that Galileo saw suspended and swinging

North Carolina Gazette.

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THE LETTER

One rainy night, about half past eight o'clock, the train had dashed into McKib ben's Corners, and the mail had been delivered at the store and post office.

John Fairjohn, the postmaster, had opened the bag and counted the letters. There were, as he made out, just ten, and one was larger than the others, and had a red seal; and then he found that he had left his glasses on the newspaper in the backroom, and without his glasses he could not read a line; and so, of course, he had gone after them, returning to find two persons in the store-Farmer Roper and Squire McKibbens, whose ancestors had given its name to the place.

"Wet, ain't it," said Mr Fairjohn, nod-

"Wet or not, our folks ain't going to do without their groceries, you see," said the Squire. "Mail's in, I see. That train came near running into my truck, too; wasn't noticing the flag, and drove across just in time to save myself. Any letters for me? "I'll see. Why there are only nine; I

am sure that I counted right, and there were ten, and one with a red seal. I might as well give up keeping the office if I'm coing to lose my senses like that. There wasn't any one in here while I was gone,

"Only Roper and L. and Roper's son.

But he didn't come in, did he?" "No," said Roper, "I don't believe Job came in at all; he has just gone off some-

"Well," said the postmaster, after another search; "I must be mistaken. Yes, there's a letter for your folks-and something forkou, Mr. Roper; and you wouldn't

mind tossing that in at the Smiths' as you "Oh, no," said Roper; "give it to me. I reckon that's from Smith who is clerking

in New York. Can't get any of 'em to stay and farm." "Your son Job did."

"Oh, my son Job would try the patience

of his namesake. My son Job! Bah!" Just at this moment the door opened, and there entered a little woman dressed in a clicap calico, and wrapped in a faded, ters, and then, in an appealing voice like that of a frightened child, said:

"Mr. Fairjohn, is there any letter for

The postmaster, who was a little deaf, had turned his head away, and did not see that she had entered; and she moved near- is very good of you to love me so." er to the counter before she spoke again, She was a faded little woman, and her face calico hood, and the round, dimpled chin, and looked back.

"Is there a letter for me this time, Mr. Fairjohn!" she said again; and then the postmaster looked around.

"No, there ain't; and you are a fool to take such a walk, to ask," he said, with rough kindness. "Wouldn't I have sent it if one had come, Mrs. Lester?"

"Well, you see, I felt in a hurry to get it," said she; "von can't blame me for be ing in a hurry—its so long."

"That's true; well, better luck next time But why don't you wait? Mr. McKibben will take you over when he goes. He passes your corner."

"Yes, wait, Mrs. Lester; I'll take you and welcome.

But she answered, "thank you; I don't mind walking," and was gone. "Keeps it up, don't she," said the post-

"It's a shame," said Mr. McKibben How many years has it been since Lester

Ten; I remember, for it was the day I came here. She was then as pretty a woman as you'd want to see, wasn't she?"

"Well, ves." "Sailed in the Sphynx, and we know

that the Sphynx went down on that vovage, and all hands along with her. The morrow. rest of the women put on widows' weeds. town itself. They took what the Almighty of tears. sent, and didn't rebel. She set up that her husband wasn't dead, and would come back. She's kept it up ever since; comes for his letter, and he was drowned along said old Fairjohn, blantly; "what is it?" with all the rest, of course, ten years ago. She must be thirty; well she has changed ped there would be a letter; I dreamed

He's better off than I be. His mo- the letters were kept, and handed them to er's father left him all he had. He's cra- her. is Job-crazy, I call it; plenty of pret-

Ild, lives in a rickety old shanty, wait- per, and forget this folly." for a drowned man to come back again. Why, every one knows Charlie Lester was the letters over in her lap, and said: rwned in the Sphynx. There wasn't a seemed to know it had a red seal." saved-not one. It was in the papers.

suk. And she's waitin' for him yet!" Crazy on that point," said the postmater; "well, poor soul, she had been marricconly a week when the Sphynx sailed, and hat makes a difference.' "les; that's true."

Ten, their parcels being ready, the two menteparted, and Mr. Fairjohn, having stare out into the rainy night awhile, put up hi shutters and went to bed. Meanwhile the woman plodded on through the she sad to herself. It was one she should have een used to, and now the absurdity of it semed to strike her for the first time in all these years.

