NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.

RAHWAY, N. J., SEPTEMBER [illegible], 1873.

SUNDAY LETTER WRITING.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Desirable Factory Sites FOR SALE.

26 Factory Sites,

[illegible]

EIGHTEEN MILES FROM NEW YORK,

[illegible]

FREIGHT DEPOT AT RAHWAY, N. J.

[illegible]

About 1800 Building Lots,

[illegible]

Wm. Gibby.

SASH, BLINDS, DOORS, Mouldings & Brackets, CAMPBELL ST., NEAR N. J. R. R., RAHWAY, N. J.

[illegible]

NEW FACTORY!

FOR SASH, BLINDS & DOORS, BLINDS REPAIRED AND PAINTED. A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF GLASS [illegible] WILLIAM A. [illegible]

FAMILY GROCERIES! WINES, LIQUORS, FLOUR, FEED, OATS, GRAIN, &c. &c.

JAMES W. TABORN, WESTFIELD AVE., RAHWAY, N. J.

[illegible] GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, WINES, [illegible] LIQUORS, VINEGAR, [illegible] FLOUR, FEED, OATS, GRAIN, [illegible] JAMES W. TABORN.

WILLIAM H. PLATT, Mouldings, Brackets, Sash, Blinds & Doors. [illegible]

SLATE FOR ROOFING, BLACK AND IN COLORS. Roofing and Sheathing Paper, Drain Pipe, &c. 84 & 86 IRVING STREET, RAHWAY, N. J.

MILTON MILLS Flour, Feed and Meal Store, CHERRY STREET, RAHWAY, N. J.

THE Store has been removed to the [illegible] AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES. [illegible] FEED. [illegible]

D. R. Stanford & Co., STODART PIANO FORTE, [illegible]

The Modoc War

[illegible]

L. KOERPEL has taken the BIG BRICK STORE, [illegible] MAIN STREET, RAHWAY, and has filled it with a LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF DRY GOODS! [illegible] Fancy Goods [illegible] STRAW GOODS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, LACES, GIMPS, [illegible] CLOTHING! [illegible] HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES [illegible]

LUMBER! LUMBER! LUMBER! Ayres, & Lufbery. RAHWAY STEAM SAW AND PLANING MILLS, [illegible] Locust, Chestnut and White Oak, [illegible] 50,000 HEMLOCK STRIPS, [illegible] SUPERIOR QUALITY. — JUST RECEIVED — 150,000 FEET SPRUCE TIMBER, PICKETS, LATH, &c. [illegible]

THE DIME SAVINGS BANK! 148 MAIN STREET. Open every day from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M., and on Saturday Evenings from 6 to 9 P. M. SIX PER CENT. INTEREST (FREE FROM ALL TAXES), Allowed from the day of deposit, UNTIL THE DAY IT IS DRAWN Provided it has lain One Month. GEO. P. GORDON, PRESIDENT. D. W. C. HOUGH, JAMES VANDERHOVEN, Vice Presidents. RUFUS N. EDGAR, TREASURER.

PHILIP BROWN, Main Street, near Crowell's Hotel. WAREHOUSE OF Agricultural Implements, SEEDS AND FERTILIZERS, Hardware, Cutlery, BUILDERS' HARDWARE, TOOLS [illegible] HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c. Field and Garden Seeds, RAW GROUND BONE, LODI POUDRETTE AND PATTERSON'S SUPER PHOSPHATE. OUR STOCK OF Farm and Garden Implements, [illegible] LABOR SAVING MACHINES [illegible] Timothy and Clover Seed. [illegible] Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, &c.

BE WISE IN TIME AND GO TO LEACH'S ONE PRICE STATIONER. [illegible]

A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED.

Rahway Savings Institution

Corner of MAIN and MONROE STREETS.

INCORPORATED 1851.

ASSETS, LIABILITIES, AND SURPLUS.

July 1, 1873. Assets, $912,879 57; Due Depositors, 848,885 84; Surplus, $63,993 73

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO DEPOSITORS.

INTEREST at the rate of SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM will be paid on all deposits remaining in the Bank thirty days or over. For the perfect protection of Depositors, nearly all the money received is invested in Registered Bonds and in first Mortgages on Real Estate, worth double the amount of the mortgage. These securities would be of no value to Burglars; if stolen or burned they could be replaced without loss.

DEPOSITS Will be received and Money will be paid whenever the Bank is open. Married and single women and minor children can deposit money in this Bank so that no one but themselves or their legal heirs can draw it out. Money deposited by Married Women can not be taken for the debts of their husbands.

TRUST FUNDS. This Institution is made by law a Depository for Funds held in Trust by Executors, Administrators, and others.

ENDOWMENTS. Deposits made in this Bank to accumulate for the benefit of Children or other persons designated, will produce the following results: $100 deposited at the birth of a child, and at each subsequent birthday till the 21st, will amount to [illegible]

MANAGERS. [illegible]

FINANCE COMMITTEE. J. R. SHOTWELL, J. T. CROWELL, A. P. SHOTWELL.

OFFICE HOURS. From 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and on Saturday Evenings from 7 to 8.

W. C. SQUIER, President. J. R. SHOTWELL, A. V. SHOTWELL, Vice-Presidents. JOEL WILSON, Treasurer. JOHN C. CODDINGTON, Secretary.

RICHES WELL GOT, AND WELL USED, ARE A GREAT BLESSING. TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

THE DIME SAVINGS BANK!

CHARTERED BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY, MARCH 16th, 1869. LOCATED AT 148 Main, foot of Cherry Street, Rahway, N. J.

BANK HOURS: Daily, Sundays and Holidays Excepted, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.; and on Saturday Evenings from 6 to 9 P. M. Investments made in Government Securities, State, County and City Bonds, and Bonds and Mortgages.

Bank Perfectly Safe. [illegible]

MANAGERS. D. W. C. Hough, Rahway, N. J.; James Vanderhoven; H. H. James; Philip Brown; James W. Taborn; R. N. Edgar; Geo. P. Gordon, Woodbridge; [illegible]

FINANCE COMMITTEE. H. H. James, James Vanderhoven, Philip Brown.

OFFICERS. GEO. P. GORDON, President. D. W. C. HOUGH, JAS. VANDERHOVEN, Vice Presidents. RUFUS N. EDGAR, Sec'y and Treasurer.

THE Question of the hour is how to save your money! LOOK, OBSERVE & REFLECT, Go to the NEW YORK STORE, 135 Main Street, Cheapest Boot and Shoe Store IN RAHWAY. FINE GOODS AT LOW PRICES! WE SELL THE GOODS WE ADVERTISE. Particular Attention is paid to Custom Work. Gentlemen's Fine Calf Boots made by one of the first-class workmen in the country. DON'T FORGET McMACKIN'S BOOT & SHOE STORE [illegible]

COAL AND MASONS' MATERIALS, BRICK, LIME, LATHS, CEMENT, PLASTER, MARBLE DUST, HAIR. CUMBERLAND COAL, SCRANTON COAL, HAZLETON COAL, LEHIGH COAL, [illegible] COAL. BLUE STONE, [illegible]

E. B. HAYWARD. Real Estate Auctioneer [illegible] RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY.

MEAT, FISH, VEGETABLES, SHELL FISH, &c. William M. Martin, (CROWELLS' BLOCK,) CHERRY STREET, RAHWAY. AT THIS OLD ESTABLISHED STAND CAN BE FOUND A LARGE AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF ALL THE ABOVE ARTICLES, TOGETHER WITH EVERY VARIETY OF Fruits and Vegetables IN THEIR SEASON. [illegible] WM. M. MARTIN.

NICHOLAS MOONEY, AGENT FOR THE Royal Fire Ins. Co. OF LIVERPOOL. ASSETS OVER $10,000,000. Liverpool, London and Globe Fire Ins. Co. [illegible] Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. OF NEWARK, N. J. ASSETS OVER $[illegible],000,000. [illegible]

G S H [illegible] THE GOLD HEATING CO. [illegible] THE BEST RANGE IN MARKET. [illegible]

NEW GOODS OPENING A. Douglas' Crockery Store. BOHEMIAN GLASS VASES AND TOILET SETS, PARIAN & LAVA GOODS, [illegible] Tea Trays, Cutlery, BIRD CAGES, Crockery and Glass Ware, [illegible] A. DOUGLAS' [illegible] MAIN STREET [illegible]

ALL THOSE WHO ARE PURCHASING Boots and Shoes, [illegible] OF ALL THE LATEST STYLES, AND AT LOW PRICES, B. V. CLARK'S [illegible]

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY. [illegible]

THE CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK, Assets—Seven Million Dollars. L. W. FROST, President. J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y. JOSEPH L. TOPHAM, Manager for New Jersey. All forms of Endowment Policies. All forms of Life Policies. No restrictions as to Travel. Policies Incontestable. Women Insured at same rates as men. All Policies Non-Forfeitable. Thirty Days Grace on Premiums. Dividends on Contribution Plan. An Agent for Union and Somerset counties is wanted. Applications for Policies or Agency may be made to JOSEPH L. TOPHAM, General Agent of New Jersey, P. O. Box [illegible] Newark, N. J. Or to CHRIS. D. MARSH, SPECIAL AGENT, Rahway, N. J. [illegible]

PLUMBING Steam & Gas Fitting. M. BOYNE, No. 2 Irving Street, near the Railroad, RAHWAY, N. J. Baths, Boilers, Water Closets, LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS. Furnished and put up to order. PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HOUSES, [illegible] IN THE BEST MANNER. GAS FIXTURES FURNISHED & PUT UP. [illegible]

N. MOONEY, AUCTIONEER, [illegible] City Property [illegible]

NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.

