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COLORS AND GOLD

Sowing and Reaping.

BY JENNIE T. HAZEN.

"Come to the barn with me sir—I'll learn you to tie me a string. I'll tan your jacket for you sir!"

Those words were spoken in my hearing by an angry father to his boy, Jim Thorne, who had told him a lie.

The boy followed his father, who stopped on his way and cut a whip the size of an ox-goad and soon the sound of stinging blows was heard, mingled with shrieks and cries which pierced me like arrows, which the mother of the child did not heed, nor indeed seem to hear.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "Nancy Thorne, how can you hear such blows, and such cries, and not stop them or go mad?"

"He must learn not to lie to his father," she replied. "He has got to be such a liar that we can place no dependence on a word he says. It has got to be whipped out of him."

"Now, reader, don't hold up your hands and say, 'Horrible! what cruel unnatural parents they were!'"

They were no such thing; they were pleasant, agreeable enough, honest and upright enough as the world goes, and meant to bring up their children right and would have been angry indeed, had any one said they were harsh or unjust in the treatment of their children, or that they taught them to lie.

When the beating was finished, when Deacon Thorne had demonstrated his power, when he, as an earthly father, had done to his child as he imagined his Heavenly Father would do toward him, the law of revenge was satisfied, and he threw down the rod and bent his steps homeward.

I felt that if I met him there must surely be a collision, and I fled to my chamber, and threw myself into chair at the window that overlooked the porch, where Jimmy's mother was at work.

I watched the father as he walked rapidly down the path. There was no sign of pity or sorrow on his flushed face, but instead, an expression of satisfaction of having done a good thing, vindicated his authority, punished the boy for a sin and set his feet in the path of rectitude.

As he came near to his wife, he said: "I guess I've given him a trouncing that he will remember one spell. What in the world makes that boy lie so? I am sure I don't know."

I listened with strained ear for some words of condemnation from the mother, but listened vainly. She only worked over her butter the more briskly.

I, too, wondered what made the boy tell lies, he came of good, honest stock; as far back as could be remembered, none of his race had been imprisoned or hung; none of them had been remarkable as liars. Jimmy would lie, there was no question of that, and I resolved to know why.

Deacon Thorne shaved, washed, and combed himself, and I heard him ask his wife for a clean shirt. It was not Sunday, and I wondered where he was going, and Yankee-like, guessed it out. He belonged to the Baptist church, and to-day was "Covenant meeting" day. Pretty soon I heard him come out upon the step and say to his wife:

"Nancy, it seems to me you might get your work done up, so as to go to the covenant meeting sometimes. It don't look well for you and it plagues me to have the brothers and sisters ask where sister Thorne is. What shall I tell em Nancy?"

"You can tell em," replied Nancy, in a rather tart tone, "that I've no help about my work and its as much as I can do to get ready for Sunday."

Deacon Thorne got a flea in his ear. He had told his wife that he thought she could get along without a girl, now that the summer's work was done and the weather cool. Mrs. Thorne had reluctantly consented to try it, for she, too, was as Popotty obedient of Barkish, "pretty near," and had an eye to the "main chance."

When I saw the old piebald horse hitched up to the old green wagon, and the deacon seated therein, and altogether moving through the gate, I hurried down stairs and through the woodshed, and took my way to the barn. Pushing open the door, and following the sound of suppressed sobs, I found Jimmy crouching in a corner, with his head half hidden in a tuft of hay, quivering with excitement and pain.

When I put my hand upon him he shrank from the touch; when I spoke his name he looked up with the look of a dog that has been beaten; when I lifted his head and patted it on my lap, floods of tears gushed forth. I let him have a good cry, soothing him by passing my hand lightly over his damp hair.

When he grew calmer I loosened his shirt band and looked at his back, and as I did so, bit my lips to suppress a sob. It was literally covered with livid welts, and in some places the blood came through the skin!

Drawing his shirt-band up, fastening it round his neck, and commanding as well as I could, my trembling voice, I proposed to him to go with me to his room and rest awhile. He rose slowly to his feet, and putting his hands in mine, we proceeded toward the house, and gained the chambers in the same manner I left them, unseen by Mrs. Thorne.