"Tey laugh at me," she muttered to hersell "I know they laugh at me. Perhaps Iam mad; but they don't know what that. I be had died he would have given me sone sign; and yet-yet-if he were alive, i would be stranger still. No, no; they ar right-I am wrong. He must be

And is though the news had just been whispered to her, she clasped her hand to her forelead, gave a cry, and sank down tells me so. interval be wind had blown the clouds from the ky, and the moonlight lay white upon the bath, lighting her on the way to left you I shall go mad.

There at the door sat a man-a strong, determine looking fellow, who arose a her approach, and held out his hand.

"Here you come," he said: "worn out, tired to death, still on that fruitless errand. Jessie Leser, can't you give up this nonsense, and hink of the living a little? Jessie, think if me for just half an hour."

"I do think of you, and I am very sorry that you are so good to me when I must seem so badto you." Then she sat down on the porch, and, ta-

king her little hood off, leaned her head wearily against the wall of the house; and the man arose, and crossed over, and sat

"Give it a softer resting-place, Jessie," he said: "here on my heart." She looked out into the night, not at him, as she spoke:

"Job, I begin to think you are rightthat he went down on the Sphyna ten years ago. But what good would I do you? What do you want to marry me for?"

He drew still closer as he answered: "Before you married Charles Lester I loyed you; while you were a married woman I loved you; all these ten years since that vessel went down I have loved you. man must have the woman he lives, if he gives his soul for her."

"His soul! what a horrible thought!" "I should have said his lif: I don't want to shock you, but you don't know thin shawl. She looked timidly about the | what it would be to me to have you. And store, still more timidly at the heap of let. then I would do every thing for your boy." "Yes, I know you would."

There was a pause; then she gave him her hand. "Job," she said very softly; "I shall pretend nothing that I don't feel; but I know I have been crazy all this time, and if you want me you may have me. It

And thus it seemed to have ended-that ten years watching and waiting-and there bore signs of grief; but she was neither old was triumph in Job's eyes as he turned and nor ugly yet, and there was something in left her, with his first kiss upon her lips. the damp curls clustering under the faded But at the end of the green late he paused

> "I told her the truth." he said. "when declared that a man who lovel a woman as I love her, must have her if he sells his

> And then he drew from his oreast a letit a moment, and hid it away tgain.

> Everybody at McKibben's Corners knew the substance instead of the shadow.

it by the stove, when there came a feeble saw the wagon on the road she knew it out of the rain a dripping figure-Jessie even to the doctor, as he drove along with Lester, the bride who was to be on the the woman, whose vision was turned in

She was trembling with cold, and as he them that lost their husbands-four in this led her to the fire she burst into a passion

"I am frightened," she said; "some one followed me all the way -I heard them." "You have no business to be out alone," She looked up at him piteously, "I ho-

there was one, and that Charlie came to "Yes," said Mr. Roper; "but there's my me and said: 'go to the office once more; I son Job wild over her to this day. He's have written-I have written. And I a father to her boy and a good husband to bimself. Then he went to the box where to chance.

"Look for yourself, Mrs. Lester. Ten gals and smart, healthy widows, and he | years have gone since your husband left ses no one but this pale, slim little thing this place. If he's alive he is a rascal, and at's gone out, and she-why, of course, you are free of him by law; but we know is lost her senses, or she'd have him. that every man on board the Sphynx was Works like a slave to keep herself and the drowned. So be a good wife to Job Ro-

She made no answer, but only tossed

And as she spoke a shadow darkened w, the bottle was found with the letter the door, and old Fairjohn, starting up, reu , writ by some one before the ship cognized Roper.

He was very pale, and took no notice of the postmaster, as he crossed over and stood in front of Jessie.

"You love that man best, even now," he said; "you'd rather have found a letter from

wedding-day.' "I never lied to you," she cried piteous-

v: "you know that." He grew whiter still. "I told you," he said, "that a man would lose his soul for mul, "walking off her disappointment," such a love as mine. Did you suppose they were idle words?"

Then he plunged his hand into his bosom, and the next instant a letter, with a red seal, lay in Jessie's lap.