Devoted to Local and General News, Politics, Literature, Humor, &c.

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ANDREW JACKSON, GENERAL AUCTIONEER AND REAL ESTATE, [illegible] MAIN STREET, Rahway, N. J.

A. STARRS BONNEY, ARCHITECT, OFFICE IN SAVINGS BANK BUILDING, RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY. Plans and Specifications of buildings furnished and the work superintended.

CHARLES GEORGI, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Cherry street, (Union Hall Building) RAHWAY, N. J. Watches and Clocks carefully repaired and warranted.

CHAMBERLIN'S HOTEL, 55 and 57 CHERRY STREET, OPPOSITE R. R. DEPOT, RAHWAY, N. J. [illegible] WM. A. CHAMBERLIN, Prop'r. Billiard Room connected to Hotel. Also, Livery stable attached to Hotel. Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month.

D. C. MARSH, AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED DOUBLE OVEN COOKING RANGE. [illegible] MAIN STREET.

DR. W. C. WESTLAKE, HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, [illegible]

E. MUDDELL, CARPENTER AND BUILDER. [illegible]

E. B. HAYWARD, REAL ESTATE [illegible] AUCTIONEER. [illegible]

FACTORY ENLARGED AND STOCK INCREASED. PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, AND TABLE OIL CLOTHS, [illegible]

GEORGE LAUTERER, SEGARS, SNUFF & CHOICE TOBACCO, [illegible] MAIN STREET, RAHWAY, N. J.

[illegible] LINDSAY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND MASTER IN CHANCERY. [illegible]

GENERAL BUSINESS AGENCY. THOMAS PRENTIS, Justice of the Peace. Real Estate Broker. [illegible]

GEO. M. PLUM, DEALER IN Daily & Weekly Papers, Blank Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles, &c. ALSO, FOREIGN & DOMESTIC SEGARS. No. 94 Irving street, Opp. R. R. Depot, Rahway, N. J.

JAMES G. STACY, PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHER, Corner of Main and Cherry Sts. [illegible]

JOHN KISSLING, DEALER IN Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar Cases, &c., &c. 150 Main St., RAHWAY, N. J.

J. L. BROWN would inform the citizens of Rahway and vicinity that he has opened an office for the practice of DENTISTRY, [illegible]

JOHN P. BONNELL, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF LUMBER, ELIZABETHPORT, N. J. No orders taken for less than 500 feet. ALL LUMBER FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.

JOSEPH WOOSTER, HARNESS & SADDLE MANUFACTURER, 157 Main st., next to Crowell's Hotel, RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY. [illegible]

L. F. HOLZWARTH, JEWELER. [illegible]

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS, 121½ Main Street, Rahway, N. J. (Adjoining "Democrat" Building.) [illegible] MRS. A. H. TIMMONS.

N. V. COMPTON, REAL ESTATE, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, [illegible]

PATRICK CLARK & SON, CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS. [illegible]

ROLL & COOK, HOUSE & SIGN PAINTERS, [illegible]

R. A. TALBOTT, PIANO TUNER. Cabinet Organs & Melodeons Tuned & Repaired. Orders left at J. A. Mellon's Drug Store, 110 Main street, or P. O. Box 329.

STEPHEN JACKSON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS. Court held every Monday and Saturday at the old City Hall. Rahway, Dec. 1, 1870.

S. A. CHURCHILL, FIRST CLASS MEAT STORE. 17 MAIN STREET, RAHWAY, N. J. Supply fresh from the slaughter house.

THOMAS H. SHAFER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLER AT LAW, [illegible] Entrance on Cherry street.

THOMAS ARCHER, CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR. OFFICE COR. MAIN AND CHERRY STS. Entrance on Cherry Street. Rahway, May 1, '69.

F. N. REED, M. D., HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. No. [illegible] IRVING STREET, NEXT TO PLATNER'S. RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY. Office Hours—From 1 to 2 A. M., 1 to 2, and 7 to 9 P. M.

E. T. HARRIS, REAL ESTATE, AND FIRE, LIFE, AND LIVE STOCK INSURANCE AGENT, CORNER IRVING AND CHERRY STREETS, RAHWAY, N. J. Is prepared to offer for sale, to let, or exchange, in the city of Rahway and vicinity, Houses of all descriptions, Lots of various sizes, Farms of from ten to two hundred acres, at low prices and on reasonable terms. All wanting such will do well to call at my office.

HOWE & SON, ARCHITECTS, UNION HALL, Cor. Cherry & Irving Sts. Plans, Specifications and Detail Drawings furnished for Public Buildings, Manufactories or Private Residences, at short notice. Having had THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE in building, we flatter ourselves that we shall be able to give full satisfaction to those who favor us with their patronage. We shall be happy also to take charge of the erection of Buildings when desired. Residence Main street, one door north of Coach street. WM. HOWE. WM. W. HOWE. Rahway, April 6th, 1871.

PEOPLES' HOTEL, COR. ST. GEORGE AVE. & GRAND ST., RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY. House Refitted throughout in the best of Style. Permanent and Transient Boarders will find a good table, and the bar supplied with FINE WINES, LIQUORS, SEGARS, &c. Horses boarded by the day, week or month, and TO LET ON LIVERY. Terms moderate.

U. S. FURNITURE EXPRESS, Pianos, Mirrors, Marbles, and Furniture of all kinds removed, stored, or shipped to any part of the city or country. GEO. SCHWINDINGER, Proprietor.

MEAT MARKET. The undersigned desires to inform the citizens of Rahway and vicinity, that he has constantly on hand all kinds of Corned Meats of the best quality, AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES! No. 257 GRAND STREET, near St. George's Avenue, Upper Rahway. Fresh Meats furnished from Country Slaughter House. JOHN PETTE[illegible], Sr.

RAILROAD HOUSE AND RESTAURANT, No. 86 IRVING STREET, (Opposite the Depot,) RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY. Hotel on the European Plan. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Dinner and Wedding Parties supplied at short notice. MRS. M. LAUTERER, Proprietor.

MELICK HOUSE. The large new building corner of Main and Lewis streets, to be known as the "Melick House," will be opened as a Public House on or about the 1st of APRIL, where can be found every convenience of a first-class hotel. Hot and Cold Water Bath Room, and all the modern improvements. BOARDERS BY THE DAY, WEEK OR MONTH. Meals at all hours. We hope, by close attention, to make it in every respect a first-class house. MELICK BROS. W. R. MELICK, ISAAC W. MELICK, Proprietors.

FREDERICK EYER, MANUFACTURER OF Carriages, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Campbell St., Opposite the rear of Chandler's Hotel, RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY. FAMILY CARRIAGES, ROCKAWAYS, PHAETONS, BUGGIES, ROAD WAGONS, &c. Constantly on hand and made to order. Repairing neatly executed.

STACY'S Photographic Parlors, Cor. Main & Cherry Streets, Rahway. Will be Opened on Monday, Nov. 25th, 1872. [illegible] MEZZOTINT PHOTOGRAPHS, [illegible]

Executor's Sale!

—OF—

HOUSE AND 17 ACRES, DIVIDED INTO PLOTS, —AT— RAHWAY, N. J.

60 per ct. on Bond & Mortgage FIVE YEARS.

A. D. MELLICK, Jr. & Bro. Auctioneers and Dealers in N. J. Real Estate, 6 PINE STREET, NEW YORK.

Will sell at Public Auction, by order of Mrs. Ann Eliza Woodruff and Valentine Woodruff, Executors of SMITH WOODRUFF, DEC'D., On Thursday, October 9, 1873, at 1:30 P. M. on the premises, THE HOUSE AND 17 ACRES, Divided into Villa Plots of One Acre Each, situated on Westfield Avenue and Madison Hill Avenue, known as the late residence of Smith Woodruff. House 2 1-2 Stories, [illegible]

Stages will leave Depot at Rahway at 1 o'clock on day of sale.

TERMS 10 per cent. CASH, 30 per cent. in Thirty days, and 60 per cent. on Mortgage five years.

For particulars apply to MRS. ANN ELIZA WOODRUFF, 131 Grand street, Rahway, N. J., Or A. D. MELLICK, Jr. & BRO., 6 Pine street, New York. sept 25-2w

AGAIN HOME.

Over 28 Years Experience.

