The Family.

"Short Legs."

To Sunday-school I love to go,
But not to *church* up stairs,
The sermons are so very long,
So very long the prayers.

In Sunday-school the teachers speak,
In words so kind and plain,
I never do get tired out,
And love to go again.

But when I sit in yonder seat,
I cannot quiet be,
For most of what the preacher says,
He meaneth not for me.

And so I swing my little feet,
And move my hands about,
And *wish, and wish, and wish again,*
The church would soon be out.

The teacher comes and pulls my ear,
And shakes my little head,
And wonders why I don't keep still
Till all the things are said.

And thus the people from below
Look upward with amase,
Astonished that a little boy
Should have such naughty ways.

The preacher, too, stops still, and says:
"That boy in yonder seat
Disturbs my sermon with the noise
Of drumming with his feet."

Ah, me! I know not what to do,
For if I silence keep,
My eyes, o'ercome with weariness,
Will close at once in sleep.

I often wonder why mamma
To church will make me go;
Sermons are not for boys up stairs,
But grown folks down below.

Besides, you know my seat is hard,
Nor is it cushioned o'er;
My legs are short, and cannot reach
Clear down upon the floor.

Then chide me not, my older friends,
When restless you me see—
With longer legs and softer seat
A better boy I'll be.

Johnny Ray,

THE LITTLE NEWSPAPER BOY.

A cold, drizzling sleet and a biting east wind had almost cleared the streets of passers-by. Certainly no person could walk such a night for pleasure. Even business must have been urgent to have coaxed any one out who had a home to stay in. But, empty as the streets were, a passenger might be seen here and there; a well muffled gentleman walking briskly under the shelter of his large umberella, or a splendidly dressed young lady whirling past in her carriage to an evening party. Did either of them notice that little newspaper boy shivering at the corner? The gaslight shows that his face, over which hangs a tangled lock of red hair, is sharp and colorless, and the ragged clothes scarcely cover a thin and wasted body.

Johnny Ray had wandered far that evening, trying to find a few customers for some of those penny papers which were hidden from the rain under his jacket. He had crept slowly through some of the grand squares, where the servants sometimes bought a newspaper of him; and as he looked up at the parlor windows, the rosy light that glimmered through the warm curtains made him feel more cold than ever. Once the curtains had been flung aside by a boy about his own age, and Johnny got a peep into what seemed to him quite another world—a happy family gathered around a covered tea-table. Home, friends, love, rest, food, fire—just everything Johnny wanted was there. But the laughing little face withdrew, the curtains' heavy folds closed again, and Johnny painfully felt that he was outside.

Then he tried a poorer part of the city. He dragged his weary feet down narrow streets and gloomy courts. At the top of his voice he called out his newspapers for sale, until a hollow cough made him stop; but no one cared to buy.

Tired from walking, and hopeless of success, Johnny rested on a door-step, and gazed up fixedly into the opposite windows. There were no blinds here. Johnny could see all that was passing within. In one room, near the top of a tall old house, the feeble light of one poor candle showed a woman bending over her sick child's bed, whispering something to the little one, and smoothing its coarse pillow. Johnny brushed away a tear with the sleeve of his wet coat; *his* mother was sleeping in the churchyard. In another room there was no candle, but a bright fire sent up flickering shadows on the streaming panes. A group of children sat round the hearth, watching a cake that was toasting before the fire. The kettle hummed a song; the teapot cosily toasted its brown sides on the hob, and the cups seemed to invite it to come to table. Then the father came home, and the children sprang to meet him. Johnny thought he could almost hear the kisses, taste the cake, and feel the fire glow. But *his* father was dead, and he was himself out in the cold.

Johnny got up and moved slowly on, he scarcely knew where. At the farthest end of the court a door stood ajar, and so bright a stream of light came through that the little boy wondered if some new gin shop had been opened. He resolved to go and see. Stepping up to the door he peeped in. A grand fire roared up the chimney, but it was no gin shop. There were desks, and forms, and books, and slates, and ragged boys like himself. There was a kind looking gentleman, too, who seemed to have a good word for each of these rough fellows. Johnny waited till all of the scholars came out, and then he went in. He knew this must be a school, though he had never been at one, and hoped the master might buy a paper; so, lifting off his cap, and giving a pull to the little red lock that hung over his forehead, he held out a newspaper, crying, in his shrill voice, "Second edition, only one penny."

