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Select Poetry.

"ONLY WAITING."

A very aged man was asked once in an almshouse what he was doing now, he replied, "only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down,
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
That shall drive the mists away.

Only waiting till the roses
Have the last dew gathered home,
For the summer time is faded
And the Autumn winds have come,
Quickly readers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gates,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate,
Even now I near the footsteps
And their voices are breaking
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
That shall drive the mists away,
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Select Miscellany

[From the Boston Olive Branch.]

A Story for the Husband and the Wife.

ONLY A HUSBAND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"THANK YOU!" What a musical ring was in the voice of Mrs. Archer; what a pleasant light shone in her eyes. She had dropped a glove which a gentleman had lifted from the floor and placed in her hand.

Mr. Archer, the lady's husband, saw the little act of courtesy, and noticed its reward. He would have given almost anything for such a "thank you" for as bright a glance as she had thrown upon a stranger. Once, however, and glances like these had been his reward for any little attentions he might happen to offer; now all the courtesies of life were withdrawn, and no matter what the act or its quality, his wife received it with cold indifference, singularly in contrast with those toward other men.

"Was it a defect of love? Did really Mrs. Archer think more highly of other men, who showed her polite attentions, than she did of her husband? Sometimes a chafed feeling of impatience—sometimes of jealousy—and sometimes of mournful regret for summer days in the far away past, would trouble the husband sorely. But these were passed aside, or suffered to die for the lack of alimony, and the dull, cold routine of every day life permitted to have its usual course.

On the occasion referred to above, Mr. Archer and his wife were spending an evening at the house of a friend, where company had been invited. For days previously the countenance of Mrs. Archer had worn its usual dead calm, its imperturbable placidity—its matter of course aspect. She had talked to her husband in a kind of dead level tone and manner on all subjects that happened to come up, whether of first or third importance.

Or, if interest happened to rise to anything approaching enthusiasm, it was accompanied by something of sharpness that left on the mind of Mr. Archer, an uncomfortable feeling, as if he were blamed for something. And this had been his wife's aspect even after she had donned her company attire, and up to the moment when she had made her appearance among the guests of the friend, to whose house she brought, tied up as it were in a closely compacted bundle, her smiles and courtesies for public dispensation.

As he had noticed on many occasions, so did Mr. Archer notice on this the remarkable difference between his wife's home and company manners—between the treatment of her husband, and the treatment of other gentlemen who happened to enter into conversation with her, or offer any polite attention. The answer to their words always went forth from her lips wreathed with smiles and eyes sparkling with pleasure; to his words, from a cold, placid mouth, and with half-indifferent or averted glances. And yet Mrs. Archer was a faithful wife in all her dutiful relations; and in heart a loving wife to her husband. If smiles did not play in sunny circles over her countenance, as in former times, she made the household smile with order and comfort, arranged and secured by her ever busy hands. Her thoughts were no wandering truant to other and forbidden fields, but home guests, not were they busy for herself, but for the children in whom her own life was bound up. It was not that love for her husband had grown dull—answering not as a mirror answereth the face—that she did not meet his words and attention with smiling glances. Had she not given her heart when she gave him her hand—had she not promised to be a faithful wife? Was she not true to all her relations? What more was required of her? It never entered her thoughts that her husband

was weak enough to desire the daily repetition of the love glances with which in the season of young love's ardor, her eyes were ever beaming when they turned upon his countenance.

And yet it was even so. It was because he hoped to live all his after life in the warmth of those glances, that he had wooed and won her in the bright days of her young womanhood. And when he saw the light growing daily dimmer, and felt its genial warmth diminishing, a shadow fell upon his spirit. Very kind, very attentive the husband remained, but the wife became aware of a certain coldness toward herself that was far from being as pleasant as the love-like manner with which he had formerly treated her; and many times she sighed for the tones and glances she saw him give to other ladies, and he sighed for like tokens of interest from her eyes. Both were in error, and both in a certain sense to blame.

On the evening referred to, the contrast between the manner of his wife to himself and to other men who showed her little attentions, was felt with more than usual distinctness by Mr. Archer. He was not jealous, for he knew the truth of her character, nor offended, but hurt. Almost any price would have been paid for the bright returns another received for a simple act, the double of which on his part, would scarcely receive a passing notice.

