POETRY.

BLESS GOD FOR RAIN.

"Bless God for rain!" the good man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear;
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here.
Our Father! thou who dwell'st in Heaven,
We thank thee for the pearly shower!
The blessed present thou has given
To man, and beast, and bird, and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame
As though a prayer came from its heart
For rain to come; and lo! it came!
The Indian corn with silken plume,
And tiny pitchers with flowers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green;
The brooklet swells its song again.
Methinks an angel's wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us rain.
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod;
God wrote it ere the world was dry—
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,
And clouds of fire were swept along,
The sun rides in a car of gold,
And soaring larks dissolve in song.
The rills that gush from mountains rude,
Flow trickling to the verdant base—
Just like the tears of gratitude
That often stain a good man's face.

Great King of Peace, deign now to bless;
The windows of the sky unbar;
Shower down the rain of Righteousness,
And wash away the stain of War;
And let the radiant bow of Love
In beauty mark the moral sky,
Like that fair sky unrolled above
But not like it to fade and die.

THE PLOW.

Clear the brown path to meet the coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow!
First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line along the burning sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hillside where the laboring train
Stands the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

-O. W. HOLMES.

LITERATURE.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

(From the St. Louis Republican.)

There were four of them and they were young bloods; young bloods. You have seen a young blood. He is the son of his father and his father is rich. He is called a young blood because he bleeds the old man. The young blood toils not, neither does he spin— but his head spins once in a while. Well, there were four of them. It was Sunday night.—They had been out at Rinkie's and were coming home, on the St. Charles rock road. They sat in a two-seated buggy, drawn by a dashing span of bays. Presently they came to the large open common at the intersection of the rock road and King's highway.

Here an episode occurred. You have all seen an episode.

It is something sudden.

And so unexpected.

It seizes you with amazement. Transfixes you with awe. In this instance the episode mashed your nose.

A countryman was driving home in a lowly truck-wagon drawn by an aged and methodical gray horse. The young bloods came dashing up with their steeds. The young bloods were beery.

But the countryman had about two drinks of whiskey in him and hence had the advantage.

A gill of whiskey holds the same amount of fight as a gallon of beer, and then it is so much handier and less cumbersome.

The young bloods drew rein and the countryman hallowed whoa! The y. b. asked the c. if he could tell them where they were going.

The profane c. told them "to h—l."

Then one of the y. c. said 'you are a blanked liar."

At this the countryman laid down his lines, and got out of the truck-wagon and made a speech as follows: "You roosters has lit on the wrong fence. Just one of you stay in the wagon and the other three git right out here. I ken lay all the dust between here and town with ye. Oh! I am the feller to keep away the flies. I'm better than any musketeer bar. Just one of you hold them horses—my ole mare I'll stand without hitchin—and the balance just waltz to Joseph right here now. Come on, git out!" And the irate c. announced his firm belief in the canine parentage of the y. b.—Then he danced and pranced up and down the road and kicked at the horses' ears and gyrated his long arms, and threw his old slouch hat up in the air. "Oh I'm a catamount, I am. I like to be stopped in the middle of the road, I do. I'm a four-year-old bull pawin' up big clods right out of the ground, I am—I'm a whole menagrie of royal Bengal tigers, an a cage full of grizzly bears. I've fit in the ring, I have. Git out here! Git out, I say' and I'll show you whar you're goin'!"

Then three of the young bloods pulled off their coats and accepted the pressing invitation. The other sat in the buggy and held the horses. He was the lucky one. He could go to see his girl the next night, if he wanted to, and had not to tell her that he had been out to the base-ball match and got hit with the ball. The best place in the vicinity was in the buggy holding the horses.

Well the three bounded out. Then the countryman set those long arms going, and the three immediately imagined that the hot spell had brought on a tornado, accompanied by an earthquake and enlivened by rapid strokes of lightning.

The countryman seemed to have about fifteen fists

"I'll tell you whar you're goin'," he yelled as the first of the three tried to climb over the fense on his east ear.

"That's whar *you're* goin'!" he shrieked as the second of the three executed a back somersault in the ditch.

"An' this is the way for you to travel!" he yelled, as the last of three tried to balance himself on his nose in the middle of the road.

He started for the lucky fellow who was in the wagon holding the horses, but the lucky fellow let the horses go and got out of the way.

Then he made another speech as follows: "Oh, I'm an earthquake, I am. I'm a volcano right from the bowls of the earth. Give me some more nuts to crack! Give me room!—Give me some more raw meat to chaw up!"

