BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of persons' faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried,
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—but who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works as well,
To try my own defects to cure,
Before of others' faults I tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know;
Remember, curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, roost at home;
Don't speak of other's faults until
We have none of our own.

THE SON'S RETURN.

Simeon Brown stood in the doorway of his father's kitchen, in the early dawn of a fair May morning; his face shorn of all its wonted joyousness, like an autumnal forest, when the leaves have gone down behind the bleak, gray hills.

'I've got to go, mother,' he said, at last, addressing a middle-aged woman, who stood folding a small parcel, before the cleanly-scoured dresser, 'and I may as well go at once. Come, say good-bye!'

'Yes, you've got to go, an' it'll break your old mother's heart, Simeon, an bring down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave,' she answered, in a petulant, grieving voice, as she put down the parcel, and came and stood before him.

'No, mother, no—don't talk so,' he said, soothingly. 'You know I'm obliged to go—it'll be the best for us all—we can't get on if we stay here.'

'Yes, we can, Simeon—yes, we can. But you've got above your old home, an' your old mother, an' now—'

'Lisbeth!'

The voice of her husband silenced her querulous complaining, but she put her apron to her eyes, and rocked herself to and fro in the abandonment of utter despair.

'I shan't be gone long,' continued Simeon, his voice trembling in spite of all his efforts to steady it, 'not more than two years at the farthest, and then we'll all go, and have a nice little home together, and you shall call your last days your best ones.'

Her face brightened up a little, but she asked, half in hope, half in fear:—

'But if you fail, Simeon—if you fail, what then?'

A sudden shadow dashed out the sunlight from his brave, young face, but it returned again in an instant, and his broad chest expanded, and the muscular cord in his bronzed wrists worked visibly as he replied:—

'I shall not fail, mother!'

His strong faith somewhat reassured her, and she looked up almost cheerfully.

'Well, maybe you won't, Simeon—I hope so, at any rate—you always was a good boy, an' I trust the Lord'll help you.'

'I trust so, mother; the sun's most up; I must be on; take care of yourself while I'm gone; good-bye!'

'Good-bye, Simeon, good-bye, my good boy—that never gave his old mother a cross word, or caused her a moment's trouble in his life—God bless you!'

He held her in his arms for a moment, and then turned to his father.

'Good-bye, father; do the best you can until I return.'

'Good-bye, my son—God's blessing go with you!'

'Here, Simeon, stop a moment!' called his mother, as he turned toward the door, 'I'd most forgot 'em, an' I made 'em on purpose for you—some o' the seed cakes you always liked so well; think of your old mother when you eat 'em.'

Simeon dropped the little package into his pocket, drew his hat over his eyes and stepped out.

Faith Hunter, his foster-sister, was awaiting him in the yard.

'I'm going down a little piece with you, Simeon,' she said, 'so you needn't bid me good-bye.'

He drew her hand through his arm, and they walked on side by side, down the winding pathway, the dewy pastures and browsing kine around them, and overhead, the crystal heavens emblazoned with the saffron dawn tints of the opening day; she, waiting for him to speak first, and he irresolute as to what he should say.

There was in his heart, a great tide of feeling, which had been steadily deepening and gaining strength, ever since a winter night sixteen years before, when his mother came home from the death-bed of a friendless widow, bringing with her a little, helpless babe, and told him that she was to be, from henceforth and forever, his sister. And she had been, and even more than a sister, perhaps, if such a thing be possible. Side by side they trod the flowery paths of childhood, sharing every pleasure and pain, and joy and sorrow, almost the same existence; hand-in-hand they entered upon an untried road of youthful anticipation; but now they were about to separate, and the mighty love, which had grown up in the youth's heart, and strengthened with his strength, was struggling fiercely for escape, but he resolutely kept it back. No matter if that timid little girl at his side was nearer to him than all the rest of the world, than his own life, even, he must not speak it to her then. She was nothing but a child, and he had no home, no inducement—nothing but his strong hands and brave young heart to offer her. Yet, how could he leave her, how could he go away, without some slight assurance that he would not be quite forgotten?

His love was great and strong, and entwined itself about its object with an unyielding clasp that could not be torn away without almost uprooting life itself; he knew and felt it, and trembled at the bare possibility of being forgotten.

'Faith,' he said, at last making an effort to steady his voice, 'do you know that I am sorrier to leave you than any one else, not even mother excepted?'

'Are you, Simeon?' she asked innocently, uplifting her trustful eyes to his face.

'Yes, I am Faith, and I want to know if you'll quite forget me when I'm gone away?'

