Montgomery County Sentinel.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance. — DEVOTION TO PARTY NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. — Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year

By M. Fields. — ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1861. — Vol. VI.—No. 37.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.

ROCKVILLE Maryland.

PERRY TRAIL, Proprietor.

THE undersigned having leased the above establishment, which is now undergoing thorough repair, would respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon it. He assures his friends and the public generally, that every effort, on his part, will be made to contribute to the ease and comfort of all who may favor him with their patronage.

HIS TABLE will always be supplied with the best the market affords, and his Bar will be found the choicest brands of Liquors and Segars.

THE STABLING attached to the house is large and commodious, and no pains or attention will be spared to render those stopping at his house may rely upon their horses being well attended to.

☞ His charges will be very moderate.

feb 19—tf PERRY TRAIL.

ATTENTION.

ALL YE LOVERS OF GOOD COFFEE!

Save your Money, and always have Good Coffee!

THE same done by using one of HERRMAN'S Celebrated Coffee Roasters!

THIS is a little invention that every woman requires as an article of economy and comfort. The coffee berry, as it is now machinery, is only half roasted. But much stronger as the aroma is retained and is not exposed to the roasting, it therefore requires less coffee.

One pound of coffee can be saved in from one to twelve months, and two pounds in a family, which is the average, will pay for the cost of the roaster in a few weeks. It will exercise a salutary influence in the morals of husbands, who, when their wives have good coffee, will not go to the groceries for their morning drink. A glass window is supplied at the cost of the roaster, so that the housekeeper can see when her coffee is roasted enough. A glass window is supplied at the cost of the roaster, so that the housekeeper can see when her coffee is roasted enough. [illegible] Roasters are now in use in Washington City, and have given universal satisfaction. Any one who may wish to test the merits of the machine have to be supplied with it, and the machine will be left with any one who may wish to test it for a week, free of charge.

☞ I will be pleased to supply the public with the Roasters, and will warrant satisfaction to all who may favor me with one, or for either Wax Candles or Carriage Works.

Relying upon his energy and efforts for a living and success in his business, which he knows can only be accomplished by industry, energy, prompt and faithful work and moderate charges, he solicits a trial, and is

The public's obedient servant,

CHARLES T. MANNSON.

N. B. In connection with the above shop, Mr. W. F. KIMBLE is carrying on his business of BLACKSMITHING, MILL, AGRICULTURAL, and other Machinery Work in a manner satisfactory to all who have favored him with their custom; and will, in connection with the Wheelright, contract to furnish New Wagons, Carts, Carriages, &c., all complete, at a specified price, and in the very best manner.

Triadelphia, February 8, 1861.

CARPENTERING & UNDERTAKING.

THE citizens of Rockville, and the public generally, are informed that the undersigned still carries on the above business, at his old stand in Rockville, nearly opposite the Methodist Parsonage, in all its branches.

He will attend to all work pertaining to the CARPENTERING and HOUSE-JOINING Business, which he guarantees to be done in the best manner, and most fashionable style, and on terms that cannot fail to please.

Having furnished himself with a new Hearse, and the best materials for manufacturing COFFINS, he will attend to Funerals in any part of the county.

He returns his thanks for the patronage heretofore extended, and humbly asks a continuance, pledging himself that nothing on his part shall be left undone to render satisfaction.

feb. 26—1y WM. E. PUMPHREY.

AUCTIONEERING.

WM. W. ALLEN, Auctioneer, will attend to sales in any portion of the county, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. His charges are moderate. All orders left at the "Sentinel" office, or directed to me at Rockville, will be promptly attended to.

[dec 7—tf.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Law Partnership.

RICHARD J. BOWIE & JOHN T. VINSON, of Rockville, Montgomery county, Md., have entered into copartnership in the Practice of the Law.

They will practice in the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and in the Circuit Courts of Anne Arundel, Howard and Montgomery counties, and in the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia.

RICHARD J. BOWIE,
JOHN T. VINSON.

dec 7—1y

Dr. C. A. HARDING,

Practicing Physician,

NEXT DOOR TO THE "SENTINEL" OFFICE,

ROCKVILLE, Md.

mar 30—tf

NEW STORE ROOM, AND NEW GOODS!

THE subscriber having enlarged his store room on the second floor to the first, and at great expense improved it, and has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, prepared to sell the citizens of Rockville and vicinity one of the largest and best Stock of Goods ever brought to this market. His stock consists in part of—

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
LIQUORS,
WINES, &c

[illegible] kept in a well [illegible] store.