Not long after this, Mr. Archer saw his wife drop her handkerchief. Stepping forward, from where he stood talking with a lady, he lifted it from the floor and placed it in her hand. His eyes were fixed upon her countenance, but she did not so much as return his look, nor make the slightest acknowledgment; merely receiving the handkerchief with a quiet indifference, in striking contrast with the way in which she had taken the glove from another's hand. Mr. Archer was disappointed. The drooping flowers in his heart were pining for sunbeams, and he hoped for a few bright rays. But they were not given.

A lady to whom Mrs. Archer had been introduced that evening, and who was a stranger to both herself and husband, sat by her side. They had been conversing with some animation, and were interested in each other. The lady was struck by the marked difference with which Mrs. Archer received these two slight attentions from different gentlemen. She had observed the polite response made when the glove was handed to its owner, and she was pleased with the graceful manner of her new acquaintance. The cold, almost repulsive way in which she accepted the handkerchief, was therefore noticed the more distinctly. She saw that the individual who presented it, was disappointed if not hurt. Her inference was natural.

"The gentleman is no favorite of yours," he remarked.
"What gentleman?" Mrs. Archer looked curious.
"He who lifted your handkerchief just now."
"Why do you think so?" There was a slightly amused expression in the corners of Mrs. Archer's mouth.

"You treated him very coldly—almost rudely, I thought—pardon me for saying so—quite differently from the way in which you treated the gentleman who picked up your glove a few minutes ago."
A smile spread over the countenance of Mrs. Archer.

"Oh, he's only my husband!" she made an answer.
"The one who lifted the glove?"
"No—the one who gave me my handkerchief."

"Only your husband?"
The lady spoke in a tone that Mrs. Archer could not help feeling as a rebuke.
"He's my husband," said she, "and does not expect me to be particularly ceremonious—he picked up my handkerchief as a thing of course. The other was a mere acquaintance, half a stranger in fact—and a mere formal acknowledgment of his polite attention could not have been admitted without rudeness."

"I'm afraid," said the lady guardedly, so as not to give offence, "that some of us are scarcely just to our husbands in the matter of exterior courtesy. I know that I had not been, and a lesson I once received will never be forgotten."
The eyes of Mrs. Archer turned, by a kind of instinct, towards her husband. He was standing near a brilliant gas lamp, the light of which was falling clearly on his face. His glance was upon the floor. There was a shadow upon his countenance which the strong light instead of obliterating, made more distinctly visible—a look of disappointment, that was almost sad.

A new thought flashed into the mind of Mrs. Archer, and touched her with a feeling of tender self-upbraiding. Was it possible that her husband had felt her manner as cold, or indifferent? Was it possible that he had noticed the blandness of her manner towards one who was but little less than a stranger, and contrasted it as the lady had done, with her seeming indifference to himself? Her eyes were still on his face, when he lifted his own from the floor and turned them full upon her. They were dull and spiritless. A little while they lingered upon her, and then moved slowly away, as if seeking some object pleasant to look upon. For some time

Mrs. Archer continued gazing at her husband, but he did not look towards her again. She sighed, and sitting her eyes fell remained lost in thought for some moments. Then turning to the lady who sat by her side, and who was observing her closely, she said with a smile half forced—
"You have set me to thinking."
"And in the right direction, I hope," was frankly responded.

"I think so."
Watching for a good opportunity, when she knew her husband was near her, and could not help noticing the fact, she purposely disarranged a light scarf that was laid over her shoulders. Instantly he stepped forward and drew it into place.

"Thank you," she said quickly, with a smile on her lip, and a pleasant light in her eyes. They were not counterfeit, but real; for Mrs. Archer truly loved her husband, and she was pleased with his little attention at home or abroad. But he being "only husband" she had, like too many others, omitted the form of acknowledgment, because he must know that the feeling was in the heart.

