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POETRY.

THE CHEERFUL HEART.

"The world is ever as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
Thus spoke a grand old man with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But little Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grandam say.
Years after, when no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild.

Back to her heart the memory came
Of the quaint utterance of the dame.
"The world, dear child, is as we take it,
And life, be sure, is what we make it."

"And half my woes thus quickly cured,
No other half was to be endured."
No more her heart its shadow wore;
She grew a little child once more.

A little child in love and trust,
She took the world, as we, too, must,
In happy mood; and lo! it grew
Brighter and brighter to her view.

She made of life, as we, too, should,
A joy; and all things were good.
"Fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first he said, 'Let there be light.'"

Husband or Child?

No other axe resounded through
The forest with such a clear and decided ring
as that which wielded by Thomas; while raising between the sky and its destined rest.

His voice was the most cheerful and his carol the merriest that reverberated in the beautiful woodland that extended through the Rhinecland to the borders of Holland.

Wherever his hands were employed, the work was accomplished in half the time. "The merry Thomas," the "magnificent Thomas," the "industrious Thomas," were the names given him by the people far and wide, and when he married and became the father of a son he was jollier than ever.

His wife seemed to partake of his spirit and his boy gave promise of becoming just such a happy soul.

The whole neighborhood were happy in the harmonious life of this joyous trio, while each derived a particular pleasure in witnessing the felicity of the other. But suddenly the lightning flash of circumstances penetrated this happy home.

One bright morning, axe in hand, he stood beside a fallen tree, while wife and son stood near, ready to gather the fragments, and they were no mean chips that fell beneath Thomas' stroke.

High over his head the glittering steel was raised, and, as his glance noted the reflected ray of sunshine following the whetted point, "Wife, see! that iron meteor? Hui! it is not verily like the flash of one?" But the shining metal and its active meteoric light did not disappear within the wood. Glancing lightly over the bark, it entered Thomas' foot, and there was no time for useless tears. The wife's grieving heart did not vent itself in idle lamentations, but questioned, how was she to get her husband home?

The other laborers had not arrived. Thomas was always the first at work, as now he was also the first to regain his cheerfulness to encourage wife and child in this trial. A spring near supplied water to wash the wound that proved to be severe, and the manly Anton divested himself of his little shirt to bind it up with.

This carefully done, Thomas set his big white teeth firmly together, rose, grasping with one hand the shoulder of his boy, and supported on the other side by his wife, he ordered, "March quick! the house is not such a long way off, then all will be well."

Taking the shortest route home obliged them to cross over a railroad track. Although this was a forbidden road for pedestrians, they considered it the best in this emergency. But here misfortune overwhelmed them in their earnest.

At the first step the sufferer caught his wounded foot in the rail, stumbled, fell, throwing his little boy into the middle of the road, breaking the little fellow's leg.

A helpless, living mass, they lay there, and before both could be rescued from their perilous bed the steaming monster of the road came tearing down upon them, leaving their boy a mangled, bleeding corpse the next instant before them.

Such was the story told by Thomas and his wife to the horrified and sympathizing people.

But there must have been something singular and mysterious connected with this mournful event that remained untold—a secret within their own hearts for, spite of repeated endeavors to have the story told again, they would always answer, "You have heard it once," while a shudder of horror followed at the remembrance.

I left no pains untaken to ingratiate myself in their favor and obtain their confidence. Not only curiosity was excited, but I had a real psychological interest in the matter, and I acknowledge just the least suspicion of something foul; a criminal secret, possibly an accident, that required but little light to lead these people back to happiness.

It is not necessary to explain how I brought it about; suffice it is to say that one day, in presence of her husband, Frau Thomas unburdened her sadly oppressed heart to me in this wise:

"After the birth of our child I was a great deal happier, and loved Thomas better than ever when he was at my side, but I could also enjoy his absence, and not watch window and door constantly if he chanced to remain away longer than usual. I used to tease him frequently and say,— 'Somebody is welcome to steal you, now I've got my baby.' He would laugh at me then, saying: 'Well, you have no further use for me, all right,' and playfully leave the room as if in dreadful anger, and bang the door.— 'But I knew he was only in fun, and laughed as if I did not care. Nevertheless, my heart grew sad and was disturbed until his face again appeared at the door, and he would laugh at me with those great white teeth and say: 'Husband or child, which?' Then I quickly replied: 'Husband, oh! the husband!'"

"But it was so queer, for just as soon as he was with me again, my spirit for the teasing returned and I would say: 'I think it is the child, after all.'— 'Then he would take the boy from my breast and dance him joyfully up and down, and say, 'You are right!'"

