Denton Journal.

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THE

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BY

GEO. T. MELVIN, EDITOR.

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The undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this date regular attend the sessions of the Caroline Court.

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mar23-tf.

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nov9-1y.

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POETRY.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of our delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe? you cannot lose a cent,
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent,
At interest four-fold paid.

Go, then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pay delay,
And my word for it inferred,
You'll live until you're gray.

An old neighbor of mine,
While dying with a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was going off.

I took the papers, and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.

I know two men as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps,
An no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the paper, and his life
Is happier than a king's,
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And killed him "very good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home, like neighboring Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened to him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak
Because you borrow from his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due;
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

LILIAN LOVIS.

"Sixty-one—two—three. It must be old Aunt Saunders," I observed, as the tolling of the old church bell fell upon my ear. For the first time in my life I lifsened to its mournful tones with a feeling of relief, if not pleasure. Not that I have so far outgrown humanity as to be able to look death in the face without fear,—for I have still a childish dread of *Shadows*, but I knew that a lamp, whose flame had been long dimmed by the unwholesome vapors of earth, had been relit in heaven—that a harp, whose chords have been too tensely drawn while here to give forth sweet music, has again caught up the hymn of life in that blessed land where all beautiful things

"Keep the high promise of their earlier day."

I put on my bonnet, and in a few moments stood in the chamber of death. I have ever had a proclivity to antiquarianism, reader; but my researches have been rather in the soul-world than in the world of old ruins or Roman antiquities. I love to take some old, care-worn, world-worn face, and react it in the mould of youth—to strip from it, one by one, those mummy-like envelopes which time, education and custom have wrapped around it, until, Galatea-like, it stands before me, glowing with youth, hope and beauty. But Aunt Saunders' face (she was the "village aunt," reader); had ever been to me most tantalizing. Occasionally I fancied that I could detect a gleam of light in her sunken eyes, that betoken something like human interest, but, like a spot of untarnished gilding on some old, illuminated manuscript, it only served to show more plainly the delapidated condition of the rest.

How could I dream that she had ever been young and fair? that those faded, sunken eyes had ever flashed back the sunlight, or mirrored in their depths an image of love and hope? that those shrivelled lids had ever drooped, in very bashfulness, beneath the gaze of loving eyes which were earnestly striving to read that tale which no man reads unmoved; by what magic could I smooth out the unnumbered wrinkles that circled round her mouth, and make it once more the gate of love and mirth, of song and ringing laughter?

Death revealed to me far more than life. He did not enter that solitary chamber alone. The angel of mercy had stood by the pillow of the dying one, and retouched those faded lineaments with something like the freshness of early life.

Then I learned (and could well credit the tale) how, in early girlhood she had been, for three blessed years, the cherished flower of young Gresham's heart—his Lilly, as she fondly called her, filling his pathway with fragrance and beauty. Those sunken eyes had returned light for light, those shrivelled lips love for love, and the young man forgot his proud mother and worldly-wise father, while he sat by her side and received both at her hand. Lilian Lovis had nothing to recommend her to the wealthy Greshams but her sweet face and guileless heart. These were priceless in the eyes of young Harry; but, unfortunately, the old people thought differently. They saw no beauty save through the yellow atmosphere of gold, no worth save such as could be found between the leaves of mouldy family records. Their children had been trained to implicit obedience, and they did not fail to represent to Harry their disapproval of his taste in such a way as to leave him no choice between love and what they called—and, alas! he thought—duty.

They succeeded in convincing his intellect, but not his heart, for *there* the fragrance of his Lily lingered long after the daughter of rich Jacob Greene called him husband. And once or twice, during the first years of his marriage (we say it in a whisper, reader,) he was so very foolish as to entertain

ning farm and Long Acres was a poor exchange for the pure soul and loving tones of Lilian Lovis. But he was prudent as well as dutiful, and, in a few years succeeded to all appearance, in burying the image of his youth, together with that of his meek-eyed Lily, under a load of speculations that finally made him one of the richest men in the county.