☞ [illegible] call before purchasing elsewhere. [illegible] Rockville, Md.

JOHN W. JONES.

dec 7—1y

Fall and Winter Goods!

Mrs. R. V. Braddock,

Quality Hill, Rockville.

HAS just received her FALL AND WINTER GOODS to which she invites the attention of her friends and customers. Her stock consists of—

DRESS GOODS, Bonnets, Hats, Flowers, Ribbons, Cap Goods, Corsets and Shawls, Gloves, Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Cloth Goods, Ladies' Gaiter Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Gents' Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Brogans, &c.

Thankful for past favors she hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of the patronage of her friends and the public generally.

W. A. CUMMING has just received from the city a large and well selected stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, which he offers at his old stand in Rockville, at the lowest cash prices. Among his stock will be found the following, viz:

Ladies' Cloth Cloaks, Ladies' Dress Goods, Ladies' Gaiter Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Gents' Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Brogans, &c.

☞ Call and examine for yourselves.

W. A. CUMMING.

New Carpet Store.

THE subscriber has just received from the city a large and well selected stock of

Carpets,
Curtains,
Oil-Cloths,
Matting, &c.

Our stock comprises a large variety of patterns, to which he invites the attention of purchasers, being prepared to sell at the lowest prices for cash.

☞ Persons wishing to purchase Carpets would do well to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

[illegible] Carpet Warerooms, Baltimore Street, [illegible] door East of Calvert, Baltimore.

may 11—2m

TRIADELPHIA WHEELRIGHT AND CARRIAGE SHOP.

THE subscriber has taken the above well known and long established SHOP, in the village of Triadelphia, Howard county, Md., where he is now prepared to do all kinds of WHEELRIGHT NO. 1 PLOW MAKING, in all its branches, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Also, Carriages, Buggies, Carts, Wagons, Ploughs, Harrows, &c., made to order, and warranted to give satisfaction. Also, Repairing of all kinds done with neatness and dispatch. He also will attend to CARRIAGE MAKING, PAINTING, TRIMMING, PAINTING AND VARNISHING, and solicits orders in that branch of business. He will execute work in this line in the best and most fashionable manner, and will warrant satisfaction to all who may favor him with orders for either Wheelright or Carriage Work.

Relying upon his energy and efforts for a living and success in his business, which he knows can only be accomplished by industry, energy, prompt and faithful work and moderate charges, he solicits a trial, and is

The public's obedient servant,

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[dec 7—tf.

Poetry.

MY NATIVE LAND.

BY JUDGE A. B. MEEK, OF ALABAMA.

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
How proud thy mountains rise—
How sweet thy scenes on eve-y hand—
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh, not for thee,
I love thy fields to roam—
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,
Thou art my native home!

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled to the sea—
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Nor for thy azure dome—
Sweet, sunny South!—I cling to thee—
Thou art my native home!

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song—
On Hellas's hills, proud and sublime,
Where Nature's wonders throng
By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
Where gods of old, did roam—
But never have found so fair a land
As thou—my native home!

And thou hast prouder glories too
Than nature ever gave—
Proud shoulder to the other period dow,
And freedom's pinions wave—
Long may thy flags her pearls array and
Rich as gifts her home,
There, where clust'ring there to my heart—
My own loved native home!

And Heaven's best gift to man—the shrine—
God bless thy rosy girls;
Like sylvan flowers they sweetly shine—
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
As grace and goodness circle there,
Wherever their footsteps roam,
How can I then, while loving them,
Not love my native home?

Land of the South!—imperial land!
Glad home of health to thee—
Long as thy mountains barriers stand,
May set thou be blessed and free!
May dark treason, foul, banner never
Wave over thy fertile loam—
But should it come there's one will die,
To save his native home!

A Popular Story.

THE FADED ROSE.

A TALE OF MY EARLY YEARS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II.

We garland the urn with roses,
Burn incense and gums on the shrine,
Play old tunes with the saddest of chords
Dear times that were thine!
But in vain, all in vain;
Thou art gone—we remain!
—STONEAGE.