"I've made you happy, and now I'll go. Fairjohn, I stole that letter a month ago, off the counter, yonder. I knew at one love is Charlie wouldn't have left me like glance who wrote it;" and then the door closed behind him, and he was gone. But Jessie had torn the letter open, and

never even looked after him. And these were the words she read, old Fairjohn looking over her shoulder:

"Aboard the Silver Star: - Jessie, darling, I do not know what makes me believe that I shall find on her kices in the road. She knelt there | Five of us were cast on a desert island when the

> home. Jessie! Jessie! if I do not find you as Your husband, And so Jessie's letter had come at last

And as Fairjohn looked into her face be saw how angels looked in paradise Job was found drowned in the Kill next morning; but Jessie never knew it for she and her boy were on their way to New York to meet the Silver Star when it made port.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND A YEAR.-Beecher is ahead of Grant. Plymonth church has taken the lead of the salary stealing Congress. Grant bid from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand, including pickings, and wou. Plymouth church sees this "raise," and goes fifty thousand better! If the jury couldn't agree to give Beecher a cloak of innocence, Plymouth church is unanimous in placing a hundred thousand dollar plaster upon his wounded reputation.

This vast sum of money is to pay the expense of Beecher's defeuse and for other purposes. Beecher's improprieties, if not crimes, have cost his people, in one lump, one hundred thousand dollars! This paying dearly for the rollicking of a friskhave been expended to much better advan-

ance .- Albany Argus.

THE VISION OF DEATH.—Sheriff Ramsev, at Ellis, on the Kansas Pacific railtion to catch him or perish in the attempt. history. The desperate character of the hunted man was well known. He was a daring And now again it was night -a wetter wounded, the ball having passed entirely the body at a single stroke. one than that other, and later, too, for Mr. through his body. He lived only an hoar. Fairjohn had closed the store, and was All these things happened in reality. Then compounding for himself what he called a the woman saw the wagon starting with 'night-cap" of some fragrant liquor, warm her husband's lifeless body in it. When knock at the door, and there staggered in afar off. It was all very like a dream the direction of the unknown, which she pierced so clearly. Her eyes are still looking for the coming of her husband, and they will look on forever. To her he is not dead, but coming. She stumbled over his corpse, and in her mind he rose from the dead.

doing one.

HASTY COURTSHIP AND BETROTHALS.

An American lady, writing from Munch, describes a visit of congratulation to a lady who had recently been engaged to be narried, and who related the circumstaces of her courtship as follows:

"'We met each other several times,' she here, but had not much opportunity to has ever since been kept at hard labor in the country, even among dancing girls much of his time. Attached to it is a rude ciety gave its anniversary festival and a trees, as they are trimmed off by the axe- there is too much sad truth in Victor Jac- his observations. And just at this time, the end of the evening felt ourselves well and see a dark figure upon its disc, some- cous witches as in Kashmir. [He had not Jesuits and monks, and at last the Pope acquainted. The next Wednesday he paid what resembling, in outline, the shape of been in Thibet!] The female race is re- took hold, and the Church condemned him betrothal took place.' Such a rapid march | which might or might not be a pile of common ranks-those one sees in the ed him, until he died almost a martyr to I ventured to make some remarks as to the our mothers—we believe the story; and, elevated station pass all their lives shut like Campernicus, whose system he taught him than not, though to-morrow is our cently inquired the newly betrothed, 'if character of the man. sure you cannot mean that in earnest!' said | while our mothers do not. Here it is. the young girl; 'no maiden could be so un-

kind to a man she really loved!" a few moments, and then arose. In this Sphynx went down. The two yet alive were ta joy in a hearty, friendly, neighborly tash- were suddenly nine attire of Kashmir—a dirty, whitish will have a monument in Westminster? ken off it yesterday in skins, with our beards to lou, that was pleasant to see. The formal caught up by some invisible power, and cotton gown. our knees. We must go to England first-then betrothal is a family festival to which only carried off thro' the air. Their mothers relatives or the nearest friends are invited. As soon as it takes place the lady is called a braut-that is, a 'bride'-and the gentleman is brautigam-'bridegrom'-and they use these titles in speaking of one another. The lady, with all imaginable simplicity, introduces the gentleman to any new acquaintance as 'my bridegroom,' and he speaks of her as 'my bride.' The marriage ceremony, instead of giving them those titles, as with us, takes them away obey his mother. forever, unless one of them should be so unfortunate as to be left desolate, and be compelled to choose another mate.

