THE OLD North State.

VOL. VI. SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 16, 1871. NO. 6.

CLEMMONS' STAGE LINES!

WARSAW

to Fayetteville.

LEAVE Warsaw for Fayetteville daily except Sunday. Through tickets from Goldsboro' via Warsaw, to Fayetteville $6. Through tickets from Weldon to Fayetteville $10.—Through tickets from Wilmington, via Warsaw, to Fayetteville, $6.

CHARLOTTE VIA WADESBORO. TO HEAD OF W. C. R. R.

Leave Charlotte after train from Raleigh via Monroe, for Wadesboro' Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Leave Wadesboro', Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after trian from Wilmington.

CHATHAM R. R. TO FAYETTEVILLE AND WESTERN R. R.

Leave Chatham Rail Road after train from Raleigh.

Leave Western Road at Jonesboro' after train from Fayetteville, daily except Sundays.

SALEM AND HIGH POINT STAGE leaves each place daily.

Office at Butner's Hotel, Salem, N. C.

E. T. CLEMMONS, Contractor.

Sept. 16, 1870—tf

PHILLIPS & BROTHERS,

TWO DOORS ABOVE THE

Court House, on Main Street,

RETURN THEIR THANKS TO THE public for the very liberal patronage enjoyed by them during the past year, and hope, by fair dealing and strict attention to business to merit a continuance, if not an increase of the same.

We will continue to keep on hand a good supply of **FAMILY GROCERIES**, including

Fresh and Salt Fish,

—OF EVERY VARIETY—

Whiskeys, Brandies, Rum, Gin, &c., &c.

ALSO,

BOOTS, SHOES, DOMESTICS, PIECE GOODS,

YANKEE NOTIONS,

in fact, almost everything usually kept in a variety Store, all of which we will **sell low for Cash, or Country Produce** at the highest market price.

PHILLIPS & BROTHERS.

Feb. 18. 1870. 7—tf

SIXTY-FIVE FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED,

The Great

Southern Piano

Manufactory.

Wm. Knabe & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand, Square and Upright

PIANO FORTES

BALTIMORE, Md.

These Instruments have been before the public for nearly Thirty Years, and upon their excellence alone attained an unparalleled pre-eminence, which pronounces them unequalled. Their

TONE

combines great power, sweetness and fine singing quality, as well as the great purity of intonation and Sweetness throughout the entire scale. Their

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is pliant and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in so many pianos.

IN WORKMANSHIP

they are unequaled using none but the very best seasoned material, the large capital employed in our business enables us to keep continually an immense stock of lumber, &c., on hand.

☞ All of our SQUARE PIANOS have our New Improved Overstrung Scale and the Agraffe Treble.

☞ We would call special attention to our late improvements in GRAND PIANOS AND SQUARE GRANDS, Patented August 14, 1866, which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for Five Years.

We have made arrangements for the Sole Wholesale Agency for the most celebrated PARLOR ORGANS and MELODEONS, which we offer, wholesale and retail, at Lowest Factory Prices.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

Baltimore, Md.

Sept. 9-36:6m.

BARBEE'S HOTEL,

HIGH POINT, N. C.

OPPOSITE RAILROAD DEPOT.

Ten paces from where the Cars stop.

Best of porters in attendance at all trains.
Mail Stages for Salem leave this house daily.
Passengers dispatched to any point at short notice by private conveyance.
Grateful for the liberal patronage of the past we hope by strict attention to the wants of our guests to merit a continuance of the same.

WM. G. BARBEE,
Jan. 1. 1870 -tf Proprietor.

CAN THE GRAVE

BE FOUND?

IF IT CAN, call on the subscriber before the last traces of it has disappeared, and get one of his *Cheap, Durable and Handsome* Monuments, Tombs, or Head-stones, at prices that will *defy* competition.

All kinds of marble work at reduced prices.

Orders solicited and promptly attended to.

Call and examine his work and hear his prices before buying elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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JNO. H. BUTNER,
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PERSONS WISHING to purchase SOUTHERN LANDS, will do well to call on Messrs. Crawford & Dunham, who are prepared to give all necessary information as it regards location, price, quality, &c.

