THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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## POETRY.

## HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Hope on, hope ever. Though dead leaves are lying In mournful cluster 'neath your wandering

teet ; Though wintry winds through naked boughs

nre sightag. The flowers are dead, yet is the memory Of summer winds and countless roses glow-

Or manner when the set of the generous sun, 'Newli the warm kisses of the generous sun, Hope on, hope ever. Why should tears be flowing! In every season is some victory won.

Hope on, hope ever, though you deck loved With trembling fingers for the sheat graves Though cold the check bencam your careator. Look up thus christian soul; be calm, be

braye! Hope in, hope even Though your heart be Let flowers of resignation wreathe your

Deep in your heart some heavenly wisdom walking. For mortal life is full of change and loss.

Hope on, hope ever. For all funished faces watch for your coming on the golden shore;
E en while you whisper is their vacant praces The bessed words. "Not lost, but gone before !"
Hope on, hope ever, let your heart keep sing.

lug, When low you bend above the churchyard

Ard fervent prayers your chastened thoughts Through eighs and tears, to the bright through of God !

Hope on, hope ever. Let not tall or sorrow Sull the sweet music of Hepe's heavenly volces. From every dawa some ray of comfort bor-That in the evening yon may still rejoice. Hops on, hope ever-words beyond compar Date to the beart nameless wees have riven; To all that mourn sweet consolation bearing Ch. my they prove the Christian's guide to Heaven !

## -Chamber's Journal.

## KARL BERGER'S PUPIL.

### BY G. A. COPELAND.

Karl Berger went to Milan at just the right time. It had become quite the fashion to run down the Italian method of instrumental instruction, and to extol the method of their Northern compeers. Karl Berger came. His name sounded like a German's, and he played music like a master, and that was all that was needed.' Pupils flocked to him, and he set his own prices. Even the city itself, through its governors, agreed to place their pupils with him annually, at its own expense as long as he should remain there. This was triumph enough to turn the head of a much older man, and Karl himself

had on was cheap. In fact, except that her dress was neater and more astefully arranged, it was about the same as the servants'. The Maestro was walking up and down the room with an omnious frown on his face. He wheeled around and looked at her. "Well, Signora, what do you wish ?" he said, crossly.

cratic in her dress. Every thing she

"I have come for my lesson, Signor," she replied timidly.

He looked at his tablets. "You are either too early or two late. There is a Contessa Viella who comes now. But if she does not come\_\_\_

"I am the contessa, Signor," and she proceded to unwrap her violin from its green covering, while the servant hob-

bled to the nearest chair. "You came to amuse yourself in a dilettante way on the violin." "I came to learn to play, Maestro; to be able to teach music some day. Who knows?" and she laughed a little ner-

vously." "Contessas don't teach music." said, scornfully. "It is only poor pleher: beiaus who do that. Let me hear you play. She nestled the violin on her shoulder caressingly and obediently commenced. The air was simple, a and sad, which had been sung by many Roman mothers to their children. One of those airs, which like the German Lizder,'one finds among the people, its author and origin lost in antiquity, yet everlasting from its pathos and tenderuess. The violin was fit to be its interpreter, an' old Cremona almost black with age. The music floated out from the five quivering strings. The girl,

her eyes almost closed and her head bent forward, stood erect, playing. The old servant sat listlessly, caught by the music swaying to and fro, as if rocking some child, dead fifty years ago. Karl Berger stood frowning in the shadow of a curtain. What right had a contessa, a young girl, to play like that? What right had she to a violin which was so much better than his? The soft repeated strains came to an end, and the girl turned proudly toward

"It is a wretched piece, wretchedly

"It was very silly of me, Maestro, to run away like that," she said; 'but I want so much to be an artiste, and when you told me I could not-"

"Don't talk about it, please," interrupted Karl; "I was cross and tired. and if you must know it, jealous," and he smiled grimly. "Yes, jealous, that you could play better than I."

Lucia flushed with delight. laughing at me !" "I mean what I say," replied Karl,

determined. "I can teach you technique, perhaps; after that you have nothing to learn." So it was settled.

One day during the lesson, Karl said abruptly : "Would you like also to study at night? My evenings are all my own."

