

The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO. -1058

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 19.

Business Cards.

STEPHEN B. APPELEY,
Attorney at Law.
Office—In Allen's Brick Building, (up stairs).
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

S. E. BAKER'S
Coach and Sleigh Factory,
QUEEN STREET,
Between the Gibson House and R. Caldwell's Hotel.

Orders for Carriages, Sleighs, Blacksmithing,
Lodges, Repairing, Fainting, Trimming, &c.,
promptly attended to.
S. E. BAKER.
N. B.—Sleighs manufactured from History and
Oak. Persons intending to buy will do well to call
and examine style, acquire price, &c.
WOODSTOCK, Nov. 6, 1868. E. S. B.

Horses! Carriages!!
THE Subscribers by call public attention to their
New and spacious
Livery Stable.
Close by the "WOODSTOCK HOTEL," where they
can furnish a first rate fit out, including horses,
harness and carriages, at a moderate notice.
This is the Woodstock depot for the Fredericton,
Grand Falls and Hallowell lines.

Extras furnished when Required.
A Coach from these stables will attend the Steamer
and Cars, for the convenience of passengers. Persons
wishing a call for the Steamer or Cars leaving in the
morning, should leave their orders at the office, the
evening previous.
GLIDDEN & GILLMAN.
WOODSTOCK, Aug. 27, 1868—35.

CARRIAGE FACTORY.
WAGGONS AND SLEIGHS of every description
made to order at the shortest notice, and on low
prices.
PAINTING done in the best style by J. W. Boyer.
REPAIRING done with neatness and dispatch.
Second growth of "Cable House."
Shop in rear of "Cable House."
WOODSTOCK, April 12, 1868—16

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
49 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail
Dealer in
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.
CANVAS COVERS MADE TO ORDER.
Repairing neatly done at shortest notice.
W. H. KNOWLES.
St. John July 6, 1868—42-28

PATRICK GILLIN,
Importer and dealer in
Wines & Liquors of various brands,
Carefully Selected.
GROCERIES, ALE, PORTER, &c.,
Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

ROWE & SHERMAN,
Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,
Fredericton, N. B.

WE would respectfully inform the public generally
that we are prepared to attend to all branches
of the Shipping & Commission Business.
Having in process of erection a spacious Wharf,
completed by the time that navigation opens,
feel confident in saying that our facilities for
Wharfing and Shipping all kinds of Lumber,
can be surpassed in the Province.
Consignments solicited.
ZEBULON ROWE,
L. W. SHERMAN.
Ft. N. B., May 8, 1867

HENRY CONROY,
Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,
Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.
HAS constantly for sale and makes to order, all
kinds of Ladies' Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Head
Dresses, Caps, Corsets and Plain, Frizzles, Ringlets,
Braid, Switches, Wigs, and all kinds of Hair.
Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Scaup.
Hair Cutting and the various branches of his pro-
fession, he is anxious to execute to the satisfaction
of his customers. Ladies sending their own hair can have it
made up in any style, on moderate terms.
St. John July 27, 1867—43-91

Fire and Life Insurance Agency
THE Subscribers are Agent for Woodstock and the up
per St. John of the
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.
of Edinburgh and London.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.
CAPITAL, £2,000,000
Invested Funds, £84,804,512, 7s, 10.

AND OF THE
Standard Life Assurance Co.
OF EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1825.
Accumulated and Invested Funds over £3,500,000.

These Companies are of the most reliable class in
Great Britain, and do business on the most reasonable
terms, consistent with safety to the insured. As such,
I can confidently recommend them to my friends and
the public generally, and shall be glad to receive ap-
plication from those desirous of insuring their property
or lives.
JAMES GROVER.
WOODSTOCK, Au 1866.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance
effected at lowest rates.

**First Class English, American and Can-
adian Companies represented.**
Offices—Corner of Prince Wm. Street and Market
Square, St. John, N. B.
Apply to John T. Allen, Agent, Woodstock.
45-17.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.,
N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

Auctioneer's Notice.
THE Subscribers would inform the inhabitants of
Woodstock and Country, that he has taken
License as an Auctioneer, and is prepared to sell at
DIXON'S HALL, Goods of every description at reason-
able prices. Parties consigning Goods for sale will be
promptly attended to.
There will be Auction Sales on two evenings
each, of which due notice will be given.
SINCE MELOD,
WOODSTOCK, Jan 8 1866 Auctioneer

Professional Cards.
W. J. BALLOCH,
DENTAL SURGEON.
Office—At the rooms of Dr. Connell, Brick Building,
Queen Street,
Opposite "Cable House."
Woodstock, July 2, 1868—37.