The three slid of behind the fence, down to where number four sat, holding the horses, and quietly into town, and then the three slid furtively into a drug store. They had been out to see the base ball match and got hit with the ball. They knew where they were going during the balance of that trip At all events they did not enquire of any more countrymen, quietly driving home in their truck wagons.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

[In the time of Cromwell, a young soldier for some offence, was condemned to die, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the curfew." Naturally such a doom would be fearful and bitter to one in the years of his hope and pride, but to this unhappy youth death was doubly terrible, since he was soon to be married to a beautiful young lady whom he had long loved. The lady, who loved him ardently in return, had used her utmost efforts to avert his fate, pleading with the judges, and even with Cromwell himself, but of no avail. In her despair she tried to bribe the old sexton not to wring the bell, but she found that impossible. The hour drew near for the execution. The preparations were completed. The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner, and waited while the sun was setting, for the signal from the the distant bell-tower. To the wonder of everybody it did not ring! Only one human being at that moment knew the reason. The poor girl, half wild with the thought of her lover's peril, had rushed, unseen, up the winding stairs, and climbed the ladder into the belfry loft, and seized the tongue of the bell. The old sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal moment. He threw his weight upon the rope, and the bell, obedient to his practiced hand, reeled and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from its metallic lips. Again and again the sexton drew the rope, but with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every movement made her position more fearful; every sway of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the big tower window; but she would not let go. Old and deaf, the sexton had not noticed that it gave no sound. At last he went away. The brave girl descended from the belfry, bleeding and wounded. She hurried from the church to the place of execution. Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to demand why the bell was silent.]

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and lady fair,—
He with footstep slow and weary, she with sunny floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, and its walls dark, damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart,
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart.
"Long, long years I've rung that curfew, from that shadowed, gloomy tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight hour;
I've done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night.',

Wild her eyes, and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her silent bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underswood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured.
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths so oft he'd tread before.
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eyes and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro,
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up, her white lips saying,
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She had reached the top-mast ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
For the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow,
Shall she let it ring? No never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly'
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a spark of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro.
And the sexton at the bell rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought he still was ringing, fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night.

It was o'er the bell stop swaying, and the maiden stepped once more,
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done,
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun,
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him and her brow,
Full of hopes and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now,
At his feet she tells her story, shows her all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light;
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love for ever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

One of the queerest duels on record was that in which Sainte-Veuve was engaged. It began to rain slightly after he had taken up his position, whereupon he cooly held his umbrella over his head with his left hand, while holding the pistol with his right. The expostulation of his witnesses had no effect upon him. 'It is all very well to be killed,' said the famous essayist, 'but I object to catching cold in my head.'

A good many stories of stammerers are told, but none of recent date better than the following of Platt Evans, of Cincinnati: It was one of his pleasures to teach his friends how to purchase tender geese, though he could not always get them in the market. One morning he saw a lot, and inquired of the farmer how many there were. 'About a dozen,' was the reply 'W-w-well,' said Platt, 'I k-k-keep boarding-house, and my b-b-boarders are the biggest e-eaters you ever s-s-saw. P-p-pick out n-n-nine of the t-t-toughest you've g-g-got. The farmer complied, and laid aside the other three tender ones. Platt picked them up carefully, and putting them in his basket, said, 'I b-b-believe I'll t-t-take these three.'

The Baked Beans in Danger.—Last Sunday morning a family living in the suburbs of the city went to a suburban church, leaving a little girl about seven years of age in charge of the house. The church was situated but a short distance from the house. The family were to have beans for dinner, and these were left in a vessel on the stove to cook The little girl while playing suddenly began to smell the odor of burned beans, upon which she rushed out of the house, over into the church, where the pastor was gravely and earnestly preaching the profound Word of God. The first person of the family the little girl espied was a young lady cousin, and to her in a loud voice, which startled the assemblage considerably, she cried, 'Come home, come home, the beans are burning,' and immediately rushed out again The astonishment was great, and all the solemnity of the preacher as well as the congregation disappeared beneath a broad smile.

A DANBURY MAN WASHES THE DISHES.

