The Family.

The Kitten's Complaint.

I am a kitten just six months old,
A regular beauty, I've often been told.
You may search through all the country 'round,
But a finer kitten will not be found;
And though it is true, as poets sing,
That beauty isn't the principal thing,
It surely is nothing more than right
To be glad one wasn't born a fright.
I think I must have had a mother,
But before I could tell one paw from the other,
Somebody took me out of the hay.
Carried me miles and miles away,
Saying, coolly, "I thought that, may be,
You'd like a kitten to please the baby."
Please the baby! just think of that—
What a horrible fate for a cat!
Mean, little wretch, what his mother can see
Lovely in him, is a wonder to me!
He clutched at my throat till I gasped in despair,
He jerked at my whiskers and pulled at my hair;
He poked his fat fingers straight into my eyes,
And laughed with delight at my pitiful cries.
Once when he dragged me about by my tail,
And nobody came at my sorrowful wail,
I gave him a scratch in his face so red—
And what do you think his mother said!—
Beat me, and called me an ugly old cat!
Called him her lamb, and such nonsense as that.
Now I should really like to know,
If there's any reason that you can show,
Why a baby that can only creep and cry,
Has a better right in the world than I?
I've made up mind that the case is clear,
That if somebody doesn't interfere,
And take me away from that horrible child,
My cruel tortures will drive me wild;
Somebody surely'll find me lying,
One of these mornings, dead or dying,
And then, if your heart has ever known pity,
Pray say: "Here lies an unfortunate kitty,
(Who might have lived to be known to fame,)
Killed by a baby!—what a shame!"

—The Little Corporal.

Little Mary's Basket.

There's she goes!" said Julia Campbell, "every day about this time she passes by; I wonder what she has in that basket."

Julia was watching little Mary Somers.

Darling Mary Somers! Everybody loves her, not because she has such soft blue eyes, and curly hair, but because such loving looks beamed from her eyes, and such kind words came from her rosy lips. She tripped along with such a light and joyous step, singing her pretty songs, with her bird-like voice.

She was not doing anything wrong, for children steal along when they are naughty. They don't run with such a frisking step.

I wonder what she is going after? Strawberries or cherries? I don't think she is going for either. I think that she is taking something to some poor sick person.

She does look very lovely, with her neat little straw hat, and blue ribbons, her clean white apron, and shining face. Just as she was turning a corner of the road she met Arthur Strong.

"Stop, Molly; what have you got in that basket? I want to know."

"Never mind, Arthur, I am in a hurry," and Mary tried to pass, but the boy would not let her."

"I guess you've got some strawberries, for I see the juice leaking out."

"Well Arthur, since you've found out, won't you let me pass.

"No, indeed; not till you give me some of your nice berries," and he snatched the basket from her hand.

Opening the lid he saw such a lot of large, elegant strawberries, that he could hardly resist the temptation, and took out a large handful.

Mary stood by, her eyes filling with tears.

"Arthur? don't eat them all up, they are for Martha Anderson, who is sick with consumption."

"There, take them, Molly; I wouldn't give them up to anybody else, but you are a good little thing, and don't call me bad names as others do."

"O, Arthur, if you only knew how much better it is to be good—won't you try?"

Arthur brushed something from his eye, as he replied.

"There is no one talks to me as you do, Molly; they all call me scapegrace and young rascal, even when I try to do better; so I might just as well be a rascal and enjoy myself—not body cares for me."

"I care for you, Arthur, and a great many would care for you, if you would try to be a better boy. Good-bye, Arthur."

And little Mary hurried on, leaving her kind words sinking down into Arthur's heart, and carrying her basket of strawberries to poor sick Martha.

She was propped up with pillows, and looked pale, but her face grew bright as she saw Little Sunbeam enter the door.

"Here, Martha, are some fine strawberries, they are so large and ripe," and the dear child put the basket on a small table by the side of he sick bed.

Mary did not tell her that, every day, she dedied herself her nice desert, that she might bring the delicate berries to the woman.

She then went to the closet, and took out a clean saucer, picked them, and sprinkled some fine sugar over them.

Mary was very happy when she saw how Martha enjoyed the fruit.

"You are a very good child," said the poor woman, "for I could not get such things myself, and there is nothing that tastes so nice as these."

Mary sat watching the sick woman, and thought how pleasant it was to see her enjoying her desert.

Next day, at the same hour, Mary was again passing Julia Campbell's house.

"Stop, Mary, I want to speak with you," said Julia; "what have you got in the basket?"

"I have some strawberries, Julia."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"That's a secret, Julia," said the child, smiling so pleasantly.

"I suppose that you are going to eat them for lunch at school, Mary. I wish that you would give me a few."

"I can't Julia; I can't spare any."

"Well, Mary Somers! I didn't think that you were such a stingy girl; if I had so many I would give you some; now just tell me what you are going to do with them."

Mary thought of Jesus' words—"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," and so she kept her own secret, and went on her way singing one of her pretty hymns, and denying herself just to please her Saviour, and nothing else.

It had been her own plan to save her desert every day, and Mrs. Somers always added some for poor sick Martha.