Mr. Egan turned round and saw his little visitor. With a look of tender pity and kindness he drew the dripping boy to a seat near the fire, and having bought a paper, sat down beside him.

"Do you sell many papers?" asked Mr. Egan.

"Sometimes; not many of an evening like this," answered Johnny, twirling his cap. "I often walk miles without selling one."

"And where do you live, my little boy?"

"I don't live anywhere now, sir; mother's dead, and father too, indeed."

"But where do you sleep at night?"

"In any place, sir, just as the season is. This weather doorsteps are not very good, and the policemen wakes one up with their 'move on.' But I earn my bread honestly, and don't steal. Mother would not like that, and I'll never do it while my name is Johnny."

"Can you read?"

"No, sir; though 'twould be very useful in he added with a nod. "I know all the newspapers by their look, and make a guess at what is in them, too, by listening to other boys talking; but I wish I could spell the words. Mother used to read. She had a big book with a nice cover; it was on the bed near her when she died; but father sold it, and her ring too. We never had one pretty thing since."

"Then, Johnny, if you come here to me every evening, I will teach you to read; and when you can read I will give you a book like your mother's, which I am sure was the Bible. Do you ever hear the Bible read in God's house?"

"O, sir, I never go there. Very nice these ragged clothes would look next to a gentleman like you. A long while ago, when we lived in the country, I used to go to church with mother; the singing was very nice, almost like the birds. Mother used to tell me nice things about the good place she was going to; but I did not learn the way right then, and I have had no one to teach me ever since."

"Johnny, I think I can tell you the way to the happy land where your mother is gone."

"O, sir. can you?" cried the little boy, with a look of joy that made even his plain, pinched features lose their harshness; "I will give you every one of those papers for nothing if you can."

"Johnny, there is one Friend, and only one, who is able to take you to your mother's home. His name is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Jesus means Saviour, for he came to seek and save the lost. You and I are sinners, Johnny, and therefore lost—lost like travelers who have missed their way or poor prisoners condemned to die." "But God in his great love and pity sent his only Son to die for us; and Jesus died." "I am sorry for that," said Johnny, as the old sad look crept over his face again. "I thought you told me he could show me the way to mother. I wanted to go to him this very night."

"And so you can, my boy. The Lord Jesus lives again, and will hear you if you pray. He has gone up to heaven, and is willing to take you there. Trust him alone."

Then Mr. Egan drew a little Testament from his pocket, and read the Saviour's own sweet words about the lost sheep and the Good Shepherd. Clasping Johnny's thin hand in his they knelt down together. An earnest prayer that God would for Christ's sake show them the way to heaven, and enable them to walk in it, was simply offered. It was the first time that Johnny had ever tried to pray.

The fire burned low. The old church clock struck ten. It was time to close the school room and go home. But where was Johnny's home? Some doorway or bridge arch. Mr. Egan, resolved it should be so no longer. He remembered a very poor couple, living nigh at hand, whose only child had died lately. They lived in a garret; he thought they might give Johnny a bed in the corner of it. Of course he would pay the orphan's small rent; so, leading the weary boy down one or two streets, and up a long, creaking flight of stairs, he knocked at a broken door. The old people, though much startled at so late a visit from the ragged school teacher, consented to let Johnny share the shelter of their room, and promised to be kind to him for their own Jem's sake.

