FIRESIDE MISCELLANY.

SPREADING A RUMOR.

Says Gossip One to Gossip Two,
"While shopping in the town,
Old Mrs. Pry to me remarked—
Smith bought his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,
Who cast her eyelids down,
"I've heard it said to-day, my friend,
Smith got his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,
With something of a frown,
"I've heard strange news, what do you think?
Smith took his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five,
Who blazed it round the town,
"I've heard to day, such shocking news,
Smith stole his goods from Brown."

PROCRASTINATION.

The blushing Morn broke o'er me
In beauty bright and gay;
I said "Noon is before me,"
And let it pass away.

And when in regal splendor,
Appeared the glowing Noon,
I said, "For evening tender
I'll wait—it cometh soon."

But, ah! when evening stealing
So softly to the gate,
I with remorseless feeling
Exclaimed, "Too late! too late!"

And now, when night around me
Hath drawn her curtians gray,
I'm still where morning found me,
And sigh, "I've lost a day."

WAIT.

Wait a moment, young man, before you throw down that money on the bar and demand a glass of brandy-and-water. Ask yourself if twenty-five cents cannot be better invested in something else. Put it back in your pocket, and give it to the little cripple who sells matches on the corner. Take our word for it, you will not be for it!

Wait, madam—think twice before you decide on that hundred-dollar shawl! A hundred dollars is a great deal of money; *one* dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of good it will accomplish in careful hands. Your husband's business is uncertain; there is a financial crisis close at hand. Who knows what that hundred dollars may be to you yet?

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breast-pin you are surveying so earnestly through the jeweler's plate glass windows. Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wedding-ring made to fit a rosy finger that you wot of. A shirt neatly ironed and stockings darned like lace work, are better than gilt brooches and flaming amethysts. You can't afford to marry? You mean you can't afford *not* to marry? Wait and think the matter over!

Wait, mother, before you speak so harshly to the little chubby rogue who has torn his apron and soiled his Marseilles jacket. He is only a child, and "mother" is the sweetest word in the world to him. How dearly he loves her. Needle and thread and soap-suds will repair all damages *now;* but if you once teach him to shrink from his mother, and hide away his childish faults, that damage cannot be repaired!

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife dont get along with family cares and household responsibilities, "as your mother did." She is doing her best—and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness! Do you think she is made of cast iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes, the old light of the old days!

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary, and "out of sorts." He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled, hand to hand, with care, selfishness and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely; let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace and quiet, and perfect love!

Wait bright grils, before you arch your pretty eyebrows, and whisper "old maids," as the quiet figure steals by, with silver in its hair and crows-feet round the eyes. It is hard enough to lose life's gladness and elasticity—it is hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn. You do not know what she has endured; you never can know until experience teaches you, so wait, before you sneer at the Old Maid.

Wait, sir, before you add a billiard room to your house, and buy the fast horse that Black and White and all the fellows covet. Wait, and think whether you can afford it—whether your outstanding bills are all paid and your liabilities fully met, and all the chances and changes of life duly provided for. Wait, and ask yourself how you would like, ten years from now, to see your fair wife struggling with poverty, your children shabby and want-stricken, and yourself a miserable hanger-on round corner groceries and one-horse gambling saloons. You think that is impossible; do you remember what Hazael said to the seer of old: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Wait, merchant, before you tell the pale-faced boy from the country "that you can do nothing for him." You *can* do something for him; you can give him a word of encouragement, a word of advice. There was once a time when you were young, and poor, and friendless. Have you forgotten it already?

Wait, blue-eyed lassie; wait awhile before you say "yes" to the dashing young fellow who says he can't live without you. Wait until you have ascertained "for sure and for certain," as the children say, that the cigar and the wine bottle, and the card-table are not to be your rivals in his heart; a little delay won't hurt him, whatever he may say—just see if it will.

And wait my friend in the brown moustache; don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure that she will be kind to your old mother, and gentle with your little sisters, and a true, loving wife to you, instead of a mere puppet who live on the breath of fashion and excitement, and regards the sunny side of Broadway as second only to Elysium! As a general thing people are in too great a hurry in this world; we say wait, WAIT!

A QUEER WEDDING.

