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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad space and Rate. Includes '10 LINES OR LESS CONSTITUTE A SQUARE' and 'One Square one insertion \$1.00'.

Poetry.

The Merry Heart.

'Tis well to have a merry heart, However short we stay; There's wisdom in a merry heart, Whate'er the world may say.

There's in a merry heart A moral beauty, too; It shows the heart's an honest heart, That's paid each man his due.

'Judge Not.'

BY JOHN MARTIN HATCHET.

The busy-body and the tale-bearer are the common enemies of society, and by universal consent they are looked upon as fair game for whoever is smart enough to drive home the shaft of scorching extermiination.

In the command, "Judge not," there can, of course, be no allusion to official judgment, or to the mere formation of opinion. It is something intermediate between these—something neither unavoidable, like personal opinion, nor obligatory, like those official judgments which are pronounced by persons authorized to do so for the good of society.

We little think, when we take in hand to tax another with fault, or even in our own mind to condemn him, how awful a place we are assuming. Who made thee a Judge? How about your own faults? Done in the way of duty, it is a thing no man need be in haste to do; and when we are forced to it, it should always be done with pity, with consideration of our own frailties, and with a lenient desire to admit every extenuation—for we are necessarily so ill-qualified to judge.

The pestiferous proclivity for needless criticism of others' conduct has its origin in some of the deepest-rooted perversities of our nature. At its base lies a ridiculous self-conceit. No man, who is not too well satisfied with his own character, will busy himself to

go about finding sins in any one else. A proper sense of humility will always lead a sensible person to feel that he has too much on hand, in mastering his own delinquencies, to find time for taking God's place over his fellow-beings. It bespeaks pride and self-exaltation; for you cannot go out of your way to charge another with failure, without a feeling of your own superiority; and this very feeling of superiority is a greater fault than what you deery. His is the mote, the speck; yours the beam. It is the spirit of a hypocrite; for you do it with a mighty air of being scandalized; you do it with the profession of acting in the interest of right and goodness, while in fact the motive is a low and contemptible one—to assert the ascendancy of your own virtuousness, to extort confessions due to one above; or you go away with a look of injured excellence at finding the sinner obdurate and resentful, when he simply asserts his rights by repelling a meddling interference with his conscience and his affairs.

One of the commonest forms of the fault is the practice of evil speaking. I know not why it is that we are all so easily tempted to ventilate what we happen to know to the disadvantage of our fellow-men. Certain it is that we all practice it to some extent. Yet we are as much liable to be abused as they; and as we pass out at the door, those who are left on as easily find a flaw to fetch up against us, as we have just done against the victim of our uncharitable tongues. Talk as we may against others, we may be sure that we are only giving them more reason to talk against us.

There is another form of the vice, that of casting suspicion, which is worse, if anything, than open evil speaking—because the indirect imputation of guilt is not a thoughtless thing, as open fault-finding is apt to be. A leer of the eye, a sidelong glance or witticism, an ambiguous hint, or pretended charitable "perhaps there is no truth in it," is often thrown out, when in the mind of the person who does it there is a realization of the enormity of what he is doing. He shrinks from direct statements, yet he shrinks only far enough to secure himself. For his half-way charge, his winking and hinting, his oblique intimation of a suspicion, are just as effective in reality as would have been an open assertion. It is as if he had said: "This is too shameful to impute to any man—we should not think him guilty of it; and yet, in fact, I do think he is guilty of it." Does not this in effect exaggerate the charge?

It is not only the damage inflicted upon the person assailed that makes these so injurious. That is bad enough. Every tale told of him diminishes his value and taints his reputation. It is not forgotten; it is repeated and magnified, till it becomes a shame and a scandal. And he is helpless, because it all goes on behind his back.

But it works a mischief to society. In a general and most lamentable way, it works a gradual influence to lower the standard of good feeling and mutual esteem all through the ranks of social life. This one tells of this fault, that one of that, and another of still another. To-day you hear something to the detriment of one man's character; to-morrow something against a second, and the next day against a third. Now this one falls in your regard by taxing you with some failing with which he has no concern, and you lose something of your liking for him. Next comes another with his intermeddling tongue, and he begins to be despised and disliked, and put away from your regard; and again a third goes through the same lowering process.

In this way there is a continual power brought to bear to depress the scale of mutual esteem, break ties of friendship, to lessen our faith in each other, and to cause us to withdraw resentfully within ourselves. The bond of mutual love relaxes—retaliations are provoked; there is no one of whom you have not heard some evil, no one in whom there is not something

to diminish your respect, no one from whom you have not received some exhibition of uncharitableness. It is almost a wonder that we can live together, or bear each other's presence, when there are so many causes to hinder.

Something About Yourself.

Supposing your age to be fifteen years, or thereabouts, I can figure you up to a dot. You have one hundred and sixty bones and five hundred muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times a minute, four thousand two hundred times per hour, one hundred thousand eight hundred times per day, and twenty-six million seven hundred and twenty-five thousand two hundred times per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; and each day it receives and discharges seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale twenty-three thousand gallons a day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, suppose them to be spread out, exceed twenty thousand square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed ten million in number.