'Why, how could I Simeon, when you've been so good and kind to me? No, indeed, I shall never forget you!'

'And you will be glad to see me when I come back, Faith?'

'Why, to be sure, Simeon; what makes you ask?'

'Because I want to know—you're sure you'll be glad?'

'Very sure, Simeon.'

'Very well, I shall be back in a year or so, and I shall expect you to keep your promise.'

'I shall keep it—and you've given me so much, little things, that I want to give you something, and I've nothing else but this—it's my little Bible—I want you to take it, Simeon, and think of me when you read it.'

His strong hand trembled as he unfolded the little package. It was a pretty, delicate thing, daintily bound in morocco, with a silver clasp, inscribed with the simple word, 'Faith.' His eyes filled up with tears as he looked at it.

'I don't know how to thank you for this, Faith—why, it almost seems like carrying you with me, since it's got your name on it. I'll read it every day, and always keep it here, Faith,' he said, tremulously, dropping it in his breast pocket, and buttoning up his coat, as if he wanted it close to his heart.

By this time they had reached the gate—the old red gate upon which they had swung together a thousand times in their happy childhood.

'I must go back now, Simeon,' said Faith, struggling hard to keep back her tears. 'Aunt Lisbeth will want me to help her about the milking. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Faith. Take care of yourself and mother.'

He tore his hand from her lingering clasp, threw his knapsack across his shoulders, the old red gate, closing with a ringing clang, and Faith turned tearfully homeward.

* * * * *

A chill November wind tossed and whirled the dry elm leaves on the common in front of Reuben Brown's cottage, and blew the thin gray locks about his forehead, as he stood in the yard harnessing up the old-fashioned bonnet topped buggy.

'Hadn't you better have your yarn mittens, Reuben?' called his wife from the doorway; 'the air's bitin' cold now, an' we'll have snow before night; I can tell by the way the wind blows.'

'Maybe I had, wife,' he replied, gathering up the reins, and mounting the creaking seat.

'Run, Faith, for Reuben's yarn mittens; they're under the lounge in the back room—hurry, child!'

Faith ran out, her pretty curls blown all about her face, and climbing up on the wheel, held the reins until the old man drew the mittens on.

'Hurry back, Reuben,' called Lisbeth. 'I don't want my Thanksgiving dinner to spile with waitin.'

'Aye, aye, wife!'

Old Dobbin pricked up his ears and started forward; the old-fashioned buggy went creaking down the lane, and was soon lost to sight behind the swaying elm boughs.

'Now, Faith,' said Lisbeth, tucking up her sleeves, and tying on her ample linen apron, 'if ever we were spry in our lives, let's be this morning. They'll be home by two o'clock, and it's most ten now; an' there's the beef to roast, an' the turkey, an' the mince pies to bake—an' goodness me, I wonder if the bread's riz! Yes, indeed, just as light as a feather! It's just the nicest thing in the world for Simeon to get home on Thanksgiving day, ain't it, Faith?'

Faith said, 'Yes, ma'am,' very quietly; and the happy woman went on:—

'Poor Simmie, it's been many a day since his old mother cooked a dinner for him—an' he always liked my cookin'. 'Mother,' he used to say, 'I never saw any one cook things as nice as you do.' How lucky it was, Faith, that you made that raisin cake yesterday. He always liked it, I remember, when he was almost a baby. I can see him now, with his brown curls all a dancin' round his rosy face. He used to catch hold of my dress an' say—'Mother, won't you have raisin cake Thanksgivin' day?' Bless his dear heart! The best boy that ever lived! Never gave his old mother a cross word, or caused her a moment's trouble in his life! I know he'll enjoy his dinner. Chop up them apples, Faith, an' we'll have the pies on in no time.'

Faith did as she was bidden, tripping round with a deft and quiet handiness that made her sweet face all the more attractive; and by twelve o'clock the huge turkey and the great round of beef were nicely browning, and the mince pies and the mammoth loaf of bread were fairly done.

'Gettin' on finely, Faith,' said Lisbeth, stirring and seasoning a bowl of gravy. 'We shall have dinner in good time. You may set the table now, and then go and dress yourself. What'll you wear? Your new merino gown, won't you?'

'I don't know, ma'am,' said Faith, blushing and averting her face.

'I would if I was you. It's the prettiest dress you've got, an Simeon always liked to see us dressed well. I shall put on my brown muslin that Reuben bought me when he went down to sell his wheat last fall, an' that dove-silk shawl the deacon's wife gave me, and my new cap that Miss Stebbs made, An' you wear your blue merino, Faith, and the gold chain that Simeon gave you; I know it'll please him.'

