

OLMSTEAD \& C0., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1863.

She Louis don.
She came into the room-my teacher, Miss Ellen
Norton-in a swift, flurried sott of Norton-in a swift, flurried sort of way, and sitting
down by mamman's chair, she burst into tears. down by mammn's chair, she burst into tears.
"Why, Ellen, what is the matter?" asked mar ma , in a voice full of surprise and solicitation, and she leaned forward and took her hand.
Miss Norton is quite at bome at cur house, and would bring any trouble she had to mamma's sympathy, for whom, I believe, she has more
reverence than for anybody in the world.
My mother and Miss Norton were old and very dear friends, and when my teacher's father failed and died, and her mother followed her husband in a little white, and left their daughter in her youth and grace, and sweetness, in the cold and loneliness of the world, mamma sent for her to come to us, and offered her a home for life under our own roof. But Miss Norton would not consent to that. She said God had left her still health and education, which must be employed in some service for herself and the world; and when she insisted, mamma and papa used their influence, and obtained a situ.
the academy.
That is a long time ago, at least it seems so to me ; but they say the years go switter as they
grow heavier on our heads; at any rate, I became a pupil at the academy the very week on which Miss Norton entered
terms ago.
Miss Norton did not answer for a minute, but the tears flowed through the hand which shielded her eyes, and mamma stroked the other, and asked in her soft, tender voice, "Ellen, my child, what is the matter?" At last she looked up with her stained, flushed face and quivering lips.
"I've got to give him up, Mrs. Hammond
"Give who upp" asked mamma. "That boy - Louis Don. There's no use in
"mpting to screen him any longer." "Has he been guilty of any new offence?"
"Yes; and Mr. Alfen, our President, says that this time he cannot overlook it; an example must be made for the sake of the other scholars; and I He must go, and yet, Mrs. Hammond, I have loved that boy. I hoped to sive him !" and the tears of Miss Norton flowed afresh
"'m sorry - I 'm sorry," and mamma shook her head, still holding Miss Norton's hand.
"That's all we can say, I know, for
seems beyond my power. This last diodo now of his a dist ay disobedienco of his was fike the rest, not malicious, but daring,
foolish, defiant. Just beyond the aeademy grounds there stands a large pear tree, bending under halfripened fruit. Mr. Allen alluded to it the other morning after prayers, and absolutely interdicted any boy's approaching the tree. It did not belong to the academy, and be added, with much impressiveness, that any pupil who violated this command would be guilty of theft, and could no longer be an inmate of the school.
"And this boy took the fruit afterwards. It was a grave offence, and doubly aggravated under the circumstances, Ellen.
"I know it, dear Mrs. Hammond. I do not seek to excuse him; and yet, remember what this boy's left fatheriess and motherless before he could know either of his parents, and that he has been, so far brought up by a careless, indifferent, good-natured, half profligate uncle, and that all his perceptions of right and wrong are confused and obscure. He has been taught to regard an act of this kind as something shrewd, brave, fine, manly, and this very night his uncle will langh at the boy at home, when he recounts the whole transaction, and slap him on the shoulder approvingly, and say it was a joly lark, and that that boy's nobody's fool, and " 0 , most thamefal Y " said mamma, and her voice was pendulous betwixt indignation atul pity.

Yes ; and what could one expect from a boy whose moral instincts were thus warped and perverted! And yet what noble possibuities there aro will be in the world! How he shrinks from, and loathes anything that he reilly sees is mean and contemptible! What a bright, warm, generous nature his is! I would trust him, at any time, with


A trusty messenger.
meounted gold. He would shrink this moment from a lie, that is, what he would call a low, mean, sneaking lie, with profound indignation. He has more influence over the boys than any other cholar in my department ; and $O$, if conseientions nd judicious parents had planted the right seeds that affluent soil-if true, solid principles had what their strong, deep roots in that boy's soul, lost-inevitably might become! and now he will be my fair and sweet young teacher, sobbed as if her beart would break. And mamma laid her hand nce more soothingly and earessingly on the young dy's arm
"Don't say that, my dear child," she said. "You "I knose power it is to save him."
"I know it, 0 dearly beloved friend of my mother ; and yet, my heart has yearned of over ing him- 1 have so longed to be the means of savhe will go out from all right influences into an atmosphere which can only nourish the weak and il side of his nature ; and he is so impressible, ostrongly gregarions, so full of high animal spiriss, that are always effervescing in fun and frolic, and what he calls 'scrapes,' and all these will inevitably lead him into temptation. May God deiver him from evil, poor fatherless, motherless hild!" said, fervently, my teacher, Miss Ellen Norton.
I went up to her-I don't think anybody had noiced that I was in the room before-and put my rms about her neck.
"O Miss Norton," I said, "I am sure that if Louis knew how bad you felt he would try to be better boy ""
She smiled through her tears.
I 1 believe be would, my dear, if he could only understand it, for he really seems attached to me. Just then my brother Guy called me to come ut and look at the fine trout which he had caugh in the brook, and when I returned, my teacher had

Late on that same afternoon mamma sent me with some early strawberries to old Mrs. Mat-Wrand-inughter, wha is just convatescing筑 the typhoid fever. The wind blew fresh from shore, and suddenly it seized the napk in the air like a swarm of snow-flakes, and another wift gust caught my bounet, and swept it over the burs into the wheat field.
"O dear, what shall I do ?" I oried, in my disy, not knowing whieh to start atter first
'Hurrah!-that's jolly "' cried a clear; merry oice, close at my ear, and turning, I beheld Louin fun,

O Louis, how can you laugh at me now P" Wust ready to break into tears.
Well, I won't again, Mary; it's too bad. Making a dart for the napkin, seizing that, and then springing over the fence, he returned in a ment with both the lost articles, and held them "W me, triumphantly saying-
Wesn't that pretty well done, now?"
"Yes ; thank you, Louis," and as I took them from his hand, and looked in his handsome, boyish face, the thought of all that had transpired betwixt mamms and Miss Norton that afterioan returned. me, and I exclaimed-

