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Select Poetry.

NEVER DESPAIR.

When the cares of today fill the spirit with
sorrow
And the burden of life seems too grievous to
bear
Let the bright sun of hope shed her beams o'er
the morrow—
Hope on, hope forever, but never despair.
When fiercely the darts of the wicked assail you
And the tempter endeavors your soul to ensnare,
Gird on the armor of hope's shining armor, it never shall fail
you—
Hope on, hope on, but never despair!
Though adversity's billows rage madly around
you,
And your soul is overwhelmed with an ocean of
care
The joy of prosperity yet shall surround you—
Hope on, hope forever, but never despair!
Though friends shall forsake when affliction
comes o'er you—
Be not alone, the wide world is before you—
Hope on, hope forever, but never despair!
And so when the portals of heaven shall open,
And loved ones stand ready to welcome you there:
The Angel of hope to your spirit shall whisper—
"In heaven's bright kingdom there is no despair!"

Select Miscellany

THE RECONCILIATION.

A STORY OF TWO PROUD HEARTS.

CHAPTER I.

A MILD May morning, fresh and
pleasant, and bright; the soft air full
of the songs of happy birds; the wild
flowers lifting up their heads in the
sunshine; and the green leaves rustling
and waiving in the woods, as if they
were whispering secrets to the gentle
wind that stirred them.

It was a lovely day—a day to be happy
in; and yet a saddened look was
visible on the sweet face of Faith Egerton,
as she left the door of her home
and went slowly down the gravel walk
that led to the road gate.

Her home—the home of her husband
and children—was a pretty brown stone
cottage, overhung with vines, and
surrounded by beds of fragrant flowers.
Behind the house was a level and beautiful
grove, in whose cool recesses she
had often lain when a child, and
watched the flickering light and shade
come down upon the ground; for the
earliest years of Faith, as well as these
latter ones, had been spent in this quiet
place. Here she had been born—here
her kind mother died—here she had
lived with a kind and only brother—
here she had married her first love, and
here her children were springing up—
the old familiar scenes smiling in beauty
around her.

She leaned upon the little gate, and
looked wistfully up the road. She was
waiting there for the coming of her best
and early friend, and the sound of
wheels made her start, and sent a color
into her pale cheek that had long been
a stranger there. A dusty stage coach
came whirling up beside the gate, and
stopped long enough for a lady to alight
and give some order respecting her luggage,
and dashed away again. The new
comer did not see Faith for a moment,
so screened was she by the branches of
a wild rose that grew beside the gate.
The traveler lifted her veil, and exposed
a broad, high forehead, shaded by silky
masses of black hair, a face well featured
but grave and full of thought, and deep,
dark eyes, whose glances were kind and
her smiles were beautiful.

How strange a contrast between those
two women! the one fair-haired and
soft eyed, with a meek and quiet face,
on whose face, contentment and home
happiness were more plainly stamped;
the other dark and proud, and self-sustained,
with a look that said to the most
careless observer, "Oh, I have suffered!"
To one, life had been a fair summer's
day, with only now and then a light
and happy cloud; to the other—ah!
what to her but a bleak and stormy
winter, where everything she loved
withered and died! And yet they were
of the same age, of the same station in
life; and side by side they had sat at
school, and played at home, in the
childhood that lay behind them.

The tears sprang unbidden to the
eyes of Faith Egerton, as she saw the
steadfast look with which her visitor
regarded the scene around her. She
saw the latch of the gate, and stepped
out beside her.

"Gertrude—Gertrude Alewynne—
won't you speak to me?" she said.
"Faith, dear Faith, is it you?" said
Gertrude.

They were clasped in each other's
arms at once. Faith wept bitterly, but
Gertrude was pale and calm, and
smoothed the fair hair of her friend with
a caressing gesture, such as one might
use to soothe a little child.
"Come, Faith," she said at last, as
if weary of her tears; "this is but a sorry
welcome to give me after so long a journey.
You know I never liked to see
you cry."