Mrs. Perkins being very busy in preparing to move, last week, Mr. Perkins volunteered to wash the dishes one morning. Mrs. Perkins gladly accepted the offer, and went up stairs to take down the parlor curtains. She had just reached the parlor when the voice of Mr. Perkins rolled up the stairway; "the dish-cloth?" "Under the sink," she answered back. A moment's silence followed. Mrs. Perkins found a wooden chair, mounted it, and reached up the curtain stick. "I can't find that dish-cloth" came the voice of Mr. Parker up the stairway. "It's under the sink, hanging on a nail, I say,' she repeated. 'It 'taint there, I say,' urged Mr. Perkins with some wrath. Mrs. Perkins got down from the chair, descended the stairs, and opening the door under the sink, pointed silently but significantly to the hanging dish-cloth. With the same discreet silence, Mr. Perkins took it down, keeping his back towards his wife. Mrs. Perkins re-ascended the stairs with the simple advice to Mr. Perkins to keep his eyes in front of him. Again she mounted the wooden chair, and took hold of the curtains. 'Matildy?' shouted Mr. Perking. 'Well?' exclaimed that lady with marvellous brevity. 'That water peels the skin off me' he exclaimed. 'Put cold water in it, then,' said Mrs. Perkins, as she turned to her work. 'What's that?' said Mr. Perkins from the foot of the stairs. Mrs. Perkins got up from her chair with compressed lips and flashing eyes and stalked to the head of the stairs frowned down into the anxious face of Mr. Perkins at the foot. 'Put cold water in it,' she recited in an elevated key. 'Do you hear that?'—'Well, you needn't get mad about it, grumbled the unhappy Mr. Perkins as he disappeared. Mrs. Perkins returned to the chair, mounted it again, and weariedly took hold of her task. Five minutes passed uninterruptedly. One of the curtains was down all right. The wooden chair was moved to the other window, and was again ascended, when Mr. Perkins' voice clove the air of the stairway. 'Matilda!' Mrs. Perkins thought she would drop. 'Well, what is it now?' she cried. 'Where's a towel to dry them things?' he shouted. 'Look for it,' said Mrs. Perkins, in a voice adapted to her own hearing and satisfaction, and then raising her voice for his benefit, she added; 'Where it always is; on the nail back of the pantry door.' Another silence followed the withdrawal of Mr. Perkins. A moment passed.—'It ain't there,' said Mr. Perkins from the foot of the stairs. An expression flitted across Mrs. Perkins' face at the reception of this piece of information, that deserved a better billit than the four bare walls of an empty room. 'It must be there,' she replied in a voice of emotion. 'Well, I can't see it,' he said. There was a half minute of silence. Mrs. Perkins was evidently waiting to hear him move away in renewal of the search, but no such sound reached her. 'I declare, Daniel,' she suddenly snapped out, 'you are enough to try the patience of a saint. I tell you that towel is on the nail back of the pantry door and anybody with his eyes half open would see it.' 'If you know so much about it you had better come down here and find it yourself,' said Mr. Perkins, with a tinge of sarcasm. 'Do go and look for it again, Daniel,' pleading Mrs. Perkins. 'It don't seem as if I could go down these steps again this mornins.' Mr. Perkins shoved away at this appeal, and Mrs. Perkins with a sigh turned her attention to the curtain. She was made nervous by the frequent interruptions, and her progress in taking it down was slow and painful. Mr. Perkins was gone so long that she was beginning to think he had found the towel. when his foostep was heard at the foot of the stairs, and again his voice ascended, 'It aint there,' Mrs. Perkins came down so suddenly from her chair as to cause Mr. Perkins to wink where he stood. The next instant she swept down the stairs with flushed face and hard determined eyes. Mr. Perkins moved away in advance and proceeded to the pantry entrance, and started inside triumphantly. She waived him aside with her hand and the simple words; 'Get away, you blockhead,' and pushed by him. The towel was not on the nail, but her quick eye detected it in plain view on the first shelf, and with hardly a pause she straightway reached up and picked it up. 'There, do you see *that?*' and she shook it in his face. To say that Mr. Perkins was not surpised would be to misrepresent his feelings, but the towel was not on the nail, and Mr. Perkins desperately clutched at this straw. 'I told you it wan't there?' he said 'wan't (*there!*' exclaimed Mrs. Perkins spitefully. 'It was right in front of your eyes and anybody but a blockhead would have seen it at once.' 'Well, give it to me an' I'll finish them." said Mr. Perkins in a tone of voice that indicated the subject was becoming distasteful to him. 'I'll finish them myself,' said Mrs. Perkins firmly. 'And I might have done them at first, and saved my strength, for goodness knows I have got little enough.' 'I tell you I'll do them,' protested Mr. Perkins. 'No, you have done mischief enough for one day,' said Mrs. Perkins hysterically, 'you had better go down street and enjoy yourself with your cronies.' The unhappy man retired from the room in great depression, and eventually disappeared down the street, muttering to himself 'it wan't on the nail anyway.'—*Danbury News.*

A Minnesota paper made a young poetess say, 'Oh, for a heart full of sweet yearlings!' The poetess wrote to the editor. declaring that she wrote 'yearnings,' and that the printer who set it up 'yearlings' was a calf.

A citizen of Portland was walking down town one morning, when a stranger addressed him: 'Do you know where the post office is?' 'Yes,' answered the Portlander, affably, and walked on without further parsley. After proceeding for about ten steps he looked back and inquired in his turn. 'Why? Did you want to know?' 'No,' replied the victim with earnestness; and then, the account having been balanced, the two shook hands and gravely walked off.