- Louis, if you only did everything as well !" Those great, dark eyes of his grew full of serious Wher, as he asked-
What do you mean, Mary ?"
"I mean, Louis, that it wasn't well for you to cimb Farmer Stewart's pear tree, especially after What Mr. Allen had said to all of us.
He started and looked confused a moment.
"Where did you learn that?" he stammered.
Have the boys found it out? But it's safe with you, 1 know."
I think Louis likes me very much, as I do him for he is always bringing me some pretty shell, of darly flower, or deserted robin's nest, which proves Hat I am a fivorite of his.
He did not wait this time to get my answer, but he burst into a loud laugh, and clapped his hands. said he, "it wos fun, the way I came it ver old Farmer Stewart. Uncle John said it was the best joke of the season, and he nearly split his sides laughing when I told him."
"O Louis, don't-ilon't; it was slealing to take hose peats, which didn't belong to you.
"Stealing!" He gave a low whistle, which ex-
pressed a great deal of skepticism and contempt, a ittle anger, too. "You are a little prude, Mary Hammond; but for all that, you don't think I'm a "w.
年 won't talk about that now, only I want to "Wou a question, Louis""
"Well, let's have it," putting his hands in hi pockets and looking comically serious.
"Don't you love our teacher, Miss Norton ?"

His eyes answered for him, so did his lips"Of course I do. She's just a darling, I tell you, Mary; I'd go a long way to serve her !"
"And it would really trouble you to know she was deeply grieved, so that she cried as though her heart would break? ${ }^{\text {p }}$
"Yes, indeed, Mary. Has anybody been troubling her?"
"Yes, Louis, troubling her more than you can "Wus.
"Who P" And this boy of eleven years looked flerceas the picture of some old paynim knight in "Yon, Lonis.
" $I$ ? -what do you mean, Mary Hammond? $?$ And then, I hirdly know how I did it, but there, standing before the bars of the great wheat field, with the winds running in and out of the silver tresses; and shaking them up until they seotned like drifts of mow, I told Louis all the conversation that had transpired betwist. Miss Norton and mamma that afternoon-I suppose that I did not use just the language that my teacher did, though her words seemod to come right to my lips while I talked, and I know that I did not lose one of the ideas she expressed, and that when I ceased I found myself crying.
La never saw him before in my life, while he listened, and those lugb, blach al of seemed to have melted into a mist of tears when I stoppec.
"I didn't think of Miss No
"I didn't think of Miss Norton when I went up the tree," be said.
"And if you bad, and known just how it would grieve ber, fou would never have taken the poars -rould you, Louis pr
"Of course I wouldn't ; I would have cut my right hand off first. But now it's done, Mary."
"Yees, and you'll be turned out of school, Loulk."
"I a'pose I shall. I can stand that $I$ " and for a
moment the hantsome face whs reckless, defiant.
"But juat think how Miss Norton will grieve for you, because she loves you." I saw that was the tender place in his heart.
"Yes," and he winced as though the thought hurt him-"Td do almost anything to save her from feeling bad."
"But O Louis, if all she suid was really true, and you should grow up and become a bad man, after He
He was serious enough, now.
"I never thought of it in that light," he said. You know, Mary, that I love fun as I do my life, and to run my neck into all break-neck scrapes, and generally to have a good time ; but as for doing anything real mean or bad, why Pd scorn it with all my heart."
"I believe you mean what you say ; but Louis, there is one way in which you can gladden Miss Norton's heart-you who have grieved it so many times."
"Ho
"How? I will go a long way to do it?"
"It will be only a short one. Go to President Allen; tell him all you have done, and that you are sorry for it."
He buried his head in his hands-
"O Mary, anything but that-I can't do that," said Louis Don.
"It is the only thing now, Louis, that can be "But you will be for Mies Norton's sake.
"But you don't know-you can't tell," he went on, half incoherently, talking to himself-"you're a girl, Mary, and don't understand how it would hurt my pride."

Yes I do, Louis, and I know you will be a bet-
"Whaver, nobler boy always, if you do this."
looked at me half in wonder, half wavering.
I said some more word-I can't remember wha they were, but they came right out of my heart. At last Louis took my hand.
"I think I will go," he said, and he wrung my hand; and then he started off, and there was a look in his face which made me think he would go traight to President Allen.
The next morning after prayers I trembled when President rose up, for I knew that unless Louis had acknowledged the truth, that the time had come for his dismissal and disgrace. But the President went on to speak of some trivial matters, and then in a moment dismissed us all to our classes
and a great weight and anxiety seemed suddenly
lifted from my heart. I caught Louis'
I caught Louis' eyes as I passed him on my way You see $I$ did it, Mary, glad and triumphantly,
And then Miss Norton's look of wonder and pleasure as he resumed his old seat-0, it did me good. As for Louis Don, he seemed serious and
thoughtfil all day -not like his usual self, and 1
knew, as nobody else did, what had occasioned this
 without a word of comment until the conclusion, ently. little seed-sower," she said, and I knew
"My
hen how deeply glad she was for all that I had done. "And mamma, if Louis should from this time see things in a truer light, and become a different boy, and some time make a go
bending down, mamma kissed me again, and there were tears in her eyes.-Arthur's Home Maga-

## THE FAMILY

## TBESTY MESSEATGER.

Old Mrs. Richards complained that the boys she employed to bring wilk from a neighboring milk
establishment, would sometimes help themselves from the contents of her pitcher
"Why don't you send Growler for it?" observed a lad who had just returned from sea, pointing to a huge dog that lay at the old lady's feet. "I have made our dog Towser, on board the Mary, do things twice as hard for a dog to do as that, Mra. Rich
ards."
"O, Growler indeed; he would serve me worse
than the boys. He's as fond of milk as a cat, and than the boys. He's as fond of milk as a cat, and
would be sure to lap it all up before it reached my hand," returned the old lady.
"Not a bit of it!" replied Jack. "If you will aldays while P 'm at home, engage to teach him a few that he carrbe taught to fetch your milk."
"Train away, Jack," said Mrs. Richards. "It will
serve to amuse you, if no other good comes from it."
In less than a week, the young sailor had Growler in first-rate training. He had merely to put the money in the pail and say, in a commanding tone -"Go feteh mith for the mistress, sir,-and away the dog would go, as intelligently as it human being, taking care on his return to hold the pail steadily, lest a drop of the milk should be spilled.