Your skin is composed of three layers, and varied from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about one thousand seven hundred square inches, and you are subjected to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains three thousand sweating tubes, or respiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making the aggregate length of the entire surface of your body of two hundred and one thousand, three hundred and sixty-six feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Go On.

A man must not yield to despondency, nor sit down inactive, despairing, because he is in darkness. Sometimes a few steps onward or upward are all that are needed, and he, for want even of that little activity, may remain all his life beneath the cloud. Perhaps you have been ascending a mountain with the mist so thick before you that at a few feet from you not an object was visible, and so wet that it was like a dripping rain. Timidity and despondency say in such a case, you had better turn back, at any rate lie by in the first shelter. But perhaps you will find a clear sky with a little more travel upward. Go on! Faith says, Go on! higher up you will find light. So you go on, and at length, unexpectedly, at one single step, you emerge into clear sunshine. Then all your troubles are forgotten. How glad you are that you persevered, that you did not turn back; you would have lost this glorious sight, this magnificent prospect, this peculiarity of glory. Which you could have enjoyed only under these very circumstances of preceding mist and gloom. You would have lost the sight of the clouds under you, and the atmosphere resting upon them as on a sea of chalcidony, smooth, soft, undulating, and the summits of the mountains all around glittering with ice and snow. And you have lost the glory of the breaking up and troping away of these cloud congregations, and the departure of an army with banners, and the revelation of the unveiled world as a new creation.

RATES OF TRAVEL PER HOUR.—A man walks 4 miles.

- A horse trots 12 miles. A horse runs 20 miles. A steamboat runs 18 miles. A sailing vessel runs 10 miles. Slow rivers flow 4 miles. A moderate winds blow 7 miles. A storm moves 36 miles. A hurricane moves 80 miles. A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles. Sound moves 743 miles. Light moves 182,000 miles. Electricity moves 189,000 miles.

A Sad Affair.

We give below the following particulars of a very sad affair which occurred in Atlanta, Ga., on the 15th inst.—The Mr. Jones alluded to is, from what we can gather from Petersburg, Va., and other papers, the same gentleman who recently conducted a drug business in this city in copartnership with Mr. Doopp, though the initials are given wrong. Mr. Jones has many warm friends in this city, who will sincerely regret to hear of the great calamity which has befallen him. The Atlanta "Herald" of the 15th inst. says:

About nine o'clock last night Atlanta was startled by a rumor that two or three men had been poisoned by mistake at Heard, Craig & Co.'s drug store, and that they were dying or dead. Upon investigation, we found that yesterday about half past five o'clock, Dr. J. W. Craig and Judge Thomas Pullum, two members of the firm of Heard, Craig & Co., had gone into the cellar of their store to take an evening toddy, Judge Pullum complaining that he was feeling unwell. When they reached the cellar, Mr. J. F. Jones, the head pharmacist, who was working down in the laboratory, proposed to fix them up "an extra nippe drink." They consented to his proposition, and chatted away easily until he announced that the punch was ready. They then partook of it, and very much pleased, Dr. Craig drinking more heartily than Judge Pullum. They then returned up stairs and in about thirty minutes discovered, from violent symptoms, that something was wrong with them. They ascribed it to the drinks they had taken, and upon investigation found that by mistake a large quantity of arsenic, a most fatal poison, had been mixed in their toddy. The symptoms increased in violence, nothing appearing to give relief, until at half-past nine o'clock, Dr. Craig died in great agony, leaving Judge Pullum barely hovering between life and death.

Dr. Craig was poisoned at half-past five, and died precisely at half-past nine. He had a very hard death indeed, screaming all the time as if in intense agony, and frothing at the mouth plentifully. His eyes were very much dilated, and every nerve seemed strung up almost to snapping. He seemed to be unconscious of everything around him, and kept shrieking, "Oh! what a horrible death to die—what a terrible death!" At one time he was conscious, I think, he begged very piteously for his mother—kept calling "Mother! I am saying, I want to see her—I am going to die."

Fate of the Apostles.

- Mathew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt till he expired. Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece. John was put in a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death in Ephesus, in A-sia. James the Great was beheaded in Jerusalem. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death. Philip was beheaded. Bartholomew was skinned alive. Andrew was crucified, and pounded while dying. Thomas was run through with a lance. Jude was shot to death with arrows. Simon was crucified. Matthias was stoned. Barnabas was stoned to death. Paul was beheaded by the tyrant Nero at Rome.

We take the following from the Galveston (Texas) Times, of the 18th inst., upon the subject of the effect of the recent frost upon the crops in that State: Our exchanges differ widely about the injury to crops by the late cold weather. From all that we can glean, the harm done is neither extensive nor great. The truth is, such reports are modified by the individual case. If one man's crops are seriously injured, he sees only general ruin; if another's loss is slight, he is sure no serious damage will result. So, modified by individual conditions, reports are of little value unless the injury is so great and so general as to justify a common statement from any one district.



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