

Coming Round the Curve.
W. G. B.
There is a clever maxim
Which I would on you impress.
Whether in joy or sorrow,
In pleasure or distress,
To keep your wits about you,
And faithfully observe,
To look out for the engine
When it's coming round the curve.
Should business cares oppress you,
And times be hard and drear,
An honest heart and sunny smile
Will all your future cheer.
Put on the brakes, keep a sharp lookout,
The maxim will serve,
If you blow your whistle lively
When you're coming round the curve.
If a gay coquette should charm you,
With eyes and hair like night,
To make your poor heart flutter,
And telescope it quite,
You bring to mind this maxim,
And then (without reserve)
To hoist the danger signal
When she's coming round the curve.
To do your duty manfully,
To cleave unto the right,
Will make life all the happier
And your joys will be more bright.
If you leave the wrong behind you
And from the right never swerve;
The engine will not harm you
When it's coming round the curve.
And when the grim destroyer
Shall stare you in the face,
Remember that the lot of all
Is a final resting place.
Don't let this thought unman you,
But be a man of nerve,
And look out for the engine
When it's coming round the curve.
The California Farmer.

Dead—Not Delivered.
Meeting the letter carriers as they leave the post-office with their bulky sacks crowded with letters, one must wonder how they can distribute each and every one to its proper owner; but, bless you! they go further than that. After they have been on a route for a while they can tell much more about a family than they ever do. They know if one of the children is away, if visitors are coming, if any of the relatives are dead, and many other things hardly known to the nearest neighbor. An envelope is nothing but an envelope to you. You may criticize the handwriting and the orthography, but beyond that you care nothing. To the letter carrier it is a book. He knows when father and mother come—where a truant boy is—whether the family is respected or not—and Sarah's beau cannot bind the carrier by getting some one else to direct the envelope.

One day one of the oldest carriers had a letter left over after he had gone his usual route. It was directed to a woman living in a little old house standing back from the street; and as he studied the address he said to himself that he never had an epistle for her before in all the six or seven years he had been on the route. The postmark was that of an office in the East, and the carrier mused to himself:

"This is from her son, and she will be crying before I am out of sight."
He delivered the letter to the white-faced woman of 60, who seemed to be living all alone, and she looked surprised as he placed it in her hand.
"A letter for me—I haven't a relative on earth!" she gasped.
But he left it with her.

In about three weeks a second letter came, and the old lady opened the door before the carrier was inside the gate. She did not say it was from her son, but the carrier knew for all that, and he hoped that the truant boy had settled down for life, and was writing cheerful words and sending aid to his poor old mother. Regularly every three weeks, for half a year or more, there came a fat-looking letter for the old woman in the little cabin; and if the letter was a day late her white face at the window reproached the carrier more than words could have done. If it was a day earlier she was at the door to meet him, knowing his step from all others who passed that way.

The other day when the carrier found the buff envelope, directed in the old, familiar cramped hand, he said to himself:
"I will hurry around to-day, for the last time I saw her she seemed ill and weak, and a letter will give her new strength."
He opened the gate with a bang to give her warning, but no white face appeared at the window, and no hand raised the door-latch. The carrier knocked on the door for the first time, and after a moment a woman opened it and said:
"She is dead, and she hasn't a relative in this city."

Among the letters to go to the dead letter office next week will be one whose face is written with black chapters in three words, "Dead—not delivered."
An old woman has passed away—a cottage is deserted—a letter returned. The world will see nothing in these simple facts, but yet in them is contained all the sentiment God has ever given to any human heart.

A Papistical Dog.
As a general proposition the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, though sometimes given to dogma, are not dogmatists in dogs. We do not recall the name of any papal or priest as the winner of a prize at the present great dog show at Gilmore's Garden. The one of "high degree" mentioned in the following anecdote, from the other side, would certainly have taken a medal if his judges had been selected from the clergy. Monsignor Capel, of London, the eminent Roman Catholic immortalized by Disraeli in Lothair, is not only a noble dog, but is the master of a noble hound which is Catholic to the backbone. "Beppo, give three cheers for the Pope!" and Beppo utters three short, decisive barks of approval at the sound of the Holy Father's name.
"Beppo, are you a Protestant?"
No answer.
"Are you a ritualist?"
Gloom on the dog's face.
"Are you a Catholic?"
"Bow-wow-wow!"
If the questions are put in French it is the same. Beppo is fond of sweet biscuits. Throw him one and say it comes from Bismarck; he will not stir to take it. Says it comes from the Pope, and Beppo "goes for it."—Harper's Magazine.

