

A Story for Boys.

AFRAID OF THE WAGES.—"I want your boy in my shop," said a shopkeeper to a poor widow; "I have had a great deal of trouble with clerks, and now I want your Seth; because I know he's honest." The widow was glad, for it was time for Seth to be earning something, and she thought it would be quite a lift in the world, to have him go in with Mr. Train, for Seth did well every where.

When Seth came home from school, he was almost as much pleased with his good fortune as his mother was; neither mother nor son knew anything about Mr. Train's store; it was in the lower part of the town, but his family lived near the widow's, in fine style. Seth was to go the next Monday morning; and Monday morning he was punctually at his new post.

The week passed away. When he came home to dinner or supper, his mother used to ask him how he liked. At first he said, "Pretty well," and then, "he didn't exactly know;" then, "Not very well;" and Saturday, he told his mother plainly, that "he did not like at all; and wasn't going to stay." "Why, Seth," exclaimed his mother, grieved and mortified at the change, "are you so difficult to suit as all this comes to? Do you know how important it is to stick to your business! What will Mr. Train say?" "Mother," answered the boy, "the shop is a grog-shop; and I cannot stay there." The mother's mouth was stopped; indeed, after that, she had no wish to have him remain; but she was very sorry that the case was so.

When Mr. Train paid the boy Saturday night, Seth told him he could not stay. The shopkeeper was surprised. "How's this," said he, "haven't I done well by you this week?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy; "I never expect to find a kinder master." "Do you find fault with the pay?" "No, sir," answered Seth, "it is good pay."—"Well, what's the difficulty, then?" The poor boy hesitated to give his reason. Perhaps the man guessed what it was, for he said, "Come, come, Seth, you want leave me, I know; I'll raise your wages." "O, sir," answered the brave boy, respectfully, "you are very good to me, very good, sir; but I cannot be a dramseller. I am afraid of the wages, for I cannot forget that the Bible says, 'The wages of sin is death.'"

Seth left; the man afterwards said it was the greatest sermon he ever had preached to him; and it set him seriously to thinking about giving up the business; but he did not, and his own family bore awful witness to the Bible declaration. A few years afterwards, he died the miserable death of a drunkard, and within six months his son, in a fit of intoxication, fell into the river and was drowned. Is it not dangerous to tamper with the wages of sin on any terms?—*Child's Paper.*

Romantic but Terrible Tragedy in Wisconsin.

At Beloit, on the night of the 23d ult., the wife of a citizen of that place awoke and saw a man with a dark lantern in the bedroom, and awakened her husband with her screams. At he sprang from the bed the intruder fired at him with a pistol, the ball just missing his head by resting itself in the pillow. Snatching a double-barreled gun from the wall he discharged both barrels at the intruder. The contents of one barrel entered the man's head and the other his body, killing him instantly. Leaving the body where it fell, the gentleman and his wife proceeded to the nearest neighbor, told him what had happened, and induced him to return with them to his house. But imagine the feelings of the neighbor, himself a man universally esteemed and respected, to recognize in the mangled body of the dead robber, his own son!

To Cure a Felon.

A felon generally appears on the end of the fingers and thumbs; it is extremely painful for weeks and sometimes months, and in most cases, cripples or disfigures the finger or thumb that falls a victim to it. But it can be easily cured, if attended to in time. As soon as the pain is felt, take the white skin of an egg, which is found inside of the shell, put it round the end of the finger or thumb affected, keep it there until the pain subsides. As soon as the skin becomes dry it will be very painful, and likely to continue for half an hour or more, but be not alarmed. If it grows painful, bear it; it will be of short duration compared to what the disease would be. A cure will be certain.

As felons are very painful, any remedy to relieve a person from their excruciating pain is valuable. We do not know whether the above is all that it pretends to be or not; but within the past year we have known of the spinal marrow of an ox or cow having been cured by the application of the most satisfactory results, in relieving the pain and securing a speedy cure of their felons. This we are confident, will be very useful information to many persons. The spinal marrow should be applied fresh every four hours, for two days.—*Scientific American.*

A tragic affair occurred near Rushville, Ill., recently. While Mr. Dorsey Baker, a respectable citizen, was chastising his son for some fault, an elder brother, aged 18, who was regarded of unsound mind, struck his father on the head with a spade, and killed him.

THE THREE SONS.