Here Johnny lived for several months. He spent his days in selling newspapers about the streets, as usual, and his evenings most happily at the ragged school; but he never failed to repeat to his landlady, whom he now called grandmother, the Bible stories he learned there, or the good news about the open way to heaven through faith in the death and risen life of our Lord Jesus; and he never forgot to pray, "Show me thy way, O, Lord." And through his simple teaching a blessing came to that house. But, day by day, Johnny grew weaker. His cough made the old garret echo all night long. The poor woman and her husband nursed him with the greatest care refusing all payment for kindness which they said was all for the sake of their poor little Jem. At length he could not walk even to the ragged school, and his teacher, alarmed at his absence, went one evening to see him. Johnny lay on a heap of straw in the garret corner. He was dozing, but the voice of his friend aroused him, and stretching out both his worn hands to welcome him he cried out, "Oh, sir, I see the way now; 'tis very plain and very short. But the good Shepherd is coming to carry me home, like the lost sheep, you know; for I'm sick and tired. Yes, mother, I'm coming. Good night. You must all come soon. Granny, don't forget the way."

It was death, not sleep, that folded Johnny in his arms.

Don't tell Mother.

"Don't tell mother," I heard a bright looking boy say, as he ran with nimble feet to join a crowd who were accompanying a returned fire engine. The comments of the excited boys and men as they passed, and perhaps the strange desires for forbidden pleasures, which are inherited in our sinful natures, drew the boy away from home; but as he went he remembered the parental prohibition, and uttered the words "Don't tell mother!"

A good mother is a gift to thank God for forever. A mother's kiss, a mother's gentle word, a mother's gentle care, what have they not done for us all? Eliza Cook's beautiful lines "To an Old Arm Chair," have thrilled through many hearts:

"I love . I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
'Tis bound by a thousand cords to my heart;]
Not a tie will break, not a link will start:
Would you learn the spell? a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is her old arm chair."

When I heard those lips exclaiming, "Don't let mother see this, hide it away; don't tell mother where I am going," I trembled for the safety of the speaker. The action which will not bear the kind scrutiny of a mother's love, will shrink into shame at the look of God. Little feet that begin life by going where a mother will not easily approve, will not easily learn to walk in the narrow way of the Lord's commandments. "Don't tell mother! has been the rallying cry of Satan's best recruits for hundreds of years. From disregard of the mother's rule at home, springs reckless disregard of the laws of society. The boy who disobeys his mother will not be likely to make a useful and law-honouring citizen.

"Don't tell mother!" is a sure step downward—the first seat in the easy cart of habit, which glides so awifully and silently, with its freight of souls, towards the precipices of ruin.

The best and safest way is always to tell mother. Who so forgiving as she? Who so loving as she? Who so faithful? Who so constant? Who so patient? Through the nights of wearisome watching; through days of wearing anxiety; through sickness and through health; through better and through worse, a mother's love has been unfailing. It is a spring that never becomes dry. Confide, dear young readers, in your mother; do nothing she has forbidden; consult her about your actions; treat her ever with reverential love. It has been the crowning glory of truly great and good men, that when hundreds and thousands bowed in admiration at their feet, they gave honor to their mothers. Mother's love has dared dangers from which the stout heart of the warrior has shrunk appalled. Happy they who early learn to appreciate its priceless worth. A mother's prayers gave John Newton to Christianity; a mother's loving effort dedicated John Wesley to the cross. What mothers have done toward the work of evangelizing the world, what they have written in letters of light upon the page of history; what the recording angel has registered from them in the open book above is known alone to God. Boys and girls I never go to a place where "Don't tell mother" is necessary to cover your footsteps. Sunday-school scholar, in your every day life show the pure teaching of your Sabbath home, by obeying the mother who endures and blesses your whole life.

Agriculture.

Cooking Chicken Feed.

In order to derive the greatest profit from a given amount of feed, it should not only be ground, but cooked, unless the feed is fresh meat, which should be chopped fine, with a chopping-knife for preparing hash for the table. Equal quantities of meat and boiled potatoes should be prepared in this manner, rather than feed meat only. And let the suggestion be reiterated—the meat must be cut very fine. Then, by mingling it with potato, all warmed to about blood-heat in cold water, digestion will commence sooner, and be much more perfect, than if the feed be swallowed in large pieces.