An Old Statute Against Profanity.
The old Maryland statute of 1723, chapter 16, to which reference was made by Attorney General Gwin in his argument before Judge Brown, in the [drunk and disorderly] cases, was really and more particularly an act to punish blasphemy. It is the re-enactment of an older statute, which must have been enacted originally at St. Mary's, and while Father White was still in the colony. The second section provides for the punishment of all who profanely swear "in the presence and hearing of any magistrate, minister, the Commissioner General, Secretary, Sheriff, Coroner, Provincial or County Clerk, vestryman, church warden or constable, or be convicted thereof before any magistrate by the oath of one lawful witness, or confession of the party." The third section enacts "that every person that shall be drunk in the presence of any of the persons aforesaid, or shall be there convicted in manner aforesaid before any magistrate, shall be fined for every offense five shillings, current money, to be applied as aforesaid." The statute is of more ancient origin still. The first section, relating to blasphemy, is no other than the first section of the Maryland Act of Toleration, passed April 21, 1649, chapter 1st, of First Assembly, under Governor Stone's administration, and called "An Act Concerning Religion." The fourth section embodies the substance of the several sections of the act of 1723 in regard to the punishment of breaking the Sabbath day, drunkenness and profane swearing. The fifth section was the ever-memorable one concerning liberty of conscience. "The better to preserve mutual love and unity amongst the inhabitants." This act was confirmed and made perpetual by the act of June 15, 1666, passed when the news of the restoration of Charles II. was received. It was repealed by the act for the establishment of the Church of England, 1692, chapter 2, of the first Legislature under William and Mary, and the other sections enacted into separate laws.—Baltimore Sun.

Uphill Work.
So deep lies the love of variety in our nature that few people do not, in the long run, find it more fatiguing to keep entirely upon level ground than to take hill and dale, rough and smooth, as they come. If the actual force spent in occasional climbing is greater than is required for level walking, it is more healthy distributed among the different muscles, and the exhilaration of perpetual change more than compensates for the mere physical effort. There is a somewhat similar advantage in the fact that the figurative journey of life seldom remains long at one level. All work has its time of toiling ascent and of easy downward sliding. Life itself generally begins with a stiff climb, and ends with less of active effort and more rapid progress. Or, from another point of view, we may compare youth to a rush down toward the plains from which later in life, we hope gradually to rise to the serene heights of experience. There is a delightful adaptability about the up and down hill metaphor; it runs equally well backward and forward. But, on the whole, the most natural use of it is that which treats the morning's journey as uphill work, and typifies the absence of conscious effort, the quick flight of time and the sense of gradual closing in and loss of vantage ground which creeps over us with advancing years, by the one word "downward." Down from the level tableland upon which middle age takes its stand and does its work, down into the gathering shades of evening, down toward the valley through which all must pass—such is the course which to the imagination most lives seem to pursue. At any rate, the sort of effort required at one stage of life is quite unlike that which we have to make at another, and these changes would alone suffice to secure us against stagnation.—Chamber's Journal.

A Bit of History.
When Prince Napoleon was born in the Palace of the Tuilleries the event was announced by a salute of artillery from the Invalides. It had been agreed that if the child was a female only twenty guns would be heard, but if an heir to the throne was ushered into the world one hundred guns would announce the event. It was 6 o'clock in the morning when the first gun was discharged, and all Paris counted and awaited anxiously. Twenty-one reports were heard, and there appeared to be a longer pause than usual between the discharges. Then came the twenty-second report, and run after gun flashed and sent the good news to listening Paris. Upon the borders of the Black Sea 500,000 men were in arms. England, France and Sardinia were attacking Sebastopol. The electric spark sped the glad tidings to the French army, and the shotguns were loaded with harmless messengers. The English guns took up the feu de joie, and Sardinia followed suit. The Russian army listened in surprise, but at once divined the cause of the demonstration and joined its salvos to those of the allied armies. To-day the remains of the Prince rest quietly at Woolwich, awaiting their removal to Chislehurst. The artillery which accompanied his birth form a portion of the escort of the dead Prince as he is carried to his last resting place.—Boston Journal, July 11th.

A good story is told of a colored minstrel of Ballard county who was brought to trial before his church on a charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined the deacons retired, and soon after returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Buldso am acquitted of de insinuations dat he actual did stole de pork, as 'twas not shodded dat somebody else mient had been wearin his cloze; but de brudder is hereby fectonately warned dat in de future he must be more keeful."

Charles—"What did that Spring suit cost you, Alf?" Alfred—"Can't say, dear boy, haven't been sued for it yet."