CINCINNATUS AT THE PLOW.—In that portion of imagination's realm reconnoitred by the 'mind's eye,' and as bearing upon Roman history there is no incident, it seems to the writer, better calculated to cause a thrill of admiration and sympathy in every magnanimous breast than the picture of the grandest character that Rome ever produced, diligently engaged in the manual (but *not* degrading) occupation of guiding the plow. The *fact* that this purest, least ambitious, and most really influential citizen that Rome ever boasted, should have, almost exclusively, devoted his time, his talents, and his wonderful energies (whenever the Commonwealth could dispense with the latter) to purely agricultural pursuits, simply demonstrates the moral grandeur of the man's nature; implying, as it does, that in comparison with all other merely human pursuits Cincinnatus deemed the 'tilling of the soil' to be at once the most natural, the most innocent, and therefore the most conducive to man's happiness of all others. In his utter freedom, indeed, from ambition, and his lofty indifference to that species of renown which

"Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart,"

he proved himself 'the noblest Roman' of them all, and emphatically that immaculate character, in heathen times, who carried out, in his daily walk and behaviour, the precepts and practice of Christianity, without being aware that its great Founder was on his way to promulgate his doctrines to a benighted world. We deduce this general conclusion, therefore, from his devotedness to agricultural pursuits, and from the remarkable preference he evinced in relation thereto, as contrasted with his apparent lukewarmness in the matter of state affairs, that Cincinnatus, more than any other man of his time, understood in what true happiness consisted; and though more capable than any of his contemporaries of conducting such affairs wisely and well, (for was he not Rome's 'pilot in extremity?') and when 'the waves ran high' was sure to be at his post; yet, the disagreeable task being accomplished, he would hasten back to his plow, unmoved by the plaudits of his countrymen, and devoted more than ever to his beloved vocation of cultivating the ground.

HUMOROUS SKETCH.

Several years ago a stranger in a travelling sulky, was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situated at the foot of a mountain, in one of the Western States. A little in advance of him a negro returning from the plough, was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody of—

"Gwine down Shinbone Alley
Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with 'Hulloa uncle! you Snowball!'

'Sah,' said blackey, holding up his horses.

'Is that the half-way house ahead yonder?'

'No sah, dats Massa Billy Leeman's hotel.'

'Hotel, ay, Billy Leeman?'

'Yes sah, you know Massa Billy; used to keep at the Mount O'Cedar Creek, but he dum mobe now; keeps mushous nice tabern I tell yer.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes sah, you stops dis ebening I speck, all 'spectable gemmen puts up dar. You chew bacca Massa?'

'Yes Sambo, here's some of the real Cavendish for you.'

'Tankee Massa, tankee; Quash my name.'

'Quash, ay?'

'Yes sah, at your serbice.' *Ooh,*' grunted the delighted African, 'dis is nice, better dan common bacca, tankee Massa, tankee.'

'Well Quash, what kind of a gentleman is this Mr. Leeman?'

'Oh, sah, be nice man, moushous nice man, moushous nice man, empertains gemmen in de fust style and I takes care ob de horses! He funny, too, tells heaps ob stories 'bout ghoses and sperits, notwithstandin he 'fraid ob dem hisself too, my 'pinion.'

'Afraid of ghosts, ay?' said the traveller, musing. 'Well, go ahead Mr. Quash, as its getting late, I guess I'll tarry with this Mr. Leeman to-night.'

'Yes sah, up, ho, Dobin! get along lively;' and setting off at a brisk trot followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke in with—

'Gwine down Shinbone Alley.'

The burden of 'Long time ago,' was taken up by some one apparently in an adjacent cornfield, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise, he continued, however, with—'Dar I meets ole Johnny Gladden,' when the same voice responded from the cornfield.—'Long time ago.'

'What dat?' said the astonished negro, checking suddenly his horse, and looking round on all sides for the cause of his surprise.

Oh, never mind, ahead snowball! its some of your master's spirits I suppose.'

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood led the way to the tavern, without uttering another word. Halting before the door the stranger was soon waited on by the obliging Mr. Leeman; a bustling talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with—'Light, sir, Light?' 'Here John Quash!' 'Walk in, sir.' 'Quash take off that rug.' 'Come in, sir.' 'And carry the horse to the stable.' 'Do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?'

'If you please sir. he's rather particular of his lodgings.'

'Well, Quash, take him to the lower stable, and tend him well; I like to see a horse well tended to, and this is a noble critter,' exclaimed the landlord, slapping him on the back.

'Take care, will you!' said the horse.

'What the dickens does this mean!' exclaimed the landlord.

'Silence, Belzebub,' said the traveller, caressing the animal, and then turning to the landlord, he observed—'You must excuse him, sir, he's rather an aristocratic horse, its the effect of education, sir.'

'He's the devil, sir!'

'None of your familiarity,' said the horse, looking spitefully round at the astonished tavern keeper.

'Ho! there Quash,' said the astonished traveller, 'loose the traces, what are you staring at, he won't eat you.'

'Landlord,' said Belzebub, 'I want my oats.'