Faith did not reply, but a happy light lay in her soft blue eyes as she tripped out to set the table.

* * * * *

Two o'clock found everything ready—the old walnut table covered with the finest linen, and the brightest and prettiest of everything that the cottage afforded spread out in the centre of the best room; the round of beef smoking at one end, the huge turkey at the other; and the mammoth loaf rising, mountain-like, amid a profusion of berry-brown pies and cakes, while the side-board groaned beneath heaps of yellow apples and stone pitchers of sparkling cider.

In the doorway, nicely robed in her brown muslin and dove-silk shawl, her dark hair (just beginning to be streaked with silver) put smoothly back beneath her best lace cap, stood Lisbeth, her face all aglow with anxious expectation. Faith flitted hither and thither, shaking out the folds of a curtain or rearranging a branch of evergreen, looking quite pretty in her blue merino, the neck and sleeves edged with a fringe of misty lace, and her auburn curls streaming over her shoulders like waves of sunshine. It might have been a consciousness of her own fresh loveliness that brought the rose-flush to her cheeks, and made her pause once in a while before the little oval mirror, to assure herself that Simeon's gold chain was all right, with the clasp just in front. It might have been something else; be that as it may, Faith was not to blame, for that which we often term maiden vanity deserves a far holier name.

Two o'clock passed, and at last the old corner clock struck three; still they had not come.

'What can detain 'em so long?' said Lisbeth, giving the fire a vigorous stir, and removing Reuben's coat and slippers a little nearer. 'The dinner'll all be spiled, an' they'll have an awful ride. It'll be a dreadful storm, I know by the sound o' the wind; it roared just this way—kind o' mournful-like, just before the great snowstorm, when the hen-house roof fell in and smashed all my poor chickens. Dear me! how fast it falls! I do wish I'd a' thought to send to Simeon that yarn tippet; he always was subject to sore throats, and this'll be sure to give him one. Where's his slippers, Faith—the new ones you worked for him? Why don't you put 'em down to warm? He'll want 'em when he gets here.'

Faith brought out the slippers, pretty black velvet ones, flowered with golden braid—and put them beneath the chair in Simeon's favorite corner.

'Now, put down some apples to roast, and heat 'em a mug o' cider, an' see that the gravy's warm. Surely they'll be here soon.'

Faith did this also, and then brought out her little work-basket, and sat down before the glowing hickory fire, making a great effort to appear calm. But it was all in vain; her fingers would tremble and flutter, and her cotton tangle in a most amazing manner.

Four o'clock came, the snow descended in thick, heavy showers, and a cold easterly wind whistled round the corners, leaving the frozen ground bare in some places, and in others, piling up the white drifts in great freezing masses. The chickens sought their nightly roost, the cattle flocked to the barnyard, and the pony came up to the bars and whinnied for admittance; still they did not come.

The Thanksgiving dinner grew cold upon the table, and Lisbeth stood in the doorway, until the white flakes lay thickly on her garments.

'Somethin's the matter, Faith,' she said, uneasily—'I know there is; they wouldn't stay this long if there wasn't.'

'The boat may have been delayed?' suggested Faith.

'Yes, or the buggy broken down. Reuben said one of the linchpins was loose. Dear me! it's too bad—the Thanksgivin' dinner'll be spiled after all our fixin'.'

* * * * *

Another half-hour went by. The wind rose to a shrill blast, and the snow came down in smothering torrents. The chill, gray gloom of twilight began to settle down, when dimly visible to the eyes of the weary watchers appeared the sombre, bonnet-shaped top of the old-fashioned buggy.

'Here they come, Faith! here they come!' cried Lisbeth, springing down the steps. 'Stir the fire, and let's run down to meet 'em. Poor Simeon, I know he's nearly froze!'

Faith sprang up, and in her excited haste overturned her work-basket, sending its contents in promiscuous flight over the smoothly-waxed floor, burned her fingers with the poker, came well-nigh scorching her new merino dress, and at last, flushed and tremulous, ran out to join Lisbeth.

The old buggy came on with a slow, uncertain motion, and after several tedious moments, paused at the little gate.

Lisbeth pressed forward, closely followed by Faith; but no eager face looked out to welcome them.

'Where's Simeon—where's my boy?' cried the fond mother. 'O, Faith, he hasn't come! Reuben, where's Simeon?'

But Reuben did not answer, or even make the slightest movement. With his face white and stony, his hands dangling helplessly beside him, he sat in the remotest corner, staring out upon them with a vacant, unmeaning stare.

'Reuben, what's the matter?' almost screamed the frantic woman. 'Are you sick—dead—frozen? Oh, for heaven's sake, speak to me!'

Slowly and almost mechanically he arose from his seat, and clambered out with feeble, tottering steps.

'Reuben, Reuben—speak to me!' continued Lisbeth, grasping his arm fiercely. 'Where's Simeon—why hasn't he come home?'

'He's gone!—he'll never come home any more! never, never!' said the old man incoherently, groping with his hands in the pockets of his coat.

'Gone, Simeon gone!—my boy never come home any more! What do you mean, Reuben?'

'Here it is,' he continued, in the same wandering tone; 'here it all is! He'll never come home any more.'

Faith grasped the paper from his shivering hands, and following his pointed finger, read in the deepening twilight:

'By telegraph from S——. The steamer Ocean Queen, that left this wharf at six o'clock this morning, took fire on the passage. Although prompt and vigorous efforts were made to rescue the passengers, owing to the suddenness of the catastrophe only two were saved.'

'Simeon was one of them; he was one of the two,' she said, her face blanching and her lips growing rigid.

'No, no—I've seen 'em both; he'll never come home any more!'

'What is it?' cried Lisbeth, still unconscious of the dreadful truth, her voice dropping down to a tone of piteous entreaty, 'where is Simeon—where's my boy? tell me he's not dead, and I can bear anything else.'

But Reuben did not answer, for tears rolled over his wrinkled face, and it was enough.

* * * * *

The storm swelled higher and higher, and towards midnight, raged around the little New England cottage with appalling fury. The hickory fire had burned down to a few flickering embers, which threw a fitful glow over the Thanksgiving table, and over the bowed heads of the three disconsolate mourners as they sat there in their terrible desolation.

This was their Thanksgiving day, begun in hope and joyous anticipation, but ended in the very blackness of utter despair.

'Oh, I can't stand it,' sobbed Lisbeth; 'I can't, I can't; it's cruel—wicked—wrong. He was all I had—my only child—my darling, precious boy, that never gave his old mother a cross word, or caused her a moment's trouble in his life; my baby, that used to sleep in my bosom and lay his little head against my cheek—an' now he's in the river—in the cold, black water, and we're here, living, thinking, breathing, by the warm fire. Oh, I can't stand it, I can't; I wish I could die and end my misery!'

Reuben was too deeply affected by this sudden outgush of a mother's grief to speak a single word of comfort, and his own heart was too deeply wounded. For a few moments the three sat side by side in sorrowful silence; then the old man rose up and taking down the family Bible, opened it and read: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest.'

Precious, life-giving words. We read them night and morning, and hear them Sabbath after Sabbath, from the sacred desk, yet never know their full meaning, their true consolation, until some great calamity sweeps away every earthly prop and stay, and we have nothing else to lean upon. All this was felt in that little New England cottage, as the old man's voice rose up like a sighing breeze in the din of the winter tempest, and on the great surging deep of their hearts fell a sad but peaceful calm.

Still the storm raged on; the winds rose and fell and whistled round the gables, driving the snow before them in great freezing drifts. It would soon be morning; rose and gold and purple would dapple the eastern horizon, and disperse the storm and darkness; but over the night of their desolation, no morning would ever break. Was that a step on the snow or only the voice of the tempest? A step surely, for it comes on, crunching through the freezing drifts, and pauses on the step with a quick, determined sound. And now there is a rap, short, sudden and eager.

Reuben rises; it is some of the neighbors with tidings of the lost steamer; news that the body of his boy has been found, perhaps. He opens the door—the wind sweeps in, bringing with it a cutting shower of sleet, and also a happy, hopeful face.

'How are you, father?'

The resonant voice rings through the silent gloom like a peal of sudden joy. The old father hears it, and falls forward in his son's embrace; the poor mother hears it, and rushes forward half frantic with delight; Faith hears it in the solitude of her little chamber, and hastens out, her sweet face alternating between smiles and tears.

'Oh, Simeon—oh, my good boy'—they told me you was dead, drowned, lost in the river; they wanted to break your old mother's heart, but you wouldn't let 'em; you've come back, Simeon, never to leave me again.'

'Never to leave you again, mother—God willing.' He held her to his bosom for a moment, and then went round to where Faith stood.

