

THE CONCORD REGISTER.

Find a Way, or Make It.

Ambition sleeps, led, in your brain,
Bright hopes may soon awake it—
You see the goal, but never a path,
Then find a way, or make it.

To get the coconut's rich meat,
The shell is hard—you break it,
The fragrant leaf its odor holds
Until you bruise or break it.

Untrodden is the path you choose—
You may be wise to take it,
But look ahead, all danger see,
And then you may escape it.

A mountain, far too steep to climb!
Well, then, don't try and do it;
You may be able to go round,
Or patiently dig through it.

A fence, you say, but never a gate!
What can you do? you wonder,
Just scale the wall; mount, if you can,
And, if you can't crawl under!

Your way is muddy? Wait awhile,
Let wind and sunshine dry it;
Still, wait not for another rain
To see some comrade try it.

A river deep, you cannot swim?
No steamer there, you know it?
Well, it there is no other way,
Build your own boat, and row it.

Nay, led, we know the way is hard—
Down hill, and up steep mountain,
And oft you'll drink from muddy stream
For want of some clear fountain.

Go down, and you'll have many a kick,
Go up, and some will push you;
But win your way, and praise will come
From those who tried to crush you.

False praise is but a phosphorus gleam,
For fame we oft mistake it;
Still for awhile it lights our way,
Until we overtake it.

Don't show your talent through a fear,
But bravely go and stake it.
Wear out, don't just—reach your goal,
Laid, find a way, or make it.

BASHFUL JOHN.

John Patterson was driving his venerable horse slowly homeward from the little village of Brixton.

They were passing the low lying farm of Nathan Wynn, and John, not daring for the life of him to turn his head, rolled his great black eyes toward the substantial stone farmhouse, in hope of catching a glimpse of Kitty, the farmer's comely daughter. But though John kept his eyes turned in their sockets till his head ached fearfully, he saw nothing of Kitty.

John was desperately in love with Kitty Wynn, and had been so for many a day, and yet he dare not tell her so.

He generally managed to bow to her when he met her, but even that brought a great lump into his throat, and turned his face the color of a penny.

As John passed over a little knoll and out of sight of the house, Wynn's great orchard—the trees ready to break down under the weight of ripe fruit—was before him.

"What a white that miller kept me waiting for my grist. I'm as hungry as a bear, I must have a pocket full of those beauties to eat on my way home."

And with this, John drew rein, scaled the fence and struck out for his favorite tree.

He knew as well as Mr. Wynn did where the best apples were to be found.

John filled his pockets, and was about to retrace his steps to the wagon, when he caught the flutter of a pink dress through a cluster of trees, and heard Kitty's merry voice in conversation with some one.

Stealing a hasty glance through the trees, John recognized Kitty's companion to be her cousin Hetty Shaw, from the village.

They were coming directly toward the tree under which John was standing.

What in the world was he to do? He did not fancy running away like a detected thief, and his trembling knees and palpitating heart warned him if he did not wish to die then and there, he must seek a place of concealment.

To add to John's embarrassment he was conscious that he was not in the least "tidied up."

He was in every day garb. To make the matter worse, his clothes were covered with flour, which had somehow got on while waiting for grist at the mill.

John glanced up into a tree, but the foliage was not thick and there was little chance for a hiding place there.

Near the tree was an inverted hogshead which had been used for a stand to pick apples from the tree. The hogshead had once been used as a temporary dog-kennel, and a hole, perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, had been made to admit the dog.

There was no time to be lost. The hogshead offered the only re-

fresh air, and he was not long in squeezing himself inside of it.

The girls came on, and sat down on the grass right where John, stooping down and peeping through the circular hole, could watch them.

Kitty, he thought, looked prettier and brighter than ever in her pink dress, and the sun, which was setting in the west, made her brown hair as golden as the apples in her lap.

Kitty held up an apple by the stem, saying:

"Name it, Hetty, but not Will Joyce, nor Jerry Davis, nor—"

"Then stop: the apple is named," said Hetty, merrily.