Quash scattered, the landlord backed up into the porch, and the traveller had to jump into his vehicle and drive round in search of the stable himself

Having succeeded in disposing of his horse he returned to the tavern; anon supper came on; the eggs had all apparently young chickens in them. The landlord was greatly flustered by such mortifying circumstances, but promised the traveller amends from a cold pig, which, as he inserted the carving fork into, uttered a piercing squeal, responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the carving-knife and fork, and the perspiration began to grow in large beads on the forehead of the poor host who stood gazing fearfully at the grunter. His attention was soon taken, however, from voices from without, calling—'Hulloa! house! landlord!'

'Aye! aye! coming gentlemen, more travellers—help yourself, sir.'

'Landlord!'

'Coming, gentlemen—here John, a light, bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the gentlemen,' and out bounced the landlord with lights, but returned, declaring there was no living thing about. The voices calling, he went again and returned a second time, declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted that night by evil spirits.

The stranger presently rose from the table and drew his chair to the fire, having made a pretty good supper on the eggs and young porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor saith, Mr. Billy Leeman slept with the Bible under his head, and kept a candle burning in his room till daylight; and those who pass there till this day discover the heels of old horse-shoes peering over the door casement as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins, and other evil spirits.

The traveller was a Ventriloquist.

Having suffered for several years from Dyspepsia resulting in great nervous prostration and general debility, impoverished blood Eruption of the Skin, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains, Restlessness, want of sleep and extreme lassitude, I was recommended to take Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya. Having persisted in its use for several weeks I recovered perfect health. My wife, and children also, have taken it, for general Tonic purposes to invigorate and strengthen the system and promote the formation of pure blood. with permanent benefit. It energizes an sustains the the vital forces in a remarkable manner.

SAMUEL J. BUTT,
Agent of Toronto Globe, Montreal.

NATIONAL DEBTS.—Nearly every nation in the world is either a borrower or lender, and the startling declaration is made by a writer in the London Daily Telegraph that the world "regarded by the mass, is living beyond its means.' During the 10 years ending with 1872, while England reduced her debt $175,000,000, Holland about $30,000,000, and the United States $400,000,000, in five years there was an increase, in some cases exceedingly large, in the debts of France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Turkey, Austro-Hungary, Egypt, Brazil, Portugal and Peru, to say nothing of other nations which are comparatively small debtors. France has gone deepest, increasing her liabilities by about $2,500,000,000 in the decade. The Editor of 'Fenn on the Funds,' a well known book of reference in England, estimates the total increase in the aggregate of national debts for the years from 1862 to 1872, at nearly $10,000,000,000, while an additional sum of $5,000,000,000 is estimated to have been raised for joint stock companies. The figures necessary to express the total volume of the world's indebtedness, public and private, would represent a sum almost incomprehensible.—*Republic Magazine.*

HOMELY OLIVER.

It was at one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' suppers in Leicester Square that an incident took place which aroused the witspower of Dr. Johnson. The rather plain sister of the artist had been called upon by the company, after supper, as the custom was, to give a toast. She hesitated, and was accordingly required, again according to custom, to give the ugliest man she knew. In a moment the name of Oliver Goldsmith dropped from her lips, and immediately a sympathizing lady on the opposite side of the table rose and shook hands with Miss Reynolds across the table. Johnson had heard the expression, and had also marked the pantomimic performance of sympathy, and he capped both by a remark which set the table in a roar and which was to an effect which cut smartly in three ways.

'Thus,' said he, 'the ancients on the commencements of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast between them.'

The affair ends prettily. A few days after the 'Traveler' was published Johnson read it aloud from beginning to end to delighted hearers, of whom Miss Reynolds was one. As Johnson closed the book she emphatically remarked, 'Well, I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly.'

Miss Reynolds (who, it has been said, used herself to paint portraits with such exact imitation of her brother's defects and avoidance of his beauties, that everybody but himself laughed at them) thought it marvellous that so much dignity could have been given to the poet's face and yet so strong a likeness be conveyed; for 'Dr. Goldsmith's cast of countenance,' she proceeds to inform us, 'and, indeed, his whole figure from head to foot, impressed every one at first sight with the idea of his being a low mechanic; particularly, I believe, a journeyman tailor.'

The belief was founded on what Goldsmith had himself once said. Coming ruffled into Reynold's drawing-room, Goldsmith angrily referred to an insult which his sensitive nature fancied had been put upon him at a neighboring coffee-house, by 'a fellow who,' said Goldsmith, 'took me, I believe, for a tailor.' The company laughed more or less demonstratively, and rather confirmed than dispelled the supposition.

Poor Goldsmith's weaknesses were a good deal played upon by that not too polite company. One afternoon, Bourke and a young Irish officer, O'Moore, were crossing the square to Reynold's house to dinner. They passed a group who were gaping at, and making admiring remarks upon some samples of beautiful foreign husseydom, who were looking out of the windows of one of the hotels. Goldsmith was at the skirt of the group looking on. Bourke said to O'Moore as they passed unseen, "Look at Goldsmith; by and by, at Reynold's, you will see what I make of this." At dinner, Bourke treated Goldsmith with such coolness, that Oliver at last asked for an explanation. Bourke readily replied that his manner was owing to the monstrous indiscretion on Goldsmith's part, in the square, of which Bourke and Mr. O'Moore had been the witnesses. Poor Goldsmith asked in what way he had been so indiscreet.

