The Family.

The Old Elm Tree.

Oh! the old elm tree is standing now,
Where it stood so long ago,
When in its shadow we children played,
Till the sun in the west grew low.
And its branches reach as far and high,
And the sky above is as clear,
But under it now no children play,
In the golden day of the year.

The sunbeams creep thro' the rustling leaves
That fall on the moss-grown seat,
And tall grass waves where in other years
It was trodden by children's feet.
And the bees hum lazily in the shade,
Through the long bright summer's day,
And the soft wind murmurs with lonely sound
Where the children used to play.

They all are gone from their children's home,
And have wandered far away;
Of all that band of the dear old time,
There is not one left to-day.
They are parted now by many a mile,
And waves and mountains high;
And one has gone to the home beyond,
Through the golden gates of the sky.

And many a year has gone,
And many a summer's sun
Has passed adown the golden west,
When the long bright day was done;
And many an autumn wind has blown,
And many a winter past,
O'er hill and vale, its shroud of snow,
Since the children met there last.

And the weary years will still roll on
With their sunshine and their pain;
But there in the shade of the old elm tree
They will never all meet again.
But there is a heaven of quiet rest,
And its portals are open wide;
And one by one as the angels call,
They will meet on the other side.

Annie's Savings-Box.

"There is one of my glove-buttons gone," said sister Kate, as she was preparing to go out. "How provoking it is! A glove looks so untidy, unfastened."

"Just wait a moment, sister," said Annie, "I believe I have some glove-buttons in my box"—and opening the lid, she took out a little tin mustard box, and pouring the contents into her apron, soon found the required article. Her handy little needle and silk quickly sewed it on, and she was well repaid by a kiss from her sister, and a hearty "Thank you, Annie dear; your little box of curiosities is a perfect gold mine. You can always find the right thing there," and she tripped down the steps now quite satisfied that all was right.

"How long have you had that box, cousin Annie?" asked Ned, who was spending a week at the house.

"Ever since she can remember, I guess," said her mother, laughing. "She always was a careful little thing, from the time she could toddle about the floor. She used to make little collections of buttons and tamarind stones, and I do not know what all, when she was four or five years old. It is a good habit, though, and I am sure we are all indebted to her every day of our lives. It would be a curiosity to keep an account, some day, of the calls she has."

"I think I will do it," said Ned. "Where can I find a paper and pencil?"

Annie opened her little box again, and took out the half of an envelope she had saved, cutting off the torn side, and a little piece of pencil some one had swept out doors.

"You can set down three things to begin with," said she, laughing—"a glove-button, piece of paper, and pencil."

Just then little Martha came running in, the string off her bonet, and she in "such a hurry."

"Run to Annie," said her mother, who was busy making mince-pies.

Up went the box-lid, and this time a little bag, containing all sorts of odds and ends of old strings and ribbons, was overhauled. The right thing was sure to be there, and taking a threaded needle from a cushion, it was sewed on in a minute's time, and Mattie was dancing off to her play.

"Number four," said Ned, just as father came in and asked Annie if she could find him "a good, strong tow-string." He wanted to mend his harness enough to drive to the harness-maker's and have it repaired. Another little bag was produced, which contained just what was wanted, and with a "Thank you, daughter, you are a treasure, and so is your box," he went his way.

"Just take your work and don't stir from the corner to-day," said Ned, "you'll be wanted. You might set up a store. If they all had as many customers these hard times, they would thrive. Well, Tommy, what can we do for you?"

Tommy did not deign to glance at his cousin, but went straight to Annie.

"I have lost my mitten, sister, and I can't make a snow man without it. Can't I have another?"

"Now I guess you are at a stand, Annie," said Ned, "your resources will fail for once."

Annie smiled and said to Tommy, "if sister will give you another mitten, will you go out and look hard for the lost one?"

The little fellow promised, and was bid to go and warm his feet by the fire a little while. Annie took out a paper pattern and a bit of thick cloth, which was quickly cut into a mitten shape and sewed up, all in fifteen minutes' time. Ned looked on, dumb with admiration, secretly resolved to learn a lesson.