All letters addressed to them, at this place will receive prompt attention.

CRAWFORD & DUNHAM, Land Agents,
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Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Operatic Gems, Songs, Ballads, &c., arranged expressly for Cabinet Organs and Melodeons

By WM. H. CLARKE.

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Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.
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The Old North State

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

LEWIS HANES.

Editor and Proprietor.

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ONE YEAR, payable in advance.	$3.00
SIX MONTHS, " "	1.50
5 Copies to one address,	12.50
10 Copies to one address,	20.00

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CENTREVILLE, TEXAS, Jan. 20, 1871.

FRIEND HANES:—My last was dated, I believe, at New Orleans; this leaves me at a pleasant village in the interior of the State. Leaving New Orleans I travel by rail eighty miles to Brashear, then take steamer for Galveston. The trip by rail road to Brashear, you pass through Mississippi bottom and valley, all the way, and sugar and cotton plantations are seen on every hand. Your readers are familiar with the incredible fertility of these lands, but I am satisfied that quite one half is now lying idle for want of labor, and I verily believe that the country loses more in material wealth every year by the neglect of these fertile lands than would pay the interest on the public debt. In fact it seems to me that free labor never can be made remunerative in that particular section. On every plantation you see comfortable white washed cabins where the late slave could shelter comfortably after his day's toil, and eat his hog and hominy. Now he lives in rude moss-covered hovels, more like hog-shelters than human habitations, dragging out an unprofitable, aimless existence. Query—has he gained by the change in his status?

Of the ride across the gulf I need not speak. Suffice to say that my experience of "ups and downs" to the uninitiated was like the experience of any other land lubber on his first voyage.

Well, what of Texas? From Galveston to Houston and beyond, the country presents a monotonous and uninteresting appearance, being a half prairie with stubby, coarse grass, level, wet and muddy with thin soil and little timber, and that scrubby Post Oak. The climate is generally mild, but cold northern winds blow up and the change is so sudden that it finds a man wholly unprepared. One hour will be mild and balmy as an April morn and the next freezing cold. These sudden changes are very destructive to the stock on the prairies, and large numbers freeze or perish. Your readers can form no idea of the number or size of Texas cattle on the prairies. In my next I will give you a *minute* description of my views of a Texas steer. Thousands of fine sheep abound and live with no attention or feed save such as the prairie affords. The people are universally kind and hospitable, and glad to show a stranger all the points of interest in the country. I have seen no indication of that rough, rowdyism for which we have given the State credit. Here they don't quarrel, if a difference arise it is a word and a blow, and not an endless flow of abuse and villification. Whether to move to Texas or not will be advised in due time with an honest desire to give the best advice I can.

Yours,

TAR HEEL.

TEXAN EDITORS.—Editors have a firstrate time in Texas. The ladies of a there have given the editor of the paper an embroidered shirt which contains a pictorial history of Texas, including the war with Mexico, and the meeting of the first Legislature, and also pictures of the fruits and cereals of the State, all worked in red worsted. The editor never wore a shirt in his life, and he thought it was a banner for the temperance procession which was to come off the next week. So he made a little speech of thanks, in which he said he would "fling it out forever to the breezes of heaven, that they might kiss its folds, and that until his hands palsied it should never be trailed in the dust—never!" The ladies didn't understand him, and when he talked about its trailing, they blushed and said they were very very sorry they made it too long. But a committee man took the editor aside and explained the shirt to him in a whisper, and the next day he appeared at the office with that shirt mounted over his coat, and he wrote over four columns of explanation for his paper. The shirt is much admired by the boys of the town, and whenever the editor goes for a walk they follow in regiments, studying the history of Texas and the fine arts off the back of it.

THAT BOOK AGENT—MARK TWAIN KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAID HIS GOLDEN EGG.

He was a man of middle age, mild manners, and benevolent aspect, and withal one of the most eminently amiable and unconscious of bores. In his least disagreeable phase, one of his visitations was enough to reconcile its victim to the minor annoyances of rainy winds and smoky chimneys, or toothache; but he was too tranquilly self-reliant to find that out without aid, and so for years he travelled from house to house as unconsciously obtrusive and unintentionally offensive as the measles or any other mild epidemic. He was a blindly imperturable variety of the pestilence that walketh at noonday, and a rude or ungracious welcome would not disconcert him any more than it would a brass-mounted revenue assessor.

