

The Generous Boy.

One day a gentleman saw two boys going through one of the streets of New York. They were bare-footed. Their cloths were ragged and dirty, and tied together by pieces of strings. One of the boys was perfectly happy over a half-withered bunch of flowers which he had just picked up in the street. "I say Billy," said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody real good to drop these 'ere posies jest where I could find them? And they're so pooty and nice! Look sharp, Billy; mebbe you'll find something bime-by." Presently the gentleman heard his merry voice again, saying, "O jolly, Billy! if here ain't most half a peach! and 'tain't much dirty neither. 'Cause you hain't found nothing you may take the first bite." Billy was just going to take a very little taste of it, when his companion said, "Bite bigger, Billy; mebbe we'll find another 'fore long." What a noble heart that poor boy had in spite of his rags and dirt! There was nobody for him to be kind to but his companion in poverty, the poor ragged boy at his side. But he was showing him all the kindness in his power when he said, "Bite bigger, Billy." There was nothing greedy, nothing selfish about that boy. "Bite bigger, Billy; mebbe we'll find another 'fore long." Who can help admiring the noble heart of that poor boy's kind and generous spirit than have a monarch's crown upon my head without it. "Bite bigger, Billy!" Think of these words if you are ever tempted to be unkind or selfish to your companions.—Missionary Visitor.

A Fable.

A man once visited a menagerie, and treated a noble elephant to a bottle of pure Jamaica. At first the spirit produced no effect; but in a little time the elephant, like man, began to cut up strange capers, much to the amusement of the bystanders. Tiring of this, he changed laughter to fright by knocking down several persons near him. This belligerent demonstration alarmed his keeper, who with much difficulty secured him. The next morning the beast felt a great oppression in the head, and had an indistinct recollection of having done something very ridiculous, if not wicked, the day before. Addressing his keeper, he said, "I feel strangely to day; what ails me?" "You were drunk yesterday," replied the keeper. "Drunk—what is that?" "Why, you swallowed a bottle of rum, and it made you crazy." "Rum—what is that?" "It is a liquor that men make." "What do they make it for?" "To drink, to be sure." "And does it make them drunk and funny and then ugly, as it did me yesterday?" "Why, yes, I believe it does sometimes." "And do they fight and knock each other down, as I remember that I did yesterday?" "I have heard of their doing such things," replied the keeper. "Then truly," said the elephant, with a sorrowful inclination of his trunk, "men are greater fools than I took them for."

YOU ARE WANTED.—In the great battle between truth and falsehood, between sin and holiness, every human being bears his part; is for or against. There is no neutral position in this war. To do nothing, is to be against; and to be against the right, is to be lost. Idleness is a crime; indifference a fault. There is much to do, and little time to do it in; for "the night cometh when no man can work." Work while the day lasts; work hard; work well; these should be the resolves of all the friends of a true Christianity, some of whom can do a great deal; all can do something.

A Scotch law lord was seated one day on the hill side of Bonally with a Scotch shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in what he thought the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye wad have had mair sense."

A JUVENILE LAWYER.—Under a large tree in a village two boys found a nut. "That's mine!" cried Ignaz, "because I saw it first." "No 'tis mine," said Bernhard, "for I picked it up first." Then they both engaged in a desperate fight. "I will decide the quarrel," said a bigger boy, who had come up to them. Then he stood between the two, took the nut away, and said: "This shell belongs to the one who first saw the nut, and the other shell to him who first picked it up. I keep the kernel for the decision."

How to get on in the World.

A workman some time ago published his own biography, one of the most interesting little volumes that has appeared during the present century. It is as follows:

It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it. When filling a cart with earth on a farm, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another workman. I pushed over what I had heaped up to help him; so doubtless he did to me when he was first and I was last. When I have filled my columns of a newspaper with matter for which I was to be paid, I never stopped if I thought the subject required more explanation because there was no contract for my re-payment or no possibility of obtaining more. When I have lived in a barrack room, I have stopped work and taken a baby from a soldier's wife when she had to work, and nursed it for her, or cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so.