The subscriber, having over 28 years experience in The Stove and Tin Business, would inform the citizens of Rahway and vicinity that he has removed home to the old stand, 172 Main Street, Opposite Bedwell & Reed's Auction Room. Where he intends to keep a good assortment of Ranges, Parlor and Cooking Stoves, Hot Air Furnaces, Elevated Ranges, etc. Also, TIN WARE, HOLLOW WARE, and all things appertaining to his business which he Will Sell at New York Prices. ROOFING A SPECIALITY! Tin Leader Repairing and Jobbing done by practical men at short notice. All orders received for goods not on hand will be promptly attended to. Repairs furnished for all kinds of Stoves. [illegible] Feeling thankful for past favors he would still solicit the patronage of his friends and others, hoping that by a close attention to business he will be able to please the most fastidious. Sole agent for H. W. JOHN'S ASBESTOS ROOFING, Coating and Cement, the best article ever used for repairing Leaky Roofs, Chimneys, etc. Sole Agent for RICHMOND PORTABLE RANGE. Aug. 21, 1873. J. THOMPSON CRANE.

Organs! Organs!

THE ESTEY COTTAGE & PARLOR ORGAN, —AND THE— JUBILEE, TEMPLE & BURDETT ORGANS, FOR SALE AT Mr. CHAS. BANTA'S STORE, (Opposite Old Bank.) On Main street, Rahway. These Organs will be sold for Cash, or on installments from $5 to $10 per month, or if purchased, [illegible] month, and rent applied as part payment. Old Instruments taken in exchange. Call and see.

UNION COUNTY Surrogate's O[ffice]. [illegible] ADDISON & CLARK.

POETRY.

For the Democrat.

THE SAD BEATING HEART.

Oh, sad beats my heart, where the shadows are dying;
Where the dark waters roll, round the couch of the dying;
Where life's cup of joy, alternates with tears,
And the sad spirit moans, 'mid the on rushing years.

I sigh for the land where the crowned ever sing,
Where the saints walk in white, with Jesus their King;
Where the bright angels chant their raptures untold,
And the redeemed press the sod of the city of gold.

Oh land of the beautiful! Sweet home of the spirit,
When shall this sad heart thy pure joys inherit?
[illegible]
[illegible]

Ah, soon shall this throbbing be silent and low,
The crimson cease coursing, the tide cease its flow;
The eyes loose their lustre, the lips no more speak,
And the rose tints of health ever fade from the cheek.

I am nearing the bright shore where the birds ever sing,
Where flowers blush in beauty 'mid the unchanging spring,
Where the bright waves of bliss unceasingly roll,
And sorrow comes not, to that home of the soul.

L.

SUMMER, SWEET, GOOD BY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Gold and red and purple leaves,
[illegible]
With the [illegible] of thistle-down
All the lanes are lined,
Clear and keenly blue the sky,
Hurrying birds are flying high,
Singing, "Summer, sweet, good-by,
Summer, sweet, good by."

Meadows are nodding in the sun,
As I passed along,
In a gay, fantastic rout,
Summer's fairy's throng.
Where the fading willows swing,
Where the nest, deserted, clings,
Listen to the brook, that sings:
"Summer, sweet, good-by!"

Woodlands whisper and farewells;
Squirrels frisk and spring;
Patter, patter rain the nuts,
For their harvesting.
Flocks of merry birds go by,
'Neath the heart's unclouded sky,
Hopeful, trustful, while they sigh:
"Summer, sweet, good-by."

MISCELLANEOUS.

TURNING THE TABLES.

"Women are so incomprehensible," said Major Arkwright, composedly smoothing down his mustache. "I declare to you, George, the longer I live the less able I am to understand their freaks and fancies."

"Ah," said Mr. Allonby, taking his cigar out of his mouth. "You think, then, that upon the whole their natures are more enigmatical than those of men."

"My dear fellow, there can't possibly be a doubt on the subject," the Major answered, breaking into a hearty, mellow laugh, that did credit to the breadth and capacity of his chest.

He was a tall, splendidly made man, with jet black whiskers, merry hazel eyes, and teeth as white as a freshly cut slice of cocoanut. George Allonby was the average size and height of mankind, yet beside the Major he looked small and slight. There are yet left in this degenerate world some such sons of Anak, in spite of hothouse culture, clubs and champagne suppers.

"Only think," went on the Major—"but here we are. I'll let Marcia tell the story for herself."

And Major Arkwright opened the door with his latch-key, and admitted his friend into a little house full of canary birds and winter-blooming geraniums, and hanging baskets of ivy and ipomea. Through a marble-paved vestibule you entered an octagon-shaped room, hung with fluted draperies of gold-colored silk, a pretty wood tinted carpet on the floor, and chairs, sofas and fauteils standing around exactly as if they were made to be used, not for mere empty show.

Marcia Arkwright, the Major's beautiful sister, sat at a little table copying, in water colors, a bunch of white carnations, tied up with feathery fern leaves, and [illegible] blades of grass. She, too, was dark, with jet fringed brown eyes, straight, serious features, and a fresh, bright color on her cheeks, only a shade lighter than the "twin cherries" of her bow-shaped lips. Yes, Miss Arkwright was very handsome, and so Mr. Allonby had long thought in the secret depths of his masculine soul.

"I've brought Mr. Allonby in, Marcia, the Major began, his eyes twinkling mischievously, "for you to tell him why you don't go to the oratorio to-night."

Marcia looked up smiling, yet a little confused.

"Do you want to know the real reason, Mr. Allonby?" she asked.

"Certainly, Miss Marcia, if it is agreeable to you to tell me."

"Well, then, to speak honest truth, it is because the milliner has not sent home my new suit."

"Nonsense!"

"Not nonsense at all," gravely asserted Miss Arkwright. "I assure you, Mr. Allonby, I am quite too genuine a woman to wish to appear in public in a costume which, to say the least, is decidedly passe."

"And you would actually lose the delicious music of Handel, married to the more delicious voice of Sebastian, just because your dress isn't according to the latest models!" burst out the Major. "For goodness' sake why don't you put on a shawl?"

"Could I wear a shawl over my head, Meg Merrilies fashion, you unreasonable Harold?"

"Oh, the bonnet is behind the age, too."

"Yes, the bonnet is behind the age, too, sir."

"Marcia, I had a better opinion of you," said her brother.

Miss Arkwright glanced timidly at Allonby. He smiled.

"Indeed, indeed," pleaded Marcia, "I would rather stay at home all my days than go abroad a dowdy!"

"And who do you suppose will know the difference?"

Marcia shrugged her shoulders with pitying gracefulness.

"Every woman, Harold, and probably a good many gentlemen."

"Well," quoth Major Arkwright, pulling vigorously at his whiskers, "I'm thankful I wasn't born a woman."

"Why?" innocently demanded Marcia, with a mischievous curl of her lip.

"Men are above such petty considerations. Men don't stoop to consider whether their coats or caps are cut according to this season's style or the last. Men don't—"

"Now, Harold, do be a little reasonable!" interrupted his sister. "I suspect you lords of creation are quite as particular in your way as we women about our gear."

"Nonsense!"

"Brief, but not particularly polite," laughed Marcia. "To-morrow evening I'll go with you, Harry, to hear Mr. —— lecture."

Major Arkwright elevated his eyebrows.

"I'd be willing to wager a new silk dress, Marcia, that if that new suit don't come home from Madame What's-Her-Name's you would even deny yourself the intellectual treat of hearing Mr. ——."

[illegible] Marcia, gravely. "Mammon I might sacrifice to the Moloch of fashion, but not Mr. ——'s eloquence. However, let us hope the sacrifice may not be required," she added, with a laugh. "And Oh, Harold, by the way, Uncle Elial is coming to town to-morrow to see about renewing the mortgage on the old farm. I got a letter from him to-day."

"Horrid old bore!" was the nephew's undutiful comment. "Of course we shall have to ask him to dinner; but I don't see that there's any help for it, Marcia. Come, Allonby, we shall be late."

And the friends departed.

The next day, as Uncle Eliab was about taking leave, Marcia coaxed him to let her have his overcoat.

"But what on earth do you want of it, Marshy?" questioned Uncle Eliab.

"Never mind, uncle dear; only leave it here until you come to town next. You shall wear Harold's handsomest superfine broadcloth, just from Delile's in its stead."

"And I shall look like an old turkey in a peacock's fine feathers!" said Uncle Eliab, shrewdly. "But you always was a great hand for mysteries and contrivances, Marshy, though what can you do with my old overcoat that Betsy Miller made out of Huldah's cloak, two years ago last Michaelmas, I declare to gracious I don't know. They don't make no such brass buttons as that now-a-days, though, perhaps now," shrewdly added Uncle Eliab, "you're goin' to a masquerade party, or some o' them things I've read of," or Harold is—"

"Now, Uncle, don't ask questions, but leave the coat, there's an old darling."

She put up her rosy lips as she spoke, to bribe the old man with a kiss, and Uncle Eliab surrendered at discretion.

"Well, well, child, have your own way," he said, and Marcia had it.