Dr. C. P. Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales.
—Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
Has removed his residence, to his new Building, two
corners north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
Office—In the Medical Hall, King Street, next door
to the Post Office.
Woodstock, April 29, 1868.

N. R. COLTER, M. D.,
(L. R. C. P. L. ENGLAND.)
Office and Residence, — GIBSON HOUSE.
DR. COLTER has held public appointments in
Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas' Hospital,
London. Consultations as above.
Woodstock, Feb. 1, 1868—24-p-47

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, — WOODSTOCK.
RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jack-
sontown Road. [22-17]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,
1, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A FIRST CLASS
HAIR DRESSING,
SHAVING AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON!
NOW OPEN.
THE Subscribers would return thanks to his friends
and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed
upon him, and in announcing that he has removed
to a new and more commodious premises, he would
also announce that he has secured the services of
Messrs. J. W. Boyer and J. W. Knowles, who will
attend to the various branches of the business, and
Hair Dressing, Shaving, Shampooing, and
Particular care given to Cutting Children's Hair.
Baptist Church, near the Post Office.
WOODSTOCK, April 29, 1868.

CALDWELL HOUSE,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
GEORGE W. TINKER, Proprietor
Good Stabling on the Premises.
November 26, 1868.

CABLE HOUSE,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
THE Subscribers having assumed the Proprietor-
ship of the "Cable House," desire to assure his
friends and the travelling public generally, that he is
determined to spare no efforts to maintain the charac-
ter of this house as a first class hotel, and to pro-
vide the most comfortable and pleasant accommo-
dation for transient and permanent boarders.
To remain reasonable.
A. H. PARKS.
WOODSTOCK, April 20, 1868.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
ROBERT DONALDSON, — Proprietor.
PLEASANTLY situated on the bank of the river,
immediately at the steamer landing, and con-
venient to the public in all respects.
WOODSTOCK, March 25, 1868—17-13

GIBSON HOUSE,
OPEN FOR TRAVELLERS.
QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.

WATSON HOUSE.
THE "WATSON HOUSE," ST. JOHN, N. B., is now in complete
running order, and is prepared to receive and
entertain the public in the most comfortable and
convenient manner. The furniture and fittings con-
sistent with the style of the house have been
purchased, and the arrangements have been made
with a view to meet the wants and promote the com-
fort of travellers.
The situation is most desirable, close by the Rail-
road Depot, near the Post Office and Bank, and over-
looking the "Cable House."
HENRY RUSSELL, Proprietor.

RUSSELL HOUSE,
SPARK STREET,
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOVIN, Proprietor.
March 18, 1868—12.

AMERICAN HOUSE.
C. F. ESTEY, Proprietor.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Good Stabling on the premises. [20]
WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE
Comfortable Extra Parlor at the shortest
notice for any party [19]

LONG'S HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
THOS. W. SMITH, Proprietor.
First Class Accommodation for
TRANSIENT & PERMANENT BOARDERS
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Good Stabling, and a Careful Hostler always in atten-
dance.
Fredericton, July 2, 1868—37.

E. D. WATTS,
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS
WOMEN AND RETAIL.
Corner of King Street and Market Square
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A choice assortment of new Goods, bought since
the decline in price, and offered very low. The most
orderly attention given to orders from the country.
No. 1, 1st

EASTERN EXPRESS COMPANY.
Immediately on the running of the Steamers, this
company will have faithful messengers and safe on
board each boat.
The public may rest assured that all goods, money,
packages, &c., entrusted to their charge will be safely
and promptly delivered, and at reasonable rates.
We hold ourselves responsible for all goods entrusted
to our care.
G. W. VANWART,
Agent, Woodstock.
Woodstock, May 1, 1869.

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE—ST. JOHN.
H. FAIRWEATHER,
Proprietor.
This house is new, is pleasantly situated, fur-
nished in a superior manner, and will be kept as a
First-Class Hotel. [24]

Poetry.