Who else would like to set up such a savings-box?" It is very easy and very delightful, and what is more, will be very useful, not only to yourself, but to those around you. It will help, too, to form a good habit, which will be of lifelong advantage to you.

A Story of the Alps.

BY ANNA ALDER.

'A stormy night, this,' said Gottfried, the chamois-hunter, to his wife Marguerite, as he threw another log on the fire, which blazed and crackled noisily up the chimney. 'Aye,' rejoined Marguerite, 'bad for the belated hunter. O how thankful I am that you have the shelter of a roof!'

The little ones, four with the babe, had been long asleep upon their lowly beds, and when the evening had deepened into the midnight, all the little family were at rest, and the cabin lay in unbroken quiet. But at length there was a scarcely visible movement at the door; another moment and the shaggy head of a wolf was thrust under it! He looked around, silently made his way to the babe Bertha, gathered her up in his white, gleaming teeth, and was gone! What sudden impluse awakened the mother? She marked the loss and the broken door. She cried, 'The wolf! the wolf!' Gottfried, aroused by her cry, arose, and taking his staff with a heavy iron pike at the end, started in pursuit. On, on he went through the terrible darkness, with a despair far more terrible in his heart over snowy peaks, across gaping ravines, and by tottering avalanches. He feared them not—he thought only of the little Bertha, who had knelt by his knee that evening to pray, torn from him by the ferocious beasts. But he trusted God, and was strengthened. In trying to leap a wide ravine, he lost his footing—there was a sound of breaking earth—he fell heavily, and knew no more. When recovered from his stupor, he found himself in a barren ravine between two inaccessible mountains, and the sun shining upon their sides, dazzled him, for it was day. He reflected for a moment upon his probable fate, thought of the anxiety of his family, and resolved to make one last effort. He crept into a crevice in the mountain to screen his eyes from the excessive light, until he should have his plans matured, when, to his inexpressible joy, he found it extended further. 'Perhaps it is an outlet thought he. He crept on slowly till his hand touched something that laid motionless. He brought it to the light, and his joy cannot be described when he recognized his own Bertha unhurt. Clasping her to his breast, he went hastily on, knowing it certainly was the den of wolves. He reached the opening, and hurried up the narrow mountain path. Not far had he gone when he heard their angry growls, and knew they had returned and were seeking their prey. Soon they howled close upon his track. He could see the glitter of their fiery eyeballs, and their hot breath wreathed like smoke from their swelling nostrils Nearer, nearer they came; but when the foremost thought to bury his fangs in a victim, they but grated on a huge stone that closed a cave Gottfried and Bertha were safe within. For many hours the wolves stalked around it, uttering their defiant yells, but at length they trotted away. 'Now is the time,' thought Gottfried; so carrying the babe, he started homeward. Their cabin was safely reached, and there was joy and gratitude under that humble roof; for the 'ones that had been lost were found—the dead had come to life.'

The Honey-Bee Family.

The warm sunshine had opened a few far-off wood-flowers, and begun to loose the many easings wrapped around each little leaf and flower-bud on the trees, when the bee community began to look alive, and hum and bustle about the entrance-way to the hive.

"High time to be at work," hummed one. "Lazy folks never can prosper or thrive."

All were glad to stretch their wings in the warm sunshine, after being shut up all through the long winter. It may be they were getting down to low rations too in the hive, as the last season had not been so favorable for collecting honey as the summer time usually.

Bees do not waste time in idle discussion, but forthwith proceed to business when the right time has come. They divided up their army into four ranks, each having its respective duties to perform. One regiment was sent out to forage on any body's grounds they choose to visit. They were to gather supplies, which were brought home and handed over to another set, who were the general waiters for the whole family. They supplied them with food, and helped the rovers unload their burdens, besides attending to the general housekeeping duties. It was the business of still another set to lay out the cells partitioning them off with mathematical exactness—and a very delicate piece of architecture it was. But there were never any mistakes made, and the exact form was chosen which wouldn save every particle of space. The fourth company employed their time in rounding off all the interior angles of the cells. They often changed work with one another, so that all got the benefit of the fresh air and sunshine.