We grow indignant when one man tabs another to the heart; we waste very little time in talking, before we have the criminal taken, tried and condemned.—We do not leave him till, by his life or perpetual imprisonment, he has atoned for the crime he has committed. We quote the well known text, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but ah, do we ever add, "a heart for a heart." Our worst wounds are given, and we show no outward sign; a blow is struck which is worse than death, and who knows it? In one sense we are mortally wounded—are dead! For faith and hope and trust have been taken from us forever, by the hand that struck that fatal blow, and no one can make restitution to us for them. Yet the assassin lives on, to give the same deadly stab to many another trusting heart, and the world smiles upon him through all. It were well, if, for such as these, a moral cold and giblet could be prepared.

From the first day on which Justus Atherton met my cousin I knew only too well how it would be. Through all the cool indifference of her manner, I could see that she was fascinated with his beauty, and his bold, determined character. On his part, nothing was wanting to foster this faint liking into such a love as only two bold, bad spirits could feel for each other. Utterly disregarding every impulse of honor, he gave himself up to the influence of this wild passion, without a thought for the future, save that it must one day give him what he most ardently desired.

He had been a good son and a tender brother. He would, it may be, have made a kind and faithful husband, had Olive never crossed his path. But I doubt it. The element of constancy to a nature so pure as was that of Rose, was not in his nature. Like seeks like. And can we imagine the prince of darkness contented and happy by the side of one of the angels of Heaven? It may be a very strong comparison, and yet I am forced to confess that it came often into my mind at this time.

For a time I tried to conceal the fatal truth from Rose. But before a week had gone by, I saw that she knew it only too well. It was evident in her altered step and tone, it showed itself in the languid glance of her eye, that spoke of frequent tears. I wondered sometimes if Atherton noticed it. I hardly think he did. He was so intent upon winning the heart of the bright creature who flashed mockingly hither and thither before him, that I think he gave himself very little trouble as to whose cheek paled and whose eye dimmed in watching vainly for his coming. And then, like all others of his sex, he had little skill in reading a woman's heart. He fancied the rash, ardent nature of my cousin concealed more fire, more passion, more life and joy, than the calmer one of Rose. Perhaps it did. But the love of one would wrap him like the fiery garment of old, which consumed its wearer, while that of the other would have encircled him with its pure and holy rays, brightening his path through life, and leading him, at last, to Heaven. The quiet of real happiness, and the delirium of false and frenzied joy were within his grasp; he had his choice, and took it!

At this time business took me from the village for the lapse of two weeks. I came home late one afternoon, to find Rose sitting by the piano, with her face hidden in her hands. She was not weeping; she was in utter despair. In her lap lay a package of trifles—a book, a picture of herself, a braid of hair mounted for a watchguard, and an elegantly chased ring I had always seen upon Atherton's finger. It was all over, then!

I was about to retreat silently from the room, when she looked up and saw me. A deep flush covered her pale face, as she held out her hand to welcome me.

"Do not go, my dear friend. I came here because I would not disturb my poor blind mother with a grief I cannot help feeling for a little while."

I sat down beside her. She played with the ring a moment, and a bitter smile broke over her lips.

"You see them all here," she said, quietly. "All my gifts are returned—all my gifts, at least, since we were engaged. He is free, now, and only my brother again. So I have only to be thankful that it is no worse, and live on as quietly as I can."

"Oh, Rose, can this be true?" I cried indignantly. "Has he deserted you for her?"

Her lips trembled a little at the word.

"Yes, I am 'deserted,' I suppose.—I have seen how it must be, all along.—How could I expect to keep him, when she stood before him with her beautiful face and winning ways? It was folly, and yet I dared to do it."

"I disown her—I never can——"

"Hush! hush!" she said, gently. "If they love each other, why should we complain; oh! it is better that it happened now. What should I have felt if this had come upon me when he was my husband?"

At that word she faltered a little. She put her hands up to her face, and wept bitterly. I was silent, speechless through indignation.

"At first," she went on, after a little pause, "I am afraid I was very hard and bitter. But is is different now. I can say, most truly, 'The will of God be done.' I loved him too much—I made him my idol, and now he is taken from me. Never more shall I see his face—never again shall I hear his step in the chamber above—never hear him singing there the songs I love. He has gone—he has gone—and with him my happiness and hope. Yet not my will, oh, Father, but thine. Not mine! not mine!"