"Then he would give me a good kiss, and thus our little innocent 'jars' were never quarrels, and ended in perfect contentment."

She gazed for a moment silently before her, while Thomas sat nodding his head silently.

"You see," she continued, "it is necessary to tell you all this. If it does seem foreign to the real subject, it belongs to it, for it became a matter of most heartrending thoughts to us afterward. This question asked in joke became a frightful fact."

The woman was so overcome she could scarcely continue, and her eyes turned a mute appeal for help toward her husband, but he only shook his head mournfully, making a motion with his hand as if to bid her speak on, looking into her eyes lovingly, as if to cheer her.

"Well, the story we told at the time of the accident was true in every particular, up to our arrival at the railroad track. There it was a little different, and we hesitated in giving the exact manner of the horror occurring. We have never fully understood ourselves why. It would have been better, I think, if we had not made a secret of it; much of this weary shadow that has clouded our lives would have worn away, had we talked it over with another person.— That is why we give you our confidence now, hoping an intelligent, right-minded man like yourself will advise and judge if I have erred."

"It happened thus: As my Anton and I were toward the track I imagined I heard the locomotive, but I could see nothing, as a heavy fog lay on the ground, and I supposed that the monster was far away from us, and the moments were precious. My poor Thomas was suffering terribly, saying his foot was burning like caustic, and it was only a step and we would be over, and had Thomas not had the misfortune to stumble, we would have crossed safely."

"They both lay in the middle of the road, Anton to the right of me, Thomas to the left, and in that instant, their startled cry and the shrieking roar of the iron monster fell on my ear, and, through the dense fog I saw my dear one, while the fiery sparks were thickly scattered about, as if hell itself had been opened to devour them."

"Oh! if I live a thousand years, the horror of that moment will remain, as I realized I could save one of them, only one!"

"Ah! sir! human nature may be subject to a million different distressing heartaches and mental struggles, but heap them all into a lifetime, it is as nothing compared to what I endured in a few seconds."

"I have often wondered since how it was possible the mind could comprehend so much while subject to such intolerable suffering and fright, as now, thought after thought flashed through my brain in so short a time."

"My mother-heart yearned for my child, and I seemed to grasp it, while the hand of God Himself seemed to hold me toward Thomas. I thought, was he not time before the child?— Did you not swear at the altar never to forsake him? It seemed, then, as I loved him best; he was more useful on earth. Then I thought, oh! horrible raven mother! to desert your child! But the thing was upon us— I heard men's voices warning through the mist. It was as if they tried to stop it, but failed. It cut the darkness and rushed toward us; with one bound I turned from my child, grasp for my husband, and, with the strength of a giant, raised him off the track, turned, but the awful monster had passed, leaving me the crushed remains of my child!"

She stopped short, as if suddenly frozen in body and soul. Her husband trembled in every limb, clutching at his beard as if it could steady him. I sat a speechless witness of this fearful grief. My sympathy had no words; my eyes must have told them how deeply I entered with them into this touching history.

Thomas recovered himself first.— Going to his wife he tenderly placed his arm around her. She started with the magnetic touch, looked up at him, and then at me, as if waiting for me to pass judgment.

I could only take her hand between my own and say: 'Poor, poor mother! Noble woman! Righteous wife!'"

At this, her eyes beamed as if suddenly relieved of a dark veil; a flush of genuine happiness covered her face; the whole countenance of the woman changed from a sluggish horror to an incomparable relief.

Thomas stretched his hand toward me; his eyes flashing with joy, his head erected with manly pride, and for the first time, years his broad smiling teeth, and through a smile once more.

"God reward your kind heart and good words, sir," she cried. "It seems strange hearing you as if we dared be happy again!"

She embraced her husband, looked lovingly up to him, and softly asked: "Do you think so, Thomas?"

"Just so, just so, wife." He could scarcely articulate the words for the emotion that conquered him now.— Hot tears fell on his wife's hands and face; she, too, sobbed and wept with him. They were the first tears. None were shed during that horrible time.

"You see what it was that changed me so, all these years, sir. The question constantly appeared before me: Have you not committed an unpardonable sin against your own flesh and blood? I could find no rest. My peace was gone forever, and I told Thomas never again would I dare become a mother—"

A deep blush mantled her face and she paused. I thought, here was the time to advise and restore harmony to the distressed family. I said reproachfully to her: "You appear only to think of yourself, Frau Thomas. Do you not suppose your husband has also suffered all those years the same as yourself?" She looked at me astonished, and rather abashed, replied: "Of course he was miserable to see me so, but, as he could not help me, he let me alone."