A NOTABLE PLACE .- Quincy, Massachusetts, is a notable birth-place of great men, such as John Hancock, the Adamses, Quincys, and others more or less famous. It is a picturesque old town. From the summit of President's Hill the eve sweeps over a magnificent scene, crowded with reminiscences of a century ago. Directly beneath, on the east, is the site of the old home of John Hancock, now occupied as the Adams Academy; to the southeast is took of his garment, and was gratified for the decaying mansion, with neglected sur- her anxiety for his comfort. Once when roundings, where both John Adams and John Quincy Adams were born; and near his gown on fire, and quite a hole was burnv clergyman of sixty. The money could by, on the north, is the fine old estate that ed in the skirt. His wife was considerawas built by a Tory, and was confiscated tage. "The poor ye have always with to the government, was afterwards the re- trifling a danger to him had so moved menced the translation of Iliad-his most sidence of John Adams, and is now occu-This ostentations donation to Beecher | pied by his grandson, Hon. Charles Franwill not help his case in the estimation of cis Adams; a few rods to the north, halfthe public. Conclusive testimony declar- hidden in the surrounding foliage, stands he had left at home, and retraced his steps study, either for livelihood or amusement, ing his innocence in the trial just closed the old club-house, known as the Greenleaf to get them. Letting himself in with his at an advanced age. But everyone familwould have been of vastly more import. Home, where many of the leading patriots latch-key he proceeded to his chamber, iar with the biography of distinguished of the revolution were wont to meet and confer together, and arrange plans vital to her knees on the floor, his dressing gown liberty. These and many other relies of patriotism are still standing here, to recall her, and she, scissors in hand, disengag- to study." road, got after a thief with the determina scenes which have long since passed into ing from it a white, flimsy fabric with

A BRAVE DANDY .- The first Earl of marander, and, having long lived in defi- Holland was a great dandy, who played ance of the law, it was pretty certain he a prominent and not altogether reputable would not allow himself to be taken alive. part in the history of his time. He was a Mrs. Ramsey, the wife of the sheriff, was favorite at the court of James I. and Charles extremely anxions for the safety of her I., but when the civil war broke out, he at busband, and dreamed a bad dream one first sided with the parliament against the night. She was terribly distressed about king. In an unlucky hour he went over it, and expressed the conviction that her to the royalist side, took up arms against husband was killed. She enlisted the the commonwealth, was defeated, made sympathies of a Dr. O'Brien, of Ellis, and prisoner, tried, and duly sentenced to lose the two started out toward Hays, where his head. He appeared upon the scaffold ter with a great red seal upon it, looked at the sheriff was supposed to be in quest of in a white satin vest and cap, trimmed in his game. On the journey the doctor and silver lace. His costly garments were the Married? Yes, they were to be married. Mrs. Ramsey met a wagon ten miles from lawful perquisites of the executioner, to Stockton, containing the corpse of the whom the earl said, as he approached the that. Jessie Lester went no more to the sheriff, shot through the body in his en- block, "here, my friend, let my body and post-office for her long-expected letter. Job counter with the thief. The sight of her clothes alone. There is ten pounds for was furnishing his house-hadfurnished it, dead husband dethroned Mrs. Ramsey's thee, which is better than my clothes, I am for on the morrow the wedding was to take reason, and she is now a raving maniac. sure. And when you take up my head, do place. And it was night again-a month Her dream was fulfilled in every particu- not take off my cap." Then, laying his from that night when she had gone for the lar. Many miles away she saw her hus head upon the block, he added, "stay till last time, every one thought, through rain band fire the first shot at the thief, hitting I give the sign." After a brief prayer be and mud, on her foolish quest; but now him. They both fired simultaneously. stretched out his hand, saying, "now, now!" she was sensible at last. She had chosen The thief fell dead with a bullet in his The word had hardly left his lips when the heart. Mr. Ramsey fell also mortally axe fell, and the head was severed from