I persuaded him to undress and lie down upon the bed, and while I bathed his aching head and bruised back, he told me what the offense was for which his father had beaten him. I'll give the story in his own words.

"Last week," referring to his father, it was curious to see how he avoided speaking the word father—"told me I would die all the taters in the south, each

I might go o'hesting. The next day he said he did not promise me, but I stuck to it; he did, and told him right where he was when he said it. Then he said 'he didn't care if he did say so, I couldn't for I must pick up cider apples, and if I'd be a good boy and work right smart I might go to-day; but I know he wouldn't keep his word, and 'Silas Bruce was going to-day, and I wanted to go too, for the squirrels was carrying off the nuts as fast as they could, and Silas Bruce, and all the boys, have got as many as I have, and when I asked him if I might go to he said no I shouldn't, and I might go to over in the back lot and get the sheep, and I pretended to go, and went off with the other boys to hunt chestnuts, and he come through the woods hunting the old mare, and saw me there, and he asked what I was there for, and I told him I couldn't find the sheep in the lot and was looking for 'em in the woods, and he said the sheep was in the lot, and he had seen 'em when he was coming through it, and told me I had lied, and he would kick me; but I stuck to it I did not lie, for I knew he'd kick me anyhow, and he has, and I hate him, and I'd run away; I'd rather live like Robinson Crusoe, and have Friday live with me, than to live here and be licked every day."

"What could I say? I said nothing; but I sang him fast asleep, and left him sleeping and went down stairs thinking to talk to his mother about him; but I found her up to her elbows in flour, and her head full of baking for to-morrow, and a purred-up expression of her mouth warned me to keep steady. And so I was forced off to the orchard, and sat down among the yellow apples, and held my tongue; and in my heart I thanked God I was an old maid and had no boys to bring up. At night the deacon came home, turned out his horse, ate his supper, and then inquired where Jimmy was. Mrs. Thorne did not know. He looked surprised, not to say alarmed, took down his hat and went at a quick pace toward the barn.

Soon he came back, and I'll confess it—I chuckled to see that he looked pale and scared. I had a good mind to keep still and let him get what Theodore Winthrop calls "a prickly scare," but he came direct to me and asked me if I knew where he was. I reluctantly answered:

"Up stairs in bed, and asleep," and added, maliciously, "sick, too, and I should not wonder if he has to have a doctor before he gets through with it."

The deacon shut an inquiry from beneath his shaggy brows, and went up stairs. I would have given him all the apples in the orchard to have seen him as he bent over his beaten boy.

He came down with a slow hesitating step, and a look on his face that I thought boded much good to Jim.

Strange Jim told lies!

Who taught him?

One day, Deacon Frisbie came to Deacon Thorne to buy a good cow. The irascible Jim was on hand to drive up the cows, with instructions to leave three or four of the best cows in the field.

They were driven into the milking yard, duly inspected by Deacon Frisbie, and praised or depreciated by Deacon Thorne, as his anxiety to keep or sell any particular one lay in the scale. At last, by skillful maneuvering, Frisbie was induced to choose the poorest one in the lot—not only in flesh, but poor every way. And what think you decided him to take her?

Deacon Thorne said to Jim:

"What do you think mother will say when she finds I've sold 'Old Fill-Fill'?"

"Oh, she'll tear," replied Jim.

"Did she not? Not at all; she bore it with Christian meekness; merely saying to Deacon Thorne when he and Deacon Frisbie came in to finish the business, by transferring fifty dollars from one pocket to another:

"You always manage to sell the best cows and keep the poorest. I guess you'll find some difference in the butter, now 'Old Fill-Fill' is going!"

At which Jim snickered behind his hat, and was ordered to go and load the cows. Strange Jim told lies!

Who taught him?

Deacon Frisbie was invited to stay to dinner. He graciously assented, and the two deacons settled themselves comfortably in their chairs, and had a good time talking over church matters.

When the dinner was ready we all sat down together; and Deacon Frisbie asked a blessing in which he praised Deacon Thorne, and Mrs. Thorne, and Jim, and "the stranger within their gates," (meaning me,) and I really expected to hear him give thanks for the old spotted cow, but he stopped just short of it.