For some time after Harry Gresham's marriage, Lilian Lovis' eyes had a dreamy look, and, not unfrequently, a bright drop gathered on the long lashes, and fell silently down her cheek. Still she did not repine. She had been too deeply schooled in the "meek lessons of humanity" to do that. Harry had obeyed his parents, fulfilled the commandment, and with her New England education, she could not blame him. With an earnest effort to gather the sunshine into his heart once more, she lifted her head, and sought strength and comfort in the strict performance of such duties as fell to her lot.

Lily was still young when her mother died, but she had a high character for faithfulness and honesty, and this drew upon her the attention of old, rich, rheumatic John Saunders. He wanted a wife, or, rather, a nurse and housekeeper under that name, and his choice fell upon Lily.

She hesitated—but friends whispered, nay shouted, maxims of prudence and worldly wisdom in her ears, mingled with hints of dependence, until, bewildered, confused, with a shudder which she prayed heaven to forgive, as the movement of a rebellious heart, she laid her hand in the bony one that reached out to grasp hers, and gave him the name of husband.

For many long months her new home seemed dark and empty,—but "something the heart must have to cherish," and, as her husband grew more and more feeble, pity took the place of love and led her to think of him with a feeling nearly akin to that which a mother feels towards a peevish, suffering child. Irritable and impatient, he could not bear to trust her from his sight. And the freshness and fragrance of Lily soon faded in the close atmosphere of that sick chamber, while the flower-dust of the heart was daily brushed away by some new exaction on the part of the querulous invalid. Yet he loved her, as well as he was capable of loving anything aside from himself, and thought he made ample compensation for all her care and patience by leaving her a competence in his will. So thought her friends when, after a lingering struggle of many years, he at length yielded to death. They spoke much of his generosity, and Lilian assented to their remarks without comprehending them.

After so many years of seclusion their voices annoyed her. She had not loved old John Saunders as a wife—she could not, but his pale, wrinkled face, peering over the back of his arm-chair, watching her every movement—his sharp, querulous tones, calling her name until he obtained a reply, were it a thousand times, had by the mere force of habit, become a part of her daily life, of herself—and now in her utter isolation, she often turned from the condolence that sounded so much like congratulation, toward that old arm-chair, almost expecting and half-wishing, to hear again his sharp-toned "Lilian." Her long confinement had unfitted her for the rush and stir of life; but she gradually grew to be an oracle at births and deaths—a rare compounder of embrocations and syrups, and nurse to the whole town. To these she united another occupation—that of shroud-maker; and many a time I have watched her attenuated fingers pressing the long needle thro' the starched muslin, and thought, if the white folds were only gathered around her, the illusion would be complete. Life and death, a funeral or a birth, seemed alike to her; and, to me she was a being without human sympathies. But I was mistaken. One chord in the harp of life still vibrated to the music of earth. On the day before her death the rich Judge Gresham while presiding at a meeting of the directors of the ——— railroad was taken with a fit of apoplexy. He lived but a few hours, during that time, succeeded in making a few orders and requests understood. One was that Lilian Sounders should make his shroud. The person who conveyed to Aunt Saunders did not note the trembling of hands, or the sudden gleam of her eye, as he mentioned the death of her early lover and his request. For some seconds after the door closed upon the messenger, she stood gazing at the snowy folds of cambric in her hand as in a dream. "Tis more than forty years since," she murmured, as she mechanically laid the cambric on her pillow, and pressed her cheek against the white folds. For a few moments, perchance hours, shhe was again his Lily, and then—Death and Mercy took her home.

The Legend of the Wandering Jew.

