

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 45.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1878.

NUMBER 19.

## The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

BY  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

**Terms—\$2.00 per Year.**  
If paid strictly in advance, a deduction of fifty cents will be made. If paid within six months, a deduction of twenty-five cents will be made. If not paid till the end of the year two dollars will be charged.

**Rates of Advertising.**  
LEGAL NOTICES.  
For one inch of space one week, \$1.00.  
Each subsequent week, 25 cents.  
Special Notices—25 per cent. additional.

**PROBATE NOTICES.**  
Orders of Notice on Real Estate, 2.00.  
Orders on Wills, 1.50.  
Guardians' Notices, 1.50.  
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, 1.50.  
Commitment Notices, 2.00.

Special Terms made with Local Advertisers, and for advertisements continued any considerable length of time; also, for those occupying extensive space.

## JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

ALL KINDS OF

BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch

AT THE

OXFORD DEMOCRAT OFFICE

Professional Cards, &c.

BLACK & HOLT.

Counselors & Attorneys at Law,

NORTH MAINE.

Office in rooms at No. 2 Mason's Block.

ALVAH BLACK, CHAS. E. HOLT.

Mr. Black, will be at Paris, Monday and Tuesday of each week; the remaining days at his office in Newbury.

CHARLES R. ELDER.

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

23 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Special rates to Attorneys having business or claims for collection in Boston and vicinity.

Jan 1, 77.

E. G. HARLOW.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Dixfield, Me.

A. S. TWITCHELL, ALFRED E. EVANS.

Commissioners for Me. Notary Public.

TWITCHELL & EVANS.

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,

GORHAM, N. H.

Will practice in the Courts of N.H., and Oxford County, Me.

Jan 1, 77.

ENOCH FOSTER, JR.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77.

BETHEL, ME.

R. HUTCHINS.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77.

RUMFORD, ME.

W. F. FIFE.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77.

PARIS, ME.

Commissioner for New Hampshire. Jan 1, 77.

D. BIRSE.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77.

BUCKFIELD, (Oxford Co.) ME.

W. RIDGON.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

KEGAN FALLS, ME.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan 1, 77.

A. TWIDDLE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BETHEL, ME.

Office over Kimball's Store.

Disorders of the lungs and heart a specialty.

Jan 1, 77.

I. BOUNDS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Office at residence, first house above Congregational Church.

Jan 1, 77.

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE.

Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.

WATERFORD, ME.

W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D., Superintendent Physician and Operating Surgeon. All interested will please send for Circular. Jan 1, 77.

WILLIAM DOUGLASS.

Deputy Sheriff for Oxford & Cumberland Cos.

WATERFORD, ME.

All precepts by mail will receive prompt attention. Jan 1, 77.

JAMES W. CHAPMAN.

DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,

KEGAN FALLS, ME.

Business by mail promptly attended to. Jan 1, 77.

D. G. F. JONES.

DENTIST,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Tooth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanized Rubber. Jan 1, 77.

W. DOUGLASS.

DEPUTY SHERIFF.

PARIS HILL, MAINE.

All business by mail or otherwise will be attended to promptly. Jan 1, 77.

TAXIDERM.

I am prepared to set up all kinds of Birds and Animals in the most artistic manner. Game birds a specialty. Birds taken in payment of work—for example, out of every six Blue Jays sent me I will return one handsomely stuffed and mounted on a stand to the sender. Cash paid from 25 to \$1.00 each for good specimens of Hawks and Owls.

Prompt attention paid to all orders by mail or express. Prior lists furnished on application.

R. E. PEABY, Fryeburg, Me.

Jan 1, 77.

## Poetry.

### Deacon Babbitt's Phonograph.

BY A. T. WORDEN.

Deacon Babbitt was progressive and enlightened in his way. He perused the *Science Monthly* and the *Reviews* every day. He had a cabinet of fossils, and some birds securely stuffed. In his wood-house chamber study, where his pipe was daily puffed. It would make an old-time farmer stare around as he dreamed. To see the Deacon churn and plough, and cut his hay by steam. Pitch his hay and thrash his barley with machinery alone. And call his help to dinner with a patent telephone. Thus the Deacon bought each patent that could work or walk or sing. Till he heard the papers raving of the very latest thing. A machine to bottle language, or a song, or sigh, or laugh. Then the Deacon got crazy to possess a phonograph.