A GEM.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me"—say it daring;
"Lay me," hushed the tiny lips,
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curlew had dropped low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep";
When the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows the rest."

O, the trusting sweet, confiding,
Of the heart's heart! would that I
Thou might'st trust thy Heavenly Father,
Who he hears my feeble cry.

Select Tale.

THE ENGINE DRIVER'S STORY
Well, putting cows first, and old women
second, the next on the list, to my way of
thinking, stand children, bless 'em! I love
children, got half a score of them myself, but
they always give me the cold shivers when I
see them near a railway. For you see, I sup-
pose, for company's sake, being an out-of-the-
way lonely spot, there was a chap built him-
self a log shanty close to the line, where he had
made a bit of a clearing, and perhaps he
thought it would be a bit of company for his
wife and little ones to see the trains go by
with people in, besides being a bit of pro-
tection from the wandering tribes abroad; for
you see where a man sets up his tent, as you
may say; out in the wilderness, he's obliged to
run risks; so any chance, however small, of
making it less risky is snatched up.

I got quite to know those people, and nice
hard-working folks they were. Why before
they had been there six months that bit of wil-
derness began to look like a garden of Eden; and
two more people came and pitched in the next
bit. I quite knew those first folks, though
we never spoke; for I always went by them
at twelve miles an hour; but the little ones
used to stand at the shanty-door and cheer,
and as time went on, I'd wave my hat, to the
wife and to the husband too, so that they gen-
erally used to come out, when they heard me
coming up or down; and more than once I
had been an anxious journey when I've passed
there, and all has been quiet, for I've thought
that perhaps the Indians had been down, which
would have meant murder and fire; but some-
how I never had that to trouble me, for the
next time I'd pass there would be some one at
the door or in the strawberry patch in front.

We got to be such friends at last, that I
used to buy candy and dough-nuts, and heav-
enly into the garden as I went by, for the chil-
dren to scramble after, and that's what it was
that did it, and this is how it was.

We were going comfortably along one af-
ternoon, all as we got near the clearing where
my friends, as I called them, were located, I
began to forage in my pocket for a couple of
papers, of something that I'd got, when my
stoker says; "Hello! what's that on the
line?"

"Cow?" says I.
"Cow; no," he says; "why—why—it's
three children!"

"Sound the bell!"—I did not stop to finish
upon the little valve myself, making the
still afternoon air quiver with the hollow boom-
ing that it sent far and wide.

"That's moved 'em!" says my stoker,
laughing to see the little distant figures scam-
per away.

"I thought it would," I says; and then
with my hand on the valve, I made the thing
steam and roar again, for there was one of the
little ones still right in the middle of the
track.

In a moment I'd forgotten all about the
stuff in the papers, for a curious sort of feeling
came over me, one that for a few moments
took all the nerve from my limbs, so that I
could not move; and then, instead of re-
versing the engine, I began to creep forward;
while, as if from the same feeling, my stoker
stood staring with all his might right at the
poor little child.

We were too near for it to have done any
good, even if we had both done our parts, and
it was with a groan suggestive of force itself
out of my breast, that I told myself it was
through my encouraging the poor little child
with presents, that this was going to hap-
pen, for, seeing no danger, was a little
bright-eyed, long-haired thing, dancing about
and waving its little hands as we came swift-
ly on.

It takes me some time to tell it, but it only
took a few moments; and there it all is like
a picture that having once seen I can never for-
get. It was a glorious, golden, sunshiny
afternoon, with all looking bright and mellow;
the hat, with its patch of flowers; the children
by the side of the line, and their mother
running out wild and frantic-like, but only to
drop down in the track, half-way between the
waving its little hands as we glided on.

