

Remedy for Burns and Scalds.

of the simplest, readiest, best and cheap-
edies in the case of such accidents, is soft

It ought to be applied *at once*, to the
and bound with a linen or cotton rag,
ever removed or unbound "to see if the
is healing," or to wash it, as is so com-
done; in four or five days the sore will
ed up, and nature will of itself throw off a
bove which the cotton will be found ad-
; no oil or anything else ought to be ap-
A great advantage in the cotton is, that
few minutes, removes all pain and heat
he wounded part, and so prevents inflam-
a, which circumstance (along with its pro-
qualities from cold,) is in fact the true
of the remedy. Try it! but remember it
little or no good if only applied a day or
er the accident. It must be done imme-
, and never be disturbed till it comes off of
This remedy was accidentally discovered
English cotton factory.

Young child being scalded very severely,
larly about the neck, was, while screaming
ying in great agony, laid down by its mo-
a heap of cotton, till she ran for a sur-
on his arrival he found the child sleeping
and soundly, and part of the cotton ad-
to the wounds. He being a man of piety,
uch struck with the contemplation of such
t, and took great pains to keep the cotton
neck of the little creature, by immediately
ging up the wounds thoroughly imbedded in
d not allowing the dressing to be taken
for nearly a week, at the expiry of which
the cotton in the hands of nature had done
rk, and the cure was complete. Who can
that Providence does not overrule even
st minute circumstances for our well being?

Remove Tar, Pitch, or Turpentine.—Scrape
much as you can; then wet the place thor-
with good salad oil, and let it remain for
four hours. If linen or cotton, wash it out
ing warm soap-suds; if woollen or silk, take
oil with ether or spirits of wine.

If the stain is of tar, you may remove it (after
ing and wiping,) by using cold tallow instead
of oil. Rub and press well on the spot a
lump of good tallow, and leave it sticking
till next day. Then proceed as above.

The Honest Boy.—Two boys were one day on
their way from school. As they were passing a
corn field in which there were some plum trees
full of fine ripe fruit, Henry said to Thomas—

Let us jump over and get some plums. No
body will see us and we can send al ng through
the tall corn, and come out safe on the other
side."

Thomas said—

"It is wrong. I do not like to try it. I
would rather not have the plums than steal
them, and I will run along home."

"You are a coward," said Henry. I always
knew you were a coward; and if you don't want
any plums you may go without them; but I shall
have some very quick."

Just as Henry was climbing the fence, the
owner of the field rose up from the other side of
the wall.

Henry jumped back and ran off as fast as his
legs could carry him.

Thomas had no reason to be afraid.

So the owner of the field, who had heard the
conversation between the boys, then asked
Thomas to step over and help himself to as many
plums as he wished.

The boy was pleased with the invitation and
was not slow in filling his pockets with the ripe
fruit now honestly come by.

Which of those two boys were brave—the one
who called the other a coward, but ran away
himself, or the one who said that he was afraid to
steal, and stood his ground?

A Persian Fable.—"A young fox asked his
father if he could not teach him some tricks to
defeat the dogs, if he should fall in with them.
The father had grown gray in a long life of de-
predation and danger, and his scars bore witness
to his narrow escapes in the chase, or his less
honorable encounters with the faithful guardians
of the henroost. He replied, with a sigh, 'After
all my experience, I am forced to confess that the
best trick is, to keep out of their way.'"

Let all our young friends be cunning as foxes,
wise as serpents, and harmless as doves, in keep-
ing teetotally out of the way of their deadly foe—
intoxicating liquor."

Talents.—Dig them up—bring them to the light
—turn them over—polish them and they will give
light to the world. You know not what you are
capable of doing; you cannot sound the ocean of
thought within you. You must labor, keep at it,
and dig deep and long before you will begin to
realize much. Mourn because you were not creat-
ed a giant in intellect, and you will die a fool.

Printed Thoughts.—A printed thought never
dies. Nothing is so indestructable. The proudest
work of art crumbles to dust, but the eloquent
thought lives, and will live down to the end of
time.