Why, said he, best think of storing up for a future generation. A pat meeting or conference; 'twould be their sure salvation. Or good old hymns; these modern ones are just as light as air. Thus he bought the machine, and he had a patent phonograph. And no one knows how much it cost—the Deacon liked the thing. And on a windy table stood the phonograph one day. The Deacon looked at it with hymns and pious odds. Then he thought of his hat, and sought the street, to call in sundry friends.

THE DEACON RETURNS. Jehonibah, the oldest son, had sought his brother. And they called in the hired man to view the new machine. They danced and sung, and turned the crank with unaccustomed song and laugh. Not knowing of the mystic powers of that same phonograph.

They could not tell the purpose of the tin foil on the drum. They threatened angrily to kick the thing to kingdom come. "It cannot dig, or plant, or sow, or do a single thing." Then they had a war dance round the room that made the floor tremble.

THE DEACON RETURNS. The Deacon looked at the elder with his work before him spread. But he made him leave his sermon at the forty-second bar. And down the street, his smoking cap disported in the wind. His fanned morning gown spread gayly out behind.

Together they sought Deacon Smooth, a man of solid sense. Consulted politics, religion, and expense. Just the opposite of Babbitt, he spoke to good old ways. And asked about all the inventions of these evil modern days. But Deacon Babbitt winked erect with triumph in his eye. "He will show 'em an invention that would make all skeptics fly." And he told them he had bought good old "China" and "Mulligan's."

And he guessed they'd stop their laughs when they heard him turn the crank. So on the table in the study all so simple and serene stood the very unpretentious, and remarkable, machine. Then the Deacon explained to them the diaphragm grasped the handle, saying promptly, "Just you bark to what's to come."

"I wonder what the durned old dog has been a-barking at now." The Deacon dropped the handle, while the sweat stood on his brow. "The dog's out of kilter, but I guess I'll try it." "O, kinder, don't you want a dog?" and "Betsey likes her dog."

The elder donned his smoking cap and started for the door. But Deacon Smooth winked slyly, saying he would like some more. But Babbitt gazed on the machine with looks of dark despair. Then said and crossed he'd try again; he knew his hymns were there.

He grasped the handle firmly, caring nothing for the noise. Or his old dancing denials with voices like his boys. Or shouted songs in melting tones of "I'm your dar'ling." And "Woozy up, my hearty boys," "Farewell to Mary Blake."

But Deacon Smooth had stood it all conservative. Until the war dance came along, and then he raised his hand. And spoke the phonograph a blow that laid it on the floor. A mass of wheels and broken springs, a thing of life and soul gone.

The elder he ran down the stairs, his fingers in his ears. Repeating Scripture to himself to quell his rising ire. And saying mildly to himself, "When man deceives his sphere. And penetrates to hidden things, he'd better stand in fear."

But Deacon Babbitt, good old man, will raise his head no more. He sits and gazes sadly at the wreck upon the floor. And tries to understand in vain (without an explanation) how some way in the management he lost the combination. The boys at once were curious about the new machine. But the Deacon told them to "Shut up!" with such a wonderful manner. That not a word leaked out about the fatal morning's spree. And Deacon Smooth, conservative, has scored a victory.

## Selected Story.

### A GHOST OF THE SIERRAS.

BY BERT HARTZ.

It was a vast silence of pines, redolent with balsamic breath, and muffled with the dry rust of balsamic bark and matted mosses. Lying on our backs, we looked upward through a hundred feet of clear, unbroken interval, to the first lateral branches that formed the flat canopy above us. Here and there the fierce sun, from whose active persecution we had just escaped, searched for us through the woods, but its clean blade was dulled and turned aside by intercostal boughs and its brightness dissipated in nebulous mists through the roofing of the dim brown aisles around us. We were in another atmosphere, under another sky, indeed in another world than the dazzling one we had just quitted. The grave silence seemed so much a part of the grateful coolness that we hesitated to speak, and for some moments lay quietly outstretched on the pine tassels where we had first thrown ourselves. Finally a voice broke the silence.