"Now," thought Marcia with sparkling eyes, when once the front door had safely banged behind Uncle Eliab's departing form, "I'll set the up [illegible]."

As the hour of eight approached, Major Arkwright burst into the room like a good-looking whirlwind.

"Are you ready, Marcia? Allonby is waiting in the hall, and we must hurry, if we expect to get anything in the likeness of a good seat."

"Ready? of course I'm ready," Miss Arkwright answered demurely. "I have been sitting with my things on for the last quarter of an hour."

"I ought to have been on hand a little sooner," acknowledged Major Arkwright, "but I had all those mortgage papers to look over, and settle, and time slipped away before I knew it. However—but where's my overcoat?"

"On the hall rack, isn't it?" Marcia responded, with a curious light shining into her eyes.

"There's something here," muttered Harold in a subdued tone, "but it's an old butternut colored thing, sprinkled all over with buttons the size of a Spanish dollar. I say, Marcia, I do believe Uncle Eliab has worn off my coat, and left this relic of Noah's Ark, here in its place!"

And he held it out at arm's length.

"I dare say," said Marcia, preserving her gravity by an almost superhuman effort; "but it seems to be very warm and substantial, and you and Uncle Eliab are nearly of a height and size. Put it on and come along; we shall certainly be too late."

"Put it on!" echoed the Major, almost in a shout. "Put this thing on!—Me?"

"Well, why not? It's a little old-style to be sure—"

"A little! Just look at that collar—and those lappels—and the brass buttons."

"Harold!" said Marcia gravely, mimicking to the best of her ability her brother's tone and voice of the evening before, "do you actually mean to tell me that you would lose an evening of Mr. ——'s oratory just because your coat is a little out of style?"

"Wouldn't I, though! Do you think I mean to make a guy of myself?"

"Well," observed Marcia, dryly, "I'm thankful I wasn't born a man. But you told me last night that men didn't stop to consider whether their coats or caps were cut according to this season's shape or last."

"I don't wear such an outrageous thing as that, if I never go out again!" burst forth the Major, irefully flinging the respectable butternut colored coat on the floor. "May confusion seize Uncle Eliab and all his wardrobe. Allonby, you take Marcia to the lecture. I'll be hanged before I'll go looking like a Revolutionary soldier."

"But, my dear fellow," quoth Mr. Allonby, mischievously, "after all that you have said to your sister about the folly of pinning one's faith to reigning fashions—"

Major Arkwright stayed to hear no more, but bolted into his own room, with a muttered sound which might have been a blessing, and might have been something else.

And Marcia smiled a roguish dimpled smile. She felt that she and Harold were quits.

As to the Major, he never alluded to "the slavery of fashion" again. Whether he suspected Marcia of being in the plot or not he never said, but, at all events, he was silenced. Uncle Eliab's butternut colored coat had done the business for him.

An Indiana woman is mad because her husband took the very best sheet to hang himself, when there was an old clothes line in the cellar that was good enough for that purpose.—She says he always was extravagant, and too lazy to go as far as the cellar for anything.

Nothing makes love sweeter and tenderer than a little previous scoldings and freezing, just as the grape-cluster acquires by a frost before vintage, thinner skins and better flavor.

A TOUCHING LETTER.—The following letter was received by Professor Wise, who proposed to make a baloon voyage to Europe, from his niece:

"MY VERY DEAR UNCLE: It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain that I find myself seated to write to you. My heart is with you in this great work. I, like others, think it a great undertaking; and, while I fear and tremble for you, my wish and prayer are for your success. I do so hope you will get through safely. In so doing you will win a great name; yet, if you fail, what is renown, that wakes to life long after one sleeps in death? That failure may not be your lot prays your own true friend, Marion. Keep up good courage, uncle dear, and never say fail. It does not seem as though you could after all your hard labor.— [illegible] upon your own strength, but look to Him who watches the sparrows when they fall. You cannot guess how many thoughts I give you. I can look from my window down the lake and imagine you in the dark night far up in the heavens; only over waters so much more great and terrible. I only wish I could go with you, which I would do, with your permission, if I were able to bear my own expenses. I would be some comfort to you, I know, as you could unfold to me your hopes and fears. You would find me brave. I am sorry you are growing thin. You must try and not worry. Take things as cool as possible, or, after the excitement is over with, your strength may give out. I hope you may be spared both your life and health. I commend you to the care of one who is wiser than we. May He watch you and keep you, uncle dear; guard you safely on your journey and bring you safely home. God bless you. Your loving niece, MARION WISE."

A CURIOUS STORY.—A strange story comes from Ohio. During a thunder storm, a few days since, a large oak tree in the Miami Valley was struck by lightning and rent from top to bottom. In falling apart the fragments disclosed a skeleton, yellow with age, which instantly fell to pieces and scattered over several feet of ground. With the remains was found a few buttons of ancient pattern and a leather pocketbook well preserved. The pocket contained papers which discovered the secret of the entombed skeleton. The remains were those of Roger Vandenburg, a captain in the Revolutionary army and an aid to General Washington. After participating in the privations of Valley Forge and the retreat across the Jerseys he marched with St. Clair against the Northwestern Indians. On Nov. 3, 1791, he was wounded and captured, but managed to escape, and, being closely pursued, took refuge in this oak tree. The hollow tree gave him a hiding place, and to make his retreat still more secure from observation he allowed himself to drop into it. He had mistaken the depth and when he [illegible] he was walled in and without the possibility of escape. He spent the remaining hours of his life in writing an account of the manner of his imprisonment and also of his sufferings as he felt himself starving to death. It is supposed that he must have lived about eleven days. Now, after nearly a century has elapsed, his secret is disclosed by an accident, and the story of his death given to the world.

ONE AHEAD.—Lawyers who badger witnesses upon the stand often get sharply cut, and among the numerous stories told at the expense of the members of the bar, there is none better than one that occurred at the session of a court recently held in a Western city. A prominent lawyer had an old farmer on the stand whom he undertook to browbeat, and for an hour labored hard to confuse and frighten him by his merciless style of cross-questioning. The lawyer had a large bald head that by a stretch of imagination might be thought to resemble a pumpkin, and wore a huge standing shirt collar.—During his laborious badgering of the farmer, one side of the collar wilted and lay down on the lawyer's coat. As the witness was released, he stepped toward his tormentor and said loud enough for the court and jury to hear: "See here, Squire, if you don't put up your sideboards you'll lose that pumpkin off the top of your head." Smiles were audible about that time, while it was generally thought the witness was "one ahead."

MY REASONS FOR KEEPING SOBER.

1. I have no inclination to get drunk.

2. Intoxication is expensive; I cannot afford it, and I am too proud to spend other people's money.

3. Drunkenness destroys the body, and I prefer health to sickness—a long life to a short one.

4. Drunkenness stains the character, never failing to excite either contempt or pity; in preference to which I choose love and respect.

5. Drunkenness robs one of his intellect, of which I long since discovered I had none to spare, certainly not so much that I need treat [illegible] to relieve me of any of it.

6. Drunkenness is displeasing to Almighty God, whose greatness commands my reverence; His wisdom, my homage, His beneficence, my gratitude; and His unbounded love, all the affection of which my poor heart is capable. I cannot afford to insult Him, by casting from me His benign gift, my reason.

A FLANNEL SUIT.—Jones says the white flannel suit he bought a year ago has proved a very economical investment, and has been of much use in his family. Jones weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, and when he bought the suit it fitted him remarkably well. After the first washing, his eldest son, who weighs one hundred pounds less than Jones, senior, found the suit an excellent fit. Two washings more made the garments delightful for a youth of nine, and at the end of the season the baby was adorned with the habiliments which had shrunk just enough to make them fit for a child out of creeping clothes. This year Jones' wife uses them as a dish cloth.— Where all that flannel has shrunk to Jones doesn't see, and says he would willingly take his whole family and his mother-in-law to a lecture that would explain it, and pay double price.

One of the best ways to test a spider's ability to get himself out of a scrape, is to fill an ordinary wash-bowl with water, and take a stick and place it in the centre of the bowl, and reaching some little distance above the water, put a spider on top of the stick. The insect will get himself away from his isolated quarters in less than ten minutes, if undisturbed, and he won't get his feet wet in the transit. Try and see how it's done.

A NOVEL COON FIGHT.—A Coon Whips Five Dogs and Gains his Liberty.—The latest novelty amongst the sporting fraternity of Mill Creek Hundred occurred on the 22d of August, and never since the days of "That Same Old Coon," was the quiet and staid citizens of Mill Creek so excited over "Cooney," as on the occasion referred to.

Coon hunts being yet in vogue in that vicinity, a couple were captured in a hollow tree, one of which was as savage as he was old, and the other being younger, had the misfortune to get one of his legs broken.

They were both taken to the house of one of the hunters, where they were kept until the 22d of August, at which time it was determined to have a fight between the coons and a number of dogs in the vicinity, in honor of the birthday of the Father of his Country.