This mollusk started in life as a pedlar of salve, and descended, by easy gradations through the stove-damper, window-cord, washing-fluid, and stencil-plate era, that diversify the downward career of most itinerant venders. Those pursuits were, doubtless, eminently calculated to bring his literary taste to a high state of cultivation; but unhappily he had quite neglected to profit by his opportunities. His vast and contented ignorance of literature naturally suggested the splendid possibilities that awaited him in the book trade; so when he found the stencil business too bewildering to his intellect, he calmly and confidently dropped into book canvassing.

He was not a first rate judge of authors, and his literary discrimination seldom strayed beyond the pictures and binding without being gloriously swamped. A flavor of the old salve and washing fluid was always perceptible in the discussion of books and authors. Fired to experience a melancholy pleasure in persuading him to descant on the merits of Shakespeare's Black Crook, or Munchausen's Dictionary, or Dickens on Longarithms, or R. W. Emerson's Nursery Tales. He could expatiate on those works or any others that I recklessly suggested, just as lucidly and delightfully as he could on those for which he was canvassing; more so, indeed, for he felt more "fancy free" where there were no books around.

He often declared that when Shakespeare wrote another book he would try and get the agency, though he "had an idea that Shakespeare wasn't quite a match for Headley or Smucker." He thought that children might like Emerson, he was so plain and simple; but grown folks generally like solid literature, like 'New York by Gaslight,' or 'A Thousand Things Worth Knowing.'

I suppose it was his invincible and remorseless assiduity that enabled him to subdue his victims. He had a way of pouring himself out, in a ceaseless whitewash of prepared platitudes and canned twaddle capable, I verily believe, of wearying a bronze statue of William Pitt into the purchase of 'Abbott's Napoleon.' And the more summary it look the better he liked to fight it out on that line. I once tried to baffle him by passive endurance, but in the sixth hour of his oration his enjoyment of his superhuman eloquence had become so keen that I had to subscribe to an extra copy before he would consent to stop.

That ignominious failure of the Fabian policy sealed my doom. I never recovered an atom of confidence in any ability to stem the tide of his tireless loquacity, and thereafter he saw in me a reliable market for subscription literature. He overwhelmed me with volume after volume of pictorial imbecility and pathos in gold binding. My small capital was gradually absorbed by the ponderous accumulations of 'Napoleon and his Marshals,' 'Everybody Else and his Marshals, notorious Criminals, Libels on the Presidents, Family Bibles with caricatures, wretched parodies on Universal History, solemn burlesques, of the Patriarchs, and other illustrated and absurd trumpery imposed upon me by that remorseless agent.

My family was actually reduced to a verge of want by the vampyre's repeated drafts upon me. I tried in vain to raise a little money out of my books. The constable even refused to levy on them for a grocer's bill, and returned the execution unsatisfied because a man's library was exempt, and he didn't 'want to get in no trap.' Presuming upon my utter thraldom, this agent deliberately compelled me to buy a set of Patent Office Reports, and I had to borrow the money to pay him for them. The next time he called I cast myself, a haggard, care-worn suppliant, at his feet, and implored him to let upon me, in mercy to my suffering, starving family.

In California, when the diggins were paying well, Signor Blitz visited a gulch, and before a large audience, exhibited his legerdemain. During the performance, he took out his handkerchief, threw it into the air, caught it again, when he took a twenty dollar piece out of it, asking the boys if they could do that. Old Pete, a 'forty niner,' who had never changed his mining shirt since he came into the diggings, immediately went upon the platform, took off his shirt, dipped the tail of it into a bucket of water, held it up and wrung out $39 50 in gold dust, including fifteen pounds of subsoil. Blitz took the next mule train.

In the intoxicating cup discontent seek for comfort, cowardice for courage, bashfulness for confidence, sadness for joy, and they all find ruin.