WHO LIVE LONG .- Lazy people die tie incident is given as illustrating the the Principal Empires and Kingdoms of Europe. ung. It is the active in body and brain hardship of the English law of marriage water, lemons and sugar, and was sipping Mrs. Ramsey, traveling with the doctor, who live to extreme old age, as a rule. It An officer in India was married about ten is abundantly proven that exercise of the years ago under peculiar circumstances. mind invigorates its bodily receptacle, even | The woman, being disappointed in her dewhen that exercise is carried to an apparently extreme point. The brain, the reservoir of nervous energy to the rest of the system, increases in volume and vigor by had married him, and refused to go home use, just as the arm of the blacksmith or with him. From that day to the present went to Pisa, in order to see the house in and our Lee. We have much to make us the leg of the dancer gains in muscular de- she has not given her husband one hour's which Galileo was born, for he was born feel proud as a nation. But where are the velopment. The system is benefited by the enhanced brain-power, and greater vi- he is unable to extricate himself legally see the house, as there was no valet de Where are our Handels, Mozarts, Haydens tality and longevity are the results. Work from a bend which makes him the victim by method and system, even when severe, Giving advice is many times the privil- is not only quite compatible with very ege of saying a foolish thing of one's self, under pretense of hindering another from ally conducive to it, while the torpor of idleness or the excitement of fitful effort a problem that has bothered the world for Book, perhaps that would have informed languages-all well-bred people speak two are the sure precursors of mental and phy- ages. She was reproved for some childish me. I returned to Florence, and had to or three. I knew a butcher's son who There should be as little merit in loving sical degeneration. It is a pity that these act, and seating herself on the floor at her content myself with a visit to the palace in spoke five languages, and my washer-wo a woman for her beauty as in loving a man truths are not more generally understood; mother's feet reflected for a long time, and which is built a small room, say fifteen man at Paris—a Spanish woman—spoke

THE "SEVEN STARS."

Early in the days of our childhood we

heard their cries, and came forth from their higher, until they took their place among on musical instruments. the stars in the sky, to dance on forever

When the Indian mother tells this story she points out the seven stars of the Pleia- eighty, commenced the study of Latin. des; and the embryo warrior trembles to think what an awful fate might befall the

A WIFE'S TRICK .- A lady occupying a high position at Washington, whose husband was of the government, made a trip to Europe with him. She "doted" on lace, and here was her opportunity. Talking of the acquisitions she would make in this line, he told her she should purchase any reasonable quantity, provided she would not smuggle any. To this she acceded. The gentleman took as part of his wardrobe a dressing gown, for, like most Americans, in the privacy of his room he liked to pull off his coat. Several times on the ship he observed the care his wife smoking, while lighting his cigar, he set bly agitated, and he was flattered that so her. One morning immediately after their pleasing production. return to this country, he found that before and on opening the door found his wife on divested of its lining and spread before which it was covered. She sprang up on seeing him, laughed, and exclaimed: "You are the smuggler. You were that lace all over Europe, and brought it home."

THE CREATION OF WOMAN .- A prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel: "Your God is a thief: he surprised Adam

in his sleep and stole a rib from him." The Rabbi's daughter overheard this speech, and whispered a word or two in her father's ear, asking his permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent. The girl stepped forward, and, feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and

"My liege! my liege! justice! revenge!" "What has happened?" asked the prince. "A wicked theft has taken place," she replied. "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet and left a golden one in its stead.'

"What an upright thief!" exclaimed the prince. "Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence!"

"Behold then, sire, the kind of thief that our Creator was: he stole a rib from Adam, and gave him a beautiful wife instead." "Well said!" avowed the prince.

A HARD CASE .- The following authensire to obtain another man, took this officer out of pique, but as soon as the marriage service was over told him why she companionship, and yet he has found that at Pisa in the year 1564; but I failed to fine arts? Where are the great architects? of a woman's pique against another man.

offered himself twice, and stands ready to offer himself again any day—ready to a father to her box and stands ready to a father to her box and stands ready to a father to her box and stands ready to a father to her box and stands ready to a father to her box and stands ready to a father to her box and stands ready to be a father to her box and stands ready to be a father to her box and stands ready to be a father to her box and stands ready to be a father to her box and stands ready to be a father to her box and stands ready to be a father to her box and stands ready to be a father to her box and stands ready to be a father to her box and stands are not more generally understood; then, looking up, said: "Ma! Why is it is a useful doctrine to preach, and still that naughty things are so nice?"

Volume to the soling of which hangs the lamp to thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

Indeed the soling of which hangs the lamp to thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

So did I," muttered old Fairjohn to for his prosperity, both being alike subject that naughty things are so nice?"