It was quite omusing to see the other dogs Watching lim as lic went along, and to observe the say "Stand aside now; I'm too busy to talk to you." But wo to the boy who should attempt to tak hold of his pail; a growl like that from the cage of an enraged lion would put a stop to any interfer
Mrs. R. was
Jack to make him course sufficiently grateful to telligent kindness. The good lady had a massive old-fashioned silver ring, that had, to be sure, mor value as silver than it had benuty as an ornament but she knew that Jack would love it for her sake, so she placed it in his hand, remarking, "There, Jack, that is the symbol of faithfulness and truth; its more to be desired than gold.

## THE PIONEER BOY

A new book entitled, "The Pronerr Boy, and How He Brcame President," being the early life of Prenident Lincoln, has been published by Messrs. Walker, Wise \& Co., of this city. The
book has been prepared by Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, author of "The Bornis Bor," and other works for the young. Much time has been spent in the preparation of the work, and the material has been derived from the most authentio sources. Among
the many facts of his early life, illustrative of energy, perseverance, industry, hanesty, temperance, and other points of interest in his character is the following relating to his temperate habits:
He was always a foe to intoxienting drinks, and, though living at a time when whiskey was the daily beverage, of both men and declined to use it, At
steadily and persistently dither
house-ruiaing, log-rolling parties, and other places, when his companions joined with older ones in the drinking usagea of the day, he refused; and one of his boon companions, who was intimate with him he never sow him takee a dram of strong drink. showing his persistency upon this subject
He was very strong at tweaty-three years of age, stronger than any other person in the region. One
of his companions, a few years younger than himself, made a bet with a man, that "Abe," as he was
called, would lift a barrel of whiskey containing forty gallons, and drink out of the bung-hole. He cordingly the sulject was opened to him, and the
trial of an strength was mude. He lifted the barrel of whinkey, and took a swallow from the bung-
hole, as another man would lift a ten gallon keg
and drink therefrom. But, instead of swallowing and drink therefrom. But, instead of swallowing
the whiskey, he held it in his mouth until he could set the barrel down, and then he spirted it upon
the floor, unwilling that the vile stuff should go the fioor, unwill
into his stomach.
this scene that illuatrates the unusual conscientiousness and uprightness of the hero of the book.
His friend who made the bet was several years younger than himself, some have said, and he took
him aside on the evening of that day, and asked him aside on the evening of that day, and asked
him if he was in the habit of betting. His friend assured him that he never bet befor
said young Lineoln. "It is a species of gambling in which only the meanest men ever engage." His
friend hesitated to give the pledge, when he proceeded to expostulate with him. "Come, promise
me now. Your mother will be rejoiced to know that you have taken such a stand." His friend did promise bim, and now, thirty years after, he says
that he wept by himself on that night over
"Abe" "Abe's" serious lesson, and has kept his pledge to dents that illustrate his character.

## THE TEMPEST AND ZEPHYH

AZephyr was fanning the dew from a flower
When the Tempest came by in the rage of his power,
And he says to the zephyr, "Tis time you should go,
And he says to the zephyr, "'Tis time you should
For I treat all oontemptible cereatureej jut so!
Then, nuing the net to the word, with his breath
He tossed him on high, frighted almost to death . Ho tossed him on high, thighted, almost to death
And he said, I mut let your impertinence see
That the business of blowing belonge "I can fan all these flowers and brush all these trees;
Can accomplish my work with the greatest of ease; Can aceomplish my work with the greatest of
And whether I hinder the rain-drops or dew,
neither have room nor umployment for you. neither have room nor umployment for you."
So stying he starts ou his crazy career;
He fills all the beasts of the forest with? fear, The trees in the rage of his fury he trims,
And crushes the flowers with the crith Ard erushes the flowers with the crash of their limbs;
He sweepa the poor birds from their shelter, and then
Lays violent hands on the dwellings of men.
The zephyr resumes his benevolent trade;
He weeps o'er the havoc the tempest has made
倍
Then hastens with diligencee , labort and care,
All the injuries done to look up and repair.
And soon are new branches adorning the trees,
And llowers send new odors abroad on the brecte And flowers sond new odors abroad on the breeze
And the track of the tempest is lost in the blaze
Of the carth's verdant robe and the sun's cheering So children, be virtuous, gentle and kind,
of a quiet and meek disposition of mind;
Let your efforts be always in favor of right,
And pursue them with patient and hopeful delight ; And pursue them with patient and hopeful delight;
Let the boisterous, blustering cildren of pride
Spread their teror, and havoc, and rage far and wide Thread their terror, and havoc, and rage far and wide
Then the thunder may roar and the tempest affright,
But the zephyr brings treasures of peaceful delight.

SCRAPS FOR YOUTH.

## GIRL-BOYS AND TOMBOYS.

"Bah! Jack Jones is a giri-boy. I saw him througit the window washing dishes and swreeping Hoors the other day. He kissed his mother and aaid, 'Good bye, mother,' when he went to school yesterday. Just as if Idd kiss my mother! She's
glad enough to get rid of me, and would sooner give me a slap than a kiss, any day. Then he takes hold of his little sister's hand and leads her out to walk." So said Harry Brown, as he leaned on the gate and whittled a pine stick with his jack-knife. I took my little sister out to walk the other day, She'll want to go again, I guess. I pulled her, and solded her, and treated her so politely generally that I think she'll be glad of my company in future !" aid Steve, another boy standing near him.
never plays rough games, like other boys. Then he has those little curls all over his head. I say, why don't his mother dress him up in pantalettes and petticoats, like a girl?"