Accordingly, on that day the dogs were mustered, as were a large number of the people, the former to engage in the fight and the latter to see the fun. The scene of the approaching combat was located in the barn of a Mill Creek farmer, where each coon was housed in a barrel ready for the onset. The broken-legged coon was to begin the fight, and a single dog was let in to try his mettle; but it soon retired, evidently disinclined to continue the contest, and the coon was left master of the situation, "sitting on a rail."

A second and a larger dog was then selected, which attacked the coon with great ferocity. The fight was vigorously kept up by his three-legged antagonist for a while, but he soon became [illegible], and was pronounced dead.

Finally the larger and remaining coon was brought to face the music, and dog number one was soon made to retire as if something was the matter with him. Number two was treated like number one, and number three, four and five shared no better fate.

The coon, in the meantime, seemed to relish the fun, and was just getting his blood up and ready to give the dogs in Mill Creek Hundred a good castigation. The bystanders and those interested in the combat, admiring the pluck and courage of the coon, finally concluded to discontinue the combat and gave the coon his liberty to range his own native swamps, a terror to all Mill Creek dogs who will, no doubt, hereafter give "that same old coon" a wide berth.

A traveler going up from the Central Depot in Detroit the other day, stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of a clothing store. The proprietor rushed out and asked—"Would you try on some coats?" "I don't know but I would," responded the traveler, consulting his time killer, and he went in and began work. No matter how often he found his fit, he called for more coats, and after he tried on about thirty, he looked at his watch, resumed his own garment and walked off, saying:—"I won't charge you a cent for what I've done; hang a man who he don't oblige another when he can do it! If I'm ever around this way again, and you have got any more coats to try on, I'll do all I can to help you."

The favorite branch of the Government—Long Branch.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MATTER.

ANSWERS.—The following are the answers to the questions of the 18th inst.:

1. "Rest yourselves."—Genesis xviii, 14.

2. "Be content with your wages."—Luke iii, 14.

Correct answers to both by E. J., of Dunellen, N. J.; by Charles Terrill of the 1st M. E. Sunday School.

QUESTIONS.—In what part of the Bible may the following be found:

1. "From foundation to coping."

2. "Two vessels of fine copper."

Answers to the above must reach us by Saturday morning of next week.

Those sending questions should give the answers at the same time.

Nothing is more valuable than time, nor is anything so little prized.

THE FINAL HOUR.—In that hour when the more we are loved the more helpless to love; in that hour when the riches we are the less able are riches to do anything; in that hour when the more there is about us the less it is davorsome and desirable; in that hour when heart and flesh fail, we need the comfort of believing, with all our heart and mind and soul that universal intelligence and kindness love presides; that we are leaning on the arm of a God who is never weary; that we are guided by an eye that never sleeps; that we are safe, and cared by a heart that never ceases to beat with sympathy and love.—Hooker.

[illegible]

HOW TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.—Understand the reason, and that the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is to strive. When you have broken your resolutions, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it is that you failed, so that you may be on your guard against the recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to attempt to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

True friendship, like good wine, grows brighter the more frequently it is used.

PIETY AT HOME.—Religion is majestic in the state; it may be grand in the church—in the church building a great institution, in the state swaying the destinies of millions of men. But piety looks lovelier and greater at home; not arrayed in her court dress, not set off in her church regimentals, but dressed in homely week-day, work-day clothes. It is a little striking that the word piety, which is so often in the Christian world, [illegible] only once in the English Bible, and then coupled with the admonition to "show their first at home."—Theodore Parker.

Temptations are enemies outside the castle seeking entrance.

NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.
Rahway, N. J., October 3d, 1874.

The Rhondale Whitby Quoits Holders Company and Middlesex will battle for championship and $100 a side, on the grounds of the Rhondale Whitby Club, to-morrow afternoon.

From appearances, the Grant Constitutional Amendment is going to pass by a large majority in many of the most able semi-agricultural localities in Connecticut. Clerk Cole, of Robert Gilchrist and Sawyer Taylor.

The Democratic Committee of Cincinnati, Ohio, have sold their place on Thursday, 17th. At the same time a meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held, at which the report of the Finance and Executive Committee are due.

The Second Democratic Convention to nominate their full, for success in the city election. They nominated Hon. Edward Perry for Mayor, on Thursday last, and it is said Senator Ingalls will be called to a seat in the Senate.

The Republicans of Rhode Island, in session here on Saturday last, nominated the following ticket: For Governor, Henry Lippitt; Lieutenant Governor, Charles Hazard; Secretary of State, Augustus O. Bourn; Attorney General, Horace A. Kimball; General Treasurer, Thomas Dunnebury and Clerk of the Supreme Court, Samuel Brown.

The following local votes are recorded on Saturday for an article intended to show the Democratic position in relation to measures now. We shall not need to comment on the article, as the present opinion of the Democratic party is fully expressed in the Democratic platform, which we publish in full elsewhere.

The Democratic Committee met last evening, and if any one knows what they decided on, we would say that they decided on something but we don't know what it was. The meeting of business was very short. Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Williams, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Davis, Mr. Miller, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Moore, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Anderson, Mr. White, Mr. Harris, Mr. Martin, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Green, Mr. Hall, Mr. Young, Mr. King, Mr. Scott, Mr. Adams, Mr. Baker, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Carter, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Turner, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Parker, Mr. Evans, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Collins, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Morris, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Reed, Mr. Cook, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Bell, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Rivers, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Howard, Mr. Ward, Mr. Peterson, Mr. Gray, Mr. Ramsey, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Price, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Myers, Mr. Long, Mr. Ross, Mr. Foster, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Powell, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Russell, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Graham, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Murray, Mr. Ford, Mr. Cole, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Fox, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Grant, Mr. Henry, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Burns, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Irwin, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Brady, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Berry, Mr. Hall, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Walker, Mr. Tucker, Mr. Hart, Mr. Allen, Mr. Young, Mr. Hill, Mr. Scott, Mr. Green

NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.

Rahway, N. J., October 23, 1873.

HOW TWO OF THEM LIVE.

Commodore Vanderbilt's breakfast, writes a correspondent of the provincial press, would do for an anchorite—a cup of coffee, plain toast, and the white of an egg. His dinners are equally frugal. He takes the air every day rain or shine. He keeps no late hours. Company or no company, he moves off to bed at ten. He prefers the society of a few friends to a hot soiree. The simple Moravian airs of his boyhood, played by his accomplished wife on the piano, is sweeter music to him than the crash and fury of the opera. In his business he is cool, collected and self-reliant. The fume, fretting and fussing of exciting [illegible] is done by others, and not by himself. He never sells what he does not own, nor buys what he cannot pay for, and, if he will, look up, he reads men with intuition of a prophet. He looks his business affairs in his own [illegible] [illegible] when he chooses, without being accused of vacillation." He touches nothing that he does not control. He is at nobody's mercy; nobody can betray him, sell him out, buy him off or thwart him.

At the funeral of Horace F. Clark was Moses Taylor. He is over sixty, one of the hardest working men in New York [illegible] [illegible], Vanderbilt doing more business than any other man in the city. He is rugged, hearty, full of the vigor of youth, and seems good for a quarter of a century of rough [illegible]. He runs one of the largest banks of the city. He is more than President—he is autocrat of the concern. He has been for [illegible] his own bookkeeper, and should anything happen to the books of his business down town he could duplicate them from his own hand. He has kept a record of his business since he was a boy, and can show you the profit and loss day by day for fifty years. Example of business has preserved his health and perpetuated his fortune. His great point has been to make money. Horses, fast living, racing and drinking, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by some resort of fashionable watering places, races and clubs, have no charms for him. Mr. Taylor takes his recreation in this wise: He rises early; takes a bath; eats a simple breakfast, and is down to the bank before the clerks. He is never excited, never in a hurry; is self-possessed and master of the situation. Business over most men find recreation in a quiet game of billiards, in a dash over the waves at Sandy Hook; a little speed over the road, where the rivalry is sufficient to make [illegible] a horse worth gold. Not so with Mr. Taylor.

[illegible] Wall street spends half of it for a coach to ride up town, and a dinner at Delmonico's.—Mr. Taylor worth $10,000,000, rides up town [illegible] [illegible] dinner [illegible] both—goes to bed and has refreshing sleep, gets up—writes down the business of the day [illegible], and then goes to bed. A man who wants to see Moses Taylor in the evening won't look for him in the concert hall, theatre or club room. He will find him in his own home, second front story, pleasantly and cheerfully at work till bed time. The prevailing style of business is entirely unlike these specimens. The young business men on the street copy Jim Fisk, Horace F. Clark and men of that stamp. They are prematurely old. [illegible] before thirty. Breakfast at eleven, lunches, with abundance of drink—rushing into wild speculation. This takes the hair off the top of the head—knocks their underpinnings out—gives our boys incipient paralysis, and makes them walk around the streets with canes. "I can't sleep nights; I get very little sleep after twelve o'clock or I get up at three and take a bath and read and lay around."