Dinner done, he shook hands all-round in a most friendly manner, and departed.

When he was safely in the road, Deacon Thorne chuckled audibly, and observed to his wife with a sly poke in her side:

"'Old Fill-Fill' difference in the butter eh?"

To which Mrs. Thorne replied with a grave countenance.

Neither chuckle, poke or smile were lost on the ever-present Jim.

Strange Jim told lies!

Who taught him?

Mr. Dawes Reply to Mr. Butler.

General Butler having attempted to impugn the motives and falsify the statements of Mr. Dawes, that gentleman took occasion to reply to Butler, and we give an abstract of his remarks.

He said that he had been charged with the duty, in company with eight other members of the House, of taking care of the public expenditures, and it has been

the opinion of that committee that that was a proper occasion, through one of its members, to express to the House the reason of its objection to the bill, and it had fallen to his lot to do it. He had been made the spokesman of the Committee on Appropriations. Mr. Dawes then proceeded, with the book of estimates in his hands, to refer to item after item of the estimates of the various Departments, and to show that his original statement in regard to the excess of estimates over the appropriations of last year was in every respect correct. He would rejoice as much as any man at any development going to show how much the people of this country have been relieved of the burden of taxation by a reduction of expenditures since Andrew Johnson left the Presidential chair. But the question he was investigating was whether as between this year and the next year the tendency of expenditures was upward or downward. There was nothing in all that he said that had any reference whatever to the estimates of Andrew Johnson's administration, or the appropriations and expenditures in his administration. Mr. Butler's statement that the estimates for last year were made by Mr. Johnson's administration in a spirit of hostility to the incoming administration, which was to carry on the government under them, was made by one who was himself a party in the Committee on Appropriations so embarrassing this administration by further cutting down Mr. Johnson's estimates twenty millions. The truth about that statement was that no body ever heard of it until yesterday. If anything was a test as to whether the tendency of expenditures was upward or downward, it would be the two items for salaries and contingent expenditures. The excess of estimates over the appropriation for the present year for salaries and contingent expenses was as follows: Executive Department proper, \$940,000; State Department, \$38,520; Treasury Department, \$259,000; Department of the Interior, \$88,868; War Department, \$6,450 less; Navy Department, \$56,970; Agricultural Department, \$64,630; Post Office Department, \$30,800. Total excess of estimates, \$528,368. The number of naval officers employed in the Washington Navy Yard was twenty, and the amount of their salaries was \$22,680. Besides these the salaries of the civil officers, who helped them to take care of the Navy Yard, amounted to \$48,946, making a grand total of salaries for the Navy Yard of Washington \$71,626. He suggested whether eight or ten thousand dollars properly distributed in a private yard would not be more effective for the purpose of the navy. The Admiral's yatches cost each \$2,500 a day. If this \$2,500 a day were taken and used for subsidizing the mercantile marine of the country, it would tend to encourage commerce, instead of being a mere waste and useless disbursement.

Referring to the suggestion made by Mr. Butler that he (Mr. Dawes) should have gone to the Departments to inquire into any supposed errors, he was compelled to tell just what had transpired. When the estimates were put in the hands of the Committee on Appropriations, the Departments were allotted among the nine members of the Committee, and he would say here that the Democratic members of the Committee were as faithful as any of them in the discharge of that duty. With these balances staring them in the face, the members of the Committee were charged with the duty of visiting all the Departments and seeing where the estimates could be cut down. The Interior Department and the Treasury Department had fallen to his lot. The other Departments were distributed among the other members of the Committee. Right of the nine members of the Committee had spent the three weeks of holiday in that work, and had been constant visitors at the Departments. He himself had visited, according to the charge imposed upon him, the Interior Department and the Treasury Department, and when one of the Committee had to go home he had taken off his hands the War Department. The other members of the Committee had visited every other Department and portrayed their balances to them, and they had each reported to the Committee that they were sorry for the balances, but that for that Department the estimates could not be cut down. It was due to the Secretary of the Interior to say that while he said it was impossible to cut down the force in his Department, he could curtail expenditures outside, in the Hospital for the Insane, in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and in the Woman's Lying-in-Hospital. [Laughter.] At the same time, when the Secretary of the Interior could not cut down the estimates for his department, there was a "single bureau" there had accumulated \$180,000 because it had had appropriations from year to year more than it could use, and without saying a word about that surplus, it was asking \$218,000 more, and applying positively to the Committee that it could not curtail one penny. Mr. Dawes went on to relate like experiences in the Treasury Department. He went away from the Treasury Department discouraged.