"There is the queen-bee," said a naturalist, as he was attentively examining the workings of the wonderful community. "Let us carefully remove her, and see what the effect will be on the rest." So the queen was made a prisoner for a time; but the bees did not at first perceive it. They came and went as usual, and the home-bees attended carefully to the wants of the little ones they were rearing, until all at once some bee discovered that their sovereign was gone. The ill news spread like wild-fire, and soon all was in commotion. Every one left his employment. Even the little bees were neglected, and all seemed overwhelmed by the disaster that had befallen them. After watching their movements for an hour or two, their sovereign was restored to them, and almost instantly the news was telegraphed to the remotest corners of her dominion, and order and peace was quickly restored

There are many interesting facts connected with these little insects, which will repay the time spent in their study. It is wonderful to see the wisdom which God has given to an insect so apparently insignificant. But even the smallest of His works show forth His infinite power and kindness.—*Presbyterian.*

Stretch it a Little.

A little girl and her little brother were on their way to the grocer's the other morning.—The roofs of the houses and the grass on the common were white with frost, and the wind was sharp. They were both poorly clad, but the little girl had a coat over her, which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they were walking along she drew her little companion close up to her, saying:

"Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both," was his reply.

"I guess I can stretch it a little," she said.

And they got as close together and as warm as two birds in the nest.

How many shivering bodies, heavy hearts, and weeping eyes there are in this world just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves!

Temperance.

The Grog Shop.

The little grog-shop! ready to accommodate! Yes, in any quantity, proportioned to the means of the poorest customers, taking in pay the last pittance then have for bread, the furniture from their wretched garrets, the clothes from their shivering children, the very beds on which they are dying inch by inch. And this cannot be prevented? The wretches who, deal out to these deluded, friendless, helpless beings, the poison of body and soul, cannot be reached by the laws of intelligent Christian people? Preach it till you are weary. Let all the rulers and judges of the land declare it,—we will not believe it. While there is moral force in man, while there is civil government in the land and a God ruling in the heavens, *we will not believe it.* Men, who are utterly dead to all other appeals, whose consciences are seared with a hot iron, on whom "moral suasion" has no more effect than on stone walls,—men who will take a piece of meat in barter for rum from a drunken wife, when they know the poor husband has procured it with difficulty for his starving family,—men who will inhumanly push a woman out of their own doors, where she has come to beseech them, with tears and on her knees, not to give drink to her brutal husband, and then will lure that husband to drink again, and drink till he dies, or murders his wife, and abandons his children to wretchedness and loathsome vice—to say that such men cannot or must not be *restrained*—why, you may as well break up society, and laugh at justice, and mock at humanity and its God.

There is a cruel wrong somewhere, and it falls with peculiar weight upon those whom we are most bound to protect and relieve,—the poor, the young, and the tempted. There are inconsistencies thronging us on every side. Men talk of their liberty as above all price, and they are throwing it away and stripping others of it day by day. They groan about taxes, and they tax themselves and the whole community enormously year after year, or suffer dealers and drinkers to tax them for the consumption of that which they allow they do not need, and which brings upon their revenue, their energies, and all their resources, a burden to which every other is light.

We pay largely, and resign no little of our freedom, for the protection which government extends over our property and lives. But when we implore rulers or citizens to protect us and our children from the decoys and pitfalls that are thickly spread around us, or help us to snatch our brother from the merciless fangs of a monster in human shape, they tell us they cannot interfere with a man's business, they will not curtail his liberty, they must not hazard an election they dare not enforce an unpopular law; and so they dig another pitfall at our very door, and multiply the lures all along our streets, and extend over them that same defence which they refuse us and ours! Oh, it is mockery! It is black sophistry. It is dreadful inhumanity! Where peculiarly the guilt lies, or what is the remedy, it is for others and all to consider. That there is guilt, every conscience that is alive feels. That there must be a remedy, every believer in God and Christianity knows.—*Christian Examiner.*

Dangerous Hospitality.

The late Professor Goodrich, of Yale College, says: "I had a widow's son committed to my care. He was heir to a great estate. He went through the different stages, and finally left with a good moral character and bright prospects. But during the course of his education, he had heard the sentiment advanced, which I then supposed correct, that the *use of wines* was not admissible, but a real auxiliary to the temperance cause.