What a change came instantly into her husband's face! What a look of pleasant surprise, almost grateful in its expression! Verily, she had her reward! How tenderly he leaned towards her, and what a new meaning was in his tones, as he remarked on some topic of the hour. And did not her heart leap up at those signs of the affection that was in his heart, still warm and lover-like—still pleased with tokens of kindness, and ready to reward them twenty fold. Away back through many years her thoughts went to the May time of their young love, when they lived in the light of each other's eyes, and thought no music as sweet as the melody of each other's voices.

The time seemed long to Mrs. Archer that they were required by etiquette to remain; she desired to be alone with her husband. Not so much was said by either as they walked homeward that night; but the hand of Mrs. Archer clung with closer pressure than usual to the arm of her husband—and the arm held the hand with a returning pressure firmly against a heart that beat with quicker pulsations.

Both time and place were soon propitious. They stood in their own chamber, looking with new expression in their eyes into each other's face.

"Dear husband! I love you, and I am proud of you! You are not like other men!" Mrs. Archer drew an arm around his neck, and laid her lips upon his lips.
God bless you for those words! he answered with a joyful thrill in his voice.

"You did not doubt my love?" she asked, in a half surprise.
"No—no. But words and tokens of love are always grateful. You are dear to me as life. Let us keep the golden links that bind our hearts together, bright as in the beginning, brushing them daily with small sweet courtesies. Forgive me, if in anyught I have seemed cold or indifferent—there has been neither in my heart."
Ever after, the golden links were kept bright, brushed daily by the small, sweet courtesies of which the husband had spoken.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.—Man rejoices when the sun is risen; they rejoice also when it goes down, while they are unconscious to the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless, the revolution of one season is the decay of human life. Fragments of drift wood meeting in the wide ocean continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches remain with us a short time, then separate—and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot, he who mourns for departed relatives has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, I will follow you; why then should a person grieve when journeying the same road which has been assuredly traveled by all our forefathers? Life resembles a cataract rushing down with the irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.

"Tom," said an impudent wag to a conceited fop. "I know a beautiful girl who wishes to make your acquaintance."
"Develish glad to hear it—fine girl, struck with my appearance, suppose, eh?"
"Yes, very much so. She thinks you would make a capital playmate for her little poodle dog?"
Exit fop, shockingly sold.

A widow friend of Lamb, having opened a preparatory school for children at Camden Town, said to him—I live so far from town I must have a sign. I think you call it, to show that I teach children. "Well," he replied, "you can have nothing better than the 'Murder of the Innocents.'"
Dr. Abernethy silenced a loquacious woman by the following expedient:—"Put your tongue out, Madam." The lady complied. "Now keep it there until I have done talking."

THE MAID OF ROCK CREEK.

OR, Scraphina and Rudolphus

'Twas evening upon the banks of a beautiful Rock Creek. The silver beams of Luna, which straggled down through the branches of the trees, revealed a scene transcendental beauty. Upon an ancient stump, which had braved the tempest of an hundred winters, sitting in an attitude of graceful repose, was an angelic maiden just blooming into sunny womanhood. She was radiantly and peacefully beautiful. Webster hides the most beautiful in the dust in the vain attempt to furnish words descriptive of her loveliness.—Graceful as a duck, wild as a hawk, pensive as a setting hen, with her curls of too colored gold streaming over her shoulders to the ground, like some bright swan angel she sat, while the moonbeams rested like a halo upon her elegant head. Sorrow and the million stalks which grew up around her, cast deep shadows over her unrivaled countenance, and the night-wind as it kissed her magnificent cheek, bore to her delighted olfactory nerves the fragrant breath of elder buds. Her knitting work lay idle in her lap. Her eyes which shamed the lightning bugs, were bedazzled with diamond tears. She was listening with an air of sorrowful distraction to the passionate pleadings of a noble youth who knelt at her feet. Never moonlight fell on a more glorious intellectual countenance than that which upturned to the maiden's enamored gaze. Never yielded mother to finer form than that which pressed the dandelion bank at Scraphina's feet. His features were such as Nebuchadnezzar or Apollo might have envied.