"Now, Frau Thomas, we have the secret, and that is where you have been unjust, and wronged your husband. You daily exhibited regret that his life had been saved at so great a sacrifice to yourself. It left him in more uncertainty regarding your rescue. We have never fully understood ourselves why. It would have been better, I think, if we had not made a secret of it; much of this weary shadow that has clouded our lives would have worn away, had we talked it over with another person.— That is why we give you our confidence now, hoping an intelligent, right-minded man like yourself will advise and judge if I have erred."

"The woman's face was a study, all appeared, until for very shame she cast herself upon her husband's breast, begging his pardon."

It was his turn to be embarrassed now, and it was really touching to see the man act as if he had done something very foolish.

I left them confident in their future happiness, and so it proved. In time another child came to bless the sorely tried mother's heart, but never again the question, "Husband or child?"

WHAT MAKES THE SKY BLUE.
The ethereal blue color of the sky is due to minute particles of matter which float in the air. With these particles removed, the appearance of the sky would be dead black. It is a fact of optics that exceedingly fine portions of matter disperse or scatter the blue rays of light, coarser portions scatter all the rays, making white light. The atmosphere is full of aqueous vapor, the particles of which diffuse white light in all directions. When these particles are enlarged, they become visible in the form of clouds. The vapor particles of the white clouds are supposed to be finer and lighter than those of the dark clouds. That the diffusion of light in our atmosphere, the blue coloring of the sky and the colors of the clouds, are due to the presence of matter floating in the air has been conclusively proven by Tyndall. On passing a beam of sunlight through a glass tube, the beam is rendered brilliantly visible by the reflection of light from the dust particles floating in the air contained in the tube. But on removing the dust particles, which is done by filtering the air by cotton wool, or causing your eye to pass over a flame, the beam of light is no longer visible in the tube.—Scientific American.

THE remains of a woman, which had reposed in a grave in the cemetery near Wheeling, W. Va., for six or eight years, were recently disinterred in order to remove them to another place. Much difficulty was experienced in raising them, the weight was so excessive. On opening the coffin the body was found from the neck to the feet to be a perfect specimen of petrification. The form was full and sound; the feet, which were incased in gaiters, felt them as completely as a living subject, and the hands and arms were plump and hard as a rock. The clothing was in an excellent state of preservation—the fabric proving, when tested, to be quite strong. The head, however, had suffered the decay incident to the period of time it had lain in the ground. None of the bodies which rested in close proximity to this had undergone a similar change.

Desperate Fight with a Burglar—A Courageous Woman.

Three harmless-looking umbrella-men lately visited the town of Milton, Pa., pursuing their avocation in a way that commended them and their calling and secured the ready patronage of the dwellers in that region. Among those who patronized them was the family of Samuel Bond, living about eight miles from Milton. The Bonds were farmers, and their house was located in a secluded spot.

One of the umbrella-men visited Bond's house. It was the day after Bond had sold some cattle and got the money. That night Bond awakened and saw a strange man in his room. He sprang up and collared the man in the twinkling of an eye. Mrs. Bond was awakened by the unusual noise in the room. She bounded out of bed with a lively sense of what was the matter. She caught the burglar by the legs, and at length the husband and wife had him apparently in their power. Mrs. Bond held him while Bond poured blows into his face with a liberal hand. They had all scuffled and rolled to the head of the stairs, and the base of operations was suddenly changed by Bond and the stranger rolling from the top to the bottom of the stairs. They were clinched and did not lose their grips. Young Bond, who had been awakened, now came on the scene.— The stranger had found a pistol by this time and began to use it. He fired at young Bond and hit him in the groin, and was about to fire at Mrs. Bond, who had reached the foot of the stairs, when a blow with a club in the hands of young Bond broke the stranger's pistol arm and the weapon fell to the floor. Young Bond continued to use his club upon the head of the stranger, who finally became quiet and lay helpless.

It was evident to the Bonds that they had won a victory, but it was also evident that they were badly hurt and bleeding. Mrs. Bond struck a light to make a closer inspection of the field. She recognized in the stranger who had no business that the Bonds knew of in the house, that he was the umbrella-man who had called on her during the day. He was breathing and sensible, but of no use to himself. Mrs. Bond searched his pockets and found her husband's pocket-book with \$500 in it. He had made the transfer of the pocket-book before Bond awoke. The burglar said he had two friends to help him, who stayed down stairs while he went up stairs. He did not see them round and he supposed they had run away when they found he was discovered. Mrs. Bond was the only one left able for active service, and she had received a deep gash in the face. The old man and her son were nearly as helpless as the burglar. She got a rope and tied the burglar so that he could not get away unaided, got on a horse and galloped eight miles to Milton after the officers and doctors. She did her errand with neatness and dispatch.