'Now, father and mother,' he said, his voice vibrating with suppressed emotion, as he took the young girl's hand, 'let me tell you of my deliverance—for deliverance it was—from the very jaws of death. It was God's providence first, and next to that, Faith's little Bible. She gave it to me the morning we parted, and I always kept it about me, and it proved a precious talisman. I went on board the Ocean Queen this morning, with the rest of the poor passengers, but just as she was leaving the wharf, I found that I had left my overcoat hanging on the railing on the bridge. I didn't care for the coat, but Faith's little Bible was in the pocket, and I could not part with that, so I jumped ashore just as the boat pushed off. And now, father,' he continued, turning to the old man, who sat in his leathern arm-chair, with clasped hands and streaming tears, 'I will now say, with your permission, that which my heart has long felt. I have succeeded in my efforts, even beyond my most ardent expectations; in the far West a comfortable home awaits us, surrounded by fertile acres sufficient to yield us all we need. I love you, I have always loved you, ever since that winter night when mother brought you home to be my little sister. Be more than sister now—be my wife, Faith!'

The auburn head went down upon his shoulder like a flash of sunlight. Lisbeth stood in silence, unable to comprehend the scene, but after a while the happy truth burst upon her, and she clasped her arms about them with a joyful cry: My own precious children, and we shall all live together, and never part again, shan't we, Simeon?'

'Never part again, mother, until death parts us,' said the young man, solemnly.

'Get his new slippers, Faith,' cried the happy mother, laughing and crying by turns, 'they'll be all the more acceptable now—think a heap of 'em, Simeon—she most worked her eyes out over 'em.'

Simeon put on the velvet slippers, and sat down in his old place.

'Now, Faith, run for the gravy, while I stir up the fire; we'll have our Thanksgiving dinner after all.'

'Thanksgiving breakfast I should say, mother,' laughed Simeon.

'Well, it'll do just as well—we've seen a great many in our day, but this'll be the happiest one of all, won't it Reuben?'

'The happiest one of all, Lisbeth,' said the old man, smiling through his tears.

Womanly Modesty.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky and a full blown rose leave him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush and the moon when emerging from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and of pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to a figure in painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of the "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virtue should use. It is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the albe, which blooms and dies in a few hours; but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

An agricultural paper is as essential to a farmer as a head light to a locomotive. There are times when safe speed is made without it, but in the uncertain darkness, its steady light thrown far ahead reveals obstructions and prevents many a wreck. To the farmer, the light of other people's experience is of untold value, making the way clear when without it he might sigh over sickly looking crops and wonder whether it were better to put manure or a mortgage on his land. When I hear a man say "I can't afford to take a paper," I know the boundary lines of his fields are marked by tumble-down fences; that his barns and sheds have a shaky, shivery look; and that his cattle resemble the lean kine which Joseph saw in his dream. Oftentimes a single suggestion or receipt is worth to him the price of his paper. On many farms there are corners or waste spots which a little labor would bring under cultivation, thereby greatly improving the looks of the place. I would suggest that those farms themselves be utilized in the spring, and the proceeds of what is raised upon them be devoted to pay for good books and papers, and let at least one of the papers be devoted to agriculture.

A gentleman seeing a curly-headed youngster perched on top of one of the small U. S. boxes, said, "I say, there, are you a girl or a boy?" "I'm a boy, I am, even if I do wear frocks," replied the younster. "Well," said the quizzical man, "you can stay up there, then, for that's a mail box! If you'd been a girl, I'd pulled you down."

"Take care!" yelled a servant to a thirsty boarder, "the stuff in that bottle was got to destroy ants!" "Well," responded the reckless man, "I'm not an aunt, and so have no fear of its destroying me!" and he drank the contents down. The servant muttering: "It's no use tryin' to frighten some folks."

Enterprising speculators are negotiating with the interior department with a view to the construction of roadways and hotels in Yellowstone Park for the convenience of tourists.

What piece of carpentery becomes a gem as soon as it is finished?—*A-gate.*

Mare Island Navy Yard.

Mr. Winterhalter of Detroit sends a most interesting series of letters to the Post and Tribune. In his last is the following concerning our only naval station on the Pacific coast:

Vallejo is now a place deriving its chief interest and support from the navy yard, from which it is separated by the straits of Mare Island, a quarter of a mile wide.

The island derived its name from the following circumstance: Formally a raft made of barrels and boards was the only ferry across the straits of Karquenas to the south'ard of the island. One day a number of animals, among them a mare, the favorite horse of Gen. Vallejo, were being ferried over to the city, when a squall struck and capsized the ferry. Some of the animals escaped by swimming ashore. Among the saved was the General's mare, which landed on the southern end of the Island. Hence the General dubbed it "Isla de la Yegna," which we have translated.