His dark piercing eyes were like the waters of his own Rock Creek for depth and clearness, and were brilliant mirrors in which the truth and voracity of his good-like soul were reflected. From his brow vast and ponderous proportions the sympathizing bronze swept back long, hyacinthine locks, whose hue in the shade was a deep raven blackness, but when the light fell upon it, it resembled a muddy pool when the sunbeams strike its aspect.

His hands were clasped in an attitude of despair. He spoke and his tones were deep, and mournful as the chant at the funeral of a martyred bull-frog, at Rock Creek dam. "O, fairy-queen of Heaven! Pure dove of the moon-shiny sky! Translucent light of my benighted eyes! Cherished and beloved by my heart's core! How canst thou doubt my love? Dost thou doubt that the cabbage loves the general rain? Dost thou doubt that the chickens love the dough-dish? Then doubt my love for thee. Ah! love is but a very feeble word to express the passion that consumes my vitals. 'Be mine, adorable one, else I die.' 'Rudolphus,' she murmured, 'it cannot be. The mandate of my vengeful father, and the degree of fate must be obeyed.' And her voice was melodious as the tinkle of fractured cow bells far away down the Sciro road, and low and sad as the last moan of a dying pollywog. "Talk me of obedience, thou beautiful, and cruel one," he yelled in a voice of speechless agony, "O canst thou sit in thy cold majesty like a frozen sausage, and see my aching heart going to smash before thine eyes for a mistaken sense of duty?"

"See," said he, as his voice died away to a sad wail like the howl of a broken back mastiff, and he dashed from the mullen leaves near him a drop of pearls dew. "See! Night herself weeps with me, and mourns the cruelty." The maiden was appalled at the sight of his anguish. The crimson tide which dyed her cheek like a red holly-hock, out stuck and left it whiter than a cotton pillow-case. She arose from her seat, dazing in her resplendent beauty as a bright tin milk-pail when the midday beams of the glorious sun are poured full upon it, and captivated in her shadowy race a yellow-lily, floating upon the limped waters of a dry goose pond. She spoke, and the stars of night stood still, the wind ceased to moan among the leaves, and the frogs were silent to listen. "Rudolphus, beloved of my soul," she said in a voice sweeter than srypp of New Orleans, "thou knowest that I love thee. My heart clings to thee, as the bean to my heart. Mine ears know no music save thy voice, and my lips no victuals but thy kisses. Without thee I perish—I die. But the picket fence of duty surrounds me. It is stuck full of cruel spikes and I cannot surmount it. A sad embrace, my heavenly one, and we part forever." "Bid me not depart!" he roared as he clasped her to his breast. "I will never leave thee. Forty-seven sledge locomotives have no power to tear us from each other's arms. I tell thee mine angel love the thought of leaving thee rends my soul—it maddens me—it makes me rip and rave like a frenzied Shanghai—it makes me below like a distracted bed-bug—it makes me feel bad. In my desperation I would tear up creation by the roots! I would fog the earthquake! I would eat red-hot poker! I would drink up the ocean, and then cast myself into the black and surging billows which roll at my feet!"

Scraphina burst into a flood of tears. Their excessive emotion overcame them, and they both swooned away. Again it was evening upon the Rock Creek—again the cold moon looked down upon a scene of exorcising woe. In a dark, dismal, damp, gloomy, ghostly

castle, built of the unshewn monarchs of the forest upon a pile of hay lay the angelic Scraphina, the victim of a father's tyranny. Her luscious woolsey were torn and disarranged, her lovely face soiled smutty, her silvery curls disheveled, her cornish eyes as red as cranberries, and swelled with weeping; but for all this she looked more beautiful than ever. By her side stood a flagon of acidulated buttermilk, and a platter of flapjacks. "No no," she faintly muttered, pushing the food away. "Let them not seek to prolong my misery by offering me tempting viands. I will never eat more. Never."

Just then a low doleful sound has borne to her ear. She started. "Was it thou, Rudolphus?" she cried. "Ah no, I will not flatter myself with vain hopes. 'Twas but the calf bleating to its mother. And she sank down exhausted upon the straw again, to court Death.