The girl laughed pleasantly and cried : "Oh, Maestro, you are so kind." So, after the work was done. Lucia would come in with Marcia, her old nurse, and after the lesson Karl would pick up his own violin and play. One night he stopped suddenly and said to

"I wish you would not call me Maestro. I am not a master in music. I am only a sham, and some day they will find it out. I am not much older than pleasant lullaby, in a minor key, soft you and don't play any better. I want you to think of me as a fellow student.

> not as a teacher." "What shall I call you, then ?" Lucis asked shyly. "Karl."

"That is a pretty name," said Lucia "It was my father's," and be went on to speak of his Northern home, of the snow-storm when all the family died but himself, and how he was found famished and senseless, with a violin hugged to his breast. And Lucia sat still and drank in every word. Then she told him of her own home and of her past history. Each night after they laid their music aside they would sit and talk, and Marcia would sit and slumber quietly in her chair. Soon the opera season commenced, and often the three would sit in some little box which had been placed at Karl's disposal, and listen to the grand creations of the masters. A happy

time for both. Karl was all gentleness was only three and twenty years old. played," he said crossly. "You will to the little contessa, and the grim He sat in h's room one night about never make an artist of yourself. It young Norseman commenced to find

"That is well; but you must sleep. Marcia, and not talk. sais the old

"Play for me, Cara," woman, drowsily. And Karl Berger heard suddenly from Marcia's room the answer to his violin's confession. Sweetly and softly it came to him at first, but soon it swelled out into full volume. It told all to him that was necessary. And when the girl ceased playing and sank "If you mean that-but no ! You are back in her chair, blushing rosily red, there were two people in the house who were perfectly happy.

When Lucia awoke the next morning and found Marcia better and the heavens and the birds in harmony with her happy mood, the first thing she did was to kiss her violin, and when she had dressed and was coming down stairs, singing like a lark, she saw at the foot Karl Berger, his face flushed and looking very happy, indeed. "Tell me, little Lucia," he said, eagerly, "didn't the violin speak truly?" "I don't know what she said, for I didn't hear it; but I do know that Milan was surprised to hear that very winter that one of its contes as had married a music teacher .-- Washington Hatchet.

#### A Word with the Girls.

The girl of sixteen who will neither ew nor do house-work has no business father said. to be decked out in finery and rambling about in search of fun and frolic unless her parents are rich, and in that event she needs the watchful direction of a good mother none the less. There is no objection to fun, but it should be well chosen and well timed. No woright to share the wages of a poor man's toil. If she docs work, if she words kept ringing in my cars, I "stuck makes the clothes she wears and assists in the household duties, the chances are she will have enough selfthen 1 took another. respect to behave when playtime comes ; but if she should still be a little "wild," the houest toil will confer up on her some degree of right to have half as tired as they were. her own way, ill-judged though it may be. The wild girl usually aspires to prominence in some social circle or other, and her manners and conduct are in greater or less degree designed to attract the following of men. She to your bush." should romember that followers are not always admirers, and that the most sincere admiration a man ever feels best I could. for a woman in a drawing room is

when he looks upon her, and says in

Stick to Your Bush. A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN'S STORY.

One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on

my arm, and was going out of the gate when my father called mo back. He took hold of my hand and said in

a very gentle voice: "Joseph, what are you going for, to pick berries or play ?" "To pick berries," I replied. "Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this : When you flud a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a litte here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and not getting many berries If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries stick to your bush." I went with the party, and we had a

gin it ' "Any ground for scandal?" asked the

"Did she ever hit you ?"

"Did she ever blow out the gas ?" "No ; she lets it burn. Maybe that

"No ;" said the attorney. gle with a monopoly. That would not

"No," said the app'icant sadly. "Did she ever scald any of the chil-

once bar words about "Haven't got any to scald. I sup-

the children of the next door neighhor " "No."

sav?

Then both men looked thoughtfully out of the window for nearly seven minutes. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest and

off to the new found treasure. Not es," said the lawyer quickly, I think that will be sufficient-under our law. Then they went out together and

to my bush." When I was done with A man whose hair and whiskers were lentifully sprinkled with gray was in the city yesterday to see about buying a large quantity of lead pipe. he asked how much a mile and a half of a certain size would cost the dealer the others put together, and was not stood off and looked at bim in amaze

I went home happy ; but when I entered I found my father had taken ill. He looked at my basket full of ripe "See here," said the other, as he took a chair and became couldential; I am berries and said : "Well done, Joseph; was it not as I told you? Always stick a widower."