Rev. D., a Methodist minister stationed at Meadville, some thirty years ago, one evening received a note, stating that a couple living in the suburbs of the city, desired to be united in the bonds of matrimony, and requested his service at 9 o'clock the next morning. At the proper time he went to the house designated, and entered. He inquired of a young lady who was busy washing dishes, if there was a couple there wishing to be married. "I am the lady," she said, blushing; "John will be in in a moment." The minister was surprised to see no preparations and stepped to the door to view the surroundings. Two men were hard at work grinding sythes in the yard, and another, who proved to be John, was tending a cow and calf in the barnyard. The young lady came to the door pretty soon, and shouted, "John, John, hurry up, the preacher is here!" John leaped the fence and rushed to the house, the girl wiped her hands on her apron, and after joining hands said they were ready. The minister proceeded, and had just got through questioning the young man, when the old lady rushed into the room, shouting, "John, John, you didn't turn the cow away from that calf." John let go his sweetheart's hand instantly, and rushed to the barnyard, put the cow through the bars and returned to the house, and took his position, when the balance of the ceremony was gone through with. The minister went on his way; John went to the hay-field, and the lady resumed her dish-washing.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.*

The Female Seducer.

Through many ages has man been the acknowledged seducer of woman, the fact has been overlooked and forgiven that woman is often the seducer of man. I know such a woman—a woman of fashion—allied to a man in high position. She is a woman of large personal and mental magnetism. For what good purpose does she use it?" She used to "attract" men from their allegiance to duty, honor and pure love! She boasted in a drawing-room that she "never saw a married man whose love she could not win from his wife, *if she chose.*" "My dear husband," said a fond little woman, "you could not, nobody could take him from me." "The little simpleton," declared Lamia afterwards. "In less than six months she came to me crying, begging me to give her husband back to her; said he neglected her, that he upbraided her constantly because she was not more like *me.* "I dou't want your husband," I said, "I only wanted to show you that I could do what I pleased, and to teach you not to trust to any man's love. There is many a Lamia. She stands the central figure of many social circles. In silken attire, luxurious home, surrounded by all alluring accessories of wealth and cultivation, herself fascinating, if not beautiful, what wonder that she draws within her charmed sphere the many homeless, wifeless, dissatisfied men of her acquaintance? The power of a woman thus surrounded cannot be estimated.

SAD SIGHT.—To see a respectable, virtuous young lady introduced to a young man in a ball room, when he is so drunk that he can scarcely distinguish a person from a lamp-post. So long as respectable young ladies countenance and associate with such young men upon terms of social equality, just so long they offer a premium to inebriety, by their actions, which no word or profession can counteract. Young ladies, as you value your purity and good name, beware. "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Young ladies are judged by the company they keep. Moral rectitude should be required of every young man who seeks the company of refined and virtuous young ladies. No amount of wealth or respctable connections, can atone for immorality on the part of a young man. Young lades, especially Good Templars, think of these things.

A DISAGREEABLE CONTRETEMPS. A newly wedded couple repaired to the depot in Baltimore, the other day, for the purpose of taking passage Northward. Just as they were about to enter the cars a boy stepped up to the bridegroom, held out his hand, saying: "Papa, give me a cent before you go away." The bridegroom looked extremely surprised and foolish—the bride red and indignant. The husband finally managed to say to the child, "Go away; I'm not your father!" The little fellow, however, asserted that such was the case, and stoutly insisted on being presented with a penny. The wife's jealousy was thoroughly aroused, and a "scene" was imminent; when a gentleman stepped forward and assured the couple that the child was in the habit of importuning young gentlemen with ladies on their arms in the identical language quoted above. This made matters pleasant at once, and the young couple proceeded rejoicingly on their way.

A young Prussian Lieutenant recently visited, in company with some young ladies, a Gothic church in a provincial town of Hanover, and was shown among other relics asilver mouse. The warden informed them that the place had once been visited by a plague of mice, but a pious citizen had presented the church with this little silver animal, and thereupon the vermin had suddenly vanished. The Lieutenant was so rude as to laugh and exclaim, "What nonsense!" To this the Warden quietly replied, "The present generation has certainly no faith in such miracles, otherwise the town would long ago have voted to the church a silver Lieutenant."

YOU BET SHE KNEW.—Two young ladies were overheard discussing the "traits" of a young gentleman, as follows:

"Well, I like Charley, but he is so girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of beard."

"I say Charley has got a beard, but he shaves it off."

"No, he hasn't either, any more than I have."

"I say he has, too, and I know it, for it pricked my cheek."

And that's how she knew.