"Why," answered Bourke "did you not exclaim upon looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the men must be, for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talent passed by unnoticed?"

"Surely my dear friend," cried Goldsmith, horror-striken, "I did not say so!"

"If you had not said so," retorted Bourke, "how should I have known it?"

"That's true," answered Goldsmith with great humility, "I'm very sorry; it was very foolish! I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.

Baloons do not cost much; they are made for ascent.

Chinese maxim—Never rub your eyes except with your elbows.

Farmers gather what they sow, while seamstresses sew what they gather.

'If I should die, dear, where would you go?' 'Go? Go after your insurance money,' was the reply of a fond wife.

'Pray, madame, why do you name your old hen Macduff?' 'Because, sir, I want her to lay on.'

A country editor advises Queen Isabella to advertise if she wishes to find the throne she lost some time ago.

Eminence is not to be reached by a frantic struggle. The road to it is much more commonplace. He who would dazzle must dig.

Modern improvements in Persia—The Shah has ordered a guillotine, a gallows, and a *corps* of ballet girls to be shipped him from Europe.

Some one says if we would show ourselves really good to our daughters, we 'must be generous to them in a truer sense than that of hanging trinkets on their necks.' No words could be more sensible. Nine girls out of ten would rather have a camel's hair shawl than a necklace. Parents should remember this.

A young butcher, who was courting a girl with matrimonial intentions, asked her if she could make lard. She replied that she could 'try.' His proposal was not interlarded with unnecessary words, and her answer 'renders' a wedding *trousseau* necessary. The young butcher will 'dress to kill,' of course.

An infuriated father, whose daughter had eloped with the man of her choice, followed the couple to Portland, Oregon, and finding them there went for his son in law, tooth and nail. The young man hit back, and in the encounter that followed, the old man got the worst. On the principle that a man never knows how to appreciate his opponent until he is thrashed by him, the father in law picked himself up and acknowledged that he had found a son in law after his own heart In the presence of a goodly number of persons, who had been attracted to the scene by the unregulated screams of the young wife, the old man shook the young one by the hand, took his children in his arms, and as beautiful denouement was presented as green baize curtain ever descended upon.

Personal cleanliness is not invariably a 'passion,' even with individuals in the upper ranks of society. We have heard of a British General, whose antipathy to ablutions was matter of notoriety among his friends and acquaintances. Meeting one of the latter one day, the general complained of being unwell. 'What seems to be the matter?' inquired the gentleman. 'Can't tell,' said the general, 'but I don't feel exactly well.' 'Allow me to prescribe,' said the gentleman. No objection being offered, he advised the gentleman to lose no time in procuring 'a convenient *tub*, half filled with tepid water, and' (in addition) 'a big sized lump of brown soap. Apply the soap and the water liberally,' said the gentleman, 'and repeat the experiment again and again.' 'Why,' said the general, 'that simply amounts to *washing myself.*' The gentleman (putting on a very serious look) remarked, 'It *is* liable to that objection.'

CERTIFICATE OF CURE.

Mrs. Elisa Rhynard, of Annapolis County, in the Province of Nova Scotia, maketh oath and saith that a year ago last September her husband bought a bottle of Dr. Caleb Gates' Eye Relief, for the purpose of applying it for the cure of sore eyes; and seeing on the label of the bottle that it was recommended for the cure of piles also, with which she had been for a long time most painfully afflicted, and had applied to different doctors in her own neighbourhood, and tried various other remedies, but found no permanent relief, tried it for the piles also, and in a very short time was cured of both complaints by the use of one small bottle. She had also been used to very frequent turns of fainting, sometimes as often as three times a day, and having this time moved into the more immediate neighbourhood of Dr. Gates, she commenced taking his Life of Man Bitters and Syrup about the first of May last, and is most thankful and happy to say, that through a kind Providence and the skill of Dr. Gates, she has not had one of her former fainting turns since the month of June last past, and she has frequently taken the Bitters and Syrups for colds, &c., and has invariably found unfailing relief in the use of the above medicines.

Sworn to at Middleton, this third day of February, 1872, before me,

JAMES WHEELOCK, J. P.

Aug. 24.—1mo

TO THE LADIES!

A CARD.

As my connection with the Wesleyan Academy ceases at the expiration of the Vacation, I purpose taking pupils during the hours recently given them, vit: from 9 a. m., till 2 p. m Arrangemens can be made so that hours can be given to suit the convenience of all pupils. At the end of every Quarter, pupils will perform before parents and friends. Application must be made at once, as a limited number only can be taken.

First Quarter will commence on Monday, July 6.