The Baby Shown to Visitors.—It is an odd fact no baby ever did, and no baby ever will, behave in company. The mother always brings it into the parlor where the visitor is, dressed in its clean dress, and its father and its aunt come in smiling at the same time.—After the visitor has kissed the baby and taken it on her lap, and declared it is the dearest little angel in creation, the baby's mother and she begin to talk. Each talks about her own baby as fast as she can rattle, and both talk at once apparently without caring what the other is saying. In the midst of the conversation the baby "throws up" on the visitor's dress, and is suddenly handed to its mother. The visitor [illegible] smile, and says it makes no difference; but she is mad. The conversation is resumed, but presently the father [illegible] at the mother, and frowns, and clears his throat, and makes mysterious signals at the side of the chair with his hand. The mother looks down and perceives that some of the baby's undergarments are slipping off, and she snatches up that infant and [illegible]. When she returns the child cries to go to its father; and no sooner is it settled on his knees than it betrays an irresistible yearning to go to its aunt; after which it cries furiously because the mother [illegible].

Then the aunt gets a piece of candy to quiet it, and when its hands have acquired sufficient stickiness, it crawls over and mauls the visitor's bonnet. Then its mother tries to show off its accomplishments; but it utterly refuses to make a display; it is as stupid as an owl. It won't say "mamma" or "papa," and it won't show how big it is. Its father tries to coax it to say "papa," but it pays no attention to him. He tries again and again, getting madder all the time, and dreadfully [illegible] his child is a fool.

At last he grabs the child by the arm and shakes it, and yells, "Why don't you say papa, as I tell you?" Then the child screams like a back yard full of cats. The more the father shakes it, the louder it gets, until at last the father exclaims, "Ginnie that brat!" [illegible] it up and dashes out of the room, [illegible]. Then the visitor goes home looking at her dress, and thinking that the end of that infant will be the gallows, if its characteristics are allowed [illegible].

[illegible]

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FREIGHT DEPOT

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About 1800 Building Lots,

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A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF GLASS

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Fancy Goods

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STRAW GOODS, HOSIERY,

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In connection with the above he will continue to keep a large assortment of

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UNTIL THE DAY

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Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, &c.

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July 1, 1873.

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Due Depositors, 848,885.84

Surplus, $63,993 73

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO DEPOSITORS.

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For the perfect protection of Depositors, nearly all the money received is invested in Registered Bonds and in first Mortgages on Real Estate, worth double the amount of the mortgages. [illegible] replaced without loss.

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This Institution is made by law a Depository for Funds held in Trust by Executors, Administrators, and others.

ENDOWMENTS.

[illegible] of Children or other persons designated, will produce the following results:

$100 deposited at the birth of a child, and at each subsequent birthday till the 21st, will amount to [illegible]

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J. R. SHOTWELL, J. T. CROWELL, A. F. SHOTWELL.

W. C. SQUIER, President. J. R. SHOTWELL, A. V. SHOTWELL, Vice Presidents. JOEL WILSON, Treasurer. JOHN C. CODDINGTON, Secretary.

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INTELLIGENCE OFFICE, MRS. TAVENOR, Irving Street, Opposite Library Building, RAHWAY, N. J.

POETRY.

THE DESERTED FARM HOUSE.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Now, as the tree leaves a flush the boughs,
And in the glades the violets gleam,
I look once more on the old farm house,
And pause by the well remembered stream.
Still, heavy and deep, the hedge rows mark
The pebbly walk that winds along,
And from shadow to shadow, now bright now dark,
The waters move on with its quiet song.

But in vain to the south wind's kiss I bare
My aching brow, so weary of care;
In vain does my spirit seek to share
In the spring joy of the woods in hear,
Deserted and alone is the farm house gray,
And its loneliness sadly haunts the heart,
[illegible]
But fingers still, and [illegible].

The step that was wont to spring so light
Down the pebbly walk to the low bridged stream,
And the soft, dark eye, with its welcome bright,
Are silent and dimmed, or live but in dream.
Hushed is the voice that to me done
Murmured of love that can never die;
I passed, but an hour ago, the stone
That marks her grave in the church yard nigh.

The old folks have followed their pride and pet,
And dreamless sleep they have the farm house yet,
A gray, sad image of sorrow set
In the glad, green heart of the blooming wood.
Never more for me can the spring begin fair,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And her voice to me is the greenwood woke.
But here let me cull these violet gays,
Mixed with these simple cowslips and sod,
[illegible]
Where under the sleeps in the church yard sod,
But first to my lips I will press their bloom,
Ere leaving them there to wither at will,
And their fragrance bear to my distant home,
With their memories that are faithful still.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHY OUR MINISTER LEFT US.

'Have you heard Dr. Smith,' inquired Deacon Jones, as he entered the doctor's office one Monday morning, 'that our minister is likely to leave us?'

'The minister!' exclaimed the doctor.—'Why, I thought your church folks were bound up in Mr. Cameron. It is not five years since you settled him for life! What is the matter?'

'Well,' replied the deacon, 'I can hardly tell. But there seems to be dissatisfaction on the part of some, and it is very necessary to preserve unity in a church, you know, in order—'

'In order to raise the salary, I suppose you mean,' interrupted the doctor, with a half-suppressed sneer.

Deacon Jones assented, and not wishing to say more, hastily retired.

Dr. Smith had been a minister's son, and with a stinging remembrance of the injustice his father had received from a church in the days of his boyhood, he readily comprehended the situation. He had never united with the church, and, if the truth must be told, he felt as if he could not. He was a physician in the town of O——, and an acute, intelligent man of morality; so moral, that he thought himself a little better than most of the church members.

After the deacon left him he mused awhile, then suddenly exclaimed aloud:

'Well, I will [illegible] what are the reasons of this sudden movement.'

The doctor's office was in the heart of the village, and a convenient place for loungers, who often sat about the door, enjoying the chit-chat with him and the neighbors. So it was not long before Mr. Sims, a merchant, came in, and after a little time the doctor introduced the subject.

'So Mr. Cameron talks of leaving, I hear.'

'Talks of leaving! I guess others talk of making him leave. Where do you suppose he wants to go?'

'I know nothing about it,' rejoined the doctor. 'Deacon Jones mentioned it here, but gave me no more particulars.'

'Well,' said Mr. Sims with a sigh, 'I do not believe that a man with a family of fourteen children on his hands, who has nothing but a small salary to rely upon, will move any more than he can help. But I do not know but he will have to go. Now, I think everything of Mr. Cameron; but Mrs. Giles and Mrs. Simpson are set against him, and their husbands are not members, you know, and as they are rich we want to keep them.'

'What are their reasons?'

'Oh, they think he is not a popular preacher. He does not draw a crowd to hear him preach.'

'Well,' said the doctor, 'you all think him a man of good education and fair talent, don't you? And a good man?'

'None better, anywhere.'

'And a good pastor?'

'Yes. He is a particularly good pastor.—But, but—the church don't fill up as they want it should.'

'And so they lay it all to the minister?'

'Why, yes. They think he is rather dry, and dull, and behind the times. Now it does not seem so to me. I enjoy his sermons.'

'So do I,' said the doctor. 'Every one is worth hearing for its intellectuality, if nothing else. They must cost him a great deal of study.'

'But if we cannot make people think so, what are we to do?'

'They did think so when he was settled here, and he has grown better all the time.'

'But some of them think if we only had a younger man, of the popular kind, who would not preach so much from Paul, and would spice up his sermons a little more of everyday doings, people would be more interested.'

'Oh, yes,' said the doctor, bitterly; 'I see it is gossip they want, not gospel; it is fiction, not truth; it is billingsgate, not Bible; something to make them laugh, not weep; to make them stare and wonder, not to study and think.'

'You are severe, doctor.'

'I have reason to be,' he replied, as early recollections came to his mind of his father's sufferings. 'To a man of the world like me, it looks much as if Christians possessed anything but common sense and honesty.'

'But what will Mr. Mills say,' he asked, as that gentleman entered the door to join in the conversation. 'Do you propose to let Mr. Cameron go?'

'O, I guess so,' he promptly replied. 'We want a new minister; it would liven up things to have a nice, fresh preacher. I should expect we might have a revival at once, and perhaps you would be brought in, doctor? Who knows. We should like to have you join our church.'

'I'd never join a church guilty of such injustice to a faithful, hard-working, self-denying man as Mr. Cameron. How he has labored to get this church built and the congregation gathered together. And now it is just beginning to show some little fruit of his labors, you want to turn him away.'

'But he makes such long prayers, doctor, Sunday mornings, that the people get tired of them.'

'How long?' inquired the doctor.

'O, I never timed them, but they are too long.'

'I have often timed them,' said Dr. Smith, 'for I have heard of that objection before, and know that he only occupies from seven to ten minutes in the morning, and less at other times. You must be devout Christians who cannot stand it as long as that. It never troubles me, and if I am not mistaken, there are a good many who love to hear those morning prayers.'

'But Mr. Standish makes it a point to stay away till that is done.'

'Mr. Standish, indeed! He had better pray more, in my way of thinking.'

In the course of the morning Mr. Pierson came in, and the subject was resumed. So the doctor plied him for a reason.