WHAT PRESIDENT HUNT SAID.

Mr. Dawes took counsel of influential gentlemen in the party, with this book of estimates under his arm, which had been his constant companion for six weeks, and he was advised to go to the President. He did these estimates and those balances before him. But (said Mr. Dawes, after a short pause, and in a tone of sadness) I do not know that I accomplished anything. I do not know but that he has now made a mistake in my colleague (Mr. Butler) than in myself. It may be that he will take my colleague into his bosom and warm him into low life. [Laughter.] I know not how

that may be, nor can I calculate what will be the consequences of that resuscitation [laughter]; but I fear would believe that the President believes me to be his friend, and were I to state the simple truth of what passed between myself and him, so like him, so true to himself, it would be a better vindication of him and of me than anything that can be said. He talked of economy. He said that his influences should be exerted to bring down these estimates. He said that he had made a personal examination of the estimates for the War Department. He knew the necessities of that Department better than others, and he thought that the estimates for that Department were cut down as low as they could be. After that statement from a man whose polar star in the administration of affairs is economy, I did not think it worth while to appeal from him to the Secretary, who had not been a month in his seat, and whose second official act, read from the clerk's desk here yesterday, is a letter to my colleague in aid of his assault on the Committee on Appropriations in its efforts to reduce the expenditures. UN-FORTY HUNDRED PAID-OFFICERS, ONE DUTY.

There were to-day five hundred army officers of duty, supernumeraries. Taking the pay of a major as an average, there was paid annually to those supernumerary officers \$1,250,000 as a salary. The House was responsible for that. Here was the plea to arouse the sentiment in favor of uniting in every effort of any of the Departments, or any of the executive officers, to cut down these expenditures. The committee felt that it had no hostility to any branch of the government, and did not suppose that it was making war on any. But the committee proposed, if it could be sustained in the House, to make instead of an upward tendency in the public expenditures a downward tendency, and a further reduction from what was appropriated last year.

During most of the time that Mr. Dawes was making the speech, the isles in his vicinity were crowded with members. He spoke for nearly two hours.

Free Trade in France.

We find the following illustrative text in the cable news of Thursday, under the Paris date of Wednesday:

"Ten thousand men have struck work at Creuzot. They have made no further demand on their strike. President Schneider, who is proprietor of the works at Creuzot, goes there to-night. The strike is considered a grave affair."

Creuzot is a considerable town in the Department of the Saone-et-Loire, engaged in the various manufactures of iron and steel, and has numerous blast-furnaces, rolling-mills, forges and steel works, in which Mr. Schneider is a principle proprietor. The strike of Wednesday is only one of a long series which have occurred during the last year, and which are directly traceable to the miserable wages of French artisans, occasioned by the effort of France to maintain its manufacturing supremacy under the system of free trade, or of a tariffed low rate to amount to the same thing. Some ten years ago Louis Napoleon and Mr. Cobden succeeded in agreeing upon a reciprocity measure between England and France. It was organized as the first grand step toward the universal brotherhood of man, and it was hardly worth while to keep up a cordon of custom-houses between them.

How is it now? England is soberly and quietly dissatisfied and her best mechanics and laborers are emigrating to the United States, until even the wildest free-trade theorists are silenced, and the whole tendency of the popular mind is toward the old and wholesome plan of making the best honest and possible bargain for yourself when dealing with your neighbor. In France the same discontent exists. It was smothered year after year by the relative regulations of the Empire, which forbade public speaking and writing. At last the evil grew—as evils do—too great to be suppressed. The miserable pittance paid the workmen was insufficient to sustain life, and they "turned out," without organization, without the protection of trades unions, and only with the one idea, that weaving silk at a cent a yard was not at all preferable to slouch.