It was found the burglar's right arm was broken in two places, three of his ribs were stove in, and his skull had received two fractures. The Bonds, father and son, were badly, but not dangerously, wounded. The burglar was not in a condition to be moved, but the doctors did what they could for him and left him in charge of an officer, using Bond's house as a prison and hospital. All the Bonds went to bed. Soon after the officer was left alone with his charge a wagon drove up to the door and the officer was asked to step out. He supposed it was the Sheriff, who had come after the burglar to take him to jail. He went out to the wagon. There were two men, who asked him how the prisoner was doing. One of the men got behind the officer and felled him with a club, and when he came to his senses again he found the wagon gone, the prisoner gone, and the bed upon which the prisoner was lying gone. It was evidently a rescue by the other burglars.

A DEATH BED INTERVIEW BY TELEGRAPH.—The overhead telegraph in Australia extends for 1,000 miles across the wastes of the insular continent, and the line is greatly exposed to the attacks of the natives who use the wire to point their spears with, and break the insulators in order to secure the sharp-edged fragments, with which they scrape their spear blades smooth. In order to guard the line, therefore, each station is a fort. On the evening of February 22, one of these stations was suddenly attacked, and in the melee Mr. Stapleton, the master, was fatally wounded. The station was 1,200 miles from Adelaide, and the sufferer had to be treated for his wounds by Dr. Gosce of that place, by means of consultation over the wire. The case was hopeless, however, and all that could be done to make the situation of Mr. Stapleton somewhat easier to bear was to allow him to exchange a few parting words with his wife, who, like the surgeon, was 1,200 miles away in Adelaide. This was done, and the man and woman who had seen each other for the last time on earth were able, in a measure, to say to each other those words of tenderness which cheer the dying in their last moments, and leave a pleasant remembrance upon the minds of the bereaved.

Buried Twice in the Same Graveyard.

Charles Crowell, of Green village, in Morris county, who has at last paid the debt of nature at the age of seventy-one. He died a few days ago, and was twice buried in the Madison Cemetery. He was taken deranged when about 25 years of age, soon after a religious revival in which he claimed to have experienced a change of heart. The cause of his derangement has been attributed by some to a severe cold which he took, and by others to religious excitement. Abstract from the first his conduct was so violent that he had to be kept chained to the floor, and for a period of over forty years he has been as naked as when he first came into the world. He would rend into shreds every piece of clothing or bed-cloth that was made for him; besides, he would destroy every thing he could lay his hands on. For forty years he was kept in a small apartment celled with boards, furnished with a door, and a place for a window, which was closed in cold weather by a shutter. The only article in the room was straw, on which he slept. For the last few years his legs, from constant sitting on them, had become so crooked that he could not stand, and consequently

MOVED ON ALL FOURS.
During the last two or three years his chains have been removed, as he was, by reasons of his infirmity, comparatively harmless. He has been attended during all this period first by a mother, then by a sister, both of whom were worn out in taking care of him, and latterly a niece (Mrs. Burt) has had charge of him. He had to be washed, cleaned, and fed like an infant. Over a hundred bed quilts which the hands of affection have made for him have been torn up. It is a remarkable fact that just before he died he seemed to return to consciousness, and called an attendant by name.

A curious circumstance happened in the graveyard. After the coffin had been lowered and the grave nearly filled an attendant called out to stop further proceedings, as the lot was his and he was unwilling that a lunatic should be buried by the side of his wife. After much ado the corpse was uncovered and a new plot selected, where the deceased now lies in peace. Misanthropic people are often heard to grumble at their lot, but no surer remedy could be found for curing their misanthropy than a visit to such a person. In justice to his friends it should be said that Charles Crowell has always had the best of care. The modes now adopted for treating the insane were not in vogue in those days.—Elizabeth, N. J., Journal.