"But you are so changed, Gertrude!"
replied Faith.
"Well, and if I am?" said Gertrude.
"It is some years since we met, dear
Faith, and they have not been marked
with rose leaves for me. You must not
expect to find me to be quite the same
at twenty-five as at fifteen. Life changes
us all, you know."

"but I never knew it so well until
now."
"Well, we will let that drop," said
Gertrude. "And now are you not going
to ask me in, after my long journey?"
"Pray, forgive me," said Faith,
blushing at her inattention. "I will
show you to your chamber myself. It
has been ready for you this week."

They went up the walk together.
Two fair haired children ran out to the
door to meet them. The youngest, a
boy of some two summers, held up his
little hands to Miss Alewynne with a
sunny smile. She stooped down and
took him in her arms, and walked along
through the hall with Faith.

"Are these your only children?"
asked Gertrude.
"Yes, and they are trouble enough for
me," replied the mother, looking at the
children with a fond smile that betrayed
how little the "trouble was felt."

Gertrude sighed, and said brokenly,
"I don't know, Faith, why every one
calls me cold and proud; perhaps I am.
But when I take a little innocent child
in my arms, something stirs in my heart
that nothing else can touch. I might
have been a better and a happier woman,
Faith, if I had married."

"You know well what my favorite
plan always was, Gertrude. If you had
only married my brother—," and
this time it was Faith sighed.
"Oh, Faith, spare me!" was the half
laughing answer.

"But you would have loved him if
you had only seen him," persisted Faith.
He is so noble, so generous, so hand-
some! He is only my half-brother, you
know; but if he had been my own I
could not have loved him better."

By this time they had reached the
room which had been fitted up for Ger-
trude. "Why you have made a little
paradise for me," she said with a pleased
smile, as she looked around the cham-
ber. "I shall never want to leave you,
Faith."

"If any pains of mine will keep you
I am content," replied Faith.
"But, Faith," said Miss Alewynne,
detaining her friend as she was about
to leave the room, I never knew before
that your paragon was only a half-
brother. Your maiden name was Faith
Anderson; pray what was his?"

"Walter Roscoe," she replied. "He
was the son of my step-mother. My
father died when I was very young."
"What was his name?" The tone
was sharp and impatient, but the speaker's
face was turned away from Faith.

"Walter Roscoe," she repeated. My
boy is named after him. Walter Ros-
coe Egerton.

"I jeweled hand that had been play-
ing with the child's soft curls was drawn
away as suddenly as if a serpent had
stung it, and Gertrude turned a white
and rigid face towards her friend, as she
put the boy down and pointed to the
door.

"Gertrude, what ails you? Are you
ill?" cried Faith in terror. She caught
the bell-rope in her hand, but Miss
Alewynne grasped her hand firmly.
"Don't ring; I shall be better soon,"
she said in a low voice. "And, Faith,
for the sake of the old time when we
were school girls together say nothing
of my illness to any one, and ask me
no questions now. Leave me for a little
while and to-morrow I will tell you all."

Wondering and perplexed, Faith left
the room with her children, and went
down the stairs. Her husband met her
in the hall and stopped to speak to
her. "Has your friend arrived?" he
asked.

"Yes, Alfred," she replied. "Have
you seen Walter?"
"I went to his office, as you requested
me to, my dear, and asked him to come
and dine. He consented, and was talk-
ing with me as usual, when I happened
to mention Miss Alewynne's name. He
started up and turned white—but here
he comes, Faith, and you can see for
yourself how strange he is. He stop-
ped speaking and both turned towards
the door, as Walter Roscoe entered pale
and agitated."

"Faith, is it true—is she in the
house?" he asked wildly.
"Miss Alewynne is here, Walter,"
she replied.

He struck his hand upon his forehead,
saying, "Why was I not told that she
was coming?"
"Don't look so angry dear Walter,"
replied Faith, "I intended it as a pleas-
ant surprise for you both."

He half uttered an oath, and Faith
bursting into tears, cried, "Oh, Walter,
don't don't swear before these children!
You never did so before."
"It was only on account of your pleas-
ant surprise," he answered bitterly.
"Don't ever try another, Faith. I
have only come to say good-bye. The
same house can never hold Gertrude—,"
he paused, and then added, as if
with an effort, "Gertrude Alewynne
and myself."