The silk and cotton manufacturing districts were the first to strike. In the Department of the Rhone, where the furniture, lithographers, designers and superior workmen got from \$11 to \$37 a month, while workers and "novices"—a grade higher than apprentices—got from 30 to 40 cents a day, a demand was made, which seemed laughable small to the American mechanic, for a monthly increase of pay amounting to 20 francs a month. The lower classes of workmen wanted their wages raised from 20 to 50 cents a day. Apprentices paid 15 cents a day wanted 25. The agitation spread from several centres, reached the mining interests, the dry-goods clerks, the workmen, and now to find it invading the iron works of Creuzot.

There was a time when this could not have happened in France. All public assemblies were forbidden and it was impossible for workmen to consult with each other, or to organize societies for mutual protection. But when for the sake of maintaining a governmental policy the poor are crushed down to too abject poverty, when a mill-weaver works two whole days to earn fifty cents, and works from 5 in the morning until 8 in the evening with scanty time for her meals, when in branches of labor requiring less skill wages are as low as from 8 to 20 cents a day, and when, finally, everybody must work—men, women, children, sick or well, or else starve, organization and associated action becomes hardly necessary. The workmen struck by a common instinct, because they could no longer endure their sufferings. Says a lot-

ter-writer: "Angry groups met in the streets; haggard women with their children among them. The military were ordered to be in readiness, and an officer, speaking to some of the women, bade them retire before a charge of cavalry, that might endanger lives. One of the wretched mothers replied: 'So much the better—the dead need no food!' The magistrate requested the striker to 'return to their houses.' They answered doggedly, 'We have no homes; starvation has driven us from them!'"

This is the kind of labor which the free-traders ask us to accept. They insist that the American mechanic shall compete with the pallid French *ouvrier*, that we too shall organize what is well recognized in England as "the lowest fed-class," meaning workmen who by constant toil manage to live just above the point of actual starvation. For the present, at least, free-trade must remain a dream of the future, an incident of millennial period when all men are equally good, all governments equally liberal, all taxation equally imposed. Until we reach that blissful estate we may as well be satisfied as we are. Terrible as the burdens of our tariff may be, our mechanics have bread and work and recognition as men. Such is the condition of the French or English factory-worker, our sympathies need extend no further than to invite him to try the experiment of living under a government which has a protective tariff. The fact that they are; coming that all the better workmen who can command the means are seeking refuge here, is the strongest commentary upon the relative merits of the two systems of revenue.

An Interesting Game.

Games of amusement that induce thought, and serve to quicken the mental faculties, should be most patronized during these long evenings. It is quite possible for youth to amuse themselves while also deriving much profit; and to aid this end every new or novel means suggested or invented by any one should be greatly multiplied and widely extended. In order, therefore, that the game of "Verbarium" may be more generally known and enjoyed, we reproduce it here from the American Builder:

A number of persons are assembled—the more the merrier—and a word chosen as the verbarium, which each writes at the head of his sheet. The object of the game is to draw out the vast number of words which lie folded up, as it were, in the verbarium, and is accomplished amid much excitement and amusement, in the following manner: Let us suppose, for instance, that the word chosen is "reason." One of the company is appointed time-keeper; and the signal being given, each writes as rapidly as possible all the words beginning with "R" which can be spelled with the letters of the verbarium.

At the end of two minutes the time-keeper calls "time!" and the eager pencils are obliged to stop. The company then reads, in order, the words they have written. As each word is read, those who have not written it call out "no," and those who have it, cross it out from their lists, and place opposite a number of credits, equal to the number of defaulters. If three persons, for instance, fail to have the word "tea," the rest have three credits. Two minutes are then devoted to words beginning with "R," and so on until the whole verbarium is exhausted, when each player counts the aggregate number of credits, and the one who has the largest number is declared the winner.