One Dog Communicates Good News to another Dog.
In the fall of 1861 my son, Sidney G., entered the Federal army, leaving behind him two favorite dogs, both of whom greatly lamented his absence. He was soon captured by the enemy and held a prisoner until the spring of 1862, when he was exchanged in the country, the old home-stead in Bollinger county, Mo. Both dogs happened to be about 300 yards from the house, barking up a tree at a squirrel. After some time, however, the smaller one became tired and came to the house, the large one remaining at the tree. The little fellow came bounding into the room where his young master, who had been so long absent, was sitting, and recognized him, and, of course, had quite a demonstration over him. The pleasure of again meeting his kind master was too great to be enjoyed all alone, so he quickly turned his course to the dish of his companion in the woods and in all speed made his way to the tree, and communicated to the large dog the fact of his young master's arrival; when, instantly, both the dogs were making for the house with all their might, the larger one, who had remained at the tree, taking the lead, and not slowing his speed until he bounded into the room where Sidney was. The strange part of this story consists in the fact that the small dog not only communicated to the large one the fact that Sidney had come home, but in some way informed him of the identical room in which he would find him, as he ran around the house and in at the very door where Sidney was sitting, with-out ever halting or even turning his head toward several other doors that he had to pass in making the circuit.—St. Louis Globe.

THEY tell a queer story about the doctors in a certain Texas town, who were all away last summer to attend a medical convention. They were absent about two months, and on their return found all their patients had recovered, the drug stores had closed the nurses had opened dancing schools, the cemetery had been cut up into building lots, the undertakers had gone to making fiddles, and the hearse had been painted and sold as a circus wagon.

ONE-HALF teaspoonful of salt in four teaspoonfuls of water will regulate a disordered stomach to be repeated two or three mornings, before breakfast.

A Laughing's Narrative.

"We shall see, my dear madame," said I to a fellow passenger in the Dupree boat, taking out my wallet, but keeping my eyes steadily upon her, "we shall be in less than ten minutes at the engine house." A spasm—a flicker from the guilt which—glanced from her countenance.

"You look very good-looking, sir," she remarked to me.

I bowed, and looked considerably more so to invite her confidence.

"If I was to tell you a secret, that I don't wish to tell you, but to keep myself, Oh! would you keep it in the stable?"

"I know it, my dear madame—I know it already, I said, smiling, 'it is late, is it not?'"

She uttered a little shriek, and then she had got it there among the white line. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, and unknown to her.

"Oh, said she, 'it is only the pounds' worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire.'"

"My dear madame," replied I, sternly but kindly, "there is the peer and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty."

I rushed up the ladder like a lightning; I pointed out the woman to a legitimate authority. I accompanied her upon her way in custody to the searching-house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my conclusions, I informed to the subordinate officials. I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. I gave her back twice the value of that she had paid her fine, and explained.

"You, madame, had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person; I had nearly fifty times that amount. I turned informer, madame, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madame? If you still feel aggrieved by me in any way, pray take more care; here is lots of it."

When I finished my explanation the lady seemed perfectly satisfied with my little stroke of diplomacy, though she would have doubtless preferred a less prominent part in it.

Hardship of Work.
Murat Halstead, one of the most practical of American journalists, gives as his recipe to make a capitalist—sixteen hours of work per day for sixteen years; and it may be considered infallible. The good, indefatigable worker is sure some day to become a capitalist to a greater or less extent. All our great men are great workers. No man ever achieved eminence who commenced by reducing his hours of labor to the standard number per day, and no man ever worked very hard and attained fortune who did not look back upon his working days as the happiest of his life.

The fact is, work is the best thing we have got, and the more we can do the better it is for us; not only in a money point of view, but from a moral and intellectual point of view. Work is not a hardship; it is the lack of it that is the hardship.

How good work is to us! How many good things it brings us! It lightens our griefs, soothes our disappointments and brightens the darkest day as nothing else can. It gives us home, friends, good things to eat, clothes to wear, pleasant objects for the eyes to rest upon. It makes us able to gratify the wishes of those nearest and dearest to us, and it constantly makes the world better to look at—better to live in.

Let us magnify work, then; love and honor work, not whine over it and complain of it. Let us sing its praises, rejoice over it and show our real appreciation of all it is and all it does for us by doing our share of it well, by putting the best that is in us into our work and leaving it as a memorial of which we shall not be ashamed.

HAPPY CHILDREN MAKE HAPPY MEN!—All dissonance of character has its real foundation in these early impressions. The happiness of children depends much on their being as little as possible interfered with in their little joys. How quickly do their good inclinations unfold themselves! How open are they to every humane and gentle feeling! Harsh and erroneous treatment acts in the very opposite way; it shuts them up. It is not the ideas, I believe, that are learned, which really work on the character, but those which one makes his own, because the immediate bearing on our disposition is what makes them really important. Right ideas, therefore, may engage the imagination whose creations become hereby only more harmonious. But every fancy does not act and create in the same degree. It is that alone which points out to the teachers the different treatment that is necessary.

Young ladies going abroad this season, will do well to remember that American maidens who expect to marry noblemen are usually recognized by the number of their trunks.