Again was the sound repeated. She sprang to her feet, and peeped out through a chink in the logs. It was indeed her lover looking upon the wistful eyes to her dungeon window, while manly tears streaked down his cheeks. "O save me, Rudolphus," she cried. "I would smash down those massive pine doors," he answered, "with one blow of my stalwart fist, and snatch thee from the cruel captors, but I am afraid thy father's daffod oxen will hook me." And he sank upon the ground in the impotence of his rage and despair, and hid his face in the burdock leaves, he howled aloud. "Weep not my Rudolphus," said she, "I will come to thee." So saying, the heroic girl descended to the stable, and while the gates and most quietous thunders about her fair head, tearing up with her tiny hands an oaken plank from the floor, she soon emerged in the cow-yard. In an instant the lovers were clasped in each other's arms. The donkey of Rudolphus stood near, and folding his lovely burden to his breast, the youth sprang into the saddle, and murmuring in her ear sweet tales of love in a foreign clime, they galloped away like a streak of greased lightning.

THE END!
"AND FIND YOURSELF."—Two men were talking in the street. As we rapidly passed them, one of the speakers finished a sentence with "and find yourself." The theme was undoubtedly work and labor—something that somebody must do for so much a day, a week, a month, and find himself. "What do you mean by 'find yourself'?" "It is true of all success in every department of life. A man must 'find himself' in a good stock of resolution to begin with, a steady purpose, and a deal of patience. He must 'find himself' in everything except the work to be done—the duty to be performed and of work and labor there can always be enough.

Many a man seems to assume a duty, or attempt the performance of a task, with the idea that the ability to accomplish it, comes with the work—somehow "thrown in" to the bargain; and many a man's failure is attributed to this queer hallucination; a fact which he discovers just early enough to find himself—nowhere.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.—I learned the grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence per day. The edge of my berth, or that of my gaiter, was my seat to study in. My knapsack my book-case, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table. I had no money to purchase a candle or oil; in winter it was rarely that I could get any light but the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half starvation. I had not a moment to call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most reckless men, and that too in their hours of freedom from our control. And I say if, under these circumstances, could I encounter and overcome the task, is there can be here, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?—Cobbett.

A lemmish Irishman was observed, one evening, slicing a potato in his hot whisky toddy. "Why, what are you about?" Charley inquired. "It's punch I'm making, dear," quietly replied Pat. "But what are you slicing this in for?" "To give it a flavor!" "What! a potato flavor?" "Sure, and isn't it a flavor, whether it's lemon or pitted?"

The following is a genuine Hibernian advertisement: "Missid from Kilarney, Jane O'Fogarty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair and tortoise shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back which squirts awfully."

A SORRY MAN.—They tell a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill, the man replied—
"I am sorry, very sorry indeed, that I can't pay it."
"Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be very sorry, but if you are sorer than I am I'll quit."

"Please, mister, give me a bundle of hay." "Yes, my boy, is it for your father?" "No 'tain't, it's for the old horse—pap don't eat hay."

PRaise YOUR WIFE.

Praise your wife, man for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you think her, if nothing more. She don't expect it, it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years, but it will do her good for all that, and you too.

There are many women to day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, and winter's toil they have drugged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely every day may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a flow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife," or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits" they thank the man in the full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room, in short, they thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom and come home, pull their chairs back and their heels up, tell the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has gone down, or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility towards those common articles of house-keeping, your wives, if you give the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you stop the badinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead, (such things a wife may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes,) if you would cease to speak of their faults however banteringly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness, than your cold so-so-ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

IMMORTALITY.

How beautiful the following from the pen of Prentice, and how happy the heart that can see these beauties as he portrays them:

Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and thus pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight thrones, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory! And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand and dreams of affliction to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart! We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like a meteor will stay in our presence forever!

"Are you fond of Hogg's Tales?" said a rather verdant lady to a shepherd.

"Yes, I like 'em roasted wi' salt on 'em," was the reply.

"No—but have you read Hogg's Tales?"

"No," said the bumpkin, "our hogs are all White or Black, don't think there is a red one among 'em."

A merchant of a certain city, who died very suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing the necessity of sending the letter, wrote at the bottom. "Since writing this I have died."

"Father, was not Alexander a hero?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, then, father, wasn't Mrs. Alexander a shero?"

"Dry up, boy."