HEAVEN'S BEST GIFT.—Jeremy Taylor says: "If you are for pleasure marry; if you prize health, marry. A good wife is heaven's last, best gift to man; his angel of mercy, minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice his sweet music; her smile his brightest day; her kiss his guardian of innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counsellors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares, and her prayers the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head."

The New York *Sunday Mercury* is guilty of the following *expose:*

Regular false calves are manufactured and sold in extensive demand—the said calves being composed of lambs' and other wool, and being woven into the material of merino leggings, just like a pair of masculine drawers; sometimes bran is used, and in all cases the imitation is very artistic and perfect. In England, good false calves can be procured for about thirty shillings; and in New York a good article can be procured for from seven to eight dollars, warranted to look in every respect like a natural limb, and often times much better. At one theater in this city, 23 pair of false calves are used; in another 27, and in another, 18.

AFFABILITY.—This quality must not be confounded with politeness; the latter is the result of external polish, the former an indication of good heart. When the Abbe Raynal was presented to Frederick the Great, surrouuded by his Generals, the monarch held out his hand to him, offered him a seat at his side, and said to him, with a simplicity worthy of the heroic age: "We are both of us old, let us sit down together and converse." This was something more than mere politeness,

Some time since a gentleman died in the town of Y——, who during life refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his demise his wife received, through a medium, a commu cation as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe; please send me my thin clothes."

"I have the most effective eye-water here you ever saw." "No, you haint," responded the farmer; "tain't half so effective as woman's tears, and I have seen lots of them. They beat all the eye-water you've got in your pack."

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have an utter excresence for," said Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer, going about like a boy-constructor, circulating his calomel upon the criterions of honest people."

A friend is never known till one is needed.

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R. DOTY,

WISHES TO INFORM THE PUBLIC that he keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

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Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Queensware,
Hardware,
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Etc., Etc., Etc.

☞Call, and judge for yourselves.☜

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Main street, Opposite Court House,

New Store! New Goods!

I AM NOW PREPARED TO OFFER A large assortment of choice

PROVISIONS,
GROCERIES,
WOODEN WARE,
TOBACCO,
FRUITS,
CIGARS,
YANKEE NOTIONS, Etc., Etc.

Also, a General Assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS.

I design to keep only the CHOICEST and BEST articles and sell them at a Small Profit For Cash.

MY MOTTO.—Quick sales and small profits.

G. B. STILES.

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STEP IN!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS JUST RECEIVED and is now opening a carefully selected stock of

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Boots & Shoes,
Ladies' Dress Goods,
Mens Clothing,

ETC., ETC.,

Which he proposes to sell as CHEAP as the same quality of goods can be procured this side of Portland.

Call and See Me.

Don't Forget the Chickamin.

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THE BEST KNOWN TO MAN!

MASON'S GANG PLOW

"CHALLENGE."

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING PURchased the exclusive right from Wm. Mason, for the District comprising the counties of POLK and MARION, is manufacturing these Celebrated Plows, and is ready to fill orders for the same on short notice.

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And enable yourselves to raise Large Crops.

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We also have in connection with our store,

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"The Life of all Flesh is the Blood thereof."—Purify the Blood and the health of the whole system will follow. It is a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic.

These Bitters are not a gilded pill, to delight the eye or please the fancy, but a medical preparation, composed of the best vegetable ingredients known.

Manufactured from the native Herbs and Roots of California,

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FOR INFLAMMATORY AND CHRONIC RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, BILIOUS, REMITTENT and INTERMITTENT FEVERS, DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BLADDER, these BITTERS have been most successful. SUCH DISEASES are caused by VITIATED BLOOD, which is generally produced by derangement of the DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood healthy, and all will be well.

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The entire house has been newly finished and furnished throughout in the most complete and comfoatable manner.

Baggage taken to and from the house free of barge. 19

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HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU gives health and vigor to the frame, and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity or epeleptic fits ensue.

FOR NON-RETENTION, OR INCONTINENCE of Urine, irritation, inflamation or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostrate glands, stone in the bladder calculus gravel or brickdust deposits, and all the diseases of the bladder, kidneys and dropsical swellings

USE HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

ENFEBLED AND DELICATE CONSTITUTIONS of both sexes, use Helmbold's Extract Buchu. It will give brisk and energetic feeling, and enable you to sleep well.

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ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FEMALE
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Whether existing in

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