Kitty paled and eat her apple, carefully saving all the seeds.

When she had them all in her chubby hand, she then came for Hetty to spell the name.

Touching each seed with her finger, Hetty spelled:

J-o-h-n P-a-t-t-e-r-s-o-n. It spells exactly. Why, Kitty, what are you blushing so for? One would think that fellow's name was spelled out in your heart in indelible letters by the way you look!

Kitty said nothing though she looked uncommonly sober for her, John thought, and he wondered if the girls didn't hear his heart beat.

He thought, too, that Kitty was angry that any one would suppose that she cared for him.

How humble he felt; he could scarcely tell why; his cheeks burned with wounded pride.

"Now, really, Kitty," said her cousin with a bantering laugh, "if you don't drive away that forlorn look, I shall think that you care more for your pride than for my knowledge for that great awkward booby, who hasn't courage, nor never will have to ask you to have him."

"Hush, Hetty!" said Kitty, as she rose to her feet, and her cheeks had a flush of deepest crimson. "You do not know John Patterson as I do. He is not awkward at home with his mother. You ought to see how kind and considerate he is to her. Father drops in there often, and he says there isn't a more noble hearted man to be found. John is industrious; do you know what he does with his money? Father says he is paying off the mortgage on his mother's little farm, and when he has a few dollars more than is necessary for a payment he spends them for books. Mark my word, Hetty, John Patterson will yet be a man that you will be proud to class among your friends; he has intellect of no common order—it's only his great bashfulness that keeps him back now."

"Now, Kitty, you are too absurd," and Hetty laughed as though she thought her companion in jest.

"Well, it is leap year, and you had better offer yourself to this paragon; I don't believe he will refuse."

"I know no one whom I would sooner marry—so there!"

And Kitty's face was scarlet with blushes as she made this frank acknowledgement to her cousin.

But John was not looking at her now.

He was crouched in the most remote part of the hogshead, trying by different gestures to drive away a huge mastiff which threatened to make his whereabouts known.

The sun had gone down, and John's hungry horse had quietly walked home, and still the two girls chatted away.

"Well, Bruno, what have you got there? I'm sure you have been whining and pawing there for half an hour at least."

And Hetty came forward and patted the dog's hairy back.

"Why, Kitty there is some dreadful animal in here. What a pair of eyes it has. Thank my nerves, if uncle and Charles are away I can fire a gun. I'll soon show what that horrid creature is. In my opinion here is where your geese have gone to. I'll warrant the ground in there is strewn with bones. You and Bruno keep watch, while I run to the house for a gun."

Hetty rattled all this off in a breathless fashion, and before Kitty had time to look at the "dreadful animal," her cousin was on her way to the house.

What was John to do now? Stay where he was or crawl from his lair like a Hottentot from his hut, and right before Kitty's eyes too?

The faithful dog began to wag his tail, and whine with renewed animation, and John thought the gun was really coming. Life was sweet to him now, since hearing what Kitty had said of himself, than ever before, and creeping to the opening he began coming out.

Kitty, who was peeping anxiously in, saw that the creature was mov-

ing toward her, and giving a spasmodic little scream, she sank helplessly to the ground and covered her face with her apron. Kitty's distress made John for the moment forget he was the most bashful of men alive, and surely the arms of which Kitty felt encircling her waist were not those of a wild beast.

Knowing this, it did not need a great amount of courage to enable her to uncover her face, and see that the great eyes that had so frightened her belonged to John Patterson.

It is strange that neither she nor John, during the half hour they tarried under the apple tree, thought of Hetty or the gun she had gone to bring.

Perhaps neither would have remembered Hetty's boasted nerve in connection with the use of that weapon again, had not the young lady herself, two years later, reminded a certain happy bridegroom and his equally happy bride of the incident, and informed them that she knew all the time that John was in the hogshead, as she saw him put himself there, and that her part of the conversation under the apple tree was indulged in solely with a view to encourage the bashful lover to propose.