"But why, Walter?" asked Faith,
clinging to him as he turned away.
"Have you ever met before?"
He looked at her with a strange
smile, as he replied, "Yes, Faith, we
met once too often."

kindly, softened by her evident distress.
And when she has left you, I will come
back and tell you all."
"Not before?" she asked persuad-
ingly.
"Not before, Faith," he replied. "Let
me go now."

"Oh, Walter, I could almost give my
life if I could see you two happy to-
gether."
Faith, Faith, how little you know of
what you talk! That woman has em-
bittered my life; she has destroyed my
confidence in every human being; she
has deceived, and betrayed, and dis-
graced me. And yet, I know if I look
but once upon her face I should forgive
her all; for I loved her, Faith. I
loved her better than my own life. Sis-
ter, I must not see her. When she has
left you I will come back again—until
then farewell!"

He kissed her fondly, shook hands
with her husband, patted the golden
heads of the children, and was gone.
The young husband and wife looked
after him wistfully. A cloud seemed to
have covered the bright spring sky, and
the little parlor of the cottage seemed
lonely and deserted when they again
entered it because the mystery, which
might be guilt, that was even then shel-
tered within its peaceful walls.

CHAPTER II.

WALTER Roscoe, turning away from
his sister's home, thought sadly of the
many days that must elapse before he
entered it again. Of Gertrude he told
himself again and again her image came
up before him as he had seen her last.
"Have I not wronged her?" he thought,
as he paced the floor of his office that
evening. "Is it not possible she may
be innocent, even though appearances
were against her? Shall I see her once?
Pshaw! what a fool I am! Did I not
see his lips meet hers? If I asked for
better proof than my own eyes have
given me, I must be a madman. I will
leave this place and never come back
until she has gone away."

He threw a few things into a valise,
locked the writing desk beside him, and
stepped into the street, valise in hand,
looked up his office and walked away.
His residence was a long distance from
the garden of his sister's house, and yet
it was there he found himself after a
hurried walk of some five minutes. He
lifted the latch and entered.

"It is the last time, Gertrude, that I
shall be so weak," he murmured, as he
looked up at the vine curtained window,
where a lamp was still burning; "the
last time I shall be so near you! Oh!
Gertrude, can you dream what you have
done, or is your heart all marble?"

He buried his face in his hands, and
wept like a child. The memory of the
hours he had spent with her came over
him too strongly to be borne. He could
meet such remembrances with his tears.

When he looked up again he was
conscious of an unusual bustle. Lights
were moving hurriedly in several direc-
tions, and once or twice he caught a
glimpse of his sister's figure passing the
window of Gertrude's room. What
could it be? Was Gertrude ill?
His heart stood still at the thought,
the last time I shall be so near you! Oh!
Gertrude, can you dream what you have
done, or is your heart all marble?"

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the last time I shall be so near you! Oh!
Gertrude, can you dream what you have
done, or is your heart all marble?"

"Oh, Gertrude!" he exclaimed. "Oh,
my poor wife!"
"Gertrude, your wife!" exclaimed his
startled sister. "Oh, Walter, when will
these mysteries cease?"
"Now—with this moment," he replied,
rising and seating himself beside her.
"You shall hear all—you desire it—
Faith, you have had your wish. For
twelve months she has been my wife."

"Oh, Walter!" she exclaimed.
"Don't interrupt me," he said. "I
knew long ago what your wish was; but
I wanted to judge of Gertrude for my-
self. I knew she thought you were my
sister, and she met me as Walter Ros-
coe, at a fashionable watering place,
without a suspicion of my identity, I
found her just as often described. I
followed her to her home and she was
still more lovely there. Still I did
not make myself known as your brother.
Perhaps I had a fancy for one of your
"pleasant surprises," Faith.

