Cambridge Democrat.

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MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. SMITH would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he continues to be confidentially consulted at his old established MEDICAL HOUSE, No. 11 South Frederick street, on all diseases of a PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

His long experience and attention to this class of complaints; his safe and speedy method of treatment, and his extraordinary success during a long and extensive practice, enables him, confidently, to promise all persons so afflicted, a safe and radical cure, without injury to the constitution or confinement from business. By a long course of study and practice experience, Dr. S. has now the gratification of presenting the unfortunate with remedies that have never failed, "since he first introduced them," to cure the most alarming case, and that in a very short but reasonable time, without the aid of mercury or any other deleterious drug. Within the last ten years Dr. S. has cured more than thirty thousand cases, of the above character and it may be safely said that *more than one-half* of the patients had been previously treated with mercury and other mineral poisons by some foreign or native pretender to the healing art.

Dr. Smith does not profess to be a Parisian, or a graduate of any London or Parisian hospital. He believes the United States can produce physicians as capable of curing disease, "no matter how difficult," as any foreigner who has been compelled to leave his own country because his boasted skill and wonderful discoveries in medicine have failed to afford him a living at home. Let the unfortunate bear in mind, when affliction overtakes him, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure, and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be more moderate in his charges than he could justly be where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advances of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored blotches, with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

YOUNG MEN

And others afflicted with seminal debility, "whether original from a certain destructive habit," or from any other cause, with the train of bodily and mental evils which follow, when neglected, should make an early application, with the full assurance that they can be speedily restored to sound health and firm vigor.—This is one of the greatest evils that can befall man, and has doomed thousands of the human race to untimely graves; blasted the brilliant hopes of parents, and blighted, in the bud, the noble ambition of many an aspiring youth. Dyspepsia, weakness of the back, eyes, and limbs, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, forgetfulness, &c. &c., are symptoms of this disease.

IMPOTENCE—IMPUISSANCE.

One of the most frequent penalties paid by those who give unrestrained license to their passions is a loss of virile power. The young, unaware of the fearful results that may ensue, are but too apt to commit excesses. Impotency may, and does occur from stricture, gravel, deposites in the urine, and from many other causes; but by far the most frequent source of it is an abuse of the sexuel organs, by excessive venery or self-pollution—particularly the last. Too great excitement of the genital organs is, however, productive of other effects, besides premature impotency; it tends to derange the digestive functions, and weaken the physical and mental powers. Thus parents and others are often deceived as to the true source of the complaints of the youth and young men. It could be shown how attenuation of frame palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion, and a train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when, in reality, they are the consequence of an alluring and pernicious practice, alike destructive to the mind and body.

Dr. Smith has given particular attention to the cure of female complaints. His method of treating Suppression, Irregularities, and other complaints peculiar to their sex, is safe, and seldom requires but a short time to cure. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine, securely packed from observation, forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the country.

N. B. Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid boasting impostors, whether foreign or native, as also the numerous *Specifics*, advertised as a certain cure for any and every Disease. These preparations are put up to sell, but not to cure, and often do much more harm than good, therefore avoid them. ***A word to the wise is sufficient.

No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp.

Address DR. J. B. SMITH,
No. 11, South Frederick street,
Feb. 18, 1857. 1y Baltimore, Md.

Original Poetry.

[For the Cambridge Democrat.]

THOU DOST NOT COME.

TO . . . .

The evening now has neared its close,
I've watched its fading light;
And thou, my love, art far away,
Thou wilt not come to-night.

How many, many dreary days
Has cheerless been my home;
A lonely watcher still am I,
And yet thou dost not come.

My waking hours are spent in fears,
Forebodeing gloom and ill;
My dark and troubled thoughts, I ween,
No human tongue can tell.

Far, far from me, my dearest one,
A wanderer dost thou roam;
I've waited—pined till I am sick,
And yet thou dost not come.

The hand of death is on my heart,
I feel his withering touch;
And must I die and *see the not?*
O! 'tis indeed too much.

It must be so, my sinking soul
Must seek another home;
My sight grows dim, and all is gloom,
And yet thou dost not come. ***

Choice Poetry.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

The following amusing and instructive poem was written by a young lawyer in New York for Harper's Weekly Paper:

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris,
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,)
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery,
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern—
Silk, muslin and lace, crape, velvet and satin—
Brocade and broadcloth, and other material
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten thousand francs robes to twenty sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and in every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flimsey declared, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marvelled no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside,
Which, in spite of Collector and Custom House sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway;
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!
NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus:
But I do not mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
'Twas one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany,
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call:
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff;
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I chose, I am perfectly free
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the STUCKUPS' grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning,
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty and graces and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the STUCKUPS, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."
"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
Of the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature,) as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;""Your pink"—"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose colored, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"
"The pearl colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-maker
Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation.)
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but, dear me, that Jean
Sophronio Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb *point a'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich *grenadine;*"
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent though: but to use an expression
More striking than classic, it 'settled my hash.'
And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling!
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me," (here the nose went still higher,)
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief:
But this only proved a spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder.
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened and hailed,
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obsErvation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door-step and side-walk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up stairs, in my own easy chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?
Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."

Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three weeks without anything new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch
Are unable to go to ball, concert or church.

In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heart rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.
In a neighboring block there was found in three calls,
Total want, long continued, of camels' hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.

Still another, whose fortunes have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were ingulfed, not friend or relation,
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at last with serene resignation,)
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to styles most *recherche* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so dreary and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such o'erwhelming despair.

But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practiced upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance;
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.

The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From the scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city
And spur up Humanity into a canter.
To rush and relieve these sad cases, instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow, and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indulgent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? or won't PETER COOPER
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of honor and fame;
And found a new charity, just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which, in view of the cash, which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-out* Hospital might well be named?
Won't STEWART, or some of our dry goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh! ladies, dear ladies! the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway;
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade, which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the darkness, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where the wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swelt
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh! if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time,
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness and love;
Oh! daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have NOTHING TO WEAR!

Miscellaneous.

Elegant Extract.

Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are entrusted with the preservation of a constitutional Government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the Government is overthrown or liberty itself put in extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the Colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was in their eyes enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest in opposition to an assertion, which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology or mere parade of words.

They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours circles the earth daily with one continuous and broken strain of the martial airs of England.—*Daniel Webster.*

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.—Forty years ago a mother stood on the green hills of Vermont, holding by the hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love for the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate one sunny morn, she said: "Edwin, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of the seamen's life is strong drink. Promise, me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink." I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the North pole and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hill side in Vermont, did not rise before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor.

☞A Character in Mrs. Hentz's story of "Love after Marriage" lays down the law thus: "If a man is not ugly enough to *frighten his horse* he is handsome enough to marry."

Vaccination.

Dr. L. A. Smith, of Newark, N. J., publishes an article in the New Jersey Medical Reporter on vaccination, in which he details the conclusions he has arrived at from long experience. We select the following, as most interesting to the public:

That a *perfect* vaccination affords a *perfect* protection from small-pox during life, and that if this be done in *all* instances soon after birth, small-pox may *be eradicated*, as Dr. Jenner supposed it would be. That in many subjects vaccination is sufficient to eradicate the susceptibility to small-pox, while in others, two and sometimes more are required, and therefore it is important to re-vaccinate as long as an impression can be made. That vaccination will protect the life, and greatly mitigate the distress of a patient who has already taken the small pox, if done in time to allow the first disease to pervade the system. That the common idea that the sorer the arm from vaccination the better the protection, is a mistake, and that a very small pustule, which goes through the regular stages, and produces a constitutional effect about the ninth day, is more generally perfect than one that produces great inflammation, pain and swelling of the limb, and affecting the glands.

In vaccinating a patient who has a good scar, if the matter produces inflammation and itching for a few days and then dries up, I infer that the first vaccination is perfect. If it does not produce any other effect than is common to a slightly abrated surface, I infer that the virus is not good, and immediately make another attempt with a new supply.

Fifty Cents on a Dollar.

A gentleman in Twelfth street, who is in the habit of sending his boots out to be blacked, could not find his polished understandings a few days ago. He sent his little son to the darkey's cellar, but he returned, saying it was shut up. The gentleman went himself in his slippers, and after rapping some time he heard a noise inside. Presently a window opened and Cuffy's head poked through.

"I want my boots," said the gentleman.

"Sorry to inform you, massa, dat you can't hab um," replied Cuff. "Fac' is, I's give out, bursted, failed, broke, cleaned out, jammped up, split, I is."

"But, Cuff," said the gentleman, "I can't help that. I must have my boots."

Cuff finding his customer rather riled up, poked one of the boots out of the window and said: "Massa, I isn't tellin' no lie. I is clean bust and no mistake. I is taken i'bentory of my a'fecs, and as I b'lieve, on the honor ob a gentleman, dat I shall be able to pay fifty cents on a dollar, I is willin' to gib you yours now. Dar it am. Take de boot."

So saying he slammed the window, leaving our friend to go home in his slippers, with one boot in his hand—*his fifty cents on a dollar.*—*Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.*

A POPULAR DELUSION.—It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to society in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain per centage of his gains to administer to his own pleasure or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to Society. In short, society is the master, and man is the servant; and it is entirely according as society proves a good or bad master, whether the man turns out a good or bad servant.—*Punch.*

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

PACK YOUR THOUGHTS.—Do not assume that because you have something important to communicate it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon-ball, and, like the projectile, cut all down before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers and are more widely copied than long ones. *Pack your thoughts closely together*, and though your article may be brief, it will have weight and will be more likely to make an impression.

☞When great people are in distress, they are apt to receive very liberal proffers of assistance from little ones. "Ah! what shall I do?" exclaimed a horse in a quagmire. "Take hold of my tail," squeaked a pompous little mouse.

☞At a christening, while the minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say, "Let me see—this is the thirtieth." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed it is only the eleventh!"

☞Industry will make a purse, and frugality will give you a string to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will find a useful penny at the bottom.

☞An old lady in Pennsylvania had a great aversion to rye, and never could eat it in any form. "Till of late," said she, "they had got to making it into whiskey, and I find that I can, now and then, worry down a little."

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