

The Good Old Deacon.

The squibs uttered against New England deacons have little or no justification. If a tub of butter or a barrel of apples is made up of alternate layers of good and bad, it is said to be "deaconed." The epithet does not refer to the character of deacons, but an old practice of "deaconing" a hymn.

Fifty or sixty years ago hymn books were not so common as they now are. Some churches owned only two books. It was then the custom for one of the deacons to read two lines of a hymn, which the congregation sung. Other lines were read and sung in the same way, until the hymn was sung through. As a class, deacons have been the most trusted and influential men of New England villages. If a man died leaving property and a family, the deacon was made one of the executors, and the guardian of the widow and the fatherless. If the neighbors had a dispute about property, they "left it out" to the deacon. Was a son wayward, the good deacon was as frequently as the good pastor asked to "talk" with him.

In the "Recollections" of an old gentleman, an anecdote is told which illustrates the character of at least one of the New England deacons of the olden time.

Elisha Hawley, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, was a soldier of the Revolution, and a deacon. He was a good man of business, but he never charged a purchaser one cent more than that the article was worth. The Golden Rule was his rule of life.

One day he learned that a widow had been reduced from a competency to poverty. He visited her. Fearing lest he might wound her feelings if he should offer money or charity he said:

"Madam, I think I owed your late husband fifty dollars, and I have come to pay it to you as his legal representative."

"How was that?" asked the lady, somewhat startled.

"I will tell you. About twenty-five years ago, soon after you were married, I made furniture for your husband to the amount of two hundred dollars. I have been looking over the account, and find that I rather overcharged him in the price of some chairs—that is, I could have afforded them at somewhat less. I have added up the interest, and here, madam, is the money."

The tears came in the widow's eyes; she half-suspected the deacon had constructed the debt by willing that he had made an overcharge. What was she to do?—the money was on the table, and the deacon had left the house.

A Judicious Wife.

A judicious wife is always slipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in the wrong direction. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you doing it. And by far the greatest part of all common sense there is in this world belongs to women. The wisest thing that a man commonly does is to do what his wife counsels him to do. If Johnson had been married there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts along the street, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you see a man you know little about oddly dressed or talking absurdly, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away, in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

Fred Douglass used to tell a pretty good story when he was an anti-slavery orator. A town in New York, near the Canadian line, after a long and painful series of adventures in his flight from the old plantation, and feeling tolerably safe started out to get some work. The first man he struck was a well-to-do and oily citizen of Democratic proclivities. "Where are you from, my boy?" was the first query. "From de Souf, Massa." "So you ran away, did you?" "Yes, Massa." Had a good cabin to live in, and a kind master, and plenty to eat, didn't you?" "Yes, Massa." "What a fool you are to run away." "De sitty-wation is open, Massa. I will give you a recommend and dey will take you in a minit." "The sitty-wation" is open down in Louisiana, and most any of the "exodusters" will give our friend Frederick a number one "recommend."

While at the State Fair Wm. Draper purchased a full-blooded Cotswold ram, but yet a lamb, which we found to be a beauty. The animal is last spring's lamb and now has wool six inches long. Mr. Draper says the display at the fair was very fine. He has attended great agricultural fairs at London, and at other places in this country, and he at Lincoln saw stock that would fully equal the best he had ever looked at. Especially was this true with respect to sheep.—Schuyler Sen.

Advice to Young Men.

And then remember, son, the world is older than you are, by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself, that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not a man in ten million went to the funeral or even heard of the death. Be as smart as you can of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three, anyhow. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's; they cost more money, but they are more stylish, your mustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes, than you could get out with a ream of paper and copper plate signature in six months. Young men are useful son, and they are ornamental and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them. But they are no novelties, son. Oh, no, nothing of the kind, they have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shunt yourself clean out, but don't be so proud that you will have to be put away in the cool to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently.—Haukege.

Reasonable people are in heaven

in proportion as they are reasonable. Why do the countenances of Quakers wear that expression of calm serenity that is distinguishable wherever you see them? Why are their eyes so dove-like, their voices so soft, their mien so imperturbable? It is because they have schooled themselves to reasonable expectations. They do not expect to find swans in every puddle, or peaches in every bramble bush, or saints in all church people, or angels in all gentle church.—O. B. Frothingham.

Belief is not a matter of choice,

as seems to be taken for granted by all those who propose to legislate men into the belief of a given creed by gains and penalties; but it is a matter of evidence. A man is not responsible for his honest belief, whatever it may be. He must believe according to the evidence before his mind, and can do no otherwise. But he is responsible for an earnest examination of all the grounds of belief or disbelief of any important propositions in religion.—A. B. Bradford.

Bethlehem, N. H., is now full of

hay-fever victims. They don't escape the disease altogether, but it don't tickle 'em so severely as at home. The language heard at the hotel there is peculiar. A guest will throw his eyes heavenward and remark: "Id loogs like raid this at-atche—mordig." "Yes," replies another, "I thig—aitchunna!—I thig aachee!—yes, I thig we'll have sub—kratschunna—fallig weather be—cheeatstsch! fore evadig."

A young lady, in a class studying

physiology made answer to a question, that in seven years a human body became changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it. Then, Miss Lislie? "Why, yes, sir; I hope so," said she, very modestly looking at the floor.