## They say he helps his mother, though."

Poh, 1 wouldn't do it .
Who's that you're talking about?" said a voice Steve looked down, and Harry looked up at behind some geraniums and heliotropes. Anne as a sedate young lady.
"You know, if you've been listening," said Hurry. "Well I don't like girl-boys, I confess, and I on't like man-boys either, little boys who feel ns rand and smart as if they were old men instead of rall youngsters."
"O, you get out!" said Harry
"I should think you would like girl-boys, you are a girl," said Steve.
"No I don't! I like to see boys, full of life, whoare not afraid to play games that will make them strong and manly. I like to see boys help their mothers and kiss them too. Aint you ashamed"Aunie finished her sentence to the geraniums, for Harry and Steve didn't like to be lectured in particular, any more than boys in general do, and had
kicked up their heels and run off down the street. Immediately after a little boy with the cleanest possible face, without a particle of dust on his white jacket, and with his hair parted exactly
the middle, rang at the door.
"I have brought you some flowers, Miss Anne," he said, making a bow so low that all his curls were exactly perpendicular to the floor. Miss
Arne was heard to soliloquize, as she ran up stairs,
"That boy'll never be good for anything if he don't
have nny boyhood. Hell never get hardened, hell have nny boyhood. He'll never get hardened, hell have no character, no constitution, nothing worth
living for. If he was my child Id shave his head, put a stout frock on him, and turn him out with
other boys, with directions to play like them or starre." At this point she shut the door.
"Get out of the way; I'm coming!" shouted Emma, as she ran down the street with her hat in her hand, and her hair like that of Fairy Bell, in the song, "like the thistle down floating in the wind." In her flight she knocked over one or two small boys who happened to stand in her way One youngster would not be knocked down, and he attacked him with her lists, till he was glad to beat a retreat. Amid the noise of the children
whom she had upset, she sprang upon the fence and stood on one of the gate posts.
Emma's a tomboy!" shouted a little fellow, putting his head out of a window.
"Be careful! Next time I catch you, you'll get
The little fellow immediately collapsed.
Three or four lady-like little girls came by looking aghast at Emma, on the post.
"You can't get up as high as I can!" she said.
"My mother won't let me climb fences. She thinks it is not proper, and she won't let me go "Poor little child! You don't dare to say your soul's your own. My mother lets me do as I please. Sometimes she says, 'Emma, lose, I would flowers must grow, and birds must sing, and water n't go up hill, and I have grand times."
"I wish," said another little girl, "that I could frighten the boys as you do. They plague me hal to death."
"Can't I scatter them? If they give me a saucy word they get their pay for it. What have you got there? Paper dolls? They are all nonsense My dog is better than a doll. I ean play marbles, and fly kites. Father said that I was quite an
Amazon the other day. I like father; but mother can't make me mind, I guess. Can't I jump dowi there ?"
"Oh no, you'll hurt yourself!"
"Hurt me"" she replied, contemptuously, as she gave a great spring and alighted on the ground.

A girl who acts like a boy, I gese"
Emma rushed off down the street to meet a girl who had a dirty face, tangled hair, and a loud voice.
"They say we are tomboys. I don't care. Come, let's ciimb the old apple tree, and sit there and tell stories," said Emma.
A stern voice called them back. An old man spoke.

Come here, girls ! What's that I hear about you? Do you like to be tomboys? Will any one
love and respeot yoi? Do you mind your parents love and respect you? Do you mind yo
better for being so wild and lawless?
"Poh, old man, you needn't lecture us. I guess we can take care of ourselves," said Emmi.
The old man's eye kindled as he leined on top of his staff. "Is that the fruit of being tom-boys-disrespect to old age? When I was young we ner
bow."

## "Ver <br> well, old gentleman, here's a courtesy for

"What kind of women will you make if you grow up this way! The Bible says, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. You are not being trained up. You are like vines left sprawling on climbing up as they ought to."
"I guess we'll come up as well as you have!"
"Well, well, miss, your father can make yo mind, I underatand. I will report to him these insults, and you will meet the punishment you de-
serve". The his eye, murmuring, "The old times ! the old times:
Emma was not afraid of punishment. They would not whip her, and if they shut her up in her room she would jump out of the window. She had done it before. But she had a good heart she had wounded the and she felt touched that haughty light died out of her eyes as she stepped up to him.

## "Weil, any more impertinence ?"

"No sir," she said, with drooping head. "I've done very wrong. I'm very sorry that I spoke so to you. You are right to be angry with me, and I beg your pardon. I'm not afraid of punishment, but I'm really sorry. Won't you forgive me Pr
The old man grasped her hand, and exclaimed,
"That's noble! that's worthy of the spirit of 776 ! That's noble! that's worthy of the spirit of '76 man like me? Bless your little heart! I're fought

11 the battles of the Revolution, but it came harder to me one day to ask a man's forgiveness than to ny dear, and hope that your high spirits will not
y away with you, and that you will grow up into $y$ away with you, and that you will grow up into
handsome, gentle, noble woman. God bless y l" Chistie Pearl.