"Ask the old Major; he knows all about it!" The person here alluded to, under that military title, was myself. I hardly need explain to any Californian that it by no means followed that I was a "Major," or that I was "old," or that I knew anything about "it," or indeed, what "it" referred to. The whole remark was merely one of the usual conventional feelers to conversation—a kind of social preamble, quite common to our slangy camp intercourse. Nevertheless, I was always known as the major, perhaps for no better reason than that the speaker, an old journalist, was always called doctor, I recognized the fact so far as to kick aside an intervening saddle so that I could see the speaker's face on a level with my own, and said nothing.

"About ghosts," said the doctor, after a pause which nobody broke or was expected to break. "Ghosts! Well, that's what we want to know. What are we doing here in this blank old mausoleum of Calaveras county—if it isn't to find out something about 'em, eh?"

Nobody replied. "There's that haunted house at Cave City. Can't be more than a mile or two away, any how. Used to be just off the trail."

A dead silence. The doctor (addressing space generally): "Yes sir, it was a mighty queer story." Still the same respectful indifference. We all knew the doctor's skill as a raconteur; we all knew that a story was coming; and we all knew that any interruption would be fatal. Time and time again, in our prospecting experience, had a word of polite encouragement, a rash expression of interest, even a too eager attitude of silent expectancy, brought the doctor to a sudden change of subject; time and time again had we seen the unwary stranger stand amazed and bewildered between our own indifference and the sudden termination of a promising anecdote, through his own unlucky interference. So we said nothing.

"The judge"—another instance of arbitrary nomenclature—pretended to sleep. Jack began to twist a cigar. Thornton bit off the ends of pine needles reflectively.

"Yes sir," continued the doctor, coolly, resting the back of his head on the palms of his hands, "it was rather curious. All except the murder. That's what gets me, for the murder had no new points, no fancy touches, no sentiment, no mystery. Was just one of the old style, 'sub head' paragraphs. Old fashioned miner scrubs along on hard tack and beans, and saves up a little money to go home and see relations. Old fashioned assassin sharpens up knife, old style, loads old dinklock, brass mounted pistol; walks out on old fashioned miner one dark night, sends him home to his relations, walks back to several generations, and walks off with the swag. No mystery there; nothing to clear up; subsequent revelations only impertinence. Nothing for any ghosts to do—who meant business—more than that, over forty murders—same kind, committed every year in Calaveras, and no spiritual post obits coming due every anniversary; no assessment made on the peace and quiet of the surviving community. I tell you what, boys, I've always been inclined to throw off the Cave City ghost for that alone. It's a bad precedent, sir. It's that kind of thing is going to obtain in the Foot Hill we'll have the trails full of ghosts formerly knocked over by Mexicans and road agents; every little camp and grocery will have stock enough on hand to go into business, and where's there any security for surviving life and property, eh? What's your opinion, judge, as a fair minded legislator?"

Of course there was no response. Yet it was a part of the doctor's system of aggravation to become discursive at these moments, in the hopes of an interruption, and he continued for some moments to dwell on the terrible possibility of a state of affairs in which a gentleman could without being subjected to successful spiritual embarrassment. But all this digression fell upon apparently inattentive ears.

"Well, sir, after the murder, the cabin stood for a long time deserted and tenantless. Popular opinion was against it. One day a ragged prospector, savage with hard labor and harder luck, came to the camp, looking for a place to live and a chance to prospect. After the boys had taken his measure, they concluded that he'd already tackled so much in the way of difficulties that a ghost more or less wouldn't be of much account. So they set him to the haunted cabin. He had a big yellow dog with him, about as ugly and as savage as he himself, and the boys sort of congratulated themselves from a practical view point that while they were giving the old ruffian a shelter, they were helping on the cause of Christianity against ghost and goblins. They had little faith in the old man, but they went their whole pile on the dog. That's where they were mistaken.

The house stood almost three hundred feet from the nearest cave, and on dark nights, being in a hollow, was as lonely as if it had been on the top of Shasta. If you ever saw the spot when there was just moon enough to bring out the little surrounding clumps of chaparral until they looked like human figures, and make the bits of quartz glisten like skulls, you'd begin to understand how big a contract that man and that yellow dog undertook.