"After he had left college for a few years he continued to be respectful to me. At length he became reserved. One night he rushed unceremoniously into my room, and his appearance told the dreadful secret. He said he came to talk with me. He had been told during his senior years, that it *was safe* to drink wine, and by that idea he had been ruined. I asked him if his mother knew this. He said no; he had carefully concealed it from her. I asked him if he was such a slave that he could not abandon the habit. 'Talk not to me of slavery," said he; 'I am ruined, and before I go to bed I shall quarrel with the barkeeper of the Tontine for brandy or gin to sate my burning thirst.'

"In one month this young man was in his grave. It went to my heart. *Wine* is the cause of ruin to a great proportion of the young men of our country. Another consideration is, that the habit of conviviality and hospitality is now directed to the use of wine.

"'You give up your wine, and I will give up my rum,' says the rum-drinker. Once I would not yield to this. Now I think I ought, for the purpose of checking intemperance. I will not speak for others, but for me to do otherwise would be sin."

Agriculture.

To Save Rennets.

Keep the calf from the cow twelve hours before killing. There will then be but little curd, and what there is, take out carefully and throw away. Do not wash the inside of the rennets, but salt well, and stretch on a crotched stick, and hang up to dry in moderately cool places. Rennets of a year old are generally believed to make milder cheese than those of less age. To prepare for use, put one to a gallon of water, about milk warm, add a little salt, soak about ten days, rubbing it well a number of times while soaking to get out the strength, then take out, salt and dry for future use. Strain the liquor into a jar, put in a little more salt than will dissolve. Tie up in a bag about half an ounce each of cloves, cinnamon and sage, also a lemon cut in slices, and drop into the liquor. Keep in a cool place, and stir each time before dipping out. Put enough rennet into the milk to have the curd ready to put up in thirty minutes after the milk is set.

Selecting Cows.

First, I get a broadside view of the animal, at a distance of about two rods, as I have noticed for years that there was great similarity in the general proportions of all first-class milkers; being very small in girth just back of their forward legs as compared with their girth just forward of their hips. I have never known a first-rate milker, of any breed, not thus proportioned; so that if this form is wanting in any animal I have recommended to me I do not care to look at her more, unless I want a breeder for some other purpose than the diary. For breeding oxen I should want a cow of reverse proportions, that is, larger girth forward. I next feel the size of the "milk veins," and trace them to their entrance into the chest, which, in superior cows, are large, admitting the ball of the largest finger; if divided or subdivided, as is sometimes the case, I judge of the size of each orifice, as I care less for the size of the vein itself than the orifice. Next, I examine, by sight and touch, the udder, or bag, which must be capacious, in order to hold much milk, with teats wide apart and free from large seed warts or scores of any kind. I then inquire how long she goes dry before calving, as I don't want a family cow to give milk less than forty-six weeks out of every fifty-two; also as to the quality of the milk; and to close, I milk her with my own hands.—*Michigan Rural.*

Valuable Disinfectant.

One pound of green copperas, sulphuret of iron, costing eight cents, dissolved in one quart of water, poured down a privy, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. For water closets aboard ships and steamboats, about hotels and other public places, there is nothing so nice to cleanse them as simple green copperas. Placed under the bed, in anything that will hold water, it will render a hospital or other places for the sick, free from unpleasant smells. For butcher's stalls, fish markets, slaughter houses, sinks, and wherever there are offensive and putrid gasses, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the smells will pass away. If a cat, rat or mouse has died about the house, and send forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel, near the place where the nuisance is and it will soon purify the atmosphere.

Save your suds for the garden and plants or to harden yards when sandy.

NEW SEASON'S TEA.

JUST arrived a large and choice selection of New Season's Teas. Those in want of good TEA at reasonable prices will find the following well worth looking after. One trial is respectfully solicited. Retail prices—

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FOR THE CURE OF
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ONE TO SIX BOXES ARE
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PREPARED IN VACUO;
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Which renders them very convenient, and well adapted for children, and persons who have a dislike to take medicine, and especially pills. Another great superiority of Radway's Pills over all other pills in general use, is the fact of their wonderful medicinal strength, being highly concentrated. One to six of these pills will act more thoroughly, and cleanse the alimentary canal, without producing cramps, spasms, piles, costiveness, etc., than any other Pills or Purgative Medicine in use.