I felt like a man done in one of those night-
mare fancies, when the will is to do something,
only a dreadful kind of force holds you back,
and you can see danger coming nearer and
nearer, and yet not avoid it. We neither of
us spoke, but stood there, one on each side,

leaving forward as helpless as the poor little
child in front, till, with almost a yell, I fought
clear of the power that seemed to hold me, and
with the feeling on me that I was too late,
crept along the side of the engine, and lay
down with arms extended in front of the cow-
catcher. Only moments that seemed like
hours, as with its strange, hurrying, jumping
motion, the engine dashed down, as I told my-
self, to crush out the life of the poor little in-
nocent. I wanted to shut my eyes to keep out
the horrible sight, but I dare not; and though
now I seemed to be doing what might save the
child's life, I could not think it possible.
There it was just in front, and yet it appeared
to come no nearer. In an ordinary way we
should have passed the shanty a score of times;
but now the horror of those moments acted so
upon my imagination that we seemed to crawl
slowly but surely, like the motion of some
slow machinery that hardly seemed to move,
and yet forced its way on with a power there is
no stopping.

Twenty yards—ten yards—were we never
going to pass over the spot? or would some
miraculous power stop the engine? I tried to
shout but only a curious hoarse noise came from
my throat; I wanted to wave my hands, but
they remained stretched out obstinately to-
wards the child.

Five yards—four—three. There was the
little thing laughing in its innocent glee, for it
was expecting some little present from me,
and who was then calling myself its murderer, and
lay there motionless as a statue.

Two yards—one—last—all over. There
was a shock as we dashed down upon the little
thing, who seemed to stretch out its hands to
mine, and to leap, actually, into my arms,
and then, with tightly grasped, were still
going on and on; I with my eyes shut, but feel-
ing that I had the child tightly held in my
breast, and yet not able to look to see if it was
hurt.

Then I don't know how it was, but I be-
lieve I must have got up, and crawled back to
my place by the stoker; but I don't know. I
can't recollect doing it, only finding myself
sitting down there, holding the frightened little
child in my arms, and feeling stunned as help-
less as a child myself.

"What am I doing?" I said at last, for
my stoker had spoken to me "Why, I'm
crying," I said; and so I was crying like some
great girl.

We dared not stop to take the little thing
back, but we sent it from the next station; and
you'll believe me when I tell you, that we were
better friends afterwards than ever, so that for
long enough we used to make signals, I to the
folks at the cottage, and they to me; but I shall
never forget that little one getting out upon the
line.

SOLOMON'S THRONE.
The following account of this remarkable
piece of mechanism purports to be taken from
the Persian manuscript, called "The History
of Jerusalem."

The sides of it were of pure gold, the feet
of emeralds and rubies intermixed with pearls,
each of which were as large as an ostrich's egg.
The throne had seven sides; on each side
were delineated orchards full of trees, the
branches of which were of precious stones, re-
presenting fruit, ripe and unripe; on the tops
of trees were to be seen figures of plumage
birds, particularly the peacock, and other
kinds. All these birds were hollowed within
artificially, so as to occasionally utter melodi-
ous sounds, such as the ear of mortal never
heard.

On the first step were delineated vine
branches having bunches of grapes, composed
of precious stones of various kinds, fashioned
such a manner as to represent the various
colors of purple, violet, green and red, so as to
resemble the appearance of real fruit.

On the second step, on each side of the throne, were
two lions of terrible aspect, large as life, and
formed of finest gold.

The nature of this remarkable throne was
such that Solomon placed his foot on the first
step, the birds spread their wings and made a
fluttering noise in the air. On his reaching
the third step the whole assemblage of demons,
and fairies and men, repeated the praises of the
Deity. When he arrived at the fourth step,
voices were heard addressing him in the fol-
lowing manner:—"Son of David be thankful
for the blessings which the Almighty has be-
stowed upon us." The same was repeated on
his reaching the fifth step. On his reaching
the sixth, all of the children of Israel joined
them; and on his arrival at the seventh all the
birds and animals became in motion, and ceased
not until he had placed himself on the
royal seat, when the birds, lions and other
animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower
of the most precious perfumes at Solomon, af-
ter which two of the largest descended and
placed the golden crown upon his head.

Before the throne was a column of burnished
gold, on the top of which was a golden dove,
which held in its beak a volume bound in sil-
ver. In this book were written the Psalms of
David, and the dove having presented the book
to the King, he read aloud a portion of it to the
children of Israel. It is further related that
on the approach of evil persons to the throne,
the lions were wont to set up a terrible roar,
and to lash their tails with violence, the birds
also, and the demons and geni to utter horrid
cries, so for fear of them, no one dared be guilty
of falsehood, but all confessed their crimes.