Mary did like strawberries; and it cost her something to do without her dessert. But her mother wished to teach her the duty of self-denial, and encouraged her little girl in her good work.

"Are you getting tired of your work, Mary?"

"No, mamma, not exactly tired, but I do sometimes feel as if I wanted some strawberries."

"Next Saturday you may invite some of your little friends, Mary, to see you. Would you like to have them?"

"Yes, mamma, we will play out in the summer-house; it is so pleasant there."

Saturday came, and about a half dozen children assembled, among whom was Julia Campbell.

They had a doll's tea party; and at the close of the afternoon Mrs. Somers treated them to plenty of ripe strawberries and cream, and some very nice sponge-cake.

Mary's strawberries tasted so good. For little girls who are generous, are always more light-hearted and happy than the stingy and selfish.

Very small things please them so much more than costly things please others.

They had a merry game of "hide and seek," and a nice ride upon the swing, and then it was time to go into the house.

"Mrs. Somers, where does Mary go every day with her basket of strawberries?" asked Julia Campbell.

"Do you not know my dear?"

"No, she will never tell me; she makes a great secret of her walks."

Mrs. Somers smiled and said—"Mary is trying to learn our Saviour's lesson, Julia."

"What is that ma'm?"

"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

"She is not doing any harm, ma'm, is she?"

"Oh, no! my dear, she is on a kind errand when she goes by with her basket; but I did not know that she kept it secret. She is only visiting a poor sick woman, and she did not want to boast of it, my dear?"

"Does see pick the strawberries, herself, every day, ma'm?"

"No, Julia, she saves her own strawberries to give poor Martha, and I know that she is happier then when she eats them."

"Well, dear me! I couldn't be that good, I am sure."

Mary was not in the room when this talk was going on; but when she came in with her bright young face so smiling and happy, Julia thought what a pleasant thing it must be to be as good and kind as Mary Somers.

"Why didn't you tell me, Mary, where you went every day?"

"Why, Julia, just because our Saviour says that we must not tell everybody when we are trying to do good; if I had told you all about it it would have seemed like boasting; it made me happy enough just to see how Martha enjoyed her strawberries.

"Does she know that you save them from your own dessert' Mary?"

"No, she does not, because it would trouble her, and I just mean to make her happy."

Julia listened and thought; had she ever done anything like this? She could not remember one single act. Julia was like most little girls ready to give of that which cost her nothing, but to deny herself! that was a new thought.

She now watched for Mary and her little basket.

She now understood the meaning of the sunny face, and the tripping feet and joyous hymns that always marked the little visitor to Martha's sick bed.

Little Mary was teaching a sweet lesson to Julia Campbell, but she did not know for a long while, how loudly it spoke, and how deeply it sank into Julia's heart.

Darling Mary Somers with her sweet loving face and merry step. How many loved to hear the patter of these little feet, learning so early to walk in Jesus' ways!

What Mary Gave.

When the contribution box comes round in church, boys and girls throw in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have just as much to spend for their pleasure as they had before.—And so I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright, and kind, and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face; she wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted in such a frank, artless way that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long tiresome story by her grandmother, though she heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it was ended made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.

Cheap Pleasures.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? asks some writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, a smile do the work, there are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look!—they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them a half peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him, and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over the sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say, 'You scoundrel,' and he feels miserable: but remark 'I'm sorry,' and he will try to do better. You employ a man, pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own heart with bright smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face, say 'Good morning,' as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will no bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No; rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and every where. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

Seeing is Believing.

Those who are fully confident they can always trust their own eyes, may perhaps learn something from the following paragraph from Once a Week:

Here is a row of ordinary capital letters and figures:

8SSXXXXZRZZZZZZ33338888

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these, and you twill perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye will declare them to be of equal size. Now turn the page upside down, and without any careful looking you will see that this difference is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of any object upon which it looks. We might draw two circles of unequal size, and so place them that they should appear equal.

Temperance.

"We Never Drink."

On the stage were seven or eight soldiers from the Eighth Marine Regiment. While at the stage house, in Lincoln, there came into the office a poor blind man—stone blind—slowly feeling his way with his cane. He approached the soldiers and said in the gentlest tone:

"Boys, I hear you belong to the Eighth Regiment. I have a son in that regiment."

"What is the name?"

"John ———."

"O yes: we know him well. He was a sergeant in our company. We always liked him.

"Where is he now?"

"He is a lieutenant in a colored regiment, and prisoner at Charleston."

For a moment the old man ventured not to reply; but at last sadly and slowly, he said.

"I feared as much. I have not heard of him for a long time."

They did not wait for another word, but these soldiers took from their wallets a sum of money, nearly twenty dollars, and offered it to the old man, saying.

"If our whole company were here we could give you a hundred dollars."

The old man replied.

"Boys, you must put it in my wallet, for I am blind."

But mark what followed. Another individual in the room, who had looked on this scene, as I had, with feelings of pride in our soldiers, immediately advanced and said,

"Boys, this a handsome thing, and I want you to drink with me. I stand treat for the company."

I waited with interest for the reply. It came.