They went into possession that afternoon, and old Hard Times set out to cook his supper. When it was over he sat down by the embers and lit his pipe, the yellow dog lying at his feet. Suddenly "Rat! rat!" comes from the door. "Come in," says the man gruffly. "Rat!" again. "Come in and be d-d to you," who has no idea of getting up to open the door. But no one responded, and the next moment smash goes the only sound pane in the only window. Seeing this, old Hard Times gets up, with the devil in his eye and a revolver in his hand, followed by the yellow dog with every tooth showing, and swings open the door. No one there! But as the man opened the door, the yellow dog, that had been so schipper before, suddenly begins to crouch and step backward, step by step, trembling and shivering, and at last crouches down in the chimney, without even so much as looking at his master. The man slams the door shut again, but there comes another smash. This time it seems to come from inside the cabin, and it isn't until the man looks around and sees everything quiet that he gets up, without speaking, and makes a dash for the door, and tears around the outside of the cabin like mad, but finds nothing but silence and darkness. Then he comes back swearing and calls the dog. But that great yellow dog that the boys would have staked all their money on, is crouching under the bunk, and has to be dragged out like a coon from a hollow tree and lies there, his eyes staring from their sockets; every limb and muscle quivering with fear, and his very hair drawn up in bristling ridges. The man calls him to the door. He drags himself a few steps, stops, sniffs and refuses to go further. The man calls him again with an oath and a threat. Then, what does that yellow dog do? He crawls edgewise toward the door, crouching himself against the bunk till he's flatter than a knife blade; then, half way, he stops. Then that yellow dog begins to walk gingerly—lifting each foot up in the air, one after the other, still trembling in every limb. Then he stops again. Then he gives one little shuddering leap—not straight forward, but up—clearing the floor about six inches, as it—

"Over something," interrupted the judge hastily, lifting himself on his elbow. The doctor stopped instantly. "Juan," he said coolly to one of the Mexican packers, "quit fooling with that rita—You'll have that stake out and that male loose in another minute. Come over this way."

The Mexican turned a scared, white face to the doctor, muttering something and let go the deer skin hide. We all upraised our voices with one accord, to the judge most penitently and apologetically, and implored the doctor to go on. "I'll shoot the first man who interrupts you again," added Thornton persuasively.

But the doctor, with his hands languidly under his head, had lost his interest. "Well, the dog ran off to the hills, and neither the threats nor cajoleries of his master could ever make him enter the cabin again. The next day the man left the camp. What time is it? Getting on to sundown isn't it? Keep off my leg will you, you d—d Greaser and stop tumbling round there! Lie down!"

But we knew that the doctor had not completely finished his story, and we waited patiently for the conclusion. Meanwhile the old gray silence of the woods again asserted itself—but shadows were now beginning to gather in the heavy beams of the roof above, and the dim aisles seemed to be narrowing and closing in around us. Presently the doctor recommenced lazily, as if no interruption had occurred.

"As I said before, I never put much faith in that story and shouldn't have told it but for a rather curious experience of my own. It was in the spring of '62, and I was one of a party of four coming up from O'Neill's, where we had been snowed up. It was a wet weather, and the snow changed to sleet and rain after we crossed the divide, and the water was out every where; every ditch was a creek, and every creek a river. We had lost two horses on the Truth Fork. We were dead beat, off the trail and sloshing

round, with night coming on and the level hail like shot in our faces. Things were looking bleak and scary when, riding a little ahead of the party, I saw a light twinkling in a hollow beyond. My horse was still fresh, and calling out to the boys to follow me and bear for the light, I struck out for it. In another moment I was before a little cabin that was half burrowed in the black chaparral. I dismounted and rapped at the door, but it was fastened securely from within. I was all the more surprised when one of the boys who had overtaken me, told me he had seen through the window a man reading by the fire. Indignant at this inhospitality, we both made a resolute onset against the door, at the same time raising our angry voices to a yell. Suddenly there was a quick response, the hurried withdrawing of a bolt, and the door opened.

The occupant was a short, thickset man, with a pale, careworn face, whose prevailing expression was one of gentle good humor, and patient suffering. When we entered he asked us hastily why we had not sung out before.