"Oh, go on, dear Walter," said his
sister.
"I married her, Faith, and was look-
ing forward to a happy meeting with
you. It was the second evening of our
marriage, and I had walked out with a
friend to whom I wished to say good
bye. The moon had risen before I re-
turned, and as I laid my hand upon the
latch of the gate, I remembered looking
up at the moon, and thinking what a
tranquilly beautiful aspect it wore, and
how perfectly happy I was. Faith I
have looked at the moon many times
since, but she never wears that lovely
face for me now."

He paused and sighed. Faith kissed
him tenderly, and waited for the con-
clusion of the story.
"Well it must all be told," he resum-
ed. "I entered the house quietly,
thinking to surprise Gertrude with a
kiss, as she was watching for me. I
found her—oh, Faith—I found her with
her lips pressed to those of another and
had known it then."

Faith uttered an indignant cry.
"Brother," she said, "there must be
some mistake here. Gertrude is good
and pure. I know it."
"Thank you for saying so," he an-
swered with a melancholy smile. "I
knew it, too, now—would to Heaven I
had known it then."

"But what did you do, Walter?"
"I sprang upon him like a tiger—he
threw himself between us. He was
about to speak, but she cried out—'Not
a word—not a word if you love me!'
Think of it, Faith! If he loved her?
Was it not enough to madden me? I
was mad, I believe. I cursed her bit-
terly—I called her wanton and unfaith-
ful. She had listened in silence till
then—then she turned very pale and
looked at me. I can hear her saying
now in a deep low voice—'After that, I
can never be more to you.' She turned
away and took his arm. They left the
room, and I—let them go. Faith—I
was too heart broken to avenge myself
I was too deeply deceived to lift my
hand even when my wife left the room
with one I fully believed to be her
paramour. From that night we have nev-
er met, and only two cold and brief let-
ters passed between us."

"Oh, Walter! This is what has
changed her?"
"Is she then changed?" he asked
cagerly.
"She has grown cold, and hard and
proud—and she is sad—oh, so little like
the Gertrude of my younger days!" said
Faith.

"The has been drinking a bitter cup
and my hand held it up to her lips," said
Walter. "Now hear the rest, Faith—
Half an hour ago I believed her guilty
but that fatal portrait shows me the
same face I saw on that accursed night.
It was her brother."

"And she never told you so," said
Faith.
"You little know Gertrude, I see,"
replied Walter. "I wondered her in the
tenderest spot. She is the soul of truth
and honor; but if any one should doubt
her love to be to him? And I—oh, what
a fearful doubt was mine! I wronged
her deeply and she was far too proud
to forgive me. Will she ever do it, Faith?"

"She will—she must," cried Faith,
earnestly. "It has been a terrible mis-
take but let us trust that all will go well.
See it all now. Not till to-day did she
know that you were my half brother,
not till to-day did she dream that Walter
Roscoe and you were the same. Oh,
how much she must have suffered!"

A low knock came at the door of the
parlor, and Alfred Egerton immediately
entered.
"I have been for the physician, Faith,
he said hurriedly, "and both have seen
her. I have the best news of her—
They say it is only the long and hurried
journey, and great mental excitement
that has prostrated her. They have
asked her quite comfortably, and she has
left for your home. Will you go up and see
her while I sit with Walter?"

Faith grasped her husband's hand and
looked up to him with beaming eyes.
"You were ever a messenger of glad
tidings to me, Alfred," she said, "and
now to reward you, you shall hear mine."
She related what she had already
heard in a few brief words, and then
stealing her hand into his, asked, "Now
what is to be done?"

"I should say, my dear Faith, that
the sooner those two are brought to-
gether the better," replied Mr. Egerton.
When his astonishment allowed him to
speak.

"I knew that you would say so!" ex-
claimed Faith.
"Walter follow me, and you, Alfred,
wait here; I will be back in a few mo-
ments."
They went quietly up the stairs to-
gether to Gertrude's room. Leaving
Walter at the door, Faith entered, and
went up to the bedside. Gertrude was
lying half asleep in bed. The traces of
the tears were on her cheeks, and a
small gold locket lay open in her hand.
A rapid glance assured Faith that it was
her brother's portrait, and she bent
down and kissed her friend.