"No, sir; we thank you kindly; we appreciate your offer—*but we never drink.*"

The scene was perfect—the first noble and generous; the last was grand.

Startling Statistics.

Few persons probably are aware of the fearful facts that are well reported in regard to the drinking habits and expenditures of our country. In his Internal Revenue Report for 1867 Commissioner Wells states, it must be supposed on reliable data, that the aggregate amount of the sales for the year as returned by the licensed retail liquor dealers in the United States reached the enormous sum of *one thousand four hundred and eighty-seven millions of dollars.* Remembering, too, how largely this retail traffic is carried on by unlicensed dealers, and in low and vile places, it is probable that nearly or quite as much was sold without any returns being made, and thus in all likelihood *three thousand millions* of dollars were required during that single year to pay the drinking bill of our country. What a fearful thought, and what untold and inconceivable miseries must have accompanied so much drinking as its legitimate, and almost necessary, and in some measure universal fruit.

During the year Mr. Wells also shows that the whole amount of money contributed in this country for building churches, and for supporting and spreading abroad the Gospel, was about thirty millions of dollars, and the whole amount for educational purposes was twenty-two millions or fifty-two millions for the two great safe-guards and sources of good to any community and country. At this rate there is but too much reason to fear that, as a nation, we expend one hundred dollars in drinking for every single dollar contributed for the support of our holy religion, or one hundred and thirty-six for this drinking, and all its awful fruits, poverty, crime, degradation, ruin to soul and body, for time and eternity, for every one spent in promoting education and all the good results that flow from it. Is not this terrible to think of? And are even the moral and religious and order-loving and order-keeping members of the community at large altogether guiltless in this matter? Are we exerting our influence against the making and selling and drinking the accursed thing?—As citizens, are we setting our faces against the man for any public office, or for a seat in any legislative hall, who either uses it or is not opposed to its use? As members of Churches, are we striving to keep ourselves pure of the blood of all men in this matter, not using it ourselves, nor giving our example or influence in any way for it? Are our pulpits speaking thoroughly in this matter, crying with trumpet tongue, "Woe to him that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lip?" and "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God?"

Surely it is time to speak and act on this subject. How often is the State being robbed of some of its noblest intellects, and the church of some of its most gifted and hopeful members, and the very family of the dearest and most needed and fondly cherished in its circle!—all by the touch of the intoxicating cup. O, is it not fearfully time to act against the ensnaring, accursed thing!—*Christian Instructor.*

A young man in New Haven rushed into a drug store, and in great alarm asked the clerk if benzine was poisonous. "No," said the clerk, "Why?" "Because," said the fellow, "father went to the closet to take down the gin bottle, and by mistake took several swallows before he knew it." "He is all right," replied the clerk "The only difference between benzine and modern gin is the smell."

Excelsior Spinner!

Look out for the Agents of TAYLOR'S PATENT EXCELSIOR SPINNING MACHINE.

DO not buy until you see this beautiful Spinner. It is small, neat and convenient, simple, durable, and easily understood. A child 8 years old can manage it. You sit at your ease while spinning. A reel is attached to wind the yarn from the spindle. It spins even, smooth yarn of Wool, Cotton, Flax, or Tow. Coarse, or fine yarn can be spun as desired, and FOUR TIMES as much in a day, as on any other hand spinner. Wait for the agents of Taylor's Excelsior Spinner, and you will be sure to buy the best Spinning Machine ever invented.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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"*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.

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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 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 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 Bruen, 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 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 this the only true purgative in use; they are invaluable, having a greater controlling influence on Liver and spleen derangements than calomel or blue pill. These 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, healing, 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. 16th, 1868.

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Yours very truly, J. G. HODGSON.

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No more noxious doses for me in five or ten pills taken at one time. One of your pills cured me

Thanks, Doctor. My headache has left me. Send another box to keep in the house

After suffering torture from billious cholic, two of your pills cured me, and I have no return of the malady.

Our doctors treated me for Chronic Constipation as they called it, and at last said I was incurable. Your Maggiel's Pills cured me.

I had no appetite; Maggiel's Pills gave me a hearty one.

Your pills are marvellous.

I send for another box, and keep them in the house

Dr Maggiel has cured my headache that was chronic.

I gave half of one of your pills to my babe for Cholera Morbus. The dear young thing got well in a day.

My nausea of a morning is now cured

Your box of Maggiel's Salve cured me of noise in the head. I rubbed some Salve behind my ear and the nose left.

Send me two boxes; I want one for a poor family

I enclose a dollar; your price is twenty-five cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dolla

Send me five boxes of your pills

Let me have three boxes of your Salve and Pills by return mail

For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Retention of Urine, &c., &c.

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SOOTHING SYRUP,

For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gumbs, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

Depend upon it mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

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We have put up and sold this article for over 30 years and can say in confidence and truth of it, what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—*never has it failed in a single instance to effect a cure,* when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after 30 years experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most EXPERIENCED and SKILFUL NURSES in New England, and has been used with never ailing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

Griping in the Bowels,

AND WIND COLIC,

and overcome convulsion, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it is the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, on the outside wrapper.

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Feb 13

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sept 26

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nov 6

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