Such was the throne of Solomon, the Son of
David.

A "STOWAWAY STORY."
Some days after one of the English steamers
had left Liverpool, not long ago, a bright look-
ing boy, about eight years old, was found

aboard, who had been concealed in the vessel
since she left port, (which, by the way, is quite
a common occurrence). He was questioned by
the officers how he came there. He stated he
was an orphan and had an aunt living in Hal-
ifax, and that his uncle in Liverpool being poor
and unable to support him, had hid him in the
vessel just before sailing, so that he might go
to Halifax and live with his aunt. It seemed
like the old story to the officers of the vessel,
and they accused him of being helped by the
crew, and tried their utmost by coaxing and
threatening to have him divulge that some of
the sailors had taken him aboard and given
him food but they availed nothing—the little
fellow would tell no other story. At last one
of the officers feeling sure that the boy was dis-
ceiving him, seized him by the arm with the
remark, "I am going to make you tell the
truth," and taking him to what is called the
brigade, said, "In one half hour I shall hang
you unless you tell me which of the sailors
have been feeding you." It was of no use—
the boy would not lie; and when the officer
told him sternly that he had only two minutes
to live, the little fellow asked, "Sir, may I
pray?"—and immediately sunk on his knees,
and lifting his little hands in an attitude of
prayer, slowly repeated the Lord's prayer,
amidst the upturned faces of the passengers
and crew of the vessel, who had anxiously been
watching the result of the officer's experiment.
This sight was too much for their doubts and
caused a most effecting scene. The apparently
rough officer burst into tears, and caught the
little fellow in his arms and hugged him as
though in reality he had just escaped death.

After this event the boy was a young hero in
the ship. He was praised and treated with
dainties, each one being anxious to do some-
thing for him; and when he arrived in Halifax
he was taken by the same officer who had
doubted him and fitted with a nice suit of
clothes and carried to his aunt, with a hearty
God's blessing for his future career.

POTATO SETS.
A correspondent in the Country Gentleman,
in an article on potato culture, has the follow-
ing sensible remarks:

"I have noticed several articles in your
columns lately in regard to size of seed. The
question appears to be, shall we plant large,
small, cut or uncut seeds. There is almost
always too many eyes in the hill. We might
as well expect to raise large ears of corn with
ten or twelve stalks to the hill, as large pota-
toes, with the same amount of vines in a hill.
I have tried every way of seeding, and with
me the best is to select large, smooth well de-
veloped tubers, discarding deep-eyed and sprout
prone specimens, for I believe in potatoes, as
well as in other things, 'like begets like.' This
is best done at digging time. Put them away
by themselves. I have found it best to
bury (for if put in cellar the temptation to
use them is great), and not open until plant-
ing time. I then know that I am all right as
to seed. Cut them one eye in a piece and put
but one piece in the hill; plant in drills three
feet apart, and hills eighteen inches apart in
the drills, and at digging time you will find
but few small potatoes. Cook them and feed
the fowls. I believe that the main cause of pota-
toes running out is planting small or medium
seed, and continuing it year after year."

GOOD BREEDING.
I believe this matter of good manners and
good breeding to be chiefly in the hands of
mothers. It is as easy to teach a child to
"thank you for a piece of bread," as "Give
me some bread," as easy to accustom a family
of children to bid their parents good morning
upon ordinary, as guests upon extraordinary
occasions. Let there be no "company man-
ners." Convince children by example, no
less than precept, that the best they have to
offer in matter and manner should be laid before
those they love most earnestly. A boy taught
at ten to enter the parlor, and bow to his
mother's friend, will do it with ease and self-
possession at twenty. For what, after all, is
the matter of manners but politeness long prac-
tised, and incorporated as an unconscious con-
stituent of the individual? It may be well for us
to remember the original significance of gentle-
man, gentlemen, terms which I fear would never
have grown out of the bustling carriage of a
large class of modern gallants.