All her self-control had vanished.—She flung herself upon her knees, and lifted her streaming eyes to Heaven. I wept myself, with a bitter pain at my heart, that one of my own house should have brought such misery upon her. I could not console her—I could only leave her with the God whose help she invoked so fervently. I kissed the hand she placed in mine, and went out from the room. It was my purpose to seek my cousin, to demand an explanation of her treachery from her, to make her atone for the injury she had wrought, if it were possible. It was almost a hopeless task I had undertaken; I found it to be so when, upon my arrival at her lodgings, I found her maid in all the bustle of packing trunks for her approaching departure to New York.

I found Olive lying on the couch in her dressing-room, with her white hands clasped above her head, and a smile lingering round her half-parted lips. I burst in upon her luxurious reverie with bitter scorn and reproaches. I question if ever, in her whole life, she has had the truth told her so plainly since.

She listened lazily, and stifled a yawn when I had finished.

"It is a queer welcome, but never mind," she said at last. "If you are quite done, my dear cousin, perhaps you will take a chair."

"Never will I sit down in your presence again," I gasped, "till you tell me you are not going to marry him."

"Marry *him!*" she said, looking at me scornfully. "Do I look like the wife of a country physician?"

"And yet you loved him."

She winced and colored. My random shot had taken effect.

"And if I did have some slight fancy for him, I could not afford to follow it out, and I told him so. I am going to marry one of the richest merchants of my native city within a month."

"And Atherton."

"Will never trouble me again."

I thought she looked a little moved.—I wrung my hands, and cried out passionately—

"Why, why did you do this, if you had really no thought of marrying him?"

"Oh, one must do something, in the country, and then he was so handsome," she said, showing her white teeth wickedly.

I rushed from the room, and her silvery laugh followed me mockingly. I am afraid, at that moment, I hated her in my heart. From that day (and many a weary year lies between me and it) I have never looked upon her face again, though I hear of her often, as living the same gay, careless, and cruel life as ever. But the time will come—the time will come!

It was beautiful to see the way in which Rose bore this heavy blow. She never complained—she even taught herself to speak his name as kindly as ever, that her blind mother need not know the real cause of his sudden departure. When, at last, she laid that mother in the grave, and was free to indulge her sorrow, I could not detect the slightest alteration in her manner. When I came from the city each summer, she was ready to meet me, as the stage stopped at the gate—a little paler, it may be, a little more quiet, a little fonder of singing the dear old songs, in the parlor, at twilight, each time—but otherwise the same. It seemed a grave and dreary life to me, but I think she loved it. There was a memory of him connected with every nook and corner of the house and garden and I think if she had been forced to give them up, her heart would have broken. As it was, her life resembled one of those placid "tarns" we sometimes see among the Scottish hills, mirroring the blue sky, and the small flowers that grow upon its banks, unruffled by adverse breezes, unshaken by adverse storms, but always still and quiet and peaceful—so peaceful that the weary traveler flings himself down beside it, and almost loves to breathe his life out there.

We were both older and graver than we had been when Justus Atherton returned from a long tour in Europe, where he had hurried, after his rejection at the hands of my cousin. Rose was not with me in the city. I was glad of it, when as I was musing over my library fire, one cold evening in January, the servant brought me a card with his name upon it. I went down to the drawing-room at once, and found him walking up and down the floor nervously. He was much changed. He had grown dark, and pale, and thin, and the brown curls, of which Rose had been so proud, were streaked with gray.

He hardly gave me time to welcome him home, before he gasped out—

"Tell me of Rose. Is she yet living?"

"She is, Dr. Atherton."

"And well?"

"She was when I heard from her, last month—perfectly so."

"Thank God."

He seemed to breathe freer, and took the chair I offered him. He sat lost in thought for a moment, and then turning to me burst out abruptly:

"I suppose you are wondering how I dare appear in your presence, after I have treated that sweet girl so ill. But I have a favor to ask of you, which I beg of you to grant. Will you go with me to see Rose?"

I looked astonished—I am sure I was so.

"You do not understand me," he said passionately. "Not for worlds would I give her another pang. I am coming back to her. Do you think she ever can, or will, forgive me!"

"Dr. Atherton, she is a woman!"

"I could say no more—the words choked me.

"Thank you. And you will go with me, my dear friend, and plead for me with her?"

I could not withstand him while he looked at me with eyes so like hers. I promised to go. By daylight the next morning we set out, in a blinding snow storm. Our progress was but slow that day. The mighty engine labored through drift after drift, till night set in. Then just as I had sunk into a troubled sleep, worn out and wearied by the tedious journey, I was roused by a sudden stoppage, and a confused talking round me, to hear that we could go no further. We were not again on our way till the next noon, and it was only on the fourth night after leaving the city that we arrived safely in Hollenboro, the little village, where Rose resided.