The navy yard bears the distinction of having been established under the personal supervision of Farragut, who for four years, beginning in 1854, labored to make it a yard useful as well as ornamental. In Rotten Row, (an appropriate name for the place where the vessels are laid up, are lying the Cyane, Monongahela, Saco, Tuscarora, Benecia and Nyack. Besides, there are the Narragansett and Mohican. The Independence is receiving-ship and the Iroquois was fitting out for the South Pacific, which station she has since then joined. In Vallejo lies the uncompleted Monadnock, an iron-clad vessel, dating from the time of Robeson's administration of the navy. These old hulks could many a tale untold. The Cyane was instrumental inducing and conquering during the Mexican war this same California, within whose limits she has now found a peaceful resting-place. The names Cyane and Levant are connected with that of the Constitution. The two ships were captured by "Old Ironsides" during the war of 1812. Of the two, the Cyane was broken up in Philadelphia in 1836; the Levant was lost in the Pacific, 1860, with all on board. The "new" Cyane, 24 class sloop, 20 guns, was launched in 1837. The Independence, too, has a history, being older than all the others. She was one of the first ships ever built at the Boston navy yard, was launched as a 74-gun ship in 1814, raised to a 54 in 1856. Taking part in the conquest of California as the flag-ship of Commodore Shubrick, who relieved Commodore Sloat, she captured a Mexican ship and launch.

The very first Independence we read about was a sloop of 10 guns, purchased by the continental congress and supposed to have been destroyed in the Delaware in 1777 to prevent falling into the enemy's hands. The Monongahela, on whose bridge, while attempting to run by Port Hudson, Capt. J. P. McKinstry was wounded, after being Farragut's flag-ship for a few weeks on the Mississippi, and after following the Admiral's flag into Mobile and through the great fight, after being beached by a tidal wave in Santa Cruz, and going through haps and mishaps in every clime, has come to rest her weary frame at this yard.

Much might be told about this fine navy yard. The buildings, which are mostly substantial two-story brick houses, include foundry and machine ship, construction shops, blacksmith and iron-plating shops, sail and rigging lofts, officers' quarters, a hut dignified by the title of observatory, a fine hospital and many smaller structures. Gas is furnished the yard by an Otto silent gas engine of four horse power, which pumps it over from Vallejo.

Twelve hundred men have at one time found employment in the yard, but the force averages five hundred. Many of these own boats in which they cross to Vallejo. At noon the vessels of this "mosquito fleet" are seen darting across the straits, while other workmen fill up the Mare Id. ferry.

For some years a stone dry dock has been in process of construction, to cost $2,500,000, to be 530 feet long over all and capable of docking vessels of 430 feet. At present a sectional dry dock is in working order and receives all vessels of the Pacific station that require repairs below the water line.

The First Propellers.

The first propellers ever built in this country, and, as far as I know, the first iron hulls, were the Anthracite and the Black Diamond, built on the plans of Captain Ericsson, and employed in carrying coal through the Delaware and Raritan canal. The first sea-going propeller built in this country was the frigate Princeton, built on Captain Ericsson's designs, under the direction of Captain Stockton. It was a full-rigged sailing ship, the intention being to use steam only as auxiliary. It should not be forgotten that John Stevens, almost eighty years ago, built a small boat with two propellers, or "circular sculls," as he called them, and ran it about the harbor of New York. It is wonderful how near his blades approach the angle which experience has shown to be best. He used a small locomotive boiler, as it would now be called, such as was reinvented by Booth a quarter of a century later, at Liverpool.—*Ashbel Welsh.*

An Alabama humorist writes: "Why can't people cultivate sociability and good nature? Here was a man the other night got to ring road and organized a riot just because a fellow who sat behind him at a theatre put his feet up on his shoulder, and spit in his high hat, Some men have such cold and unsympathetic natures that they can't bear a little genial humor in their fellow-beings."

DELEVAN, WIS., Sept. 24, 1878.

GENTS—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 78 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

D. BOYCE.

Three thousand Glasgow ship joiners on strike.

What it Did for an Old Lady.

COSHOCTON STATION, N. Y.,
Dec. 28, 1878.

GENTS—A number of people had been using your Hop Bitters here, and with marked effect. In one case, a lady of over seventy years had been sick for years, and for the past ten years has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was *helpless*. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY
Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

Wanted a Job.