A wild and terrible legend is that of the Middle Ages, which personified the Jewish nation by the traits of the Wandering Jew. It represents an old man, with naked feet, uncovered head, and long white beard, wandering ceaselessly over the earth. His face is pale, a mark of blood is upon his forehead, his eyes burn like sapphires beneath their oblique lids. With an eagle-like nose, and blood-like lips, squalid and harsh in features, and clad in a coarse woolen gown, he ever pursues, with

Speaking all languages, and traversing all lands, knowing not the purposes of God concerning himself, and ever driven onward by a secret impulse, he is transported from place to place with the speed of the wind; and as the long centuries come successively to a close, his old age renews itself with the vigor of youth, in order that he may complete the weary round of ages. The people wonder as he hastens past. Once or twice only has he paused to tell his story. He was of the Jewish nation, Ahasuerus by name, and a shoemaker by trade. Dwelling in Jerusalem, he persecuted our Saviour, and was of those who cried "Crucify him!" The sentence of death having been pronounced, he ran to his house, before which Jesus was to pass on the way to Calvary. Taking his child in his arms, he stood at the door with all his family to behold the procession. Our Saviour, weighed down by the heavy burden of the cross, leaned for a moment against the wall; and the Jew, to show his zeal, struck the innocent one with cruel blows, and pointing to the place of execution, bade him go on. Then Jesus, turning to the unfeeling child of Israel, said:

"Thou refusest rest to the Son of God:
I go, for it must needs be;
But for thee there shall be no rest
Or repose until I return.
Go forth on thy long journey,
Leave thine own; traverse mountains and seas,
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts,
Nowhere—not even in the tomb.
As an example to the Universe, and bearing
Everywhere the heavy weight of my curse,
Much shalt thou long for death, thy diverence,
But shalt not die until the day of judgment."

He assists at the crucifixion, and then goes forth a mysterious stranger, whose feet shall become familiar with all lands.

How, age after age, he longs for the sweets of death and the repose of the tomb! But in spite of death, he must live on; his dust shall not mingle with that of his ancestors. He drags himself from a gloomy cavern of Mount Barmel, shaking the dust from his beard, grown even to his knees. Nine grinning skulls are before him. He seizes and hurls them from the top of the mountain, and they go bounding down from rock to rock. They are the skulls of his parents, of his wife, and six small children, all of whom have been able to die; but he cannot. He rushes into the flames of falling Jerusalem, and attempts to bury himself beneath the crumbling ruins of Rome; but in vain. Flying from cities and men. He climbs the everlasting mountains; passing beyond the region of verdure and of dashing torrents, his feet tread the seas of amethyst and opal. Above him are only peaks shrouded in mists and eternal snows. The daring eagle soars not so high. There are no sounds save the cracklings of the glaciers. The soul seems almost to touch the heavens above. There, surely, the Wandering Jew shall rest? No. A pursuing angel unsheathes a sword of flaming fire, and lo! the wanderer beholds once more in the heavens the drama of the crucifixion. The way from earth to heaven is storied with myriads of celestial beings radiant with light. Before him are all the martyrs and saints and sages who have ever lived and died. For a moment he gazes upon the vision, and turns away chased by the sword of flame and demons of frightful form. Then he again wanders over the earth, ever with fine pieces of copper in his pocket, ever with the mark of blood upon his forehead. Maddened with the agony of life, he throws himself into the crater of Etna, but the boiling liquid and sulphurious flames harm him not. The floods of lava vomit him forth, for his hour is not yet come. Embarking upon the sea, the wind raises its surface into mountain waves—the vessel divides, and all perish save the Wandering Jew. Too light to sink in the ocean, its waves cast him upon the hated shore. He plunges into a hundred bloody conflicts without sword or shield. All in vain. The leaden balls rain harmlessly upon him; battle-axes and cimeters glance from his charmed body. Where mounted squadrons fight with the fury of demons, he casts himself under the feet of the horsemen, and is unharmed, so riveted are his soul and body together. He says to Nero, "Thou art drunk with blood:" to Christian and Musselman, "Drunk art thou with blood." They invent the most horrible tortures for his punishment, yet injure him not. Leaving in his vain pursuit of death the lands that throb with life and industry, the Wandering Jew threads the solitary jungles of the tropics. He walks in poisoned air, and fierce lions and flat-headed serpents will only sport with him as he hastens by.

And thus he wanders:

"Traversing mountains and seas,
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts;
Nowhere—not even in the tomb."

herself as being pained to give him any trouble, but said that she was riding there for a purpose and that she should remain there unless he chose to carry her in. The young man in blue cloth and gold braid looked at the smiling face and ample form, and retreated to the other end of the car. On the previous day Edison had ridden on the road with a stick in his mouth, trying to learn where the sound came from and how it could be stopped; and a man who sat just inside the open door facetiously remarked that perhaps the woman on the rear platform was the Menlo Park Wizard in disguise. She replied that she was not Edison, only his substitute while he was taking his vacation.