Teach the Poor to Take Care of Themselves.
"What we want," said Miss Help, "is not to take care of the poor, but to teach the poor to take care of themselves. Some of what we call our charitable institutions make large collections, salary heavily several officers, and do most of their work in encouraging pauperism. Some others of our institutions are managed by ladies, who give their services freely, and who only salary their employes as matrons or secretaries. They do a deal of good, and relieve a deal of misery. I have known many rescued from ruin by their means, but one great trouble with these institutions is that the ladies do not know much about business, and next that they do not know much about the poor. In the way of business they often proceed on a basis of impossibilities, not having any business experience or practice; and for the poor, they regard them as all alike, differing only about as much as potatoes in a barrel—some large and some small, some sound and some specked, and so all to be treated generally in the same fashion. They do not recognize individuality in their poor; individuality and personal preferences seem to them to belong to good clothes and an income; they don't say so, but practically they follow this view, and so doing they do not make the most and best possible out of their poor, and make them most readily self-supporting by following their natural bent. Now, talking of the business lack of these ladies' committees reminds me of a fact. I knew one committee that had in hand a country home for an orphanage. They wanted to have a house moved nearly half a mile; to have it floored, plastered, painted, and a three-room addition built on, and the whole building must have its siding renewed. They gave out the contract, changed their minds and delayed three times, and then demanded that the work be done at the first time stated, giving just one month for the whole work, while the mere moving of the building and setting it on its new foundations required two weeks. The contractor protested, and pleaded the stripping and re-siding; one of the managers remarked that "it should not take very long to pull off and tack on a few boards." Not a manager of them knew anything about building or house-moving, and they ended by getting a poor house for half as much again as a good one should cost."—Sunday Afternoon for July.

After Waterloo.
To those who remember the enthusiastic welcome afforded to our troops on their return from the Crimea, especially that never-to-be-forgotten scene in Hyde Park, it will be scarcely credible that to the regiments who had fought at Waterloo returning home they were treated with the utmost coldness, nay, with positive neglect, and in some instances worse. Lord Albemarle says: "We landed at Dover in the latter end of December. * * * An anti-military spirit had set in. Waterloo and Waterloo men were at a discount. We were made painfully sensible of the change. If we had been civily disembarking from a hulk, we could hardly have met with less consideration. * * * The only persons who took any notice of us were the custom house officers, and they kept us for hours under arms in the cold while they subjected us to a rigid search. These functionaries were more than usually on the alert at this time, because a day or two before, a brigade of artillery with guns loaded to the muzzle about their fingers, had just slipped through their fingers." But even greater was the insult offered the gallant seventh, as related by Sergeant Morris: "Before we entered the town (Colchester), it was suggested that we ought to be decorated with laurel, and on passing a gentleman's grounds where there was plenty of it growing, he was civilly requested to allow us to take some, telling him the purpose for which it was wanted. He not only gave a peremptory refusal, but also applied to us the term of 'ragabonds.' On the circumstance being reported to our commanding officer, he told us he would halt for half an hour to allow us to get laurel, and an intimation was pretty plainly given that we might get it at the ground we had just passed." The hint was taken, and an ample supply to decorate both colors and caps was incontinently gathered.—Temple Bar.

Life in Brazil.
A prominent American, temporarily in Brazil, writes from Rio de Janeiro to a friend:
Business seems to be looking up at home but is asleep here. You don't know the application of the word "prostration" applied to business. It originated here and cannot get away. National currency depreciated 14 per cent. in value since I came. It's not my fault. Everything is taxed save land. A bill is proposed to tax bachelors. The climate is trying. The only thing a person is safe to have in the long run are black beans and yellow fever. Living is high, the quality of food low, and there is very little game.
A great many young men came out here to get large salaries. They worked their way home on sailing vessels and as stewards on steamers. Clerk are not wanted, especially those who cannot speak the language.
The Lord made this country sure; but the heat I am in doubt about. An artist, though, would go wild over the scenery.
A young man from Chicago wrote me as follows: "I have recently quit a good house where I had to worked hard twelve hours a day, which is too much. I think of going somewhere in Brazil; where would you advise me to go?" I answered, "Back to work."
Nearly every American here is a colonel or major and in reply to a question as to which I was, I said neither, I was in the army.
The two things common in Brazil are black beans and pianos. I think the Brazilians are the most skilled pianists in the world.