"But we knocked!" I said impatiently, "and almost drove your door in." "That's nothing," he said impatiently, "I'm used to that." I looked again at the man's patient, fateful face and then around the cabin. In an instant the whole situation flashed before me. "Are we not near Cave City?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "it's just below. You have passed it in the storm." "I see." I again looked around the cabin. "Isn't this what we call the haunted house?" He looked at me curiously. "It is," he said simply.

You can imagine my delight! Here was an opportunity to test the truth of the whole story—to work down to bed rock and see how it would pan out! We were too many and too well armed to fear tricks or dangers from outside. If any one theory had been held—the disturbance was kept up by a band of concealed marauders or road agents, whose purpose was to preserve their haunt from intrusion, we were quite able to pay them back in kind for any assault. I need not say that the boys were delighted with this prospect when the fact was revealed to them. The only one doubtful or apprehensive spirit there was our host, who quietly resumed his seat and his book with his old expression and patient martyrdom. It would have been easy for me to have drawn him out, and I felt that I did not want to corroborate anybody else's experience; only to record my own. And I thought it better to keep the boys from any predisposing terror.

We ate our supper and sat patiently and expectantly around the fire. An hour slipped away, but no disturbance; another hour passed as monotonously. Our host read his book; only the dash of hair against the roof broke the silence. But the doctor stopped. Since the last interruption I noticed he had changed the easy slangy style of his story to a more perfect, artistic, and even studied manner. He dropped now suddenly into his old colloquial speech, and quietly said: "If you don't quit stumbling over those rats, Juan, I'll hobble you. Come here, then; lie down will you?"

We all turned fiercely on the cause of this second dangerous interruption, but a sight of the poor fellow's pale and frightened face withheld our vindictive tongues. And the doctor, happily, of his own accord, went on:

"But I had forgotten that it was no easy matter to keep those high spirited boys bent on a row in decent subjection, and after the third hour had passed without a supernatural exhibition, I observed from certain winks and whispers that they were determined to get up indications of their own. In a few moments violent rappings were heard from all parts of the cabin; large stones (adroitly thrown up the chimney) fell with a heavy thud upon the roof. Strange groans and ominous yells seemed to come from the outside, where the interstices between the logs were wide enough.

Yet through all this uproar, our host sat still and patient with no signs of indignation or reproach upon his good humored but haggard features. Before long it became evident that this exhibition was exclusively for his benefit. Under the thin disguise of asking him to assist in discovering the disturbers outside the cabin, those inside took advantage of his absence to turn the cabin top-sy-turvy.

"You see what the spirits have done, old man," said the arch leader of this mischief. "They're upset that there floor while we wasn't looking, and then kicked over the water jug and spilled all the water!"

The patient man lifted his head and looked at the floor strewn walls. Then he glanced down at the floor, but drew back with a slight tremor.

"It ain't water!" he said quietly.

"What is it then?"

"It's BLOOD! Look!"

The nearest man gave a sudden start and sank back white as a sheet. "For there, gentlemen, on the floor, just before the door, where the old man had seen the dog hesitate and lift his feet—there! there! gentlemen—upon my honor slowly widened and broadened a dark red pool of human blood! Stop him! Quick! Stop him! I say!"

There was a blinding flash that lit up the dark woods and a sharp report! When he reached the doctor's side he held

the smoking pistol, just discharged, in one hand, with the other he was pointing to the rapidly disappearing figure of Juan, our Mexican vaquero!

"Missed him, by G—d!" said the doctor. "But did you hear him? Did you see his lurid face as he rose up at the name of blood? Did you see his guilty conscience in his face. Eh? Why don't you speak? What are you staring at?"

"Was it the murdered man's ghost, doctor?" we all panted in one breath. "Ghost be d—d! No! But in that Mexican vaquero—that cursed Juan Ramirez!—I saw and shot at his murderer."

**Leisure Hours.**

There are few things in which, as a nation, we are more deficient than in the matter of leisure. It does not enter into our plans of life; we make little or no provision for it; we take it, if at all, by snatches as boys take stolen froit, and often feel a somewhat similar guilt in enjoying it. From infancy up the same influence surrounds us. Parents who give the most serious thought and attention to their children's education, carefully selecting their teachers or schools, and aiding them with faithful home instruction, are frequently ignorant of the character of the companions or books, or diversions which occupy their leisure hours. The young, setting out in life, often arrange with method and system their life-work, giving to its consideration their wisest judgment and most earnest thought, and yet form no plans for the hours when they shall throw off care and lay aside work.