He died a few duys after, and I had Aler Yur

But my father's words sank deep indogs, cast iron deer, and terracotta rabll vou can't rest.

"I want a divorae from my wife," said a Washington street broker to his attorney, "but I dont know how to be-

Accommodating Divorce Laws.

attorney." "No ; oh, no,"

"No ; her temper is quite even."

would be grounds, ch ?" case she would call to her aid the gas company, and we would have to strug-

do."

dren ?" asked the attorney brightening

oose it wouldn't do to say she scalded

mand the ale Then I don't know what to do or

capital time. But it was just as my

"She drank out of the finger bowl at the hotel when we were on our bridal tour," said the husband hesitatingly. they left their several places and rau "If you get the date and the witnes-

content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night called for two sch oners of Leer. had very few burries. My father's

It Won't be a Match.

one, I found another, and finished that; When night came I had a large basket full of nice berries, more than all

> ment. "Oh, I ain't loony," replied the man. "But what do you want with a mile and a half of this pipe costing you many hundred dollars."

'Yes?' "I'm thinking of taking a second

wife. "Yes."

to make my own way in the world as "She dotes on a front yard. I've got the yard. She dotes on lawn orna-ments. I've been round pricing stone

to my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party ; I stuck to my bush.

ens, are apt to be the best winter layers and as they feather up very young, are better suited to the incubator trade, or the artificial rearing of broilers than the "Light Brahmas," or many other varieties. There ought to be a profit in buying up young roosters, caponizing them, fattening them and selling at the usual market price. Turkeys treated in this way often reach a weight of from thirty to fifty pounds. A brood of chickens led by a turkey hen to fornge in the fields, will attain to great weight and early maturity without food or care on the parl of the owner. The best eggs are the result of a meat diet ; the high colored and well flavored eggs of Kansas during the grasshop-per visitation, were a marvel to strangers. When grasshoppers and worms fail, their lack should be supplied by feeding cracklings and other cheap butcher's offal. The crushed oyster shell supply, and the boxes of road dust or ashes, should be kept within casy reach. When moving to an ertirely new location we secure immun.-ty from gapes for two years. The farty from gapes for two years. The far-mer who does not provide his wife a good poultry house is standing in his own light, as it need not he fine or costly. In winter drop a little carbolic acid in the food mixture, once a mouth, as a preventative of disease, and give a few appetizers, such as cabbage, garlie and red pepper, with a variety of grain food, not all corn. With this treatment and a proper house, we may count more certainly on profitable n-turns than when the fowls have to roost on ley perches, exposed to the zero winds of long winter nights The products of the poultry yard are al-ways in demand, and judging by the imports now made in that line, they will be the last to glut the market in our large cities.—American Agriculturist. AN INTERESTING IRISH CITY.

THERITET

Points in Poultry Keeping.

The "Plymouth Rocks," being the

best feathered of all varieties of chick-

NO. 3

Limberick, says a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, is a pretty city, pleasantly situated and posses el of a variety and wealth of ordors. t iat San Francisco can never attain by any neglect of the sanitary laws. Like most Irish cities, it is divided into an Irish and an English town, and both are rivals in matters of narrow streets and high rookeries, moldering with the damp of ages. Two of the most interesting objects in Limerick are King John's castle and the 'treaty stone.' they are more strikingly typical of the attitudes of the hostile parties in Ire-land than anything I have seen. On one side of the Shannon at Thomond bridge stands the castle, which for six centuries has been a menace to the enemies of England. Renovated and strengthened into a commanding fortress by modern skill, the castle of ing Joan exemplifies the pa the government which holds the resi-less spirit of Ireland in check by mar-

lang terrorized by coercive measures. The contrast of the peaceful little

monument with the war-like fortress

that frowns on it across the river is

one that cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer. It in-

dicates the disparity of the rival pow-

ers that are contending in Ireiand,

and points out of the line of action on

Mal vial Peison.

which each relies.

two weeks after his arrival, smoking his big pipe with china bowl, and congratulated himself. Here was success indeed ! ... STANDING S.