Mrs. John Patterson scolded her cousin bridesmaid for her duplicity, but for all that it was plain to be seen that she was not angry, especially since Hetty had that day acknowledged that she was glad to class her cousins handsome husband among her friends.

Washington's Shirt.

A dilapidated looking stranger came into the office yesterday morning, and with an air of profound mystery confided to us the information that he was quite wealthy, and a great collector of Centennial relics, but being temporarily embarrassed and away from home, he wished to dispose of a shirt that Washington had once worn, for \$4.75. He showed us the shirt, but as it appeared to have been the only one that Washington ever had, and that he had worn it with great assiduity for a couple of hundred years, we hesitated about investing. The man said:

"You won't give \$4.75 for a shirt that was once worn by the Father of his Country?"

We said "No," at least not unless he could bring us the affidavits of John M. Palmer, and Henry Waterson to show that the Father of his Country washed his neck at least twice during the Revolutionary war, and that the tint on the neck-band of the relic was caused by its being used as a washer for the lynch-pin of a Continental cannon.

"You can stand there," the man said, "and look at this priceless bit of linen, venerable with the dust of ages, and the darkening, stains of time's indelible pencil, and not feel your heart burn and throb and your eyes grow dim and misty with the memory of Valley Forge and Lundy's Lane and the battle of the Nile!"

You can stand there and refuse to give \$4.75 for this sacred emblem!"

We blushed, and felt very much disconcerted, but the truth was strong within us, and we managed to indicate that we would even refuse to give a much greater sum for it.

"Then," he said, "will you lend me fifty cents on it, and keep it for me until I send you a draft for \$35 from New York?"

We had to say that we would not accept the trust. He tucked the sacred emblem under his arm and closed his eyes for a moment, and then lifted his hands to Heaven.

"My rebuke is just," he said solemnly, "and I am rightly rebuffed and insulted. I trampled my manhood and honor and convictions in the dust when I offered this talisman of liberty to alien hands for base dress. I go; I may starve; I may die in the street; but I never will part or offer to part with this again. I will die with it in my clinging arms, and when I am dead you will find Washington written on my heart."

He went. We watched him disappear down the stairs, and then we went to the alley window and saw him go into an adjacent woodshed, where he peeled his closely buttoned coat and inserted himself into the talisman of liberty. And he was seen no more.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

The first annual meeting of the Sunday School Congress of the United States began its sessions in Chicago yesterday. There was a large attendance, including Presiding Elders, Pastors and Sunday School teachers from various parts of the country. Rev. Dr. Vincent, of New York, presided.

Prayers for Fallen Brothers.

Down-Town Business Men who Wish that *For or Friend* Shall be Repentant.

"Jesus presides over the downtown business men's prayer meeting," Mr. B. F. Cogswell said yesterday, in the old John Street Church. "I never feel worthy of interceding for a fellow creature," he continued, "until my heart is full of Jesus. Having prepared ourselves by song and prayer to Him, let us pray for a young man so sunk in sin and shame that he is separated from his kinsfolk, who would gladly take him into their arms, repentant."

During the brief vigorous prayer for the erring young man, an elderly man in the front pew on the left was impatient. At its close he sprang up, and with much wildness in his eyes and bearing, he said, in hurried, disjointed phrases, that his father was a Baptist physician, who believed that even his own wife and children, if unbaptized, must suffer throughout eternity in hell, but he made his life full of charitable deeds. He died fifteen years ago, and his wife and daughter died soon afterward. They led him out of the darkness in which he had been wandering, and their spirits are now engaged with his spirit in the good work that they did while embodied. The speaker's sister has come back to him at times, loving him more than ever, and telling him that earthly religious education is groundless, and that there is no God and no Christ. He hoped that his listeners would pray that he might not be misled. He wanted to go in the right way.