THE GREAT WANT SUPPLIED.

It is a well known fact that Physicians have long sought to discover a vegetable purgative as a substitute for Calomel, and that would cleanse the Alimentary Canal of all diseased and retained humors, as thoroughly as Lobelia will the stomach, without producing sickness at stomach, weakness, or irritation of the mucous membrane.

In Dr. Radway's Pills, this very important and essential principle is secured. A dose of two to six (according to the condition of the system) of Dr. Radway's Pills will produce all the positive alterative change—from a sluggish or torpid, to a healthy action of the Liver—as the physician hopes to obtain by a dose of Blue Pills, or Calomel; and will as thoroughly cleanse the Stomach, and purge from the bowels the diseased and retained humors as the most approved emetic, or cathartic without occasioning inconvenience or sickness of the patient.

Professor Reid.—College of Pharmacy.

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The celebrated Prof. Reid, of New York, Lecturer on Chemistry in the College of Pharmacy, styles Radway's Pills as "the Great Purgative," and the only Purgative Medicine safe to administer in cases of extreme Debility, and in Erysipelas, Small-Pox, Typhoid Fever, Bilious Fever, their action being soothing, healing, cleansing, purifying, instead of griping, irritating, debilitating, and nauseating. "After examining these Pills," writes the Professor, "I find them compounded of ingredients of GREAT PURITY, and are free from Mercury and other dangerous substances, and prepared with skill and care. Having long known Dr. Radway as a scientific gentleman of high attainments, I place every confidence in his remedies and statements.

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Inflammation of the Bowels—Bilious Fever—Dyspepsia—Costiveness—Scarlet Fever—Lead Cholic, &c.

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1st Case.—Inflammation of the Bowels. John C. Chapman, aged thirty-four, was seized on the night of the 22nd of October with inflammation of the bowels; was called at 10 P.M.; he had been suffering over three hours; had not a passage for six days; I gave him six of your Pills, and applied the Ready Relief to the abdomen; in a few minutes the pain ceased, he fell into a calm sleep; at 4 A.M. he had a free evacuation; at 9 A.M. eat his breakfast; at 11 A.M., gave him six more pills, and for three days gave him three pills per day; he is now well and hearty. In all cases of inflammation of the bowels, I succeed in removing all danger by a single dose of from six to eight in six hours. In bad cholic, I give the pills in large doses—six to eight, and a teaspoonful of Relief to a wineglass of water every three hours—it always cures.

2nd Case.—David Bruce, aged twenty-six, called at 9 P.M. on Nov. 26th; found that he had been attacked with bilious fever for twenty-two hours. I gave him six of your pills every four hours, and gave him warm drinks of boneset tea. In twenty-four hours he was convalescent; is now at work and perfectly healthy.

3d Case.—Sarah Burns, aged six years, seized with scarlet fever; gave her two pills every four hours for twenty-four hours; applied the Ready Relief to her throat, gave her lemonade with half a teaspoonful of Relief as a drink. In thirty-six hours she was playing with her brothers and sisters. I have prescribed your Pills in cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Sluggishness of the Liver, or Torpidity, and have witnessed the most astonishing cures. I believe them the only true purgative in use; they are invaluable, having a greater controlling influence on Liver and bilious derangements than calomel or blue pill. Your Pills are the only purgative that can be administered with safety in Erysipelas, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, and all Eruptive Fevers; their soothing, tonic, and mild aperient properties render them invaluable.

Yours, etc.,
SYDNY STEVENS, M.D.

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Dr. Radway: Your Pills and Ready Relief have saved my daughter's life. In June last she was sixteen years of age, and for three months her menses were suppressed. She would frequently vomit blood, suffer terribly from headache and pain in the small of the back and thighs, and had frequent fits of hysterics. We commenced by giving her six of your Pills every night, and rubbed the Ready Relief on her spine, back, and hips. We continued this treatment one week, when to our joy she was relieved of her difficulty. She is now well and rapidly, and has been so ever since.

Yours very truly, J. G. HODGSON.

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Nov 26

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Nov 6

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