When I have been engaged in political literature or traveling for a newspaper I have gone many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact or to pursue a subject to its minute details, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the case; and this when I had work, was the most pleasant and profitable. When I have wanted work I have accepted it at any wages I could get, at a plow, in farm draining, stone quarrying, breaking stones, at wood cutting, in a saw-pit, as a civilian or soldier. In London I have groomed a chafin's horse and cleaned out a stable for a sixpence. I have since tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—both sought for and offered—ten guineas for.

But if I had not been contented to begin at the beginning and accept ten shillings, I should not have arisen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working, whatever I have been doing, with spade or pen I have been my own helper. Are you prepared to imitate? Humility is always the attendant of sense, folly alone was proud. A wise divine when preaching to the youths of his congregation was wont to say: Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen and copper masters. The only cure for pride is sense, and the only path to promotion is condescension. What multitudes have been ruined by the pride of their hearts. Here is testimony worth treasuring in mind by everybody.

ORIGIN OF MANY FIRES.—"It is not known how the fire caught." This is very common expression in a newspaper account of a fire. Carelessness usually, and often in this wise: Rats have an accountable fondness for the taste of phosphorus, and to this fact may be attributed the origin of many mysterious fires. These rodents build their nest of inflammable materials, and take to them any stray matches that they may find lying around loose. This accomplished, they undertake to gratify their appetites by nibbling the coated ends of the matches, which are at once ignited, when the nest is set in a blaze, and the destruction of the house, or perhaps the ship which contains it, follows. Great care should always be taken with matches.

A demure-looking chap halted a charcoal peddler with the query, "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth and people will respect you!" and he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting on of the wagon to look for a brick.

The poet Rodgers tells this story: "An Englishman and Frenchman had to fight a duel. That they might have the better chance for missing one another, they were to fight in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney, and, by Jove! he brought down the Frenchman! When I tell this story in Paris," observed Rodgers, "I put the Englishman up the chimney!"

A Pennsylvania editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of potatoes, says: "It is kind a-mo-ah-these that bring tears to our eyes. One peck of potatoes makes the whole world kin. We have trusted to Providence, and this is our reward. We would like a little kindling wood and some good turnips, but that would be asking too much; so we will try to do without them."

Everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or, you may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around, find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

During a heavy shower, a new Londoner noticed a poor fellow asleep on the sidewalk, and soaked through. He gently aroused him and admonished him of his exposure. "Go away," said the neebriate, "go way, now do. This shower (hic) is doing me (hic) and the rest of the crops a (hic) sight of good (hic) I tell you."

"Madam," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise their tongues would make in purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," replied the lady, "would make it a desert." The oppressed one had him there.

A New Haven plumber has on his sign—"Cast iron sinks, all sizes." An intoxicated individual in passing, managed to spell the words out, and turning on his heel, said—"Well, who (hic) says it doesn't?"

A school teacher near Boston while dispensing the planets with a class of youngsters, asking one of them what he lived on, expected the answer "The Earth," but the youth naively responded "Vegetables and sich."

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ALL RIGHT.—A man passing up street late last evening saw some one leaning against the door of a church, and on looking more closely observed that he was in the act of taking a drink from a bottle. On seeing the man approach, and probably thinking him to be a patrolman, the fellow reeled around, and taking hold of the door-handle, said: "G'oll right, sir, board here s'r, and allus tak'r drink 'fore I go to bed." The man called his attention to the fact that the building on which he leaned for support was a church, and suggested that he had better go home before the bottle had him in the gutter; whereupon tipsey corked his bottle and said, discouragingly: "Thi' the'r third time 'f been mistaken, an' 'f I find many more meetin'-houses that look like my boardin'-place bottle wout hold out. Glad you ain't 'lleceman's s'r."