After riding the length of the Metropolitan Elevated Railway, the smiling gray-haired woman returned to her house at 63 West Twelfth street and began whittling out with a penknife a model of the structure on which the tracks are laid. Two shingles, for which she had paid four cents, furnished the timber, and a paper of pins furnished the necessary bolts. In the cellar of her house she set up her model, and experimented in secret, behind bolted doors, with a device for absorbing the sound produced by the elevated railway trains. Late in June she notified the Patent Office of her intention to apply for letters patent on a device of that kind, and on the 31st of July a caveat was duly filled. After doing this she went to Mr. Beard with her plan, and arrangements were made to have the device testsd on the Metropolitan line. The result of the test was so favorable that the company bought the invention for $10,0000, and agreed to pay her a liberal royalty on sales of rights to other companies. The invention consists simply of boxing the rails with sand and cotton, covered with asphalt. At all times, except in very cold weather, the sound is very much deadened by this device, but when it is very cold the effect is not nearly so favorable. The woman who thus got ahead of Edison while he was taking a vacation is Mrs. Walton of 63 West Twelfth street. She has already received $1.000 of the sum which the Metropolitan Elevated Railway Company will pay her for her patent.

This is not the first time Mrs. Walton has brought forth an invention. She once invented an improved steam whistle, which pleased her husband so much that he invited in a friend to see it work, which friend was so pleased with it that he at once got it patented and cheated her out of her right. Not is the noise-deadening device likely to be her last invention, for she is now engaged on the model of a contrivance which, she says, will be used in every house in New York before the end of two years. She declines to give any hint of its nature, but says the application for a patent will be made within a few weeks.

Mr. S. Brisac of 82 Fourth avenue says that the boxing device is his, and that the Metropolitan Company refuses to pay him for using it. Investigation discloses the fact that he is one of ten different persons who have applied for patents for substantially the same invention. Each has been officially informed from the Patent Office that his or her application interferes with the others, and that the Commissioner will receive evidence of priority. Mr. Beard, who has charge of the matter for the Metropolitan says that undoubtedly Mrs. Walton was ahead of the rest in filing her papers. There is likely to be considerable litigation before the question can be legally settled. So many inventors worked at the noise problem, and all at the same time, that rival claims to any device selected were inevitable.

Ingersoll Refuted.

The Hon. George R. Wendling closes his lecture on Ingersoll, with these sentences:

To my mind, hypocrisy in the church means infidelity in the church. I do not say that infidels outside of the church are hypocrites, but I do say that your deliberate hypocrite inside the church is an infidel. Hold fast to the thought, then, when the great apostle of infidelity comes into your midst and denounces the bad men inside the church, hold fast to the thought that hypocrisy in the church means infidelity in the church, and then let all the people say, God speed Ingersoll in scourging his own disciples. Every rule of reason drives us irresistibly to the conclusion that the man who deliberately uses Christianity for no other purpose than as a cloak for evil deeds is necessarily an unbeliever in disguise. Let the war go on, then, until public sentiment shall brand as worse than thief the infidel who steals livery of Christianity, and Ingersoll's secret worshippers be dragged by the force of public opinion from the sacred altars they disgrace. Gentlemen, have you ever thought of it—a good man is to day a good man only as he approaches the standard of Bible taught morality. Grant that an infidel may be a good man too, and many of them are exemplary citizens, yet it can come about only by his approaching in action a standard which he repubiates in words. Ingersoll personally and Ingersoll theoretically are two beings as wide apart as civilization and barbarism. The world may well believe the one to be a good citizen. The throngs of men and women, "I am a

Mrs. Walton's Invention.