He wondered what his old teacher the Kerr Kapellmeister, would say to his success. He looked around the room, furnished as comfortably as most in the city, and felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that the plebeian Karl Berber was taking his ease in the very chamber where Cæsar Borgia had ouce slept. His was a nobility as high as his ancient predecessor, he said to himself, and he laughed grimly, for the young twode had but little respect for nobility, and he often spoke of his uncestors, the Berger Jarls and Vikings, as thieves and cut throats.

While he sat musing, lazily watching the smoke curling up toward the in the courtyard below when he looked blotched and crumbled, almost obliterated frescors of the vaulted briling, a put the lamps in their places, and after servant brought in a note to "Ill Macs tro Berger." The City of Milan informed his excellency, the Maestro that the last of the three pupils had been chosen, and the pupil, the Contessa Lucia Vinella, would attend him whenever the Maestro would be pleased to receive her. Signor Berger scowled and shrugged his shoulders. He had already, in the short time he

had been in Milan, heard several "contessas" play, and he had not been favorably impressed by their genius, and, indeed, it must be admitted that the Judies in question had a greater desire to see the handsome foreigner than to make any progress in music. He had forgotten that the three pupils were too poor to pay for their tuition, and were vants are always very polite to her and therefore given their musical education always obey her, but behind her back by the charity of the city. However, he sent back an answer that he would give the contessn her first lesson at 3 o'clock the next afternoon, and then he took up his violin, and the contessa and Milan and success and the Kapellmeister passed from his mind, while the music soured in tremulous vibrations through the room,

The next day everything went wrong. He had yet to learn the patience accessary for a teacher, and the countless mistakes of his pupils, the farring discords and the seeming stu pidity rendered him nearly furions. At S o'clock the charity pupil, Contesna Lucia, was ushed into his presence, followed by an old woman, her escori. to be fairer." "The contena did not look very a isto-

imself making jokes to amuse her. He lacks soul, it lacks rhythm, it lack to make jokes-who had hitherto gone everything." through life in his sober; solemn way

him

These petulent words-words which -to make jokes ! It was surprising the honest Karl Berger was ashamed indeed. They called each other Karl of even when the uttered them-struck and Lucia, and sometimes brother and the young girl like a blow. Her face. sister. So things went on, till suddenproud and happy at her successful renly Marcia fell sick. Lucia stayed by dering of the simple pleasant air, fell her bedside so much as her work would suddenly at this harsh verdict, and girl like she burst into sobs and left the room, while the servant stared stolidly at the fierce foreigner, and then rose possible to do without one. The days and hobbled after the girl.

Karl Berger felt ashamed of himsel night-watching began to tell on her. and his sudden fit of anger. He took up his own violin, but it sounded musing. harsh. He was cold and courteous to the pupils who came that afternoon missed her lessons he became rather but he was glad when the day was angry. over. They were lightning the lamps

thing, perhaps, and is through with out. He watched the servants as they me," he muttered. He tried to feel injured and banish they had left he stood at the window per from his mind, and for awhile he looking absently down on the empty thought he had succeeded. When the courtvard beneath, when he saw a figlong evening came and he found himure coming slowly across the yard. He self alone, he became restless and stepped out on the balcony and called uneasy, and imagined himself only to her for he recognized the escort of anxious that nothing might have hapthe Contessa Lucia. When the wo pened to Lucia. He took up his violin, man had come up he asked her : but soon put it aside, and then he went "Where does the Contessa Vinella out to the opera house. The prima

live ?"

She takes care of the house, and works

like a servant. She has so friends but

me ; I was her nurse. Even her rela-

tives do not patronize her, and the ser-

they lough at her here, and call her

tessa cook.' Her grandfather, the

Count Vinella, had taught her music,

and she worked so hard at it that she

might earn her own living that way.

Last week she won the prize at the

conservatoire, and the city was to pay

her tuition with you. You should not

have spoken to her so harshly, Siguor?

I found her in her little room crying as

Karl Berger ran his hands through

"I was very wrong-very wrong.