Pertaining to the Business. Upon a recent visit to the village of Yountville, Napa county, we were shown through the extensive wine manufacturing and distillery located at that place. The workmen were at that particular time engaged in drawing off the wine of last year's vintage from casks in one building to vats in another. This was performed by means of a force pump and hose-pipe. At the opening of each new cask the head man caught a sample in a glass and tasted thereof, usually setting the glass containing a small quantity of wine, on a heel-shelf of the cask. While watching these proceedings, a young man, possibly twenty-five years of age, sauntered in and took his place among the spectators. He wore a blue overcoat of army pattern, which hung rather than set upon his person. He was minus any other coat, or vest. His collarless, buttonless, blue shirt opened airily before; his trousers were kept on him by a small cord tied tight around the waist; shoes without stockings, exposing many ankles, and slouched but full of holes, completed his rig. His hands were thrust emphatically to the very bottom of his pockets, his shoulders were thrown forward, his eyes looked greedily at the rivulets of red wine, while from his puckered mouth a low whistle followed the ritual melody of "Ten thousand miles away." He was a hummer. No one told us so in words, but the fact was sufficiently proclaimed. A good specimen of his class; a fine model; a premium article of a distinct type. A glass standing within reach occasioned a nervous twitching of his hand. It lasted but an instant, the temptation triumphed, and seizing the glass he drank its contents at a gulp, and resumed his tune at the exact note of interruption. The boys wine naker turned fiercely upon the hummer, and with threats of "booting" ejected him from the premises, declaring that "his kind" were not wanted in the building. Our pity followed the hummer; he had the form of a man; the indignity seemed as if offered to mankind. We expected resentment, we looked for a bombardment of stones that should break all the windows. We were disappointed. Hummer sat on a box at the door and I swung one foot, still pursuing the fugitive melody of "Ten thousand miles away." In less than thirty minutes he sauntered back into the building, to mingle with spectators and workmen. "Good enough fellow before this wine cellar was established," was answered to an inquiry. The recent Wine Growers' Convention declares that they are organized for the "accumulation and dissemination of knowledge in all that pertains to their business." We desire information. Does our Yountville hummer and "his kind" pertain to the business? How many of such does the business produce as an annual crop? Do wine makers kick out the finished specimens of their handiwork to make room for other raw material to work upon? Will some one enlighten us?—Rouse.

Illustration of Capillary Attraction.

(From Steele's "14 Weeks in Natural Philosophy.") The wick of an oil-lamp or a candle is a bundle of fine capillary tubes or pores which elevate the oil or melted fat and feed the flame. Thus extinguishers are needed to an alcohol-lamp, because by capillary attraction the liquid tends to rise to the top, and there evaporate until the lamp is emptied. If the end of a towel be dipped in a basin of water, the whole towel will soon be wet by capillary action through the fine pores and tubes of the cloth. Thus also the capillary tubes of a towel dry one's face after washing. Blotting-paper absorbs ink by means of its capillary tubes. Water poured in the saucer of a flower-pot is elevated through the pores of the earth to the plant. By means of the capillary force water is drawn up through the earth to the surface of the ground, and there moistens the roots of plants and supplies them with the materials of growth. In the water, when the surface is frozen, the water still finds its way upward, freezing into ice, which on melting in the spring produces mud, even where there has been but little rain or snow. Ploughing ground causes it to endure drought better, because it stirs the soil and increases the size of the capillary pores, thus partially preventing the water from being carried to the surface and there evaporated. Ropes absorb water by capillary action, swell, and are shortened. Clothes-lines are thus tightened and sometimes broken in a shower. A rope will shrink with such force as to lift a great weight. A curious illustration of this is given in the following story: When the great Egyptian obelisk was to be raised in the square of St. Peter's, at Rome, Pope Sixtus V. proclaimed that no one should utter a word aloud until the engineer announced that all danger was passed. As the majestic column ascended, all eyes watch it with wonder and awe. Slowly it rises, inch by inch, foot by foot, until the task is almost completed, when the strain becomes too great. The huge ropes yield and slip. The workmen are disarranged as they wildly to escape the impending mass of stone. Suddenly a voice breaks the silence. "Ho! ho! ho!" rings out clear-toned as a trumpet. The crowd look up. There, on a high post, standing on tiptoe, his eyes glittering with the intensity of excitement, is the architect Zupaglia. His voice and appearance startle every one, but his words inspire. He is obeyed. The ropes swell and bite into the stone. The column ascends again, and in a moment more stands securely on its pedestal. Houses are rendered damp by moisture drawn in by the capillary action of the pores in the wood or stone walls. Millstones in Germany are split off by means of wooden wedges. These being driven in when dry, afterward absorb moisture, swell, and burst the rock.—From Steele's "14 Weeks in Natural Philosophy."