'Well, to be candid, doctor, I like him first-rate, but I do not like his wife.'

'Why, what is the matter with Mrs. Cameron? I thought she tried to be a very faithful pastor's wife.'

'She takes too much upon herself, and the ladies do not like it. She leads the female prayer meeting, and the Dorcas society, and church sociable, and every festival and fair, and every Sabbath school picnic.'

'Mercy on us!' exclaimed the doctor. 'Does she do all this of her own accord, or because the ladies want her to do it?'

'O, of course they ask her to do it.'

'But would there be any female prayer meeting, or the like, if she did not lead them?'

'Well, that is doubtful, for we never did have them till she came here.'

'Ah,' said the doctor, 'so I thought; and if you knew as well as I do, how overworked that woman is, you would not think she did it because she wanted to. Many a time, when I have called there professionally, my heart has ached for her. But what has that got to do with you? You say you do not like her.'

'Well, I heard she said, when I was up for office last year, that if she was a man she would never vote for me.'

'Has she not the right to think and speak like other folks?'

'O, of course, but I'll never forgive it.'

'So, no matter what she does for her family and for the church, you allow your mortified ambition to overrule it all. But that will not make you vote against Mr. Cameron, will it?'

'Most certainly I shall,' said Mr. Pierson, as he left the office.

'A fine specimen of Christian humility,' muttered the doctor, as left to himself, he thought it all over. Then hastily putting on his hat, as he started out to make his daily rounds, he exclaimed:

'I must call on Widow Clark. Surely she is a friend to Mr. Cameron.'

But, alas! Mrs. Clark had made up her mind that Mr. Cameron must go. For, to be sure, though Mrs. Cameron had done much to keep the choir, and played the organ—for nothing, too—yet now some wanted a quartette choir, and the church must raise more money to pay the singers and hire Prof. Trubinski to play; and how could it be raised if the people were not satisfied?

Just after this, Dr. Smith dropped in to see old Mrs. Campbell, who for several years had not left her house in consequence of a spinal disease. She was poor, and but few, even of the church members knew much of her.—But Mr. Cameron knew her well, and often sat an hour with her, opening up a chapter from the Bible with a running comment, which was rich indeed to the poor old lady, who never could go to church, and ended in a prayer which led her up to heaven's gate.

The good woman's tears flowed fast as she told the doctor of her fears that her dear pastor might have to leave her. She knew of many, she said, who loved him dearly, and if they could have their way he would not go.

'But why do they not have their way,' said the doctor, 'and not let him go?'

'O, la! doctor, what can the poor folks do?'

'But I thought in the church the rich and poor met together.'

'Yes, they do,' said the old lady; 'but when it comes to voting the poor have nothing to say. Besides, some think Mr. Cameron visits the poor too much.'

So Dr. Smith returned to his office, with the thoughts in his mind of the way church matters are managed.

'Why,' thought he, 'should a few, who think themselves influential, attempt to rule in the church, where all pretend to love as brethren?'

Dr. Smith had not long been in his office when Mr. Henry, one of the elders came in. He was a man of education and sterling good sense. He invited the doctor to go to the society meeting in the evening, for the matter was to be decided there.

They talked over the case for a while, the elder maintaining a most affectionate regard for the pastor, and expressing the greatest grief that a few noisy ones could thus disturb the peace of the church. But he was a mild and quiet man, and could do nothing to stem the tide.

The doctor was industrious that day, and by night was ready to attend the society meeting. Thirty or forty were present out of a membership of two hundred. Of the rest, some know nothing about the meeting, and others were afraid of being in a quarrel. The case was solemnly stated, as if Mr. Cameron were on trial for heresy or schism. The votes were cast—about fifteen against him, twelve for him, the rest declining to vote.

Upon the announcement of the result, Dr. Smith moved that a notice of the result be sent to Mr. Cameron, together with the reasons for this action, stating that he was prepared by personal inquiry to give the reasons. As this was thought very proper, he read the following paper:

Resolved, That Mr. Cameron be requested to resign his pastorate for the following reasons:

1. That he is too talented for such a small church. He ought to have a place in some city church.

2. He is so good a man and pastor that he deserves a better salary than the people in O——, can give him. (Still it is thought a good deal more might be raised for a new man.)

3. Because a few persons are anxious to have him leave, therefore the rest of the church ought to send him away, since minorities should be conciliated, (i. e., they should rule.)

4. Some are dissatisfied because the church does not grow faster. (Such are not the prayer meeting goers.)

5. Some think the Sunday morning prayer five minutes too long.

6. Some think he visits the poor to much.

7. Some do not like his wife because she is too active.

8. Some do not like his wife because she does not visit more and dress more genteelly, (they do not say where the money is to come from so that she can do it.)

9. Two are offended because Mr. Cameron could not vote for three men for superintendent of the Sabbath school at one time.

10. Two are offended because being rival candidates for office, Mr. C. did not vote for either.

11. One is angry because he was not made an elder.

12. A few wish for a hired choir and a more fashionable and artistic style of music than Mr. Cameron deems edifying.

Dr. Smith accompanied the reading of these remarks with such cutting and sarcastic remarks, that all felt the injustice and indecency of the movement, so much that many left the house and the meeting broke up.

But poor Mr. and Mrs. Cameron waited at home the result of the meeting in sadness and tears. Of a sensitive, tender, loving nature, Mr. Cameron had given himself to the church with all his soul. But wounded and bruised in feeling, disappointed in those he thought his friends, saddened by the conduct of professors of religion, and grieved at the prospect of a wrangling church, he felt that his work was done in O——, and so he resigned.

This was the way our minister came to leave us. Was it right?

TOOK REFUGE IN A LOG.

The romancer of the Detroit Free Press talks as follows: "A Detroiter named Andrew Steadman who buys cattle, deals in hides, and occasionally makes a dollar by buying and selling produce, went out to Nankin Township a few days ago to buy a span of heavy horses which were wanted by a firm in the city.—Upon reaching the farmer's house he found that the man was working with a neighbor a mile away. To save the distance he cut across lots, but was warned before he started to look out for a savage bovine which had the run of a ten acre field. Thinking how he was going to get that span of horses for $50 less than their value, Steadman kept a plodding thro' the field, which had a strip of bushes two or three rods wide running half way across it. There were a few stumps and logs, one small tree, but nothing which prevented any one from crossing the strip. The Detroiter was about ten rods from the bushes when he heard 'a distant thunder sound,' and looked around to see from which way the shower was coming. About thirty rods away he beheld the old bovine coming for him, head down, back up, and eyes blazing. Steadman was satisfied he was the man who was wanted, and he went for the bushes. He thought the bull would stop and run around the strip, and was startled when the old fellow dashed through them on his trail, uttering a deep 'boom!' every instant. Steadman dodged this way and that, but the bovine tore along after him, smashing bushes and leaping logs, and it was getting to be a red-hot affair when the man spied the open end of a large hollow log. The bull was not over forty feet behind, and into the log went Steadman, finding an orifice about twelve feet long, and large enough to be roomy. The bovine had seen the movement, and stopped at the log and ripped off a bushel of bark at the first dash. Then putting his horns under it he gave it a roll, and Steadman spun around like a dried pea in a policeman's whistle. The log was large, but old and tender, and every time the bull hauled back and jumped for it he covered himself with glory and chunks of bark and wood. Sometimes he whirled one end, and then he gave the centre a hoist, and then he knocked a foot off the other end. Steadman swore, shrieked and pleaded, his eyes full of bark and his mouth stopped up, and every act of his life passed before him like a vision. 'Woo-h-h!' bellowed the bovine as he slammed away at the log, and every moment Steadman expected to see the roof cave in on him. He was in despair, when he heard the barking of dogs and the shouts of men, and after a few minutes the farmers succeeded in releasing him, but it took a good hour to get the kinks out of his back and the rotten wood from his ears and eyes.

A man named Gibsy, says the Danbury News, who, by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a place, free of incumbrance, was fishing in Still river, near the Beaver Brook Mills, on Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours without catching anything, he was gratified to see on a flat stone in the water, a snapping turtle sunning itself. The butt end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge, and when he got in reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what the turtle designed should be taken hold of, while handling a snapping turtle, that social animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gibsy's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bareheaded man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet bag in one hand, and they at once concluded it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However it was not a carpet bag he was swinging, it was the turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White street bridge, where it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house the indignation of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face, and bare head, and dust-begrimed clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he was.

Yen some man slaps me on der shoulder und say, "I vas glad to hear you vas so well," und den sticks behind my pack his fingers to his nose, I haf my opinion of dot veller.

HOW A WOMAN BECAME AN ODD FELLOW.

A certain Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows determined to have their lodge room done up clean and nice. It was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K. should be employed to do the job. After the meeting adjourned the guardian, who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a billygoat and placed him in the closet that was kept as a reservoir for the secret things. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the lodge, and requested her to come early the next morning, as he would then show her what was and what was not to be done. Morning came, and with it Madame K., with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, etc., and found the guardian waiting for her.