Volume to the soling of which hangs the lamp to thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

Indeed to the soling of which hangs the lamp to thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

Indeed to the soling of which hangs the lamp to thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

Indeed to the soling of which hangs the lamp to the soling of which h

KASHMIR BEAUTIES.

learn one important fact—that there is a been famous in the East, but travelers tell oscillation of the pendulum was the very 'man in the moon;" and straightway we us that if you want to see beautiful Kash- thing for the measurement of time. His proceed to ask our mother a number of miris do not go to Kashmir to look for telescope was here, with many other things pointed questions about the matter. She satisfies our youthful curiosity by telling eves of Kashmir" have been justly celeus that he was placed there long ago, for brated in Eastern poetry; but this is almost some two miles outside the north-east gate said, in the Society for Social Intercourse stealing a head of cabbage, and there he the only feminine attraction to be found of the city. In this house Galileo spent speak to one another. Last week the So- "pulling brush," or collecting branches of and boat girls. As to the ordinary women, looking observatory from which he made little dance after the ceremonies. We man, preparatory to burning them out of quemont's outburst against them-"Know for daring to embrace the Caupernican sysdanced together a good many times; and the way. And when we look at the moon, that I have never seen anywhere such hid- tem, he was persecuted and harassed by his first visit, and the fellowing oay our a man, and near it an additional dark spot, markably ugly. I speak of women of the as a heretic, and imprisoned and maltreatof events quite took away my breath, and boughs, we go a great deal further than streets and fields—since those of a more science. He did not escape persecution different fashion of doing such things in having believed it, we secretly resolve, in up, and are never seen. It is true that all and explained, for Caupernicus himself was Germany and in America. 'The ladies our minds, never to commit a theft, lest a little girls who promise to turn out pretty only ex-communicated; and all this for with us, I remarked, generally make their similar fate should be ours. And thus are sold at eight years of age, and carried teaching the rotation of the earth, because admirers wait awhile before they give their the silly fable at once becomes an import- off into the Panjab and India." A good it was calculated to bring the Bible into consent.' 'Why do they do that,' inno- ant engine in forging and forming the deal of that traffic still goes on, notwith- discredit. As I fear that I cannot be bestanding the law which forbids women and lieved, I refer to the church with the they intend to marry them? 'Oh,' I re- The Indian mothers have a story some- mares to be taken out of the country; and "sainted cross," (St. Croix) where is to be plied, 'we think it is the right thing to keep what like that of the "man in the moon," as it has gone on for generations, it is seen one of the most magnificent monuthem in uneasy suspense for awhile, and which they tell their children as our mothers | easily explicable how the Kashmirs should | ments in all Europe, and which was actutorture them a little, that they may better tell the story to us, with this difference, be so ugly. A continuous process eliminal ally erected to the memory of Galileoappreciate their good fortune. 'Oh! I am however: they believe the story themselves, ting the pretty girls and leaving the ugly the man who was pronounced a heretic, ones to continue the race, must lower the was persecuted and shut up in prison, and Very long ago seven little boys took it standard of beauty. But the want of died blind, poor and friendless. In those into their heads to have a feast after the good condition strikes one more painfully days, when a man thought for himself, and "This was the German view of your sn- manner of their fathers, and they went to in Kashmir, then the want of beauty. The was bold enough to avow his sentiments, per-refinement, young ladies of America! their mothers, praying for permission. aquiline noses, long chins and faces of the if they did not accord with the Bible, he My friends, the ladies of the house, who Their mothers refused them; after which women of Kashmir, would allaw only of a was treated as we have seen. But now, in paid the congratulation call, came back they decided to rebel, and have the feast peculiar and rather Jewish style of beauty; these enlightened days, when a man feels full of the lovely picture of family joy they anyhow. They procured a little white and even that is not brought out well by free to think for himself, and his thoughts had seen. 'Such happiness!' they said; dog to sacrifice; and, having placed it the state of their physique; for the most do not exactly accord with the Bible, mathe father, mother, sister—the whole fam- upon the fire, they commenced dancing beautiful woman in the world would not ny look upon him with the more complayou mine still, after all these years, but something ily circle so proud and pleased and joyful! around, as they had seen their fathers show to advantage if she were imperfectly concy, and call it only skepticism—and and they seemed to sympathize with this do on momentous occasions. While they washed, and dressed in the ordinary femi- who knows but that even Hugh Miller

> NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN .- Socra- and have not injured the Bible, and if it lodges, only to see them mount higher and tes, at an extreme old age, learned to play should be proven that this world is hun-

Cato, at eighty years of age, commenced to study the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and Boceacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite vouth who was so thoughtless as to dis- literature. Yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialects-

Dante and Petrarch being the other two. Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty his great proficiency as an architect.and sixty years of age. After this he

Ludovico Monaldson, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Ogliby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek until he was past fifty.