One day last June, just after the newspapers had announced that Prof. Edison would take a vacation before completing the task of discovering for the elevated railway racket, a pleasant-looking gray haired woman boarded a train at Fifty-ninth street and made her way to the rear platform of the last car. There she stood while the train was rattling along, until a conductor came out and said that he was sorry to interfere with her enjoyment, but he should becompelled to request Madame to step inside, because passengers were not allowed to ride on the

most notorious outlaw known in the criminal annals of the West, Frank Rande, stood a few months ago at the bars of his cell in St. Louis, the very impersonation of every crime, and with the air of a braggart, said to preachers, priests and policemen, to *and woman in the land believed him.* Had this or any other such criminal declared himself a religious man, ever infidel in the land would have declared the man a hypocrite and his assertion false. It is no answer to tell us that perhaps in the cell adjoining his lay a man who for five and twenty years was prominent in the church, and was at last detected in a series of gigantic thefts and forgeries, for let him but step to his prison door and say, "I am a Christian man," and all the civilized world cries out, "The man is a liar!" As citizens loving the country bequeathed to us by the men and spirit of '76, as business men striving for success by honorable endeavor, as men who love home and household, no matter whether we be in the church or out we can not afford to let the infidelity of Ingersoll supplant Christianity.

Tools for Young People.

Buy tools for your boys, and if you have no boys, buy tools for your girls. It will not harm any girl to learn to drive a nail or saw a board, and do it well; and if she knows how, she will. without any doubt, many times find it convenient, no matter what may be her fortune in life. For every one it will be a great advantage to cultivate mechanical skill; no one has too much of it. Nothing will be handier or be acceptable on more occasions, than to know how to use a few common tools. To begin with, the outfit need not cost over ten dollars—but we say twenty-five. For this he may buy a square, a jack-plane, a smoothing-plane, hand-ax, a hammer, a draw-shave, some dividers, a bitatock and half a dozen bits, a halfdozen chisels, a bench screw a small bench he can make—a few files a whetstone, a hand-saw, a rip-saw, a screw-driver. Then with the rest of the twenty-five dollars he can buy a little wire, an assortment of screws, a few of a kind, an assortment of nails, and a small quantity of pieces board of various dimensions. The tools should be of good quality. In a little time some of these will be lost or broken, but what of it? So is money lost and thrown away. It is a profitable training for every one to learn how to use money properly. To learn, they need to begin early under good instruction. Twenty-five dollars in money may be spent in a thousand ways for things which will do less good than the tools. Although this may seem to some a large amount to pay for tools, twenty-five dollars would be considered a small item as an inheritance for a young man. Then buy the children some tools and they will learn to make many play things for themselves, and will be less likely to get into bad company. They will be happier, wiser, better they will have a stronger attachment for home and a greater love for parents and those are a priceless fortune to any young man or woman, a fortune which cannot be lost by any failure of banks or depreciation in real estate.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Indians and Their Dead.

Montana Correspondence of the Cleveland Leader.

A girl about 12 years old had died and her relatives had appointed that evening as the beginning of her funeral. After death takes place in an Indian village the weeping and wailing take place immediately and continue among the relatives in the wildest and most demonstrative manner for many days. The evening before it had reached its highest pitch the family of the dead girl had given away every thing they had possessed and were then engaged in pulling down the very lodge that sheltered them, and cutting the buffalo robers that composed its sides into small pieces, while the mother of the girl had chopped off some of her fingers with a butcher knife, and was being pounded by sympathizing friends to keep from fainting. Everybody had their faces painted black and were moaning as only a grief-stricken Indian can. The woods and fantastic lodges and weird faces of the Indians, lit up as they were by the flickering glare of a large camp fire, formed a picture at once grotesque and startling. When our party visited the camp in the morning, the girl's family, weak from hunger and loss of sleep, were still keeping up the barbarous wake, although the corpse had been placed upon its burial platform in some secluded spot on the prairie, where it is to be hoped the wild flowers and birds will watch over evermore. Riding out from the dozen or so tepees that comprised the village, Mr. Hoyt and myself made a short cut across a curve in the trail and discovered a dead Indian on a platfrom of stakes, about 11 feet above the prairie. At first, like all whites out here, we set out with the determination to take what trophies might be on the rack, but upon reading the prayer of his friends, written in English and pinned to one of the stakes, that he might not be disturbed, as Yellowface, the dead man, had always helped the white man and was a friend to all who passed that way, we left the grave undisturbed The Indian had only been there since April and had his gun, tomahawk, knife and beaded ornaments all upon his person.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Improvement of the Bible.