The possibilities of fun in this game do not all appear from a dry description like the foregoing. The lamentations of those who, in their zealous pursuit of complicated anagrams, have overlooked the simplest combinations, the shouts of laughter which attend the defeat of an attempt to impose triumphantly a word that "isn't in it"; the appeals to the dictionary to settle disputed questions, and hundred other lively little incidents of the game, render it the most popular with old and young that has ever been introduced into the parlor.

To illustrate the extensive range of language which this simple amusement covers, it is only necessary to say that not less than one hundred words may be derived in this way from "reason," which is, after all, not a good verbarium.

Labor and Luck.

Among the wise sayings of Rev. H. W. Beecher are the following: The mere fact that you are obliged to labor is not a misfortune. The thing that you desire in alleviation would be the greatest curse to you. Do not be ashamed of that place where God has put you up. God has put your tasks upon you, and remember that your enjoyment is to consist in the essential of your nature. It is to consist in the active use of those forces which God has bestowed upon you with, wherever his providence has put you. And if he has withheld from you some of those enjoyments which he has granted to others, be assured, if you are faithful, that in some way they will be made up to you. Do not be ashamed of hardness. Stand to it and fight out your battle. See to it that whatever you lose—whether it be money or place or whatnot—you do not lose your manhood or courage or honesty or simplicity or truthfulness. Stick to them. They are half your life. I think if you were to go from man to man, in all the ordinary channels of life, you would find very few men, if you took them at that hour when they made their secret complaints, who did not labor under the impression that though they should be resigned to their condition, it was a condition of misfortune, that they were obliged to exert themselves. The young man beginning

in life, says to himself: "I am obliged to rise early and sit up late, and labor incessantly; but I hope for a better time."—Ah yes! that better time is the fool's paradise of laziness. He is obliged to work now, but he looks forward to the time when he will not be under the necessity of working. He points to the favored sons, as he calls them, of rich men, who were not born to work, and who are useless in society, and laments that, instead of having their good fortune, he is doomed to a life of severe toil. But I tell you what you call good fortune has been their ruin, and the necessity of laboring has been your salvation. It has been that which has made you what you have been, and what you are still. It has been a token of God's mercy to you. And instead of bemoaning your condition, thank God for it.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]
Foot's Gold.

BY MRS. J. E. McCAUGHY.

A man came into the office of a practical chemist one day, and after asking leave to lock the door, produced from a handkerchief, in a very mysterious manner, some substance which he laid on the table.

"Do you see that?" he asked triumphantly.

"I do," said the gentleman.

"Well, what do you call it?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What!—isn't it gold?"

"No; it is worth nothing." And placing some on a shovel, he held it over the fire, when it all disappeared up the chimney.

The spirit was all gone out of the poor fellow as he sank back in a chair, and at last the sad truth came out.

"There's a widdler in our place has got a hull bill full of that stuff, and I have gone and married her."

The "fool's gold" it was to him, in more senses than one. But he was not the first person who has speculated in "fool's gold," and been sadly bitten.

The man who puts his whole soul into the work of getting rich—who robs his family of all the comforts of life, himself of needful rest and help, who grinds the faces of the poor to increase his hoards, will find in the end he has only amassed a heap of glittering "fool's gold."

The young man who wins his money by any of the dishonest crafts in vogue, is only accumulating "fool's gold." It will most likely vanish in smoke before his eyes; and if it does survive him, the rust of it will eat into his soul like a canker.

True riches are those which are honestly gained in lawful pursuits, which are wisely and generously expended as we go along through life. As soon as money is valued for money's sake, it becomes only "fool's gold."

Those possessions which have the blessing of the poor upon them, are the only ones which also have the blessing of God—that "maketh rich," indeed; and He addeth no sorrow with it."

There lived in Springfield in 1860, and probably lives there still, an Irish day-laborer named John M. Carthy, an intense democrat. Sometime after the presidential election Mr. Lincoln was walking the public square, and John was shoveling out the gutter. As the President-alot approached, Mr. Carthy rested on his shovel, and holding out his hand, said bluntly:

"An' so you elected President, are ye? Faith-an' it wasn't by my vote, at all, at all!"

"Well, yes, John," replied Mr.