Yesterday a man came into the *Boomerang* office with the air of a man who is tired of this earth and wants to wing his way to a land of forgetfulness and plunge into the lethian depths of oblivion. After he had taken a seat on the tete-a-tete and hung his hat on the escritoire, he said:

"I'm a newspaper man myself. Didn't know but you might want a good man on the staff, somebody to write up the sad features of life and furnish the tearful wail, as it were. Life is full of woe, and in my estimation every paper should have a woe editor. I am well fitted for that position, as you will see if I may be allowed to go on and detail my own experience to you.

"I went down into Kansas and started a paper in a small town on the Sante Fe Road, with the assurance that I would meet with the cordial aid and sympathy of the people there. I didn't expect to do a big business, but I just wanted to run a little modest sheet. The first week my paper didn't get here, and I had to print that issue on some paper bags that I got from our leading grocer. This was an advantage, because his ad. was already printed on the first page and it saved the wear and tear of display type. Still paper looked meager and did not attract the attention that I had hoped for it. It did not influence the Administration nor boom up the town as I had anticipated.

"The next week I wrote up a little social party and gave the name of a young man who was drunk and frolicsome and shot out all the lights. He also shot an old man who was "calling off" the dance.

"I thought the press ought to be fearless and outspoken if the occasion required, and I wrote it up carefully and, as I thought, fairly, but the young man came around the next day and convinced me that I was wrong. I was writing a scathing article on agnosticism when he came in and knocked me under the job-press with a chair. I didn't know him at all and thought it was rather eccentric for a total stranger, so when I got up again I told him so. Then he jammed me into the wood-box and poured a keg of ink and a can of coal oil on me before I could have any understanding with him.

"Then he went away.

"That evening he came with some friends and bought the good-will of the establishment, and the whole office and subscription list of me. He had the advantage of me, and bought it low. I felt that I was making a scarifice, but I was afraid I might not have another opportunity to sell, so I sold. The price, of course, was nominal, but the inducements held out were not to be ignored.

"Since then I have started three papers, and had three large and hotly-contested fights. My collar-bone has been broken in two places, and my doctor's bills have always been bigger than the other expenses of the office. The dentist has been pulling teeth out of my polate ever since I entered into the newspaper business. As soon as I got so I could see with both eyes one of them has been closed up on me, and my nose has at different times pointed around all over my face.

"What I want now is a chance to work on some paper *in cog.*, as I might say, and where I will be by myself. I can take most any current event and tinge it with sadness. I can give an air of hopeless melancholy to the occurrences of everyday life that will make your paper known all over the world. I will admit that this is an innovation in journalism, perhaps, but it will take, I think, and I know that if I can succeed in imbuing into my work that settled air of gloom that I feel, your paper will win for itself in a short time the name of being a ghastly record of disappointment and grief-stricken, horror-soaked remorse in the world."

The manager sobbed a few times and then said, while his voice was choked with emotion, that the opaque gloom department was ably filled at present; and the stranger went out into the cold, hard, unsympathizing outer world, taking with him his leaden burden of woe and a silk umbrella that stood in the hall.—*Nye's Boomerang.*

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.—Mackerel fishermen returning from the eastern coast describe a strange phenomenon which they do not pretend to explain. They say that beginning at a point off Monhegan, Me., and extending northeast for sixty-five or seventy miles, the blue water is sharply cut by a whitish stream some thirty miles in width. The line of demarkation is perfectly distinct and extends downward like a wall as far as the eye can penetrate. Mackerel swimming into the white water are peculiarly affected by the change, and display in their movements great activity and uneasiness. Capt. Stephen J. Martin, a veteran fisherman and an employe of the United States Fish Commission, remembers that in 1849, in the same region, the ocean presented a similar appearance, and that the phenomenon was repeated in 1851 on the southeastern part of George's Bank.

The *Enquirer* of Cincinnati says: Hon. P. T. Barnum strongly indorses St. Jacobs Oil for pain. His combination and artists all use it.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.

Judge W. T. Filley, of Pittsfield, this state, was cured of severe rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.

Every time you avoid doing wrong you increase your inclination to do right.

No Trouble to Swallow

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

Hard Lumps in Breast.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is gone. Yours gratefully,
MRS. R. R. CLARK,
Irvington, Mich.

Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.

Became Sound and Well.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.
Yours truly,
THOMAS J. METHVIN,
Hatcher's Station, Ga.

Too much sensibility creates happiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

A Good Square Meal

Is too often followed by a disordered stomach, symptoms of dyspepsia or indigestion. Every miserable dyspeptic in the land should know that he can be cured by a timely use of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Price $1.00.

Modesty is worth what shadows are in painting; she gives to it strength and relief.