In mature life, men and women engage in the strife and turmoil of business, and the unflagging industry of labor, with a zeal and assiduity truly laudable, but scarcely spare a thought, much less any serious or systematic attention upon the time when nature compels them to lay aside work, and recruit their energies. Even as the time approaches when old age lifts the heavy burden of labor from the weary frame, there is hardly any provision made for the occupation of the time thus set at liberty, and too often the aged parent, after a long and tiresome life, sinks into an enforced and unhappy idleness, thus incurring some degree of contempt from the young and strong, because he has never had any systematic resources for leisure hours.

The fact is, that while we justly respect labor, we most unjustly despise leisure. In our haste to appreciate the value of time, and awards its just honors, we forget that there is a time when men and women must relax, must throw off the weight of care and work; and that time is as truly deserving of careful plan and arrangement as any other—may, even more valuable in some important respects than the active exertion. For most work has, of necessity, something of compulsion in it, and even the most deliberate self-compulsion, honesty and earnestness practiced from the best motives, while it gives a firm basis to character, cannot round it off and bring it into beautiful proportions.

This can only be the work of complete leisure, and must depend greatly upon the existence of leisure and the use made of it. The over-busy man, who thrusts this truth out of his sight, and reserves all time for domestic enjoyment, or social converse or personal enjoyment, cuts off his real progress, blunders his development, narrows down his mind to a single line of thought, and renders himself just so much less effective as a power in society, and so much less capable of happiness as an individual. He imprisons himself within a small and confined range of thought and action, shutting out a thousand good influences which might brighten his life and cause it to reflect radiance upon others.

The worst result, however, that comes from this habit of ignoring or neglecting leisure hours, is the evil that incidentally creeps into them. In proportion to our estimate of the value of anything will be the care we shall take of it. The precious gems that are so rare, are seldom mislaid, wasted or injured. So, because the importance is appreciated, and its value acknowledged, we select it with our best judgment, and we sympathize and arrange its hours, we devote to it our most earnest energies. And because leisure time is undervalued, and its significance not understood, we suffer it to run to waste, we lose it without regret, or what is still worse, we suffer it to become appropriated by the lower and baser parts of our nature.

For this reason it is that leisure hours are hours of temptation—hours when vice and evil of every kind come in their most alluring forms to fill up the vacancy. If these seasons had been recognized, and filled with wholesome, natural enjoyment and refreshment, how much of the sickening and vicious corruption that now goes under the name of pleasure, might have been prevented. This thought may be worthy the attention of those who are zealous in their efforts to suppress vice.

There can be no doubt that the continental people owe much of their temperance and morality to the numerous garden concerts, and other innocent diversions which are freely open to them, and which encourage whole families to unite in seasons of rest and enjoyment. What can foster the habit of family happiness, and fill the hours of leisure with national pleasure, will deal a heavier blow upon vice of every kind, than the severest legislation can possibly indict.

Used rightly, our leisure hours would

be not only the happiest but the most valuable we have. They should be made the instruments of quickening faculties that have lain dormant, of cultivating the taste of elevating the imagination, of developing the social instincts, of nurturing friendships, of drawing closer the domestic ties. If they are thus used, we cannot fail to become broader, better balanced, more efficient men and women.

But to accomplish this we must no longer undervalue these hours or suffer ourselves to drift through them without a pilot or helm.

We must give to them, as we now do to our hours of toil, the benefit of our most careful thought, our wisest judgment, and our best laid plans. We must draw our children gently from foolish and hurtful gratifications, to those which are innocent and elevating. We must help and comfort our erring brothers and sisters, by substituting healthful and pure enjoyments for noxious stimulants and debasing indulgences. We must so regulate our own leisure as to purify, strengthen, and elevate our character, and to bring it into full and rounded proportions that labor alone can never produce.

**It Was Alive.**

He was rather an uncouth looking individual, and as he scattered into the store the crowd sitting on the barrels winked at each other and made remarks about his person.

"Where did it come from?" asked one pointing at him.

"Somebody left the door open and it blew in!" said another.

"I don't think