HOW A PIG WENT TO A PARTY.
Once there was a rabbit whose name was Buttery, and another whose name was Brownie. Butplaces on his cheeks which looked just like a butterfly's wings ; and Brownie was called Brownie Well, one day Brownie said to Butterfly,
"Butterfly, we must have a party!"
Butterfly was reading the newspaper, and all at once he stopped, and took off his spectacles and
laid down his paper, and said he, "Why, Brownie, what do you want to have a party for ${ }^{\text {P" }}$
" O " said Brownie, "all the neighbors have had "Werties, and we must have one.
"Well," said Butterfly, "if
"Well," said Butterfly, "if we must, we must," hem on and went to reading his newspaper again So Brownie began to get ready for the party. And the first thing to be done was to know whom got his slippers on and was warming his feet just hat subject.
"O
"O! I don't know," said Brownie; "let us count
hem all up. In the first place there is Tabby the ; and then there is Towser, the dog ; and Pip, "O, I wont have the rooster." he will split our heads open with his crowing," said Butterfly; but "Well," said Butterfly, "I hou know." he'll clear out
"Wen inver "throat before he comes." "I'll get some molasses candy ready for him," "Well," said
"Next comes the bossy-what in the world is his name? said Brownie. "O, I remember-it's
Bruno; yes, we must have Bruno. Then Cosset, truno; yes, we must have Bruno. Then Cosset,
the little lamb, and then the parrot and the canary
bird over to Mr. Jones'; and I believe that's all I can think of."
"But you have forgot the pig," said Butterfly.
"What you have forgot the pig," said Butterfly, "he
Wirty pig?" said Brownie, "he never shall come into my house." Butterfly, "You
"Why, what will he say ?" said Butt know he lives right across the road, and he 11 see
and hear everything, and he'll feel dreadfully if you "Nonsense!" said Brownie; "pigs haven't any "I guess you'd think they had if you could hear squeal as I did the other day, when the man can wake him wipe his feet clean before he comes and put a large bib on him, and spread a pieco
oiloth down before him, and I guess he wont very dirty.
"Well, Iil
"p her mind see," said Brownie. But she made pout the pig's feelings, for she was a very kaid carted rabbit, and was president of a charitable and in every other possible way. So no next day,
and when Butterfly went to his work, he carried the invitations, which Brownie had written on nice little "Butterfly and Brownie present
ments to Mr. Pig, and request the pleasure of his Whany to-morrow afternoon."
When Butterily handed the invitation to the pig,
he tried to take hold of it with his dirty paw, but was so clumsy that he let it fall in the mud. But he contrived to pick it up again, and then he
opened it, and sald he, "What's all this? I can't So Butterfly told him what it know.
So Butterfly told him what it was, and the pig
grunted out that he'd try to come if his master ould let him.
So the next day Brownie had her house all put room, and she put on her best gown and apron, and smoothed her hair so that she looked her very prettiest, and then she sat down and waited for her company. Butterfly had not got home, but
was expected every minute. Pretty soon the bell was expected every minute. Pretty soon the bell
rung, and Brownie, looking out of the window, saw the dog.
Brownie, "O, he smells the victivals warrant," said Brownie, "he smells the victuals. But he's wel-
come," said she. "Come in, Towser "" come," said she. "Come in, Towser!"
So Towser came in, and
cat, and the came in, and pretty soon came the lamb, and by-and-by and the canary bird, and the him as he came into the gate, and she saw that his
feet were very black and dirty, and that his was monstrously big. At first she thought he had tumbled down and hurt it, but she soon saw that he had been sticking it into the pudding, and that "Here piggy," said she, "rplease
et and clean your nose before you come in.
But pigar sour But piggy said he guessed he looked well enough for her house ; so he bolted in, tracking his mud
all over the clean floor, and sticking his nose into all over the clean floor, and sticking his nose into cry, she was so vexed. When Butterfly came home, however, he contrived to draw piggy out in-
to the garden, and there he made him wipe his feet on the clean grass, so that he wis a little more decent. And he lent him his pocket handkerchief
aud made him clean his nose, "for you know, Mr. and made him clean his nose, "for you know, Mr.
Pig," said he, "that Brownie has tuken a good deal of pains to fix up the house, and you mood deal "Clean as you can"" uh!" sald ght into the hoouse, he omeolt the suif suil pail, and rushed

## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

at it and tipped it orer, and got both his fore feet $/$ nized, and scanning the woodsawyer a moment, in it, and in half a minute was dirtier than ever. feet saw him coming in again. "He must go home ; he shan't stay another minute."
" O , let him stay," said Butterfly; "he can't do "O, let him stay," said Butterfly; "he can't do
any more harm than he has done." So Brownie Well, they sat down to supper There was a good deal of whispering between Bull. terfly and Brownie as to where they should piggy; but they finally concladed to pat him between the dog and the rooster, for they thought ho might behave better if they were beside him . they began to ent. And Brownie had a dish milk for the cat, and a nice beef hone for the dog,
and a little cup of seed for the canary, and some and a little cup of seed for the canary, and some
corn for Rattle and Pip, and some nice sweet grass corn fro Rattle and Pip, and some nice sweet grass
for Bruno and Cosset, and a nice pailful of potato parings for the pig. And they all had en after he had eaten polis poly, exto parings, he stretched our his paw and seized Rattle's aish of corn, and tried to get Towser's bone. And at this, Rattle
set up such an awful crowing that all the company clapped their hands to their eers, and Brownive
cried out, "Where's my molasses candy? Where's my molnsses candy P", And the dog seized hold o piggy's ear, and bit him so that he let the bone go,
and began to rub his ear with his paw, instead of stealing his neighbor's viotuals with it, instead of preserve order. And the worst of all was that dy, dropped a piece of it on the parrot's plate, and and the bird stuck his nose in it so that he couldn' open his mouth, and everybody thought he was in a fit, and Cosset went after the doctor, and Bruno
went to get some hot water and tipped over went to get some hot water and tipped over the
tea-kettle and burned his toes. At last Butterfly suw it was
At last Butterfly saw it was of no use to keep
the pig any longer; so he said, "Mr. Piggy, we are the pig any longer; so he said, "Mr. Piggy, we are
sorry you are such a noisy, and dirty, and uncomfortable creature that we cannot do anything with
you; but you must go home,", but he didn't sti
"Uh! uh!" grunted the pig; but an inch. So Butterlly told Towser he must get him home somehow or other. And Towser took
hold of his ear, and said, "Come along, Mr. Piggy; this is no place for you; ;politeness is thrown away So the pir
So the pir grunted again, and went out. And
Towser led him home, and when he left him he was rooting his nose into the mud as contented as ever.
And Towser went back, and the company contrived And finish their supper as well as they could. after supper they enjoyed themselves with plays
and games, and Browne, in spite of the dirt and confusion, told Butterlly the next day that she had had a very good time.
About a week afterwards Butterlly and Brownie were sitting together after breakfast. Butcerily eating, Brownie?",
"Eating?" said
course?",
"Yees, but do you know what pig they came
from? "Well, it mownie.
"Well, it was the dirty pig we had at our party."
"Well," said Brownie, "Tm almost sorry told me; but he was a dreadful dirty pig; and if a dreadful dirty pig ean be made into clean, nice sau--
sages, I don't know as he can be put to any better sages, I don't know as he can be put to any better can.