"Now, madam," said he, "I will tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get anybody to do the job, and not be meddling with the secrets in the closet; we have lost the key, and cannot find it to lock the door. I assured them that you can be depended on."

"Depended on! I guess I can. My poor and dead and gone husband, he belonged to the Free Masons or anti-Masons, I don't know which. He used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed all the marks of the greatest trade when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed 'poor Morgan,' I never told a living soul to this day; if nobody troubles your closet to find out your secrets till I do, they will be there till they rot, they will."

"I thought so," said the guardian, "and now I want you to commence in that corner, and give the whole room a decent cleaning, and I pledge my word and honor for the fidelity to your promise; now, don't go into that closet," and then left the lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet on the last step of the stairs than she exclaimed, "Don't go into that closet! I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some tomfoolery, just like the anti Masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I will take one peep, and nobody will be any the wiser, as I can keep it to myself." Suiting the action to the word she stepped lightly to the forbidden closet, turned the button, which was no sooner done than "bah!" out jumped the billygoat, with a spring to regain his liberty, which came near upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the door, but it was filled with implements for house cleaning, and all were swept from their position down to the bottom of the stairs.

The noise and confusion caused by such unceremonious coming down stairs drew half the town to witness Mrs. K.'s efforts to get from under the pile of pails, tubs, brooms and brushes in the street.

Who should be first to the spot but the faithful doorkeeper. After releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and uplifting the rubbish that bound the good woman to the earth, anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degrees.

"Taking the degrees!" exclaimed the lady, "if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs with the devil after ye taking things by degrees, I have them, and if ye frighten folks as ye frightened me, and hurt to boot, I'll warrant they will make as much noise as I did."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam," said the doorkeeper.

"Open the closet? Eve ate the apple she was forbidden. If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to do it, and she'll do it certain. I could not stand the temptation.—The secret was there. I wanted to know it. I opened the door, and out jumped the tarnal critter right into my face. I thought the old boy had me, and I broke for the stairs with the critter butting me at every jump. I fell over the tub and got down stairs as you found us—in a heap."

"But madame," said the doorkeeper, "you are in possession of the great secret of our order, and you must go up and be initiated and sworn, and then go in the regular way."

"Regular way!" exclaimed the lady, "and you suppose I am going near the tarnal place, and ride that tarnal critter without a bridle or a lady's saddle? No, never! I don't want nothing to do with the man that rides it. I'd look nice perched upon a billygoat, wouldn't I? No, never! I'll never go nigh it again, nor you shall neither—if I can prevent it, no lady shall ever join the Oddfellows. Why, I'd sooner be a Free Mason, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as the fire could be kept under it, and pulled from the garret to cellar with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as my poor dead husband did. And he lived over it, but I never could live over such another ride as I took to-day."

High Back Combs.—High back combs of pale, almost amber hued tortoise shell, are very fashionable, and exquisitely carved.—Happy the fortunate ones who have preserved those relics of antiquity. Not only the quaintly enormous Spanish combs, but the equally unique great fans are also resuscitated. Not long ago a charming young lady became the envied possessor of an old solid oaken chest, in which had laid for two generations an immense comb of shell, carved in lilies and intricate designs of foliage and tiny stars; another ten inches or more across, of fine gilt set with large sapphires. A fashion again revived was found in a green silk dress in gilded order, with queer Indian monsters and gorgeous birds painted upon the silk. There was a tarnished red silver belt clasp, richly set with jewels, attached to a slender, faded ribbon, and an enormous India fan of yellow ivory sticks elaborately and exquisitely carved, the pale amber silk embroidered in the richest colors of birds of Paradise and gorgeous bouquets. These relics of other days were disinterred to borrow grace once more from as fair hands as those long since moldered into dust; a faint musky odor still clinging to them from huge amber beads, and pungent oriental scents of sandal and violet woods stealing from old carved boxes. These strangely fashioned relics, refurnished and freshed, have already adorned one of our American belles, and with these she has worn other heirlooms of antique designs—a necklace, of the finest etching and chasing of gold blocks connected by finest links.

A smart man at Sandusky put arsenic in a bottle of wine, hoping that a burglar would drink it, and his wife placed it among one hundred other bottles. The smart man is now wondering which is the bottle.

A Love Letter.—The Detroit Free Press has come upon a colored man, living in that city, who having long admired a colored widow living in the next block above, but being afraid to reveal his passion, went to a white man and asked him to write the lady a letter asking her hand in marriage. The friend wrote, telling the woman in a few brief lines that the size of her feet was the talk of the neighborhood, and asking her if she couldn't pare them down a little. The name of the colored man was signed, and he was to call on her for an answer. Subsequently the writer of the letter met the negro limping along the street, and asked him what the widow said. The man showed him a bloodshot eye, a scratched nose, a lame leg, and a spot on the scalp where a handful of wool had been violently jerked out, and he answered in solemn tones: "She done say nuffin, and I didn't stay dar moo'n a minute?"

A middle aged lady met a bridish looking lady in the post office recently, and the following conversation ensued:

"Mary, is it true that your mother is dead?" asked the former.

"It is," said Mary.

"And were you married before she died?"

"No," said Mary; "Not until three days after."

The middle aged woman stared at the bride for a moment, and then slowly and bewilderedly said:

"Do you mean to say that your poor mother died without—without seeing what you were married in?"

It has been demonstrated that a beetle is capable of lifting 315 times its own weight. A man of ordinary muscular power is fully one hundred times feebler, and had an elephant such comparative strength it could run away with a load of 5,000,000 pounds. The flea, too, scarcely three hundredths of an inch in height, manages to leap without difficulty over a barrier fully five hundred times its own altitude. For a man, six feet is an unusually high leap. Imagine him jumping three thousand feet, or nearly three-fifths of a mile.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MATTER.

Answers.—The following are the answers to the questions of the 25th ult.:

1. "Wench."—2 Samuel xvii, 17.

2. "Walking in cool of day."—Genesis iii, 8.

Correct answers to both by E. J., of Dunellen, N. J.; by Charles Terrill of the 1st M. E. Sunday School.

Questions.—In what part of the Bible may the following be found:

1. "Country villages."

2. "Crackling of thorns under foot."

Answers to the above must reach us by Saturday morning of next week.

Those sending questions should give the answers at the same time.

Power of Example.—In a town in Bavaria, there was a little tumble-down church building, where the duke, as often as he came that way, used to go in and pray. If, on coming out of the chapel he happened to meet any of the peasants in the field, he loved to talk with them in a friendly way.

One day he met an old man with whom he fell into conversation on various things; and taking a liking to the man, he asked him in parting whether he could do anything for him.

The peasant replied, "Noble sir, you cannot do anything better for me than you have already done."

"How so?" answered he. "I do not know that I have done anything for you."

"But I know it," said the old man; "for how can I forget that you have saved my son? He traveled along in the ways of sin that for a long time he would have nothing to do with the church or prayer, and he sunk every day deeper in wickedness. Some time ago he was here, and saw you, noble sir, enter the chapel. 'I should like to see what he does there,' said the young man scornfully to himself, and he glided in after you. But he saw you pray so devoutly, he was so deeply impressed that he also began to pray, and from that moment he became a new man. I thank you for it.—And that is why I said you can never do me a greater favor than you have done me already."

Better than Gold.—We often hear little boys telling of the wonders they will do when they grow to be men. They are looking and longing for the time when they shall be large enough to carry a cane and wear a tall hat; and not one of them will say that he expects to be a poor man, but they every one intend to be rich. Now money is very good in its place; but let me tell you little boys, what is a great deal better than money, and what you may be earning all the time you are waiting to be large enough to earn a fortune. The Bible tells us that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." A good name does not mean a name for being the richest man in town, or for owning the largest house. A good name is a name for doing good deeds; a name for wearing a pleasant face and carrying a cheerful heart; for always doing right, no matter what may be.

Will you ask from the soldier thrown into the heat of battle, to explain the plan of the general? How could he? If he has done his duty, if he has thrown himself into the struggle, he has only seen the disorder of the charge, the flashing of arms, the clouds of smoke and dust; he has only heard human cries mixed with the deafening sound of artillery. To him all things was disorder and chaos, but upon the neighboring heights one eye followed the combat; one hand directed the least movement of the troops. Now, my brethren, there is a battle which is pursued through the ages. It is that of truth, of love, and of justice against error, egotism and iniquity. It belongs not to us obscure soldiers, thrown into a fight, to direct the contest; it ought to suffice us that God conducts it; it is for us to remain at the post He assigns us, and to struggle there firmly, even to the end.

The Hidden Serpent.—One bright, spring day I walked along the brook side. All at once a little cluster of violets caught my eye. There they were, as tidy as a little Sabbath school class. I hastened to gather them, without looking for any danger at hand. But scarcely had my fingers touched them, before a little red tongue was shot out toward me. The serpent was there. "Ah," thought I, "this is the way with many little charming pleasures—they hide a serpent. Every temptation sin hides something more than is snake. Watch, or you will be wounded."