No Matter What Happens

You may rest assured that you are safe in being speedily cured by THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, etc. One trial only is necessary to prove its efficacy.

The person who is good for making excuses is seldom good for anything else.

ON THE COMPLEXION.

Without going into any aesthetic raptures in regard to personal beauty, it must be admitted by all, that a pure and clear complexion often makes up for plain features, while a rough and sallow skin, or freckly face, mars the most perfect Grecian profile that was ever moulded from Nature's art gallery; but when a fresh, clear, transparent, and brilliant complexion is combined with a classical pleasing countenance, lustrous eye, and graceful form, the mind becomes enraptured with the beautiful association, and "how lovely" is the involuntary exclamation made by all who gaze upon this rare combination of nature's choicest gift to the human family. A clear complexion is a living evidence of pure blood and sound health; and although there are many who try to improve the complexion by extraneous means, it is of little or no use, unless the seat of life has been reached, and the blood purified; in fact, art must be abandoned, and nature resorted to. All, therefore, who are anxious to possess a white, soft and smooth skin, with that peachy bloom so much admired, must not depend upon cosmetics, powders, or paints; their object should be to get the blood purified, which can be done easily, speedily, and safely, by Nature's own restorative, Burdock Blood Bitters, which gives a healthy tone to the system, and a fair complexion to the countenance.

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Mich.

The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.

A Baptist Minister's Experience.

I am a Baptist Minister, and before I even thought of being a clergyman, I graduated in medicine, but left a lucrative practice for my present profession, 40 years ago. I was for many years a sufferer from quinsy; "THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL cured me." I was also troubled with hoarseness, and Thomas' Electric Oil always relieved me. My wife and child had diphtheria, and "Thomas' Electric Oil cured them," and if taken in time it will cure seven times out of ten. I am confident it is a cure for the most obstinate cold or cough, and if any one will take a small teaspoon and half fill it with the Oil, and then place the end of the spoon in one nostril and draw the Oil out of the spoon into the head by sniffing as hard as they can, until the Oil falls over into the throat, and practice that twice a week, I don't care how offensive their head may be, it will clean it out and cure their catarrh. For deafness and earache it has done wonders to my certain knowledge. It is the only medicine dubbed patent medicine that I have ever felt like recommending, and I am very anxious to see it in every place, for I tell you that I would not be without it in my house for any consideration. I am now suffering with a pain like rheumatism in my right limb, and nothing relieves me like Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

DR. E. F. CRANE,
Corry, Pa.

We must learn to submit with grace, to commit the follies which depend upon character.

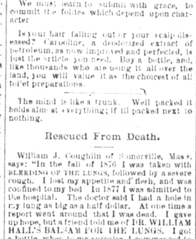
Is your hair falling out or your scalp diseased? Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, as now improved and perfected, is just the article you need. Buy a bottle, and, like thousands who are using it all over the land, you will value it as the choicest of all toilet preparations.

The mind is like a trunk. Well packed it holds almost everything; if ill packed next to nothing.

Rescued From Death.

William J. Coughlin of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctor said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to day I feel better than for three years past.

I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.



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No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.

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THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE Will be on exhibition at the STATE FAIR, at JACKSON. Look out for it. Send to me for price. Geo. W. Hill, — Detroit, Mich.

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A Fair Exchange.

Will you exchange a chronic case of Dyspepsia, or agree to break up a Bilious Temperament—to give your torpid Liver activity, and thus strengthen your Digestion, regain energy, comfort, health and spirits, *all for 75c?* A single bottle of ZOPESA will do this. A few doses surprise those who try Zopesa. For Biliousness and Dyspepsia in their many forms Zopesa is a Panacea, and is warranted to cure them. It acts speedily and pleasantly.

IT'S EVERY ONE'S DUTY—To improve the opportunities presented for health, cheerfulness, and comfort. *See to it*, that ZOPESA is used in your family for Dyspepsia and Biliousness. It is guaranteed to remove them.

IT STIRS—The dormant energies by aiding digestion and giving the Liver new life. ZOPESA (from Brazil) cleanses the system of all impurities. Try a 10 cent sample.

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M. B. P. 461

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made. A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. [illegible] $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. [illegible] Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALID'S FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them. D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. and Toronto, Ont.

DR. HARTER'S A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of Iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other Iron preparations.

GENTLEMEN:—I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy has in my hands made some wonderful cures. Cases that had baffled some of our most eminent physicians have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any Iron preparation ever made. In short, it is the ne plus ultra of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in every way. DR. ROBERT SAMUELS, ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 2d, 1881. 2905 Wash. Avenue.

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

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