Gertrude started—looked up, and
tried to hide her portrait. But some
second thought prompted her to lay it in
Faith's hand and say, with a sad smile,
"You see, I know him."
"Is that all, Gertrude?" said Faith,
gently.

"All!" said Gertrude, springing up
in her bed, and tossing the black hair
from her forehead. "Listen, Faith! I
loved him more than any earthly thing
—I married him a year ago, though I
never knew he was your brother till to-
day. He held my very heart in his
hand, crushed it to atoms! He had no
faith in me—in me—who would have
wronged him for worlds. Oh, Faith,
though he is my brother, he has made
my life a weary thing to bear. Leave
me—to-morrow I will tell you more—
but now I am too weak."

"She sank back upon her pillow and
covered her face with her hands—
Faith stole noiselessly away, and Wal-
ter entered and took her place. All
was silent for a few moments. Then
without looking up Gertrude asked,
"Faith are you there?"

"It was a stronger arm than Faith's
that was around her, and a moustached
lip that kissed her hand. She looked
up in sudden bewilderment, and saw
her husband bending over her with his
eyes full of tears. The sudden joy was
too much for her, and all pride was
swayed away in a moment.

"Walter, it was my brother," she mur-
mured.
"I know it dearest—I know it all—
But can you ever forgive me Gertrude?"
"Forgive!" she repeated.

There was a beautiful smile upon her
lips as she drew him nearer and kissed
him passionately. The arrangement of
a year was all forgotten in that be-
wildered ecstasy of happiness. Faith
wept silently for joy upon her husband's
shoulder, in a little parlor below, and
she could doubt that the angels in heaven
rejoiced to see so perfect and complete a
reconciliation between those proud and
loving hearts—for those who forgive
are dear in the sight of Him who has
forgiven.

A DRY JUSTICE.—In the good old
town of Milford, Connecticut, where the
elm trees are covered with moss, or
something like it, and the people are so
quiet and stay at home that some of
them have never been out of the town
since they were born into it, there lives
a dry, sly old justice of the peace, named
Higgins, who will have a joke when
ever he can even when dealing out jus-
tice according to his notion of right and
wrong—for its little of law Squire
Higgins knows. The other day a law-
yer was tried before him, and the bonds
were required for his appearance at the
next county court.

"Who is your bond?" demanded Hig-
gins of the culprit.
"I am, sir," said loafer No. 2, step-
ping out from the crowd, and looking
enough like the prisoner to be his brother.

Higgins the justice, eyed him for a
second or so, and thundered out, "We
didn't ask for a vaga-bond, it's another
article we want; you won't answer at all.
You can go."

He went, and loafer No. 1 went to
jail.
An old bachelor editor down
East, gets off the following subjoined
ill-natured hits at the women. An ex-
change says that he was probably jilted
in his youth:

"It is woman and not her wrongs,
that ought to be re-dressed."
"The greatest organ in the world, is
the organ of speech in a woman. It is
an organ without stops."
Madame de Girardin is more than a
match for this crusty cynic, when she
says:

"Of a hundred men, you find one
witty; of a hundred women, you may
find one stupid."

Un-sophisticated Boy.—"Mamma,
papa is getting very rich, is he?"
Mamma—I don't know. Why,
child?

Un-sophisticated Boy.—"Cause he
gives me so much money. Almost
every morning, after breakfast, when
Sally is sweeping the parlor, he gives
me sixpence to go out and play."
Sally received short notice to quit.

A shrewd old gentleman one said
to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear,
that you never marry a poor man; but
remember, the poorest man in the world
is the one that has the money and noth-
ing else."

"There is much truth in this, and we
commend it to the ladies.
"Sure, and I'm heir to a splendid es-
tate under my father's will. When he
died, he ordered my elder brother to di-
vide the house with me, and my St.
Patrick he did it—for he took the inside
himself, and gave me the outside."

A Lesson to a Scolding Mother.