## Yor the Companion. PON Y

Aht toss your head and shanke your mane,
My bonny, winsome treasur
Wer sluping hills und ralleys green time to the measure
Went
Of dancing brooks, of singing birc
Ring will the bue-bells sin the glac
And laughs among the grasses.
The blue sky, with its sunshine bright,
Green, grasse liwns, and
Grent, grasse lawns, and meadow lands
way, nway, my prancing pet,
If care should dare to follow,
In the shardes of hannted have her lon
ood-bye, good-bye to foolish Fear,
For nought can e'er betide us
Have nature's smiles to guide n. Lazue G. Bzane.

Mr. WEBSTER AND HIS BILLS.
The late Daniel Webster was not so carefal i his pecuniary matters as some men, and this fault
was, at times, taken advantage of. At one time poor man sawed a pile of wood for him one time ing presented his bill, it was promptly paid by Mr. and a neighbor advised him to call upon Mr . Web ster for the payment of his bill.
"But he has paid me," said the man.
n. He don't thom, adviser, "call what he pays. It is a very common thing for him to pay such small bills twice over.
The man got well, and carried in his account the second time. Mr. Webster looked at it, looked at the man, reme

## out demurring.

months afterwurds, and bethome some three or four months atierwards, and bethought him of the gen-
erosity and loose manner of Mr. Webster in hii money matters-and a third time he called and mpesented his bill for sawing the wood. Mr. Web-
ster took the account, which he immediately recog-
said: "How do you keep your books, sir P"
"I keep no books," soid the man, abashed. "I think no you do, sir,", contioued Mr. Webst
wit with marked emphasis; "und you excel. thase wh
are satisfied with the double-entry system. Y keep your books upon a triple-entry plan, I ob
Tearing up the account, Mr. Webster added jections, sir, and be honest hereafter. I have no obThe tham thef the times. You may retire!" The man lett the room feeling as though he was
suffocating for the want of air. He had learned a lesson that lasted through life.
Soriptural enigma
Whom did his son deceive, because his eyes were dim What nation's unbelief made this aposte sad?
Where by a proclamation were.the Jews made glad?
Who first employed his skill in iron and in brass?
""
Whom did his nurse let fall, and thereby render lame?
Who was it that the first
Where did God punish Isracl with consuming fir
or whose reception did St. Paul expreas desire ?
Nigh to what city once sat Jesus at the well?
ho, sleeping while Paul preached, from a high win-
A stone set up in token of God's help obtained?
he city where the great apostle Paul was born ?
Who wisely held his peace till elder men warn?
Nor was, until they ceased to speak, his silence broken.
Who loitered, though by angels of his danger told ?
Who to a godly king his threshingfloor once sold
Who hid two spies, then sent them forth
Who, a king's mind to calm, upon the harp did play?
Will form seven words, in combined
And may the Holy Spirit lead
Your soul with earnestness indeed
THE Oxford Democrat tells a story of some tame
trout kept in the basin of a fountain on the grounds
of Mr. L. Denison, at Norway Village. They had become the pets of the village, and under generous feeding some of them hqve grown to weigh two and
a half pounds each. They immediately gather near the edge of the water, when visitors are the owner always having a care that the fingers
are not bitten in the operation.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"No father to-day."
Little Jamie, who is four years old, was al "dressed up" very nicely - his new gray suit ent up so finely from his forehead, his hands and face "shining clean ;" what do you think was to pay ?
"Why, father has been away, and is coming home In the Hancock stage." Mother had kept dinner
waiting. "She had such nice things," Jamie soid, "clean table-cloth and all." "
Jamie stationed himself at the window, standing on a low stool, very anxious and very expectant,
while his brother Henry, who is seven years older, sat back a little on the sofa, pretending to read.
But he did not read much, for at the least rumble too.
By-and-by the stage came rolling along, went by straight ahead, did not stop.
"Ah !" said little Jamie, choking baek his tears, "No father to-day!" the disappointment a little worn off, Jamie asked to be dreased to go up to the post office and round
a little. His father is postmaster, and Jamie felt as if his non-appearance was a public calamity.
So his mother put on his big overcoat with the So his mother put on his big overcoat with the
bright buttons, his cap and mittens, and putting bright buttons, his cap and mittens, and putting Every gentleman he met he would stop and say,
"No father to-day." Then he went to the post office, and as people came in for their mails he would call out, "No father to-day," He felt that
all must be as much interested in the fact as him-
The next day the father did come home, and
Jamie was not looking out of the window, either. He and his mother were in the dining-room, and
did not even hear the stage ; but the first thing they knew father stood in the doorway, all muffed up, with his valise in his hand. Was not Jamie very happy? One doesn't often see a happier boy. He clung about his father's neck and could not say enough; and when the trunk was opened, and
a box of blocks to build a church, and a miniature army, with horsemen, infantry and cannon, ap-
peared, Jamie jumped right up and down for joy. He can't bear to leave them a moment, and I guess he must play with them in his dreams.

I went in there a day or two after, and Jamie had his blocks and his soldiers, and he had horsemen on the turrets of the church and cannon peeping
out between the pillars. His mother said he bad played with them almost every minute since he repelved them.
I have thought so much of little Jamie's exclamn-
Those fathers have gone off to fight in this terrible
war. How many anxious little faces peep forth
from the windows and gaze up and down the street
looking out for father, and "No father tolooking out for father, and "No father to-day" will
fall back upon their hearts like a knell of sorro fall back upon their hearts like a knell of sorrow
To many (how many God only knows), the "N father to-da"" will be repeated till the fuil sense the great loss will become a part of the daily life
Many will watch and wait, and wait and watch, an never know whether they will ever see "father" again, and never hear of his sad fate, whether slai on the battle-field, or died in some far-off hospi-
tal; and to many the ansious looking out for father will be answered, "Shot through the heart," "Foun dead after the battle,
Shall we not pray
mourn "Ne not pray for all such little ones who mourn "No father to-day," that they may find
Father in Him who has taught us to say, "Whe my father and my mother forsake me, then the my father and my mother forsake me, then the
Lord will take me up;" and who has said, "Lear
thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive? thy fatherless children, I will preserve them "Live?
Little reader, that the sad lot of "No father today," to-morrow, and to-morrow, may not be yours, we e
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## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

## YOUTH'S COMPANION

BOSTON, JONE 18, 1863.