TERMS WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

For Quarter of 24 lessons, Instrumental Music per half hour's duration,	$5.00
For Quarter of 24 lessons, Instrumental Music, 1 hour's duration,	10.00
Lessons in Vocal Music only	10.00
Instrumental Lessons of an hour's duration, with the first rudiments of thorough Bass and Transposition &c.,	15.00
Vocal and Instrumental, half hour's duration,	7.00
Lessons on the Organ,	20.00
Cabinet Organ and Melodeon,	15.00

No Pupil will be taken for less than six months.

Orders taken for the best Pianos and Organs, and the utmost satisfaction is guaranteed.

S. N. EARLE.

Ch'town, June 29, 1874.

BY STEAM.

QUEEN SQUARE

FURNITURE

WAREROOMS!

Our premises have been greatly enlarged and are now the

LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED

IN THE CITY,

and equal to any in the Lower Provinces.

ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

I have 200,000 feet Seasoned Lumber under cover, for manufacturing purposes.

I have 20,000 feet Gilt and Walnut Picture Frame Moulding, 80 different patterns Cheap.

Oval, Gothic and Square Picture Frames, in Gilt and Walnut.

All the latest Styles of Rustic Frames Heavy Gilt, for Oil Pictures, Cheap.

English, German, and American Looking Glasses and Mirror Plates.

A few Large Mantle Mirrors and Pier Glasses, Cheap.

Window Furniture, &c.

Poles, Rings and Cornices, Rollers, Shades Blinds, Tassels, Cords, &c.

Upholstery Goods, Hair Seating, Bedding, &c.

New patterns, in Damask, Repps, Terry, Plushes, Poplins, Brocatells, Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Tufts, &c., cheap.

Bedding—Feather, Hair and Flock Beds, Pillows and Bolsters, constantly on hand, cheap.

IRON BEDSTEADS AND CRIBS,

a Great Variety, Cheap.

A few of the celebrated Iron Bed CHAIRS, —it makes a Bed, an Easy Chair, and invalid Chair, and a Lounge in a few seconds, very durable. No house should be without one.

Our stock is the Largest in the City, and the very Cheapst

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Most beautiful and durable Drawing Room, Dining Room and Chamber Furniture, in suits.

It is a pleasure to have customers come and examine.

George Woods & co's.

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CABINET ORGANS

FOR SALE—CHEAP.

JOHN NEWSON.

Queen Square, March 10, 1873

"THE EXAMINER."

THE

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JOYFUL NEWS

FOR THE AFFLICTED!

LIFE of MAN BITTERS

—AND—

COMBINED MEDICINES.

CURES,

Dropsy in its worst form; Liver Complaint; Jaundice; Swelling of the Limbs and face; Asthma, of whatever kind; Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Consumption, Spitting of blood, Bronchitis, Sick Head-ache, Running Sores, Erysipelas, Stoppage of the Menses, Kidney and Gravel Complaint, Measels, Fevers, Sea Sickness, Heart disease, Pleurisy, Piles, Worms, Rheumatism, Spinal disease, or Affection of the Spine, Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough, Diptheria and Sore Throat, Pains in the Stomach, Diarrhœa, Dysentry, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Tooth ache and Ague, Sprains, Strains, Felons, Chilblains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sore Eyes, Lame Back and Side, Cuts and Cracked Hands, &c.

☞ For Certificates, &c., taken before Justices of the Peace, see Pamplets which can be furnished at the Agencies.

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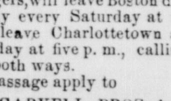
Dec. 1, 1873.

BOSTON STEAMERS,



SEASON 1874.

THE Steamers "Alhambra" 782 tons, and Caroll," 1372 tons, having both being thoroughly overhauled, and fitted with very superior accommodation for passengers, will leave Boston during the season alternately every Saturday at noon, and returning will leave Charlottetown alternately every Thursday at five p. m., calling at Halifax and Canso both ways.

For freight or passage apply to

CARVELL BROS, Agents

Ch'town, June 1, 1873.—a p is

VINEGAR BITTERS

PURELY VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

EUREKA

VINEGAR BITTERS

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelminitics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

August 25. 1873

HEALTH STRENGTH & VIGOR.

Just Published, Price One Shilling Stg.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; or SELF-PRESERVATION. A practical Guide to Health, Strength, and Vigorous Old Age. Address to the Nervous, the Sedentary, the Dyspeptic, and all those whose constitutions have become debilitated or relaxed from irregularities of life, climate, age or disease, or from over-taxed or abused energies, whether of body or mind; with the Instructions for the Treatment of all Disorders resulting from the Loss of Nervous or Physical Force. By S. LA'MERT, M. D., L. S. A., &c., 37 BEDFORD SQUARE, London.