Will you please tell her I said so? Ask

if her heart would break,"

his hair.

dona was out of voice and the orches "In this house, Signor, with a rela tra vile. Coming home he met one of tive. The contessa has no other friends the servants. and she lives here, but not in idleness, "Where is Marcia ?" he asked. Signor! She is too proud for that!

"very sick, Sign or." So that was it. He went gloomily

As for Karl, the first time that Lucia

"She thinks she has learned every-

ip stairs and went straight to the mirror and began to apostrophize his im-Ege. "Maestro Berger, you are an ass," he said quietly. However poor she may be, she is still contessa and you the 'contessa of all work,' and the 'con- are only-Karl Berger, and he took up his violin and commenced to play.

> But with all his self-restraint he he found the day very long and tiresome

One night Lucia sat alone in the oom when she heard Karl's violin. He was telling his story of love, unconsciously, to the one from whom he intended to hide it. As the girl sat there in the darkness, holding Marcia's hand, she felt strangely happy and quiet, Suddealy Marcia opened her

"Lucia," she said, "I am ever se much hetter "

her to come again, and I will promise The prond contessa bent over and kissed the wrinkled face of the ser-The next afternoon the girl came in. vant and said gravely :

fect lady."

Stepping Stones to Success. Learn your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing-in no wise change.

Observe system and order in all you do and undertake.

allow. The lessons must cease till Be self-reliant ; do not take too much Marcia grew better, for she had no othadvice, but rather depend upon yourer chaperone, and of course it was imself.

Never fail to keep your appointments secmed to drag slowly along, and the or to be punctual to the minute. Never by idle, but keep your bands She grew paler and went about sad and or mind usefully employed except when sleeping.

> Use charity with all; be generous in thought and deed ; help others along life's thorny pathway.

Make no haste to be rich, remembering that small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of miud. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, and never trouble others to do what you can perform vourself

Accustom yourself to think and act vigorously, and be promp and decided for the right against the wrong.

Buy, subscribe to, and read all that is necessary to fully inform yourself on the doings, discoveries, and reforms of the age in which you live.

Develop a wealth of character by personal courage. Possess the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so ; to acknowledge your ignorance rather than seek credit upon false pre-

Lenses. Finally, in all you do and say, think and act out; so live that your daily growth of soul and body may be ever upward in the direction of perfection. -Presbyterian.

#### "Acted Like a Charm."

This is what Mrs. Mayer, of Baronne street, New Orleans, says of Brown's Iron Bitters. A "charm" works quietly, surely, promptly, thoroughly and with delightful effect. That is just the way this wonderful family medicine works on invalids who have been suffering the woes of liver complaint, dys-pepsia and impoverished blood. Those who know its worth say it is a com-plete cure for dyspepsis, weakness, malaria, neuralgia, etc.

If it is part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart, always pay; for, first or you must pay your entire debt,

When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well. I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When the other men said, "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and "stuck to my push." Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I staid with the old house until the principals died, and then I took their place. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to

this motto: "Stick to your bush."-Old Paper.

## Presidential Handwriting.

Abraham Lincoln wrote a small,careful hand.

The handwriting of General Grant is easy to read. Andrew Johnson's handwriting was

large and labored. His tingers seemed ali thumbs. Zachary Taylor wrote with a blant

pen, with a few flourishes and no attempt at or pamention.

John Tyler, next to Garfield, was the best writer among the presidents. wrote a clear, legible, open hand. Martin Van Buren did not like to

write, but when he did sign his name was in large round characters.

Franklin Pierce was the most writer of all the presidents. His writing was not pretty, but it could be easily read. The handwriting of Willian Henry Harrison was classic. He was a man of varied accomplishments and wide

No one would ever beable to counterfeit the handwriting of Rutherford B. Hayes. He never made the same letter

handwriting. He prided himself on his punctuation, spelling and the elegance

which looks like a copper place. Every line of it is well made, and there is a flourish under it which would do honor to a writing teacher.

hat he might recover the use of his eg, but could never regain the use of his arm and hand. Up to the commence ment of his using your Nerve and Bone Oil, his arm hung dead and motionless at his side. I gave him one bottle,

and, after using 2] bottles in all, I am pleased to state that he can now bring his hand around in front of his body,

fountains. That's why I want the pipe." "But why so much of it ?"