A CHAPTER ON FOOLS.

The fools are not all dead; indeed there are so many of them having large families, they bid fair to outnumber the rest of the population. They represent all classes of the community; and every phase of public and social life. We have not space or patience to mention but a few of the variety of fools which may be found in every city and country.

The jealous fool is a common creature. If you 'bray him in a mortar, his folly will not depart from him;' he will continue to brag, and advertise his folly. He looks upon every one in his line of trade as a personal enemy seeking opportunities to snap and undermine the foundation of his business. If he ventures to speak in public he is jealous of every one who can speak better than he can; if he sings, he is jealous of all who can sing better than he can; if he holds office, he is jealous of all who seek office. Such simpletons make themselves miserable without cause. They stultify themselves, and seldom outgrow their folly. They make enemies of those who desire to be their friends, and bring reproach upon themselves and those who sympathize with them.

The spasmodic fool. This class of fools, like others, are lacking in brains, but have an impulsive temperament.—Those who compose it "go off half cocked." No one is safe in their society.—When you think you are perfectly safe, and everything is serene and lovely, you are suddenly shocked by an explosion—They are like the Irishman's crooked gun, made to shoot around corners. Their favor is very cheap, but it goes more easily than it comes.

You cannot depend upon them. To-day they are all "honey and pie," to-morrow they imagine that something has been said or done which conflicts with their inordinate conceit, and they do not hesitate to fret and fume and pout. You might as well put your trust in a weathercock as to confide in a spasmodic fool.

The obstinate fool. Gough tells a story of an obstinate fool who opposed the temperance cause in the church which he (the fool) attended. One of the brethren prayed for him; he prayed as follows:—'If this brother will not cease his opposition to the temperance cause he hoped the Lord would remove him from the church militant below, to the church triumphant above.' 'I won't go,' said the obstinate man.

The natural fool, in or out of the temperance ranks, seems to think that praise bestowed upon another person, is so much taken or withheld from himself, that honors given to his neighbor are honors plucked from his own wreath. The subject grows upon our hands, we shall have to refer to it again. In the meantime, if any fool should happen to read this, and take it to himself, we hope it will do him good. It was intended for no particular fool, (there are particular fools,) but we are perfectly willing that any man who thinks he is a fool, should appropriate the sketch, pin it on the back of his coat, and say this means me. 'I am not a fool, and the writer has found me out.'

THE GREAT WATERFALL DISCOVERED IN DEMERAR.

The great Kaieteur Fall, recently discovered in Demerara, has a clear descent, according to barometrical observations, taken simultaneously at the bottom and at the top, of 750 feet. Above the Potaro glides smoothly in a slight depression of the table of conglomerate sandstone, and disappears over the edge in a body, which is estimated at 80 yards in width, and of depth uncertain in the centre, but shallowing rapidly toward either bank. When the fall was discovered in April (says *Natare*) the rocky channel was completely covered, and the stream must have had a width of at least one hundred yards. During the summer it is diminishing in volume, and, as the Indians state that it will continue to do so till October, only the central deeper portion about one-third of the whole, will remain. The best time, therefore, for a visit is in spring, at the end of what appears to be the rainy season of this elevated tract.

As the fall was seen by the exploring party who discovered it, nothing can be imagined more beautiful. The central portion, which is never dry, forms a small horseshoe, or recentering angle, and the water in this part preserves its consistency for a short distance from the edge. But everywhere else, and here also at a few feet from the top, all semblance of water disappears; it breaks up or blossoms into foam or spray, which descends in the well-known rocket-like forms of the Staubbach and similar waterfalls, but multiplied a thousand times, into a small dark pool, over a semicircular curtain.

The cavern behind the fall is the home of thousands of swallows, which issue from in the morning, and may be seen returning in their multitude at night. The fall itself is one vast descending column of a fine, dry-looking, snow-white substance, bearing a resemblance in color and consistency to the snow of an avalanche, but surpassing all avalanches in size and in the beauty of the form taken by the material as it falls. Rainbows of great splendor were observed, one from the front of the fall in the morning; but this last reverted, forming a colored loop or ring, into which the whole mass seemed to precipitate itself, and disappear and dart out underneath, black and foaming, at the gorge and outlet of the pool.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Ambishin is like hunger—it obeys no law but its own appetight.