Treasury Girls.
Although for many years ladies had been allowed to take copying from the department to their homes and had received payment for the work done according to a tariff, of ten cents for every hundred words, yet we think it was not more than twenty years since they were formally admitted to clerkships under Government, with regularly established salaries.
Of course the opportunity to secure such positions was a great blessing to many widows and orphans of gentlemen who had died in one branch or another of the Government service, women who had either starvation or intolerable dependence before them; and the opportunity was eagerly seized, and has ever since been taken advantage of to such a degree that the pressure brought to bear upon people supposed to have influence over those who make the appointments, in order to secure the vacant places, is something which never ceases.
We doubt if there is anywhere else assembled in the world, so large a body of women as these employees, possessed of such virtues, such fine breeding, and such social accomplishments. Of course there are a few with giddy heads or mean natures. Although there have been some pretty faces that have married their owners to a Senator, a judge, a governor—in one instance to the sort of nobleman—no expectations of a foreigner are cherished by the rest. There is a certain proportion who go into the best society and shine there; that is, they have never left the society in which they were reared. They change their office dress, after the hours of work are over for a calling suit, and then proceed to make visits, and attend such of the evening entertainments as they please; the daughters or widows of admirals, senators, and other dignitaries of the past, the daughters and wives of similar dignitaries of the present, never think of receiving them as anything but equals, aware that the wheel of fortune is always rolling, and that it may be their own turn to-morrow. Being pretty ladies they command the treatment of ladies, and enjoy their social life. But the great multitude of those employed in the treasury have neither taste nor strength for gay life, even in any subdued form; all their heart and effort are wrapped up in the welfare of others, and they are glad and thankful that they can do for others, or, if not that, that they can relieve others of the burden of themselves, and keep the breath between their teeth.—Harper's Bazaar.

A Very Nervous Woman.
A nervous woman applied for assistance and protection at a London police court. She said she was feeling continually mesmerized and magnetized by her husband and his two English servants. They could mesmerize her at a distance, and she was dying miserably by it. The magistrate said he was afraid it was not a matter of which he could take cognizance. "If death ensues," asked the timid creature, "is not that enough?" I am gradually dying and the substance of my body is being taken away. I have had thirteen doctors during the year. Cannot you have my husband brought before you, and question him about it? The magistrate observed that he could not. The applicant replied: "You are an English magistrate, and you connive at private murder." Good morning.

Infant Mortality in New York.
Statistics are not always dry and unimpressive, even to the casual reader. The figures which show the rate of mortality among the little children in great cities have a pathetic eloquence which can hardly fail to attract the attention and touch the feelings of the most indifferent. When the State census was taken in 1875, this city had a population of 1,041,886. The same year the number of deaths was 30,704, giving us a rate of 29.74 to the thousand inhabitants. It is inordinately high for the whole population. The situation of the city is unsurpassed for purposes of drainage and cleanliness, and it has at command an ample supply of pure water. It ought to be one of the healthiest cities in the world, and yet the death-rate for London for the five years ending with 1875 was but 22.8 to the thousand. The Registrar-General, after showing the great improvement that had taken place in consequence of a better administration of the interests pertaining to public health, maintained that the rate ought to be reduced to 20, and might even be brought down to 17. It depends on agencies entirely within the control of man to make a large city, favorably situated, as healthy as a small one.
Of our total population of 1,041,886, 128,169, or a little over 12 per cent., were children under 5 years of age. Of the 30,704 deaths in that year, 14,848, or more than 48 1-3 per cent. were of children under 5. While the rate of mortality for the entire population was 29.74 in a thousand, for these little ones it was 118.84 in a thousand, or about one in nine of the whole number. Of these, 8,540, or considerably more than one-half, were infants under 1 year of age. These helpless little ones, in fact, furnish 27.81 per cent. of all the deaths of the year. The whole number being, according to official enumeration, 27,782, it is evident that more than one-quarter of all the human beings born in this city go down to the grave before they are a twelvemonth old. The ghastly blight upon the precious crop of humanity is not evenly distributed over the city or through the year. While the number of deaths per day varied in January from 73 to 110, of which from 27 to 50 were of children under 5, in July the daily number varied from 73 to 155, of which 87 to 105 were of these little ones. The average in the heated season is nearly double what it is in the cold months. It is unnecessary to say that the ratio in the crowded and filthy tenement house quarters is vastly greater than in the more wholesome districts of the city, though accurate comparison cannot be made.—N. Y. Times.

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DR. FRAZIER—"My constitution was very much broken down for years. My digestion, bowels and nervous system were in a very bad condition. My system was not properly nourished. After eating I was distressed, and my food would not assimilate properly, so that I received little benefit. I was weak and most miserable, but on trying your Root Bitters I seemed to be wonderfully acted upon, and they have given me great comfort while using them. Enclosed find \$5 for six bottles, which please send me soon."
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See advertisement headed "Life in a Bottle" in another column.
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No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, whether it be disease or ailment, use Root Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you are only feeble or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life.
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