The author of this exquisite piece is the Rev. Thomas Moultrie, an esteemed clergyman of the Church of England. The conception of the poem is quite original; the description of the three little boys is extremely touching; the sentiment is extremely touching:

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness and mind of gentle mould,
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency;
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave enquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed,
With thoughts about this world of ours and tho's about the next;
He kneels to his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then, are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;

And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now!
I have a son—a second son—a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be—
How silver sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee,
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his has ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
Will sing his little songs of love when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love.
And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what look he wears eth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining scaphi brow;
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal;
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.

White'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but 'tis in certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be our forever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain;
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two than have him here again.

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Asa and Ira.

Asa and Ira were two brothers, whose farms lay side by side in a fertile interval. When the corn, the oats, and the barley were springing up, the weeds took advantage of the rich soil and came up with them. "Do you see," said Asa, "what a hold the weeds are taking! There is danger of their choking out the crops entirely."

"Well, well, we must be resigned," replied Ira; "weeds as well as grain were a part of the Creator's plan, and there is no use in murmuring about them." And he lay down for his usual afternoon doze.

"I can only be resigned to what I cannot help," said Asa. So he went to work and plowed and hoed until his fields were clear of weeds.

"The army worms are in the neighborhood," said Asa to Ira one day. "They have eaten through the adjoining meadows, and are moving toward us."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ira, "they will surely destroy what the weeds have not choked out. I will immediately retire to pray that their course may be stopped or turned aside."

But Asa replied, "I pray betimes, every morning, for strength to do the work of the day."

And he hastened to dig a trench round his land, which the army worms could not pass—while Ira returned only in season to save a small portion of his crops from their ravages.

"Do you see, Ira?" said Asa, another morning, "the river is rising very fast.—There is but a slender chance of preventing our farms from being overflowed."

"Alas! it is judgment upon us for our sins, and what can we do?" cried Ira, throwing himself in despair upon the ground.

"There are no judgments so severe as those which our own sloth brings upon us," replied Asa.

And he went quickly and hired workmen, with whose help he raised an embankment that withstood the flood, while Ira witnessed, with blank looks and folded hands, the destruction of his harvests.

"There is no consolation," said he, "my children, at least, are left me."

A New Planet.

Mr. B. A. Gould, Jr., in a Planet Circular of the Astronomical Journal dated the 27th ult., records the announcement, under date of April 7th, by Mr. Le Verrier, that on the previous evening at 10h. 5m., Mr. Chacornae discovered a small planet of the eleventh magnitude, in the thirteenth hour of right ascension. This new planet, if an asteroid, forms the thirty-fourth of the group.

New York Contests.

At the recent town elections in Niagara county the Americans carried nine of the twelve towns, and secured a majority in the county of 800 votes! They had foreigners and fusion to contend with, but soundly thrashed them both. Last fall the majority against Ullman in the county was 400!—Now the American party has a clear majority of 800!—*American Banner.*

Vovis.

If you keep domestic fowls of any kind, provide them with suitable and comfortable dormitories. Hens require a Henny warm and convenient, and, during the inclement season of fall, winter and early spring, an ample supply of healthy, invigorating and stimulating food. You cannot expect your efforts in this department will be crowned with success unless you are prompt in the performance of your duty. Meat must be constantly supplied them, if you wish them to 'discount' freely. Lime, ashes, buckwheat, oats and bone dust, are also indispensable. In the spring give the inside of the house a thorough whitewashing, after having cleaned it, and see that it is kept clean and well ventilated.

The strength of the Episcopal Church in Maine is 12 clergy and 867 members; in New Hampshire, 10 clergy and 577 members; in Vermont, 23 clergy and 1,450 members. In New Brunswick the clergy number 54, and the members 2,911, or 1 to every 150 of the inhabitants—a number which is only exceeded by seven dioceses in the United States.

The Scientific American cautions its readers against the use of painted nails, and says the oxide of lead, with which pale nails are painted, is a dangerous poison, and has been known to be productive of evil in many cases.

The Herald, published at Camden, Arkansas, gives a most glowing picture of the long continued and desolating drought in that section, which has never been equaled, at least in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

SALMAGUNDI.

"A little humor now and then, is relished by the best of men."

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" said a brother Judge to Curran.

"Nothing but the head," he replied.

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