Recently a lively stealer in Lowell
was applied to by a fine appearing man for a
horse and buggy, to go out of town for the day.
He was furnished, and when about to leave,
was informed that it was customary to have a
deposit left by strangers. He inquired what
the owner would take for his team, and was
told \$500, which was immediately handed over
to the proprietor. On returning, the stable
keeper was asked to examine the team and see
if he thought it was worth as much as when
taken in the morning, to which he answered in
the affirmative, and handed the stranger the iden-
tical \$500, who immediately left for the hotel.
The stable keeper, not having realized any pro-
fit in the transaction, followed, and informed
him that he had forgotten to pay for the use of
the team. "What team?" was the reply. "I
bought a horse and buggy of you this morning
and sold it back to you just now for the same
price. I drove my own team." The lively
man found himself minus the amount of his
charge.

Sydney Smith says that errors, to be
dangerous, must be a great deal of truth
mingled with them; it is only from this alliance
that they can ever obtain an extensive circula-
tion; from pure extravagance and genuine un-
belief, falsehoods are seldom ever heard.

The Law of True Marriage.
"Wherever," says Gail Hamilton, "man pays
reverence to woman—wherever any man feels
the influence of any woman, purifying, chasten-
ing, abasing, strengthening him against tempta-
tion, shielding him from evil, ministering to
his self-respect, mellowing his weariness, pur-
ifying his solitude, warming him from cold
enveloping his monotonous days without air, or
fancy, or wit, flashing Heaven upon his earth,
and mellowing it all for spiritual fortitude—
there is the element of marriage. Wherever
woman pays reverence to man—wherever any
woman rejoices in the strength of any man, feels
it to be God's agent upholding her weakness,
confirming her purpose, and crowning her power;
wherever he reveals himself to her, just,
upright, inflexible, yet tolerant, merciful, benig-
nant, not unfeeling, perhaps, but not overcome
by the world's turbulence, and 'not repulsed to
all her gentleness, his feet on the earth, his head
among the stars, helping her to hold soul steady
in right, to stand firm against the encroach-
ment of frivolity, vanity, impatience, fatigue,
and discouragement, helping to preserve good
nature, to develop her energy, to consolidate
her thought, to utilize her benevolence, to exalt
and illumine her life—there is the essence of
marriage. Its love is founded on respect, and
increases self-respect at every moment of
merging and receiving at every instant of its
action. There is neither dependence nor inde-
pendence, but interdependence. Tears cannot
weaken its bonds, distance cannot sunder them.
It is a love which conquers the grave, and
transfigures death itself into life."

The Young Wife
It takes a hero to be economical, says Miss
Maluch. "For, will not rather run in debt
for a bonnet than wear her old one a year be-
hind the mode? give a ball, and stint the
family dinner for a month after? take a large
house, and furnish handsome reception-rooms,
while her household had to together anyhow in
untidy attic bed-chambers, and her servants
shelter on shakedown beside the kitchen fire?
She prefers this a hundred times, to stating
plainly by word or manner, 'My income is so
much a year—I don't care who knows it—it
will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate,
it will not keep comfortable both my family and
acquaintance; therefore, excuse my preferring
the comfort of my family to the entertainment
of my acquaintance. And, society, if you
choose to look in upon us, you must take us
as we are, without any pretences of any kind; or
you may shut the door and good-by!'"

CARE OF THE EYES.—Looking into the fire
is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal
fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon
destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron in
sun destroys the sight. Reading in twilight is
injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make
great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side
light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be
exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason
is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great,
that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept
in the dark, the other is also dilated, and the
partiality in the shade, the one that is most ex-
posed cannot contract itself sufficiently for pro-
tection, and will ultimately be injured. Those
who wish to preserve their sight should preserve
their general health by correct habits, and give
their eyes just work enough, with a due degree
of light.

WIDOWS.—Of all ceremonies in the world
which exclusively concerns those persons alone
affected by it, to my mind the ceremony of mar-
riage is first and foremost. A wedding should
be a quiet, private business, the first consoling
attitude the bride and bridegroom, who require
no extraneous pomp or demonstrative friendship
to complete their happiness. When the honey-
moon is over, and the married people return to
their friends, that is the time for rejoicing and
feasting.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A schoolmaster in Pontiac, Michigan, adver-
tises as follows: "I propose to sell with every
man, woman, or boy in Oakland county for
\$1000 aside, the words to be collected by a com-
munity of literary gifts, and a prize to be reward-
ed by the empires to the one who misses the few-
est words. If you have of any one who dares
to take up this challenge! let them pitch in, solus
bolus. I'm ready."