There is no medicine like a good joke—it is a silver-coated pill that frollics and phislicks on the run.

Beauty is a morning darkness which the breakfast bell puts an end to.

The man who never makes any blunders will never rise in the esteem of the world above the reputation of a good guide board.

I don't want any better proof of a good hod-carryer than to hear another hod-carryer say, "He is a phool and don't understand his biznizzes."

Fortune is like a mirror, it don't alter men, it only shows them just as they are.

Dandys are hybreds, a cross between a fashion plate and unpaid tailor's bill.

Debt is a trap which a man sets and himself, and then deliberately gets into.

Diseases and pills, when they enter a man's body, are like two lawyers when they undertake tew settle his affairs, they compromise the matter by laying out the patient.

One good way I know ov to find happiness is not by boring a hole to fit the plugg.

A lie is like nitro-glycerine, the best of judges kan't tell when it iz going to bust and skatter confushun.

As the flint kontains the spark, unknown tew itself, which the steel alone can make into life, so adversity often reveals to us sidden gems which prosperity negligence would forever lay hid.

Most people when they cum tew you for advice, cum tew hav their own opinyuns strengthened, not corked.

Men seem tew me, nowadays, tew be divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners.

DR. ALCOTT ON EYES.—Bronson Alcott has given a course of his "conversations" in Chicago, and in one of them he spoke of eyes as follows:

"A pair of eyes with a mellow lustre shining through them—beware of dark, dirt eyes; the devil is shining through—but with a mellow lustre shining through, there's fire there, subordinated by the affections. They are, I take it, the practical people—the comforters. Mary or Martha, which is it? she who attended to the domestic business—she must have had black eyes, the other must have had blue eyes. She couldn't keep house, but there's her place." Blue eyes, he thought, had a celestial lustre. They might be safely trusted, the applications being the same for ladies. "'Tis said," he added, that the next Satan will be a woman.—She'll have a pair of black eyes, I take it." Art, he thought, corroborated this idea. All the angels were painted fair. "Christ," said he, "is always painted fair, though a Hebrew, except in one or two instances, where the painter was probably a dark Hebrew. I don't say that blue eyes are always saints, or black the others—whom we won't mention."

ARTIFICIAL EYES.—Artificial eyes are not a modern device, but date back to the days when Egypt was a mighty power. If our gamins grow lively and facetious over the "bully boy with the glass eye," in the days of the Pharaohs, the Egyptian rag-muffins could cry "bully boy with the gold eye." How artificial eyes are made nowadays, Good Health for December tells us. It says:

"An artificial eye is made of glass or enamel, and is a little thin light shell formed to represent the front of the eyeball. Their manufacture, although a separate trade, is quite simple. The part imparting the sclerotic, or white of the eye, is made of white enamel, with a tinge of yellow. The posterior lamina of the central piece is colored and streaked, to look like the iris, or colored part of the eye.—On the middle of this lamina a circular patch of black enamel is laid, to imitate the pupil, and the superficial lamina is transparent glass. Threads of red enamel are spread over the surface in imitation of blood-vessels, and are melted in before the blowpipe. A great variety of colors and shades are made, and considerable difference in the shape and size, so that from a large collection almost any eye can be imitated, though, of course, it is much better to have the eye made to exactly match the other sound eye, and this is the method most frequently followed."

The Southern *Churchman* of December 22nd gives a brief sketch of the celebrated Josiah Gregory who was remarkable as a preacher for his piety and wit, of which latter quality the following story furnishes a good illustration. Upon one occasion a good man complained to him of the peevishness of his wife. He said, "She is such a vixen I have no comfort of my life, only one week in four, and then she is as good as a wife can be, and I have heaven on hearth."

"Ah!" exclaimed Josiah, "why, how is that?"

"Why," said the husband, "she regularly receives the sacrament once a month, and then she reads her 'Companion to the Alta,' and says her prayers, and everything is right, but the three other weeks she is a very devil."