"An excellent manual for all who may learn how to use life and not abuse it.—*Church and State Gazette.*

"On the subjects of diet and the regulation of the functions the advice throughout is admirable."—*Mirror.*

DR. LA'MERT is the only regularly-qualified Practicioner, who, for thirty years, has devoted his entire attention to the cure of these disorders.

Patients residing in the Colonies can be successsfully treated by correspondence, and remedies will be forwarded in secrecy and safety to any address.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE may be had, price one shilling stg., in Halifax, Nova Scotia, J. H. Woodrich, Drug Store; Yarmouth, H. A. Parr; Pictou, Henry Ellott; St. John, N. B., H. Chubb & Co., and in CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., of Messrs. Bremner Brothers, 44 Queen Street.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The public are earnestly warned against a piracy of the above work emanating from a so-called "Peabody Institute." Boston, which unblushingly appropriates the titles of two works, published by Dr. La'Mert for thirty years.

March 30th 1874. 1y.

Girls Wanted,

AT THE

ISLAND PARK HOTEL.

Ten Girls as Waiters and Chambermaids, &c. Reference required. Wages, $5 to $8 per month.

J. L. HOLMAN.

Summerside, June 1, 1874.—tf

JUST ARRIVED.

PER S. S. *Somerset*, from Boston, and Schr *Bonnibell* from New York,

2,500 Barrels Flour & Cornmeal

which will be sold in quantities to Traders, very cheap for cash, or at 3 months on approved paper.

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Office, old stand, Dorchester St

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THE BRITISH

Quarterly Reviews!

EDINBURGH REVIEW, (*Whig.*)

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. (*Conservative.*)

WESTMINSTER REVIEW, (*Liberal*)

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AND

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New subscribers (applying early) for the year 1874 may have, without charge, the last volume for 1873 of such periodicals as they may subscribe for.

Or instead, new subscribers to any two, three, or four of the above periodicals, may have one of the 'Four Reviews' for 1873; subscribers to all five may have two of the 'Four Reviews,' or one set of Blackwood's Magazine for 1873.

Neither premiums to subscribers nor discount to clubs can be allowed unless the money is remitted direct to the publishers. No premiums given to clubs.

Circulars with further particulars may be had on application.

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140 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

Dec. 17, 1873.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.—See Deuteronomy, Cap. xii., verse 23.

CLARKE'S

World Famed Blood Mixture.

Trade Mark—"Blood Mixture"

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER & RESTORER

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, cannot be too highly recommended For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent cure;

It Cures old Sores.
Cures Ulcerated Sores or the Neck.
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs
Cures Blackheads or Pimples on the Face
Cures Scurvy Sores
Cures Cancerous Ulcers
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Cures Glandular Swellings
Clears the Blood from all impure Matter.
From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value

Thousands of testimonials from all parts.

Sold in Bottles $1.00 each, and in Cases, containing six times the quantity $4.00 each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases BY ALL CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world

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Charlottetown Cemetery Company.

NOTICE.

AS the Act of our Legislature, passed in June, 1872, enacts, that from and after the first day of January, 1874, it shall not be lawful, under certain penalties, to inter any dead body in the Protestant burying Ground, on the Malpeque Road, in the fifth ward of this City; and as the New Cemetry is now ready for interment, application for burials therein must be made to the undersigned, at his residence in Kent Street.

Plots for interments, 15 by 20 feet, equal to 1 share of the Company's ground, available for $30, on payment of two-thirds of the purchase money, and subject to another call of $10.

Plots for individual interment $2 each.

Persons desirous of obtaining allotments in the Cemetry, will please apply to William Cundall, Esq., the Treasurer of the Company.

By Order
JOHN LEPAGE, Sec'y.

Dec. 29, 1873.

OUTFITS FREE. Employment at your homes or travelling. The work is congenial, honorable, and pays the best of anything ever before offered. Cash wages, samples, and complete outfits sent free. *Address at once,* Cleremont Daniels & Co. 235 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

100 AGENTS WANTED—Male and Female, for the "Transmission of Life," and the "Physical Life of Woman," both by Dr. Napheys. Agent's profits, $150 to $250 a month. Testimonials from most eminent Divines, Physicians and Editors in America. Immense sales everywhere.

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IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional Gravel and Pains in the Back. Sold in Boxes, $1.50 each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

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October 13, 1873. 1y

TOBACCO & CIGARS

THE Subscriber offers for sale (in Bond,) a choice Lot of

SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,

and three Cases CIGARS.

74 Boxes Tobacco, in Solace, Sunshine, Virginian, Navy and Black Diamond.

3 Cases Cigars in Victoria & Flor Gertrude.

Samples can be seen at Sale Room

N. RANKIN,
Corner Water & Pownal Sts

Ch'town, April 13, 1874.

WANTED.

SIX Energetic Men, to sell Cucumber-wood Pumps. An active man can earn Fifty Dollars a week at this business.

G. C. CARMAN,
Manufacturer's Agent

Hyndman's Building. Queen Street,

May 18, 1874. 6w