"Sing 'Just as I am, I give myself,'" said Mr. Cogswell; "the beautiful humility of the words should apply to our brother's case."

"I beg your pardon; I don't give myself away," exclaimed the brother. Then he got up, and distributed the cards of a materializing medium as he left the church.

"Let us pray for our spiritualist brother," said Mr. Cogswell at the end of the meeting; "for the devil certainly has a fast hold upon him. God cast out the evil spirit once, and He can and will, if we pray, do so again."

Go For Him.

He's a hard working man trying to pay his honest debts and support his family by honest toil; but 'go for him,' because he cannot pay you a few dollars he owes. He is poor and entitled to no consideration: Keep him down.

Help him! He's a rich man who robbed a bank, or made an assignment, lives in a fine mansion and walks leisurely, enjoying life, while his wife and children are deprived of none of the luxuries of wealth or the enjoyment of society. He's smart, an enterprising business man, and it's a pity he robbed his creditors. Don't say anything to hurt his tender feelings, nor expect him to soil his tender feelings by toil. He compounded with creditors at twenty-five per cent, and now lives in luxurious ease, an honored, respected citizen and a prominent man.

Go for him! He's poor—he is trying to pay cent for cent with interest, and his hands are hardened by toil—wife and children feel the pinchings of poverty and the tightness of the times—he lives in a small house and fares scantily, but it's as good as he deserves, he has no business to be poor. He's a fool for not robbing a bank or stealing from those who would have rusted him in prosperous times. He ought to be poor! Go for him! Keep him down—pile upon him such a weight of obloquy and pecuniary embarrassment that he will never be able to rise.

While General Jewell was our Minister in Russia he visited the tanneries of that country, and found out the secret of the Russia leather, beloved of book devotees. The secret is the result of the use of birch-bark tar, with which the skins are dressed, in place of tallow and grease—the latter substance being so largely used as food among the lower classes. This tar, which is carefully saved as it exudes from the wood when burned, was first used as a substitute for wheel grease in Russia, as it is to this day, and then for the filling and dressing of skins. By a system of careful inquiry, and literally following his nose during his visit to some of the great Russian tanneries and carriers' shops, Mr. Jewell found this compound in a great kettle ready for use, and thus the mystery was solved. It is not expensive, costing about ten dollars a barrel, and he immediately ordered ten barrels, and sent them to various leading manufacturers in this country with instructions, and the result is that genuine Russia leather goods are now made in America, and doubtless will soon be sold at nearly fifty per cent. below former prices.

A Housekeeper sent Bridget out one morning to buy some heads of lettuce. She returned with postage-stamps. When asked how she made the mistake, she pertly answered: "An' sure! wasn't I told to get heads of lettuce?"

Snow 'when mingled with heat and wet with rain' is said by the American Cubic to weigh thirty-six pounds per cubic foot. The roof that can't stand that must be shoveled off.

All men are not heroes, but some are home less than others.

It was announced at the Widow Van Cott's meeting in the West Thirtieth Street Methodist Meeting House, last evening that 500 converts had been made during her series of revival services there.

The number of conversions at the meetings in Newburgh was 600. Mrs. VanCott said last evening: "I would rather lay my head down upon the altar railing and have some one chop it off with an axe than to give up my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and the teachings of the Bible." The meetings in the West Thirtieth Street Meeting House will be brought to a close to-morrow evening.

The proverb that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good" has received a striking verification in the case of a Georgia planter, whose cotton crop, four hundred bales, was detained on its way to market by a low stage of water on the Chattahoochee river until the price advanced so that he realized \$2,500 more than he would have received had his cotton been carried through in the usual time.

It was old but a good thing said by a French paragon lately to the effect that he hates a girl when she is trying to be a woman and a woman when she is trying to be a girl.

The leaves of coffee are now used to make a beverage not much different from tea. The new drink finds favor in London, and has been introduced in Boston.

HEED THE WORDS OF ADVICE.

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