"Well, don't you know what to do with her?" asked Josiah.

"Why, you foolish man," said he, "make her receive the sacrament every week."

As we hold a candle to a flame, until it is fully lighted, so we must hold ourselves to Christ and his word by meditation.

A CALIFORNIA OBITUARY.

Boddlepopster is dead! The bare announcement will plunge the city into unspeakable gloom. The death of Boddlepopster was most untimely; he should have died twenty years ago. Probably no man of his day has exerted so peculiar an influence upon society as the deceased. Ever foremost in every good work out of which anything could be made, an unstinted dispenser of every species of charity that paid a commission to the disburser. Mr. Boddlepopster was a model of generosity, and weighed, at the time of his death, one hundred and ninety-odd pounds. Originally born in Massachusetts, but for nineteen years, a native of California, and partially bald, possessing a cosmopolitan nature that loved a York shilling as well, in proportion to its value, as a Mexican dollar, the subject of our memoir was one whom it was an honor to know, and whose close friendship was a luxury that only the affluent could afford. It shall ever be the writer's proudest boast that he enjoyed it at less than half the usual rates. Mr. B. was the founder of the now famous Boddlepopster Institute, and some years preceding his death suffered severely from a soft corn, which has probably done as much for agriculture as any similar concern in the foothills of our State. In 1862 he was elected an honorary member of the Society for the Prevention of Humanity to Mongolians, and but for the loss of an eye in carrying out its principles, would have been one of the handsomest whites that ever resided among us. There is little doubt that he might have aspired to any office in the gift of the people, so universal was the esteem in which he was held by those, he voted for. In an evil moment he was induced to associate himself in business with Rev. Albert Williams, and though he speedily withdrew from the firm, he was never able wholly to eradicate the disgrace from his constitution, and it finally carried him to his grave. His last words, as he was snuffed out, were characteristic of the man.—He remarked, 'Fetch me that damn catnip tea.' The catnip consolation arrived too late to be of any use; he had gone to the devil. Farewell, noble heart—pure soul—bright intellect! We shall meet again.

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS.

It is scarcely possible to attend a funeral where the coffin is not heaped over with flowers. To send the most beautiful and fragrant, in wreaths, and crowns, and bouquets, is regarded as an act of affection and sympathy, or, at least, as a polite attention. In the cases of infants, or very young persons, there seems in this a fitness, if not pushed to to an extreme, but in the case of others its fitness is not so obvious. A fading flower is an apt symbol of one cut off from life in early bloom, but what special significance has it for one of mature years, and still more for one who has reached the allotted time of three-score and ten? Is it meant, by a profusion of those sweet gifts, to hide the ghastliness of death and make the the spectators imagine that they are at a bridal rather than at a funeral? This cannot be done, and the attempt only makes the reality more appalling. The imagination will not be deceived, and the incongruity only clothes the face of death with new horrors.

Symbols we love, but we would not have them misapplied. What more expressive than orange buds, or the rose, or lily upon the forehead of the bride, for they speak of hope and joy; but what place have they upon the coffin, or upon its lid? They are not symbols of the resurrection of the imortal and incorruptible body, for, as they are the most beautiful, so are they the most frail and perishable of all God's works. If woven into a wreath or crown, still they can symbolize only the transient nature of earthly glory, not the unfading and eternal glory of those who shall live and reign with the lord. For such a symbol we must take silver and gold, or precious stones, things that endure longer than a day.

We confess that for ourselves we would, except in rare cases, put away flowers wholly from funerals. We cannot make death lovely, and should we strive so to so to do! This is not the sprit of Christianity. It does not attempt to adorn the grave, or to make beautiful the dead, for it knows that "death is the wages of sin," and looks forward to the hour when the grave shall give up its sleepers, and the dead shall come fourth in celestial beauty. Let us look death calmly in the face, and fear not, nor shrink at the pallid hues, and hollow cheeks of his victims, nor distress cover them over with flowers, to hide their frailty. Faith recognizes in this decaying dust the temple of the Holy Ghost, and sees under the shadow of the perishable the body of glory.

Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer, aglow with promise; and the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where good work and deeds have ripened in the field.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.—When one sees a family of children going to school in well mended clothing, it tells a great deal in favor of their mother: one might vouch that those children learn some valuable lessons at home, whatever they may be taught at school.

LOSS OF MIND IN OLD AGE.

Fatuity from old age cannot be cured, but it may be prevented by employing the mind constantly in reading and conversation in the evening of life. Dr. Johnson ascribes the fatuity of Dean Swift to two causes—first, to a resolution made in his youth that he never would wear spectacles, from the want of which was unable to read in the decline of life; and secondly to his avarice, which led him to abscond from visitors, or deny himself of company, by which means he deprived himself of the only two methods by which new ideas are acquired or old ones renovated. His mind, from these causes, languished for the want of exercise, and gradually collapsed into idiocy, in which state he spent the close of his life in a hospital founded by himself for persons afflicted with the same disorder of which he finally died.

Country people, when they have no relish for books, when they lose their ability to work or to go abroad from age or weakness, are very apt to become fatuitious, especially as they are too often deserted in their old age by the younger branches of their families, in consequence of which their minds become torpid from the want of society and conversation. Fatuity is more rare in cities than in country places, because society and conversation can be had in them upon easy terms: and it is less common in women than men, only because their employments are of such a nature as to admit of their being carried on by their firesides, and in a sedentary posture.

PUTTING OFF.—Have you a habit of "putting off till a better time" little matters that seem trifling, but which you should really consider as tests of character? To such we say, fight this inclination with a persistent strength, which will take no denial, if you ever wish to be or to accomplish anything in this world; for, rest assured, it is the little fox at the foot of the vine, which will nibble away till every bud and blossom of the future shall be covered with mildew and blight.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SOUND.

The following curious observations in regard to the transmission of sound have been carefully verified by an extended series of experiments: The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,400 yards through the air; the noise of a roilroad train, 2,800 yards; the report of a musket and the bark of a dog, 1,800 yards; an orcestra or the roll of a drum, 1,600 yards; the human vice reaches to a distance of 1,000 yards; the croaking of frogs, 900 yards; the chirping of crickets, 800 yards. Distinct speaking is heard in the air from below up to a distance of six hundred yards; from above. It is only understood to a range of hundred yards downward. It has been ascertained that that an echo is well reflected from the surface of smooth water only when the voice comes from an elevation.

Other similar phenomena connected with the transmission of sound have been observed, but the results disagree either from the inaccuracy in the observations or from the varying nature of the circumstances offecting the numbers obtained. Such variations occur to an extent of ten to twenty per cent, and even more. The weather's being cold and dry, or warm and wet, are the chief influencing causes. The velocity of sound varies, also, with temperature, traveling faster as the air is rarefied by heat. At the point of of freezing water, sound travels 1090 feet per second, at 62 degrees it travels, 1,125 feet per second.

At Lawrence, Kansas, a few Sundays ago, while a minister was holding forth in a church, a crowd got up a cock fight in the yard. The people who had congregated in the church went out to put a stop to the fight, but waited till the fight was over before objecting. The minister looked out of the window at the crowd, and said: "We are all miserable sinners—which licked?"

A writer says it is doubtful, in his mind, "whether it is not better to devote half of one's energies in learning to live on a very small income, than to devote all of one's energies in struggling and waiting miserably for a very large income."

WANTED.—A brother editor wants an almanac that will tell him when "next week" expires. The cause of this "want" the editor says, is because he has a number of accounts the payment of which was promised "next week," and, as the promises were made in February last, he wants the almanac to be certain when he may expect the fulfillment of said promise, you know. We should like one of these almanacs.

DELUSION.—The Halifax Record says: A gentleman of Halifax, being at a ladies fair not long since, and being solicited to buy something by a fair creature who kept one of the tables, said he wanted to buy what he feared was not for sale—a lock of her hair. To his surprise and delight she promptly cut off the coveted curl, and received the price offered, ten dollars. The happy purchaser was exhibiting his trophy to one of his millinery riends, who very suddenly blasted his oy by saying:

"She rather obtained you, for, to my certain knowledge, she only paid three dollars for the whole wig!"