We drove at once to the cottage. I saw a faint light in the parlor, but the path to the front door was drifted, and the porch was full of snow. We went wandering around to the side door. A tall, hard-featured woman met and admitted us. My heart sank within me when I saw it was the village nurse.

"We expected you day before yesterday," she said, as she helped me to lay aside my things. "The telegraphic message was sent on Monday; and poor Miss Rose will hardly live the night through."

"Is Rose ill?" gasped Atherton.

She turned and looked at him for the first time.

"Doctor, is it you? And you have not heard—dear! dear! it's a bitter welcome to give you both! Miss Rose has had the typhoid fever. We sent for her friend when we were afraid she could not live, and now she is sinking fast. You must go to her very soon, if you wish her to know you."

There was no time for tears. We sent the nurse in to prepare the dying girl, and followed her in a few moments.

Rose had been brought into the old parlor directly she was taken ill. A telegraphic message had been waiting for me in New York, during the whole of our long journey, and I had only come to see her die. Yet I could not think of my own grief, in soothing, or trying to soothe, that of Atherton, who flung himself upon the floor, and wept and sobbed in utter agony of spirit.

It was long before he was calm enough to enter the sick room. He shrunk behind the curtains of the bed, and let me go up alone. She was lying upon her pillows, white and still, as if she were already dead, with her physician sitting beside her. He rose as I came forward, and I knelt down beside her. She opened her eyes, and a faint smile played around her lips. I took her poor, wasted hand in mine, and bent over it in an agony of tears.

"Don't—don't" she whispered, putting her hand up to my face, with a caressing motion. "Now you have come, I am very happy."

"Oh, Rose! would to God I had never left you!" I groaned. "How little I thought, when we parted last, that we should ever meet like this! How little I thought to see you here!"

"I am happy," she said again, in the same faint whisper.

The village clergyman, who had been with her during the evening, and who had administered the sacrament, and performed the last offices of the church for the departing soul, now entered, followed by his wife and the nurse. Rose smiled faintly, and extended her hand. They came forward, and she bade them all farewell with touching tenderness. The good physician sobbed like an infant when his turn came, and I—oh, how fell *my* tears!

"Is Justus here?" she asked suddenly, speaking aloud, for the first time and in her usual voice.

We drew back. He knelt by her side—he took her cold hand in his, and wept like a child.

"Oh, Rose, forgive me—forgive me! God knows how well I loved you through all—He knows how well I love you now."

Her face, hitherto pale, lit up with a clear, bright flush.

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, in the same sweet voice. "But oh, I shall die happy now!"

He bent his head and pressed his lips to hers. He raised her in his arms, and with her head pillowed upon his breast, and her hand resting in mine, she looked around upon us all with a beautiful smile.

"Pray for me, all of you."

We knelt around the bed. I watched her face anxiously as the solemn supplication fell from the minister's lips. I saw her eyes close; her breath came fainter and fainter—at last it ceased; and the hand I held grew cold! It was a happy death!

But oh! though I know full well that "eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard" the glories of the home she has won—though I could not wish her back upon this lonely earth—I can but sigh when I think of the old house among the maples, and remember that however we may pine for the light of her presence, she will never come again—that though a thousand flowers—the flowers she loved—grow up in beauty in the garden of her home, *our* Rose will bloom and blossom there no more!

Tell Your Wife.

If you are in trouble or a quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention may solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife or your mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are not commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their institutions or insight are more subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counselling one to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go further and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence? We are certain no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his impulses or judgment, which she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Helpmeet" was no insignificant title as applied to man's companion. She is a help-meet to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves, is *confidence*—without which love is never from a shadow.

HOME LIFE.—If home life is well ordered, the children having, according to age, work-time, play-time, books, games and household sympathies, they will love home, and find pleasure there. Give the little ones slates and pencils, and encourage their attempts to make pictures. Drawing will amuse them when noisy plays have lost their zest, or are unseasonable, and the art will be useful in after life. Have them read to each other stories and paragraphs of your selection and save the funny things, and the pleasant ones you see in papers and books to read to them at your leisure. You cannot imagine how it will bind them to you. But choose well for them, for the impressions made upon their minds now will exist when the hills crumble. Have them sing together, and sing with them, touching songs and hymns—let them sing all day like birds—at all proper times. Have them mutually interested in the same things, amusements, and occupations, having specified times for each, so that their habits will be orderly. Let them work together in the garden—boys and girls both need out-of-door-work,—while the parents eyes direct and sympathise and loud voices blend in the loving accord.