When Indian corn, wheat or barley is fed without grinding, the grain should be well boiled, until the bran of most of the kernels cracks open. A quantity sufficient to feed the number to be fattened for three or four days may be boiled at one time. If kept too long after boiling, the grain will sour. When meal is fed, put a quart of unbolted wheat flour and a quart of Indian meal into a pail, and pour boiling water on it, while stirring it rapidly, until it becomes so thick that it will flow slowly. This should be done every morning. Prepare enough to last them all day, and no longer as it will be liable to spoil. If milk can be obtained cheap, mingle a small quantity with the scalded meal after it is cool.

Prepare a feeding trough three or four inches deep, by nailing strips of boards to the sides, in a vertical manner, so that the fowls may thrust their heads between the slats, and not be able get to into the trough with their feet. Let feed be kept in the trough all day; and it will be seen that fowls will eat a small qunatity, and often from morning till night. Keep also a box of sharp gravel stones in the yard, as well as a dish of quicklime, as they occasionally need a little lime to rectify the acidity of the stomach. Let them have sufficient space both night and day, to move about in, to insure pure air. No animal can fatten well—not even swine—when confined to a small apartment, where the air appears at all impure.

In addition to these things, a shallow box of dry sand and ashes is very important for them to roll in, in case they are infested with vermin. Fowls managed in this manner will be well fattened in two or three weeks; and their flesh will be tender, buttery, ane exceedingly delicious. A last spring's gosling, or gobbler, or pair of black Cayuga ducks, prepared in the foregoing manner, will crown a Thanksgiving festive board with luxurious viands, that would regale the palate of old Epicurus himself.

Fire-proof Wash for Shingles.

Mr. John Mears communicates the following to the *Boston Cultivator*. He states that after an experience of eleven years, and using seven forges in his blacksmith shop, he has never seen a shingle on fire, or a nail started. The following is his method of preparing them:—

"Having a large trough, I put into it a bushel of quick-lime, half a bushel of refuse salt, and five or six pounds of potash, adding water to slack the lime and dissolve the vegetable alkali and the salt, well knowing that pieces of an old lime pit, a soap barrel, or a pork tub, were not the best kindling stuff, and having long since learned, while at the Vineyard Sound, that hot salt water white-wash would endure far longer than that made with fresh water, absorbing moisture, striking into the wood, and not peeling the washing off. I set the bundles of shingles nearly to the bands in the wash for two hours, then turned them end for end. When laid on the roof and walls they were brushed over twice with the liquid, and were brushed over at intervals of two or three years after."

A New Fowl.

A fearful giant in the shape of a barn-yard fowl has been introduced into Scotland from Central India, called the "Begum Gayuas," a cut of which is given in the August number of the *American Agriculturist*. The male is thirty inches high, and appears like the Shanghae, except that on the head a couple of minute horns rise, instead of a comb, from a heavy base which projects some distance along the upper side of the bill. The wattles are also larger and fuller. The chickens of this kind of fowl, it is reported, grow to the weight of eight pounds at seven and eight months old—limbs of course included. We have no account of the laying properties.

TO STOP BLEEDING.—Asa Kemper, of Ross county, Ohio, writes to the *American Agriculturalist* that bleeding from a wound, on man or beast, may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours or even days, if necessary. In this manner he saved the life of a horse which was bleeding from a wounded artery; the bleeding ceased in five minutes after the application. It was left on three days, when it worked loose, was easily removed, and the wound soon healed.

TO CURE DOGS OF SHEEP KILLING.—Bartbold H. Boehmer, the German florist of this city, was telling us the other day of a sure cure for dogs which have a fancy for live mutton: One way to cure a dog of this evil habit, he says, is to tie him on his back in a gate-way and drive a flock of sheep over him! The other way is to tie him between two stout rams—three abreast—and let them race about the field awhile. An application of either of these modes of punishment will make him afterwards to look a sheep in the face afterwards. We should think it would.—*Ohio Farmer.*

CRACKED WHEAT.—Take clean, plump winter wheat, or if this is not to be had, the best that can be; run it through a hand-mill, cracking the grain more or less, according to taste; in five quarts of boiling water stir one quart of the grain, and boil moderately for four or five hours; stir occasionally to prevent burning; it is better to cook in a double boiler, so as to run no risk of burning it; serve and eat the same as Graham pudding.