While visiting M-Wallie Wilson, a boy of eight summers, liy stretched out upon the sofa by my side, amusing himself, and, as he played, the melody. "Ah!" thought I, "how unconscious the child is of the wonderful talent he possesses," when snap went some internal string, that had held Wallie's temper in tune, and a wioked oath grated upon my ear move his heart as much as sorrow had my own. "O! Wallie ! what a word for such a boy as you I never hear such words at home.
"Don't," was his matter er
you lived here you would."
And as I reflected upon great sin, I said, "It is a more terrible bebit thas N essus' poisoned shirt.

As you will mieet many allusions to this garment
Hercules wes the son of Jupiter, but as he had a human mother he was mortal. Juno, the wife of Jupiter, determined to destroy him. She accordingty sent two serpents to make an end of him as he ly in his cradle, when the wonderful baby strangled them, and lived on in spite of her malice. When
he became a man Juno by her arts contrived to he beoame a man Juno by her arts contrived to He required the most unreasonable services of his poor alave, commanding him first to destroy a lion, the Nemean lion, that had defied everybody. Hercules strungled the monster as easily as he had done the serpents. But when he came home with the skin upon his shoulders him, beeame so much afraid of him that he commanded him to deliver all accounts of future he commanded him to deliver all accounts of future lowed to remuin idle. He was next sent to destroy the hydra, a creature with nine heads. Like certain wicked slanders that spring up anew when out down, these heads grew out as fast as they were before. You have studied the Multiplication table, and know just how to pity poor Hercules, for when you have mastered the ones, the ticos are twice as hard, and so on to twelve. Like Hercules, keep at work until you conquer. He burned the spot
where one head had been cut off, and then it could sprout no more new ones. The next labor surpassed all the chores ever required of a stable boy. He must cleanse the Augean stables, where 3000 oxen had atood for thirty years. Hercules turned the channels of two rivers through the stables, and wailied them out in a trice. What did the oxen think of this original method? They protested loudly against it in our valley last spring, when the Comnecticut washed them out of their stalls, and made night dismal with their bellowings, they and the froge. Another fent wns to secure the girdle of the Amazonian queen. Now the ancients were
poor scholars in Geography. They used Ptolemy's Geography without inprovement, for 1300 years, and that was a very imperfect one. Why, think of a grown up scholar believing that the sun went down into the Western Ocean like a red hot cannon ball, hissing and sputtering so that those near could hear the noise. Hercules found the Amazons, and secured the girdle. Next his unreasonable
master wanted the oxen of Geryou,-monsters with three bodies, that dwelt in an ialand called Red, because it was right under the apot where the sun plunges into the Western Ocean. It was probably the country of Spnin.
It would not do to tell a modern sohoel boy such marvellous stories about lands in the rosy West, Whose sands were gold, for he would begin to save
his peanies, and ss soon ns he had enough he would start off on an exploring expedition. The land would be surveyed and measured, the sands analyzed, and the monatrous oxen proved to be bison, or grizzly bears. On his way to spain,
Hereules raised up two pillars, one on each side of the Straits of Gibraltar. The one in Europe was called Calpe, the one in Africa Abyla. But President Ifitehcook, in his Geology, will tell you more about those rocks and their origin than Hercules

The giant oxen were brought to Eurystheus, who by this time had set his heart on the golden apples of Hesperides. These apples are supposed to be the oranges of Spain, of which the Greeks hach heard some obscure account. Hercules knew not
where to find them. As he searched for them, he where to find them. As he searched for them, he
came across Atlas. Our modern Atlas took its name from this giant, but he was not represented by the Greeks as holding a round world on his thoulders. They thought the world was flat, and came to an end somewhere in Cochin China. At-
and been condemned by them to hold up one end of the solid heavens. Hercules volunteered to
take his place while Atlas went after the golden apples. We should not fancy worshipping gods that were so busy doing mischief that such a-danknowledge.
You will read of other exploits performed by this mighty Hercules, but we will allude only to the last. Hercules had shot a centaur, a creature half man and half horse, who was rumsos th Dejan his wife. The dying monster, Nessus, told Dejan-
ira, the wife of Hercules, to keep a portion of his blood, and use it as a spell to secure her husband's ove. One day Hercules was about to celebrate one of his vietories by offering sacrifices to the gods, and sent home for a beautiful white robe to wear upon the occasion. Dejanira had become a little jealous of him, and steeped the robe in the blood of Nessus. It appeared all pure and white when put on, but soon the poison began to work. Hercules was seized with horrible agony. He wrenched
off parts of the fatal garment, but the flesh was torn from his bones by the elinging horror. In vain did he exercise his superhuman strength; he
was mad with anguish, and hastening home built his funeral pile, and burned himself upon
wives fables" Paul justly terms these traditions. But there is a garment to me more terrible than in a volume more antique and more worthy of our study than Homer. Are you becoming used to this awful garment? "He clothed himself with
cursing like as with his garment." Yes, bad habits are the garments of the soul, and $O$, what a fearful, loathsome garment will cling to that unhappy sonl who lives or dies as a bloody murderer died
last week, cursing God and men with his last breath! Will you appear before God in such a robe? It will cling to you, it will eat into your soul, as the poisoned shirt of Nessus did into the robe away. Happy are our eyes, that can read of that precious robe bought by the blood of Christ. Let us ask Him to give it to $\mu \mathrm{s}$,-the garment of Christ's righteousness.