"When it freezes, take care of your nose, that it doesn't get froze, and wrap up your toes in warm woolen hose." The above, we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows.

Blessed are the young fellows that have no girls to "hold," for they can get to bed early on Sunday nights.

STOLEN AWAY.

Stolen away! At the hushed hour of twilight, while night was gathering round the earth her mantle of shadows. From a stately mansion enshrouded with trees and all the surroundings that wealth could buy, from a chamber where the curtains fell in graceful folds, the brilliant carpet seemed like a garden of flowers, the bed draped in pure white. "Stolen away from there." The brilliancy of the eye the dimpled cheek, the ruby lips, ringing laugh and "fitzgen way" of a stately maid of a few short years. But peace with its snowy wings kissed the maiden, then she smiled and prayed for strength to meet the conflict. Yes stolen away. From the fond mother, kind father, and home circle, this heart idol! The soul filled with agony, the death damps gathered upon her brow, and bitter tears of anguish were shed as the dark angel took her away. Stolen away. That poignancy of grief that was mingled in the bitter cup of woe. "Those whom God loves die early," and hope points upward to heaven, where the cherished one shall awake enraptured. On her brow an impress of an angel's kiss; and by her side, a company of loved ones, who tell of joys unutterable, the gates of pearl, the crystal throne, and multitudes in white, who are baptised by that hallowed fire, the presence of the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world.

HONOR THE GOOD.—The true basis of distinction among men is not in position nor possession—it is not in the circumstances of life, but in the conduct. It matters not how enviable a position a man occupies, nor how much wealth he has in store, if there be defects in his behavior, he is not entitled to that consideration and respect due to one who is his superior in a moral point of view, though he possess neither riches nor honor.

It is not that which gives us place, but conduct which make the solid distinction. We think no man among us, but for his virtues, and his talents, but his vices. Entertaining this view, would seem to emulate the good, though it be found under a coarse exterior, and pity the evil, though it be clothed in the finest garb and dwell in luxury. We would never become obsequious in the wrong place.

Call no man mean, low or vulgar, because he tills the soil or stands before the work bench; for in point of truth, worth and real manhood he may be much superior to the president of some bank, some eminent liquor dealer, or Wall street broker, or the nabob who dwells in iron marble palace.

The virtuous and high-minded men of toil are nature's noblemen. They are lovers of good, lovers of truth, lovers of nature, lovers of each other, and lovers of God. They were not born to shine, nor to be the recipients of empty honors; but they were born to be the leaven of earth, and a nations bulwark.

CURIOSITIES.

Whiskers from the cat that was lost out of a bag.

The fringe to a cobweb curtain.

A coffin for the dead of night.

A vaccination from leaded matter.

Shavings from the plaining of a form.

A bullet from a shooting-stick.

Order from a foul case.

The rope with which Jacob lifted up his voice.

A few stitches taken by a tailor in a coat of paint.

A little perfume from the flower of the army.

A minute quantity of jelly made from the current of the Mississippi.

A few soaked logs from the drift of a discourse.

A thimble full of steel-dust, supposed to have been made when Macbeth filed his mind.

A leaf from the tree of knowledge.

A CONUNDRUM.—A fellow in Kentucky recently perpetrated the following in the company of several ladies: "What did Adam and Eve do when they were expelled from the garden of Eden?" "They raised Cain!" The ladies fainted, and during the confusion the perpetrator made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

"What did you hang that cat for, Isaac?" asked the school marm.

The boy looked up, and with a grave countenance, said:

"For me—tiny, marm."

That boy will never come to any good end.

"I should mighty like a drive out," said a dandy to a man, on seeing an elegant carriage standing in the street. "Should you?" the man retorted. "Well, get into that carriage, and I'll engage they will quickly drive you out!"

At fifteen girls wonder whom they will take, at twenty-five they wonder who they can get, and at thirty-five they wonder who will take them.

A waiter being peremptorily told by a gentleman, the other day, to get out of the way, as his wife was coming, quizzically asked:

"Does she bite, sir?"

"I don't wish I never was married," said a man who was slightly benched at home, "but I must confess I enjoy a bachelor."