HOW TO MAKE BROWN BISCUIT.—Rise unbolted flour with 1 pint of water, 1 teacup of sugar, 1 tablespoon of lard, 1 teacup of good yeast, and salt sufficient. Mix together and let stand till light, then make out as other light biscuit.

British Shoe Store!
ARTHUR J. RICKARDS

HAS received per "Rossmeath" "China" and "Aleppo" a large portion of Fall and Winter Goods:

Ladies' superior Clump Sole Kid Boots
" do Calf Balmoral do
" Kid Elastic Side Foxed do
" Kid, Elastic Toe Cap'd M H do
" Kid Side Laced do do do
" Cloth Boots Flannel lined
" Prunella Boots, Goloshed and Plain
" White Satin Slippers
Children's Kid Balmoral Boots (sewed)
" do Elastic Side Boots
" Patent Strap Shoes—stout soles
Men's Calf Clump Garibaldi Boots
" Elastic Side do do
" Calf Shooting Boots—clump soles
" Grain do do
" Dress Boots
" Calf Wellington Boots.
A large assortment of RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES American Boots and Shoes oct 18

THE GREAT PURGATIVE.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.
FOR THE CURE OF
ALL DISORDERS OF THE
Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal Viscera.
ONE TO SIX BOXES ARE
Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

DR. RADWAY'S
PILLS
ARE COMPOSED OF VEGETABLE EXTRACTS PREPARED IN VACUO;
Superior to all Purgative, Cathartic, or Alterative Medicines in general use,
COATED WITH GUM,
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, tenesmus, 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 to any patient.

Professor Reid.—College of Pharmacy.
THE GREAT PURGATIVE.

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. * * * *

"LAWRENCE REID,
"*Professor of Chemistry.*"

Dr. Sydny Stevens' Treatment of Cure with Radway's Pills.
Inflammation of the Bowels—Bilious Fever—Dyspepsia—Costiveness—Scarlet Fever—Lead Cholic, &c.
U. S. INVALIDS HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY & CO.: I send you for publication the result of my treatment with your Pills in the following cases:

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 6 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 five 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 lead 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 8 P.M. on Nov. 25th; 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 for 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 in Liver and Spleen 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.

Suppression of the Menses, Headache, Hysterics, Nervousness Cured.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 10th, 1862.

DR. RADWAY: Your Pills and Ready Relief have saved my daughter's life. In June last she was eighteen 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 regular, and has been so ever since.

Yours very truly, J. G. HODGSON.

Your Pills cured me of Piles that I feel assured was caused by over-dosing with drastic pills.

Loss of Appetite—Melancholy—Nervousness—Bad Dreams—Sleeplessness Cured By Dr. RADWAY'S Pills.

LET NEPTUNE READ.

A DINNER PILL.

To promote digestion, sweeten and strengthen the stomach of the weak and distressed Dyspeptics, they are invaluable. Six days' use of Radway's Regulating Pills will enable them, who, from their stomachs being so long known Dr. Radway as a scientific gentleman of high attainments, I place every confidence in his remedies and statements. * * * *

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"*Professor of Chemistry.*"

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

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Moderate rates of premium and liberal conditions as to residence.
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Nov 28

NOTICE.
EVERY FAMILY USING
Tea, Coffee, and Groceries,
will find them at the
LONDON TEA STORES,
205 Barrington and 15 Brunswick Streets.

THE Subscriber have just received a fresh and choice selection of **NEW SEASON'S TEA**, which for fine flavor, strength and cheapness, will on comparison be found the *Best* and *Cheapest* in this city. One trial of the following Goods is all that is required to test the truth of the above assertion.

RETAIL PRICE LIST:
Good useful Tea, 1s. 9d. and 2s. per lb.
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