Rossister Johnson writes: If one book must be singled out and doomed never to receive decent typographical treatment, it should have been any other rather than the Bible. I should like to see what would be the effect of giving it a fair chance. I believe it would be read if it were made readable. We ought to have one edition of it with out foot notes—unless in rare cases where these are absolutely necessary. Where the italicised words are necessary to complete and idiomatic rendering, they should be printed in plain Roman; when not thus neccessary they should be dropped. Instead of verses we should have paragraphs, and all figures or indications of the verses abolished. Conversations should be printed in broken paragraghs, with quotation marks, just as in a novel. Poetry should be printed as poetry. Instead of being crowded into one volume, the book should be in four or five moderate duodecimo volumes with large type and good paper, so that it could be at once held without tiring the arm and read without straining the eyes. Finally, this book should have a good analytical index. A cumbrous concordance is not an index, and does not serve the purpose of one,—If presented in such a form the Bible might be enjoyed as literature, and perhaps better understood as a Divine authority

An Editor's Experience.

The following is given as the experience of a Texas editor. At such a rate a man would live about one hundred years while another was living fifty, but to do that it would be necessary to have copper lining and bolted and doble rivited in order to stand the pressure, both from without and from within:

Been asked to drink,	11,392
Drank,	11,392
Requested to retract,	416
Didn't retract,	416
Invited to parties and receptions by persons fishing for puffs,	3,333
Took the hint,	33
Didn't take the hint,	3,300
Threatened to be whipped,	174
Been whipped,	0
Whipped the other fellow,	4
Didn't come to time,	170
Been promised gin, whiskey, etc., if we'd go after them'	5 610
Been after them,	5,000
Been asked what's the news,	300,000
Told,	23
Didn't know,	200,000
Lied about it,	90,977
Been to church,	2
Changed politics,	23
Expect to change still,	50
Gave to charity,	$5.00
Gave for a terrier dog,	$25.00
Cash on hand,	$1,00

A KING EARNS TWO FRANCS.—King Victor Emmanuel was very fond of hunting and had a great liking, moreover, for going about his dominions incognito. One day, descending a mountain with a single attendant, he was met by a peasant farmer, who said: "Good gentlemen, you seem brave hunters; I should be so grateful if you would kill a wolf that is destroying everything about me." "We should be happy to serve you, but we are out of ammunition," replied the hunters. "We will pass this way to-morrow." They came on the morrow and killed the wolf. The peasant expressed his thanks and gave the King two francs for his trouble. He put them in his pocket, saying, These are the first coins I ever really earned." The peasant was shortly after summoned to court and was astonished to recognize in his sovereign the Alpine hunter to whom he had given the two francs, which were restored to him with heavy interest.

SOOT AS A GARDEN FERTILIZER.—It is known doubtless, to our lady readers that the refuse soot of our chimneys is one of the most valuable stimulants and fertilizers they can have for their garden flowers. The following incident of practical experience is from a lady contributor to the *Rural Carolinian*; "During two seasons we nursed, fed and petted the Hartford prolific grapevine—as much for its shade over the window as for its fruit; but it persisted in remaining a stunted vine, yellow and refusing to climb.—Despairing of a shade, we finally bethought ourselves of soot as a manure, and forthwith made a "soot tea" by steeping a teacup of soot in a quart of water. This we administered. The vine grew six feet in heighth in the space of six weeks.

READING AND WORKING.—It is not by books alone nor by books cheifly that a man becomes in all parts a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge. That is your post. Stand to it like a true soldier. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine two things—wisely, valiantly do what is laid to their hand in there present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing wider things, if such lie before them.

It is said that within three years a Cincinnati brewer has given twelve hundred kegs of beer to charity. They say charity hid a a multitude of sins, and she certainly does, too, if she [illegible]

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