An exchange warns farmers

against swindlers in this wise: "When a stranger man calls at your farm house and gets dinner, pay for it and wants you to sign a receipt—just to show his employers how the money went—don't you do it. If you do, in about a month you will have a note for about one hundred dollars poked at you for payment, with your signature to it."

Two old Texas rangers who had

just helped bury a neighbor, were talking religion; one asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world, if he was in real earnest. "Wa'al," said the other reflectively, "I think of a man gets so he can't swap steers or trade horses without tyn, he'd better pull out for the better land afore he has a relapse."

The celebrated running horse Egypt was killed on the 20th inst., at Coney Island; while running he came in collision with another horse and both fell. Egypt was so badly hurt that he was shot.

A Thrifty Washwoman.

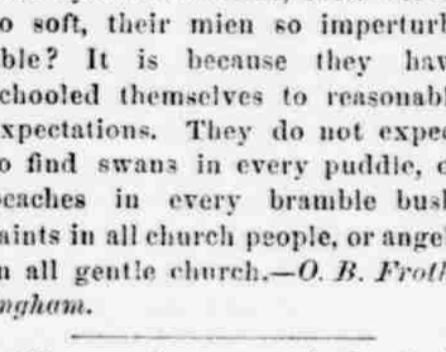
Mrs. Sarah Ray was the first washwoman and cook in Leadville. She wasn't worth a great deal of money when she came, but she knew how to cook and now is very rich. Today Mrs. Ray let the contract for the erection of a large four-story brick iron front building, to be put up at once on the corner of Harrison Avenue and State Street. It will be the handsomest and best built business house in all the State of Colorado. The basement will be so arranged for large airy railway or banking houses, barber shops and bath-rooms. The ground floor is to be used for stores, and the second, third and fourth stories will be divided up into high ceilinged, roomy offices. The entire front is to be of iron and the whole building is to be as near fire-proof as it can be made. The excavation for the structure has already been commenced, and it is the intention of the widow washwoman to have the building ready for tenants come Christmas.—Leadville (Col.) Chronicle.

That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters. There is no man that doeth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like; therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill nature, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch because they can do no other.—Bacon.

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The Little Caribou silver mine

near Denver was sold the other day to a company from Columbus, O., for \$550,000.



Mill and Elevator Machinery in General.

"Do you know any body that's buried up in that cemetery?" said an elderly lady passenger to a railroad conductor, pointing to a resting place for the dead that the cars were whistling past. "No, ma'am, I don't." "How long have you been conducting on this road?" "About four years, ma'am." "Well, if I'd been four years on this road I'd find out suthin' or other. I sh'd hate to be so ignorant, and an expression of extreme disgust stole over her face as she put down her parasol with a thud.

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It was a rich widow who wondered that the handsomest young man had fallen in love with her. "Yes, it is wonderful," said Mr. Spruce, "but I do love you to distraction. Why, I even love the very ground you walk on." "I thought so," quickly observed the pretty young widow, "but I am not in want of any landlord at present."

A prisoner in the jail at Brunswick, Ga., went to the bath room with other prisoners for a wash the other day, and was so changed in appearance by the application of water that the turnkey allowed him to walk into the street, not recognizing him as a prisoner, and he is still at liberty.

A thick-headed squire being worried by Sidney Smith in an argument took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son that was an idiot, by Jove I'd make him a parson!" "Very probable," replied Sidney; "but I see your father was of a very different mind."

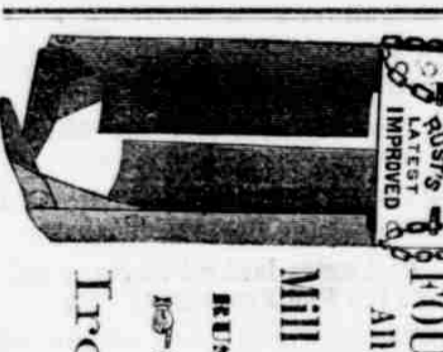
The Washington City market is just now abundantly supplied with the very best qualities of peaches and grapes—the former at twenty-five cents a bushel and two cents a pound for the latter. In eastern Virginia the array of fruit this season is simply splendid.

Four negroes and one white man were publicly whipped at New Castle, Del., on the 20th inst., for larceny. It appears to be a disgrace on republican institutions to keep up by law a public whipping post for whipping human beings.

Secretary Evarts is credited with saying the other day that the South went into the rebellion, and lost all but her honor; the South went into Congress, and lost all it saved from the rebellion.

No matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he never becomes so degraded or loses his self-respect sufficiently as to throw mud on a circus poster.

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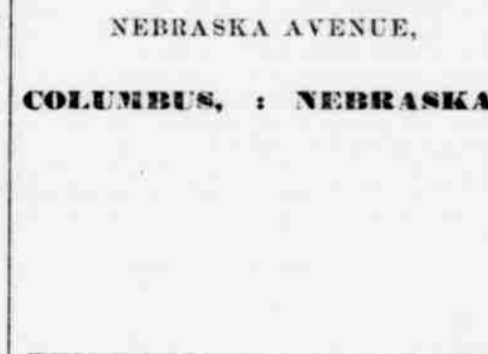
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