
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

A little misery sweetens life. It is the salt that makes it palatable and whole- some; the shade that relieves, and sets off the monotony and brilliancy of the sun- shine.

CONUNDRUMS.

How many peas are there in a pint?—one *p*.

Why are troubles like babies?—Be- cause they get bigger by nursing.

Why is the peacock like the figure 9? —It is nothing without its tail.

When do two and two make more than four?—When they make 22.

Why is a note in bank like a blade of grass?—It matures by falling due (dow).

Why is a man who lets houses likely to have a good many cousins?—Because he has ten-ants.

Whose best works are most trampled on?—A shoemaker's, because good shoes last longer than bad ones.

What trees are those which, when burnt up, are exactly what they were be- fore?—Ashes.

Why is your shadow like false friends? —Because is stays by you only in sun- shine.

What is that from which if you take th whole, a part will remain?—Whole- some.

Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon?—Because he has been to sea,

Why is a man given to lying compel- led to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

What is that which no man wants, and yet which, if any man has, he would not part with for untold wealth?—"A bald head."

What is the difference between a crockery dealer and a cabinet-maker?— One sells tea-sets and the other sells set- tees.

Why is either House of Congress like a person afflicted with the influenza?— Sometimes the ayes (eyes) have it and

THE UNNOTICED BOUND.

When, passing southward, I may cross
the line
Between the Arctic and Atlantic oceans
I may not tell by any test of mine,
By any startling signs, or strange com-
motions
Across my track;

But if the days grow sweeter, one by one,
And e'en the icebergs melt their hard-
ened faces;
And sailors linger basking in the sun,
I know I must have made the change of
places
Some distance back!

When answering the Master's call,
I passed the bourne of life in coming to
Him;
When in my love for Him I gave up all—
The very moment when I thought I
knew Him
I cannot tell!

But as increasingly I feel His love—
As this cold heart is melted to overflow-
ing,
As now so dear the light comes from
above,
I wonder at the angels, and move on,
knowing
That all is well!

VARIOUS ITEMS.

We ask advice. But we mean appro- bation.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.—*Young.*

Never attempt to make hay during a snow storm.

Little things on little wings, bear little souls to heaven.

There is no good this world can give like that it takes away.

That is a treacherous friend against whom you must be always on your guard.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

The genius of liberty and poetry brought into action the brightest powers of the human mind.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.

☞The English Quakers have become reduced to about 17,000 persons, from 60,000 a century ago.

Wise anger is like fire from the flint; there is a great ado to bring it, and when it does come it is out again immediately.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

Prayer was not invented; it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart.

Praise is a debt we owe to the virtues of others, and due unto our own from all whom malice hath not made mute or envy struck dumb.

Many natures which seem to us coarse and rough, hold, after all, the "sweet music" in some solitary room in their souls.

Good and evil are always paid off, sometimes immediately, and sometimes not until after they have run at interest for a spell.

We are sure to be losers when we quar- rel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions triumphs are de- feats.

Planets govern not the soul nor guide the destinies of men; but trifles lighter than straw are levers in the building up of our character.

Habits are often as ridiculous as they are strong; you often see people who can't pick up a pair of tongs, without spitting on their hands first.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.

Men of one idea are always extremists, and extremists are always nuisances. I might truthfully add that an extremist is never a man of sound mind.

One who had lived more than fifty years, said, as the hand of death was upon him, "I have all my days been getting ready to live, and now I must die."

Many men become virtuous in their old age, because they are no longer able to set a bad example, and make of their forced purity a text to lecture to the young.

Resist it as firmly, despise it as proudly as we may, all studied unkindness, no matter how contemptible it may be, has a stinging power in it which reaches to the quick.

☞Buffalo Express: Tidies are go- ing out of fashion, says an exchange, and it it be true—if we are to sink into a rock- ing chair after this without tearing a lace dog from the back of it, or settle down on a sofa and not feel a yellow worsted farm-house bumping up against the end of our spinal column, then an evening's tete-a-tete will seem as odd as a man with

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