A little girl who had witnessed the
perplexity of her mother on a certain
occasion when her fortune gave away
under severe trials, said:
"Mother does God ever fret or scold?"
The query was so abrupt and start-
ling it arrested the mother's attention
almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask
that question?"
"Why God is good—you know you
used to call him the 'Good Man,' when
I was little—and I should like to know
if he ever scolded."

"No child, no."
"Well, I am glad he don't; for scold-
ing always makes me feel so bad, even
when I'm in fault. I don't think I
could love God much if he scolded me."

The mother felt rebuked before her
simple child. Never had she heard so
forcible a lecture on the evils of scold-
ing. The words of Lizzie sank deep in
her heart, and she turned away from the
innocent face of the little one to hide the
tears that gathered in her eyes. Chil-
dren are quick observers, and Lizzie
saw the effect of her words hastened to
inquire:

"Why do you cry mother? was it
naughty for me to ask so many ques-
tions?"
"No love, it was all right. I was
only thinking how bad I was to scold so
much, when my girl could hear and be
troubled by it."

"O no, mamma, you are not bad; you
are a good mamma; only I wish there
was not so many bad things to make you
fret and talk like you did just now. It
makes me feel away from you so far,
if I could not come near you, as I can
when you smile and are kind; and O, I
sometimes fear I shall be put off so far
I never can get back again."

"O Lizzie, don't say that," said the
mother, unable longer to repress the
tears that had been struggling in her
eyes. The child wondered what could
so effect its parent, but instinctively
feeling it was a case requiring sympathy,
she reached up and laid her little arms
about her mother's neck and whispered:
"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry?
Do you love me?"

"O yes I love you more than I can
tell," replied the parent, clasping the
child to her bosom. "And I will try
never to scold again before my little
sister's eyes."
"I am so glad. I can get so near
to you when you don't scold; and do
you know, mother, I want to love you
so much."

This was an effectual lesson, and the
mother felt the force of that passage of
Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes,
and sucklings have I ordained strength."
"She never scolded again."

CRINOLINE.
The ladies no doubt, will take great
pleasure in reading the following and
committing it to memory in order that
they may be able to talk learnedly, clas-
sically and linguistically about their
hooped skirts:

The term crinoline is derived from
the Latin word *crinis*, which means the
hair of the head. The word in the
French language becomes *crin*, and is
generally applied to the horse hair. In
colloquial Latin, or the Latin of the
Lower Empire, *crinis* might actually
pass into the diminutive *crinolina*, and
from this we may easily form the term
crinoline, to signify a fabric of woven
hair—a finer and more dainty tissue
than the common hair cloth called by
the French *calic*.

THE LATE REV. DR. STUTTON, Vicar at
Sheffield, once said to the late Mr. Peech,
a veterinary surgeon. "Mr. Peech, how
is it you have not called upon me for
your account?"
"Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask
a gentleman for money."
Indeed, said the Vicar, then how
do you get on if the doctor pay?"
"A whiff," replied Mr. Peech, "after
a certain time I conclude that he is not
a gentleman, and then I ask him."

They are a deeply religious peo-
ple in Rhode Island, if the following
story be true:
A Connecticut schoolmaster asked a
lad from Newport, "how many Gods
there are?"
The boy after scratching his head
some time, replied:
"I don't know how many you have in
Connecticut, but we have none in Rhode
Island."

"When a fellow is too lazy to
work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his
nails over the door, and calls it a tavern,
or grocery, and makes the whole neigh-
borhood as lazy as himself."
"However well young ladies may
be versed in grammar, there are but very
few who can 'decline' matrimony."

A farmer, who has recently taken
a religious turn, has disposed of all his
sheep, from the idea that they are the
most dissipated and immoral charac-
ters of all other animals; because when
young, they are continually "gambol-
ing," frequent the turf, and generally
grow up black legs, though they are
universally fished.

Let the motto of every man be
punctuality. Let this virtue be mani-
fested to a high degree in all our ac-
tions, and life's rugged pathway will be
much more pleasant.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following paragraphs, from the
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were written by Prof