CARELESS PEOPLE.

The world is full of careless people, and consequently the newspapers are full of "dreadful accidents" and "shocking casualities." Children are expected to be rattle-brained and careless; but for their fathers and mothers there is *no* excuse?

Only the other day our nerves were worked up to explosion point by an account of a perilous surgical operation, by which a woman's trachea was opened to remove a silver dime which had lodged there. And how on earth did a silver dime ever get into a woman's wind pipe? Simply because she was careless, and laughed with her mouth full of little coins. Was there no other place where she could keep her three-cent pieces?

We *do* feel sorry for a creeping baby, when it gets hold of the bars of the grate by mistake, or cuts its fingers, or bumps its head, but for grown people who suffer from their own recklessness, we have very little patience!

What is the use of a woman's converting her mouth into a pincushion, and then expecting our sympathy, when a sudden sneeze or an unexpected cough imperils her life?

What is the use of a man's balancing himself on an oscillating chair, instead of sitting up straight like a Christian?—Are we expected to find vinegar and brown paper for the contusion upon the back of his head, when finally he comes down with a crash (and serves him right!)?

What is the use of a woman picking her ears with a long knitting needle, as half the women do, when a child running against her would send the instrument three inches into her brain, if she has got any?

What is the use of a man's handling a loaded gun as though it were a broom handle, and then accusing Providence because the charge goes into his hand or foot, as he might have known it would.

What is the use of a woman's buying arsenic to poison rats and putting it just where the children will be sure to get at it? What does she suppose her reasonable faculties were given her for?

What is the use of leaving children to play by themselves in a room where there is fire, or of postponing the sweeping of that dangerous chimney until "to-morrow?"

What is the use of endangering life by the use of the fiend camphene, as long as anything else will give light? Those who persist in this practice must have a greater fancy for being burned to death than the rest of the world!

In short, what is the use of careless people?

The Pleasant World.

This a very pleasant world and very pleasantly made, curiously contrived indeed, to keep life awake until we "round it with a sleep."

There is an arrangement effected in the last way in the world, we mortals should have thought of—just by rolling the globe over and over. Of course we mean day and night—the lights and shadows of life's fair respective. Aside from the necessity we feel, of that almost dying now and then, we christian "sleep," what could possibly afford a grander series of surprise than the alterations of night and day.

Day: Nothing but a lighted vestibule to something, we know not what. Night; a short, dim hall that leads us to another. And on we go, through this grand suit of brilliant chambers with shadowy passage ways between, until we have explored this wondrous castle of our mortal being.

What if it were one great unbroken day, how dull 'twould grow in life's long afternoon. How like a morning would existence be! Nothing made over new; no twilight to muse in; no dawning to await; no morrow to dream of, or to hope for; no surprise to quicken thought and heart, but just a steady blaze of day—an Arabia Rocky, without an "Araby the Blest."

For our part we are glad we are ignorant; glad we are not ubiquitous, we would not have "the wings of the morning," if we could. This opening and shutting of doors all through the world pleases us. It is a poem without a prefatory "argument;" a play without a programme. Were life an action "laid out," then life and action would be a corpse, and all we mourners would go about the streets.—*Chicago Journal.*

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—No well-bred person will be insolent to his inferiors. On the other hand, he will observe a scrupulous tenderness of manner towards them—a care of word and action, that shall lighten the burden of humility which they must necessarily feel, as much as possible. This refinement of heart is the most prominent characteristic of a high and noble spirit. It is the only mark of a lady or gentleman that is wholly unequivocal. When we see a person very choice of his words, and very dainty at the table, yet capable of insulting the unfortunate, or ridiculing distress, we always think of the ass in the lion's skin.

☞ Life is grand and noble, or little and mean, as we chose to make it. God has surrounded it with everything beautiful and harmonious. Man, alone, makes the discord; he sows the seeds of shame, and reaps the crop of corruption; he voluntarily chooses the wrong, and turns his back upon righteousness and truth. Why should he not, then, suffer the just penalty?