Tearless, with that dear garment on,
We'll view the splendor of His throne."
Mes. P. P. Bonney

## VARIETY.

CAPTURING A REBEL BY STRATEGY. We have been permitted to make the following extract from a letter received by Rev. S. H. Merrill, of this city, from his brother, Lieut. A. W Merrill, who is an officer in the 1st Regiment of Kansas Volunteers, stationed at Lake Providence La.-The following incident occurred during a sharp skirmish with the rebels in which the 1s

## Kansus was engaged

One of our men captured a rebel by strategy, which being rather a keen Yankee trick, I will reWhen going out, he said he was determined to capture a rebel. He advanced with the line of
skirmishers, and being on the extreme left of the line, happened to get some distance in advance, when he discovered a rebel watching our appronch from behind a tree. The rebel saw Norman (that was his name) who immediately tried the test of strategy. He, too, pretended to be watching our
advance, and made motions for the rebel to come advance, and made motions for the rebel to come
to him. The rebel, being excited, mistook Normun for one of his own party, and stepping from behind the tree, advanced to meet him. Norman
too advanced, and when within speaking distance, too advanced, and when within speaking distance,
the rebel asked, "Where are our men?" Norman replied, "I believe the cowards have run away."
They continued to approach each other until Norman thought he had a sure thing. Then pringing his gun to the front which he had before kept from sight behind him, the startling order fell like a
thunder-bolt upon the rebel, "Mrove another foot without my order and you are a dead man. You are my prisoner. Now lay down your gun. There, that will do. Now take the gun by the muzzle and pass it to me." The rebel obeyed the orde
and was sent a prisoner to the rear.

## THE RIGHT SORT OF PLUCK

wound in his leg, which made him hobble round. Well," said a fellow, meeting him, "I reckon you've got sick of your bargain now, and wish you'c never enlisted:
"Never," cried the wounded soldier, with spirit.
"sick of my bargain? Never. I enlisted becous Thick of my bargain? Never. I enlisted because
Inow I have a country which is worth fighting for, and I am ready to suffer any hardship for her sake. She's got my beart, and she shall have my leg, my arm, my blood, and my life to help get her out of this terrible snarl. Though I'm a nine to the last. I shall never take my ease till she's through her difficulties."

## DESERVED.

The Mirror states that a young lady residing in the vicinity of Manchester, N. If., was much as-
tonished the other day on receiving a letter from her "particular friend," a soldier in one of our regz her "particular friend," a soldier in one of our reg-
iments, stating that the relation of friendship between them was at an end, as he did not wish to
receive letters from a most intimate lady friend even, expressing a want of sympathy w
ernment he had gone forth to sustain.

## "EMPTY THE BOWL.

An interesting incident is related by a missionary who has res
Southern Afriea.
"One day," said he, "I inquired of a little African, must' replied he 'empty the howl', first understand his answer, but simple explana tion made the meaning plain. The child was a goatherd, and accustomed, before milking, If (he meant to say) we desire the love of Chris If (he meant abroad in our hearts, we must cast out every evil thought and every $\sin$. O that many children in our Sabbath schools may feel as intelligently
what it is that hinders them from receiving the What it

## UNDER THE DAISIDS.

Fair spring comes on with her fracrant breath,
And thio flowers wnke from their sleep of death Opening the riolets' dewy eyes,
Over the mound where our rear one lies,
Under the dnities. Only a year ago to dny
Since they laid him down in the eold, damp elay
Away form the heart-strings wrung with woe,
Awny from the eyes that loved him so,
Under the daisiea. Only a year on its pinions flect;
But the smile has flown that timde life sweet,
The strong, firm hand, the determined brow,
And the brave, true heart are sleeping now,
Under the daisies.
 The sunbeams rest on the lovely motind,
And the Iight grasi waves orer the hallowed grou
While the distant wavelets' foamy orest While the distant wavelets' fonmy orest
Murmur a requiem as ho rests
Under the daisies. Like the tinted shell of the oeean shore,
Our hearts sigh on for the hopes no more;
And the lips must maile, though affection cries
For the buried love that calmy lime
Under the daisies. O. War, with thy stern, relentless hand
Thou hast pansed antong oer our peaceful lan $5=$ God pity the hearts that like ours are sore
For the faces dear that may come no more!
Thank God! that they brought him home to us, Thank God! that they brought him home to us,
That his dear head lies 'riid his kindred's dust,
Under the duisises. Under the daisies! ho is not there;
His puate soullives in our Fathor's care
But we eherish all that is left belowBut we eherish all thate the daisies grow.
The quiet grave where
Prayng the links of the riven chain
By our Saviour's hand may be joined ag
And jook,' mid tears, to the Mray sar Saviour's hand may be joined again;
Hy ond Jok, mid tars, to the Home on high,
Where redeemed souls meet when our bodies lie
Under the daisies.
Home Journal.

## KINDLY REBUKED.

Willie, who is just entering upon his fourth wiuter, had very attentively watched one of his sister aressing for an erening party ; and as it was sum-
mer time and fashionable, the dress did not com as far on the neek as Willie's ideas of propriety suggested. He went to her wardrobe, and in a moment came back pulling a close-fitting basque
after him, when the following conversation en sued :-

Sister-"What is that for?"
Willie-"For you to pen
Willie-"For you to put on."
Sister-"But I am all d.
pretty, don't I?
Willie-"Yes
Willie-"Yes", giving a modest glance at her
houlders ; "but somebody might seec in

## FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN BIRDS.

We observed, this summer, two common thrushes frequenting the shrubs on the green in our gardreshness of their plumage we pronounced them to be birds of the preceding summer. There was an association and friendship between them that
called our attention to their actions. One of them called our attention to their actions. One of them foemed ailing or feeble from some bodily or though it hopped about, it appeared unable to tive, sprightly bird, would frequently bring it took of the banquet ; and the ailing bird wauld wait patiently, understand the actions, expect the
assistance of the other, and advance from its asy assistance of the other, and adrance from its asy
lum upon its approach.

## SELFISHNESS REBUKED.



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