tial force. On the other side of the Because I've got to run the pipe to bridge stands the "treaty stone," which was but lately mised to the dignity of a granite pedestal through the influence of the national spirit so a spring on a hill a mile and

She dotes on

he had, the dealer told him he couldn't get fountain enough to dampen a sun-

"Won't squirt a foot high ?" "No, sir, not and inch." "Well, no fountain, no marriage

and couch sholls, and put stained glass windows in the house barn, but I reckon the match is off. I've offered to get : force pomp and hire a coot by the year to work it, but she says it wouldn't be picturesque. Might build a cistern on legs and let the water play through fountain, but she's romantic. I can't

The drouth in Southwest Georgia last spring dried up the wells, and were compelled to use water from the creek on the plantation. The result was that all were troubled with chills and fever. I carried with me several bottles of Swift's Specific, and as long as I took it, I had perfect health. As corn crib and a Grecian facade to the pig pen."-Detroit Free Press. soon as I ceased taking it. I, like the rest, was afflicted with chills. When I restuned its use, I was all right again. We have used it in our family as an

autidote, for malaria poison for two or three years, and have never , known it ) fail in a single instance. W. C. FURROW. Sumpter Co., Ga., Sept. 11, 1884.

A Cripple Restored.

Some two years ago I received a boy (Lona White) into the Orphans Home' near Macon, from Columbus He was one of the poorest creatures 1 have ever seen-nothing but skin and and bone-crippled and deformed by scrofula, which had attended him from his birth. About eighteen months ago I commenced giving him Swift's Speci-tic. After several bottle had hern taken and no visible results to be seen, I began to dispair, but contined the medicine. At last signs of improvement became apparent, and from that date to the present here has been constant improvements in both body mind. He is now about fourteen y old, and is one of the brightest have ever known. I honestly be that he will ultimately outgrow the that he will difficulty disease funder effects of this loathsome disease funder the influence of Swift's Specific. The two cases of erystpelas which

vere treated some two years ago wit S. S. S. show no symptoms of ret the disease. Sup't Orphans' Home, So. Ga Conf. Macon, Ga, Nov. 1, 1884. Treatise on Blood and Skin Disease mailed free.o. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Drawer 

Beware of the man or won

umes perfection. as ante al.

Creditors and poor relations all as the right moments

of in our reals on the second He who betrays the could one is not worthy of the confidence mother.

which he used only on his arm and hand. He obtained two more bottles,

away." "When he explained how much fall

flower. "Won't be no squirt to it, ch ?" No.

She's not on that. I'll go back and of-fer to fill the yard with decoy ducks

do no more, but if she insists on a foun-tain with a squirt to it I'll look around for some one else-somebody who don't wan't Corinthian columns under the

THE BARIT OF DRINKING. Speculations as to the prevalance of the habit of intoxication at any given

period must count for little. Speaking comparatively, the English were a so ber people until the use of spirits became common, and then things go yearly worse and worse until a time within human memory. We know with a sufficient approach to accuracy when ardent spirits were introduced into England, but have very little evi-dence as to the time when the evil habit of drinking them for pleasure became common. At firs; it is almost certain her writings, is a good authority as to manners and customs, and anyone reading her plays for the purpose

that they were used for their supposed me licinal quali ies. That they were commonly taken for the pleasure they gave before the middle of the reign of Charles II. is not proved. Aphra Behn, though there is little to be said for her on the score of the morality of

of finding contributions to a his tory of drink would come to the conclusion that ale and wine were the drink of all except the very "fast" young men about town. Lambs-wool, a drink composed of a'e and roasted apples, the manufac-ture of which is, we believe, at the pres-

ent not unknown, seems to have been a favorite drink of the middle and lower ranks in the seventeenth century. Mrs. Behn alludes to it on several occasions .- London Athauneum.

Good manners deel are that their pos sessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however

slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and also prove his respect for those whom he addresses. Wnen we become exclusively absorb

ed in one pursuit, however legitimate it may be in itself, it draws the mind reach out and actually grasp an object with that heretofore dead hand. Very respectfully, R. A. VANCLEVE. For sale at Mitchell's Drug Store,

twice the same way. James Buchanar, was proud of his of his style of composition. James K. Polk made a signature

information.