Franklin did not commence his philosophical study until he had reached his Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, com-

We could go on and cite thousands of he reached his office the keys he needed examples of men who commenced a new men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick

> How to GET ALONG .- Don't stop to ell stories in business hours. If you have a place of business be found

and indolent will ever say "I am too old

No man can get rich by sitting around the stores and saloons. Never fool in business hours.

Have order, system, regularity, and also Do not meddle with business you know

Do not kick everyone in your path. More miles can be made in one day by oing steadily than by stopping.

Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he oes his bond. Help others when you can, but never

give what you cannot afford because it is Learn to say No. No necessity of snap oing it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Use your own brains rather than those

Correspondence.

Reminiscences of a Sojourn of Many Years in

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MESSES. EDITORS:-That which interested me at Florence as much if not more and strength, we are a tender infant in than anything else was what might be in years. We have had our statesmen that any way connected with the great Galileo. would compare with Pitt or Fox. We On a charming day I took the cars and have had our Jacksons, our Washington place to be had that one could depend on. and other great artists of the musical There were hundreds who were willing to world! Even the laborers and beggars show me any house and say he was born on the streets in Europe know more about

from the ceiling of the great cathedral at The beauty of Kashmir women has long Pisa, and which gave him the idea that The doctrines of Caupernicus and Galileo have been proven, accepted and taught dreds of thousands of years old, what of that?-the Bible is like good metal: the

Another place of great interest we visited was the late residence of the great Michael Angelo, who was born in 1474-four handred years ago! He was an Italian, and resided many years at Florence. He rather divided his time between Florence. Pisa, Venice and Rome; he was one of the most noted painters in Europe, as much for his works as sculptor and painter as for Wherever you go in Florence you see some became a most learned antiquarian and of his work- in the Pitti Palace, in each of the galleries, in the Senate Chamber, Dr. Johnson applied himself to the on the Square Grand Duke-everywhere, Dutch language but a few years before in fact. Well, as I have said, we went to the house in which he resided. I saw his canes, his working cap, his gown, his paint pots, which are three hundred and fifty years old, and each one of which has a small portion of paint in it to this day, but it is as hard as marble; his shoes and slippers are also there. My preceptor in languages went with us, and he pointed to a large nail that appeared to be driven in the wall, and when he went out he told us that the domestic always kept one there, and when the English went in he would point to it and tell them that it was the very nail upon which Michael Angelo hung his hat, when the Englishman would pay a dollar for it. English and Americans are easily gulled, but it is difficult to gull a German or a Frenchman. I was often at the tomb of Michael Angelo, whose remains rest under one of the most splendid monuments in the world, on the right hand side of the church of St. Croix, and is the only one between that of Galileo and the door. It is difficult to say which is the

more it is rubbed the brighter it shines.

more magnificent of the two. The United States is about to celebrate its one hundredth birthday, which is considered a great age, and when we see a house that Cornwallis slept in or one that General Washington looked at, it begets very aristocratic notions of the antiquity of our families, and we begin to count back to see how very old we are. But just to think of it in Europe: you may go into a town of no pretensions that is seven, eight, nine hundred or a thousand years old, and I have been oftentimes asked, "How old do you suppose this house is ?" And when I would answer perhaps three hundred years, I would be told eight hundred. I remember to have lived in a very genteel and comparatively new looking house in Germany that was seven hundred years

old. Imagine to yourself a house that was actually built before the close of the reign of Henry II, the first of the Plantaganet family of England, who died 1189! There was paint on the house over three hundred and fifty years old. It belonged to one of the greatest men that ever lived -a man who was the pet of Kings and Queens and Popes, and it and its contents are still owed by a branch of the family. Notwithstanding its great antiquity, it did not have the appearance of being more

than ten years cld. What a crude nation we are in these Linited States! Although a giant in size

VOTAGEOR: