

DEACON HEZEKIAH.

O, Hezekiah's a pious soul!
With his hair as long as a hickory pole,
And he wouldn't smile if you'd give him the whole
Of the gold in California:
There he is, like a cloud, in his Sunday pew,
With his book in hand, in his long-tailed blue,
And you'd better take care, or he'll look you through
With a glance that says, "I scorn you."
He is very straight, and narrow and tall,
From his crown to the hem of his over-all,
And he sings the psalm with a woful drawl,
And a mouth like a clam's when it's crying.
But when Monday comes, he is up with the sun,
His religion is over, his work is begun,
And you'd think there wasn't a world but one,
And he hadn't a thought of dying.
You would think he was sorry he'd lost a day,
As he rushes, and rattles, and drives away,
As he gives the poor orphan a crusty "nay,"
And the widow a vinegar greeting,
And he bargains, and sells, and collects his rent,
Nor tears, nor petitions can make him relent,
Till he gets in his pockets each doubtful cent,
Though he wouldn't be seen a cheating!
And Tuesday, and Wednesday, and all the week,
He doesn't know Gentile, nor Jew, nor Greek,
Nor care whom he robs of the last beefsteak,
Nor of the last hope of fire;
But Hezekiah is pious, very!
For who in the world ever saw him merry?
And he looks as forlorn as a dromedary,
And his voice, of itself is a choir.

Curing a grumbler, or Three Days at Home.

CHAP. I.—FIRST DAY.

"There, my dear, I brought you home three quarts of berries," said John Paley, the blacksmith, as he set the basket down upon the table.
"What in the world did you bring three quarts for? I can't use more than two," replied Mrs. Paley.
"Oh, well, now I think of it, Mrs. Thompson wants a quart, and wished me to get them for her, if the man came along to-day."
"Humph! Now I think of it, I want them myself, and Mrs. Thompson cannot have them."
"Never mind; I left a quart at the shop for luncheon to-morrow; she can have them."
"Do without yourself?"
"Certainly, if she wants them, she can have them."
"You take good care of Mrs. Thompson," said Mrs. Paley, with a slight sneer.
"Because I let her have a quart of berries?"
"That is more than any one would do for you or me."
"Oh no, I guess not."
"I asked her to lend me her washtub, the other morning, and she wouldn't do it," replied Mrs. Paley, rather spitefully.
"Wouldn't do it?"
"No."
"Wouldn't lend you a washtub?"
John Paley was astonished and indignant.—Mrs. Thompson was a widow, who lived in the next house, and he had frequently been called upon to perform sundry little chores which her lonely condition required; and now to have her refuse to lend his wife a washtub was the highest ingratitude, and he resolved on the spot that Mrs. Thompson should not have the berries.
"She isn't an angel," added Mrs. Paley.
"I never supposed she was. She would not lend you her wash tub?"
"No, she would not."
"I am surprised. When was it?"
"Last Monday morning."
"Monday morning! You did not go to her for a tub on Monday morning, did you?"
"I did. At what other time should I want a tub?"
"Well, I only asked her for it, and it was mean of her not to let me have it, after we have done so much for her."
"We!" John Paley wanted to say that he, like the editorial singular, meant only himself; but he did not wish to stir up any more strife.
"She told me she had clothes in it," continued Mrs. Paley.
"Well?"
"She didn't seem willing to lend it to me; so when she offered to take them out and let me have the tub, I told her she needn't trouble herself."
"It was very wrong, Mary, for you to ask her to lend her tub on Monday morning."
"I suppose so; if any one was wrong, I am the one," pouted Mrs. Paley, disgusted with her husband's partiality and injustice.
"Never mind, Mary. Is supper ready?"
"No; that wood you got last is such miserable stuff, it won't burn at all."
"It is the best I could get, and the best there is, for that matter, I gave eight dollars a cord for it."
"A fool and his money are soon parted."
"A fool and her husband—." But John cut the sentence short, thinking it a little too wicked for the occasion.
"Just like you! If there is a fool anywhere, I am the one."
"Never mind, Mary. Let us have supper as soon as you can. I am going to the caucus this evening."
"You are! You never stay at home evenings now."
"Why, my dear, I have not been out of the house of an evening for a month."
"Why did you go at all?"
"Because I am deeply interested in the election."
"More so than you are in your wife," she replied, petulantly, as she opened the stove oven to see if the biscuits were ready.

"I declare! This is the meanest oven I ever saw. It will not bake worth a cent."
"Have you just found that out?" asked Mr. Paley.
"It was never good for anything."
And so Mrs. Paley went on from one thing to another, regularly and systematically condemning everything upon which she set her eyes.—She was not suited. Everything and everybody were out of joint. Nothing went right; nobody could do anything to suit her.

John Paley was not particularly happy in his domestic relations. The porcine temper of his wife was a continual annoyance to him. It was very hard, to use his best endeavors to please her, and then fail. He had tried to study her wishes, but they were mere devices, and in despair he gave up his attempts. Nothing that he could do would please her; nothing but that she found fault with him.

CHAP. II.—SECOND DAY.

John Paley was of an easy temper. He was disposed to make the best of things as he found them, but there was no such thing as compromising with incessant grumbling. Like many others, he could not be driven to the dram-shop, nor even to the usual haunts of loafers in the country places. He was obstinately bent on staying at home in the evening. He was fond of reading, and home was the center of his thoughts. Even the perversity of his wife could not eradicate his deeply seated love for home.

Still, home was not a pleasant place to him—at least not half so pleasant as it might be. Mary loved him, he could not doubt that. During a long illness, the winter before, she had been unremitting in her devotion. A piece of red hot iron flew into his eye, so that the ball of it had nearly run out. He had suffered the most intense agony. Day by day he had groaned with anguish, and seen the tears of his wife fall as she witnessed his suffering. By night, while he tossed in agony, she had watched by him, nor slept for a week. His pain was her's; and, while he suffered, she never complained of the watching and privation that his illness occasioned; she never used an ungentle word, even when worn out with suffering he became testy and impatient.

She loved him; she sacrificed all her comforts for him; and why should he not bear with her infirmity? Should he, who had been so tenderly watched over, who had been nursed and nourished so devotedly by her, cast her out—should his affection be alienated from her?

It is true, her fault was a grievous one. It gave him a continual uneasiness. It kept him harrassed from one week's end to the other. It almost embittered his very existence.

"I will cure her," said John, while he was going home one day, as a new idea penetrated his brain. "She will find fault with me when I carry this leg of veal home. It will be either too large or too small, too fat or too lean, too good or too bad. I will cure her."

Mary did find fault with the veal; it was too fat and too large and too good for persons in their circumstances. But John held his peace and sat down to his supper.

"What sort of tea is this?" said he, as he pushed the cup petulantly from him.

"What is the matter with it?" asked his wife, astonished at such a display of "sulk" on his part.

"It is too strong of hot water. I should like to get a decent cup of tea once in my life."

"Why, John?"

"It is nothing but dishwater."

"I am sorry it don't suit you."

"It never suits me," he added, as he broke open a hot biscuit.

"Never suits you?"

"No;" and at the same moment he threw the broken biscuit back upon the plate. "Saleratus again."

"What is the matter with the biscuits, John?" asked Mrs. Paley, amazed at the singular conduct of her husband.

"There are great junks of saleratus in it.—If there is anything I detest, it is the taste of saleratus in bread."

Mary took the broken biscuit and examined it. "There is only a single speck to be seen in it.—I will cut it out. Pray take another, John."

John did take another, and broke it open, but perceived another speck of the offensive substance, scarcely bigger than the head of a pin.

"Haven't you any cold bread?" he asked, as he threw it back upon the plate.

"There is none in the house," replied poor Mary, ready to burst into tears with vexation.

"Give me a piece of pie, then."

Mary brought a mince pie.

"Strong enough of cloves to strangle a fellow," said he. "Strange that I can't get anything that's fit to eat."

The poor wife could bear it no more. Her eyes filled with tears, and she sobbed aloud.—John was not disposed to carry the lesson any further. Mary, as much as she found fault herself, was extremely sensitive and she could not endure the slightest censure.

"Mary, my dear, do not weep," said he; going up to her, and impressing a kiss upon her cheek.

"What is the matter with you, John? You never behaved so before."

"I was only holding up a mirror to you. You can now tell how I feel when you find fault with everything I do."

"I never will again."

"My own Mary! Forgive me if I caused you pain."

"You are too bad, John."

"But no worse than you are almost every day."

Mary thought a great deal that night.

CHAP. III.—THIRD DAY.

The battle had been fought and the victory won. Mrs. Paley's heart was full of tenderness and sympathy. She could not have realized the pain that her useless grumbling had caused her husband, or she never would have indulged the habit. She would not make him unhappy for

the world; and now, when the lesson had opened her eyes, she set a guard upon her tongue.

Almost always an habitual grumbler is an indolent person. A man or woman, whose mind is occupied, has no time to be discontented.—But Mrs. Paley's was a kind of moral indolence. She permitted her noble faculties to sleep for the time, and discontent stole in while the sentinel was off guard. She had chosen a new course of action, but she had to watch with ceaseless vigilance, just to curb the disposition to complain.—To be indolent was to lose the battle and fail.

"Forgive me, John."

"I won't say another word, my dear," he added, with a smile that turned it all into sunshine.

"Shall I put some more tea in the teapot?"

"No, I only said that; the tea is very good."

"Ah! I see what you mean."

"It is all right; you have done nobly, my dear, by and by you will forget how to complain."

"I hope so, John, for your sake."

And eventually, Mary did overcome the habit. She had all the heart of a woman to make her happy—a good home and a kind husband—so that her life might have been perpetual sunshine, if she chose to have it so.

Patience and perseverance will overcome all things, and they will overcome the vilest habit that ever clung to a sinning mortal. With her, the palm of victory was disputed inch by inch; and occasionally her husband had to tell her the tea was dishwater, that the cakes tasted of Saleratus or something of this kind, but the cure was at last complete. She learned to look at the bright side, and ignore the dark side.

To John Paley belonged the credit of the cure. Another might have been disgusted with matrimony, pronounced the whole thing a humbug, and gone from home to seek solace in the company of the abandoned and dissolute. To him the remembrance of his wife's devotion in sickness was like an oasis in the desert. It is true, it was her duty to take care of him in sickness, but her devotion was not bounded by the mandate of duty; it was the offspring of love. It was the heart's tribute; and her husband saw that her grumbling was only a dark shadow obscuring the brightness of her character, and he chased the cloud away.—[Prairie Farmer.]

How to Earn a Home.

The other day I came home with an extra ten dollar bill in my pocket—money that I had earned by out of hours work. The fact is I've a salary of \$600 per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it.

I suppose this income will sound amazing small to your two and three thousand dollar office holders, but nevertheless we contrive to live very comfortably upon it. We live on one floor of an unpretended little house, for which we pay \$150 per annum, and Kitty—my wife, you'll understand—does all her own work; so that we lay up a neat little sum every year; I've got a balance of two or three hundred dollars at the savings' bank, the board of several years, and it is astonishing how rich I feel! Why, Rothschild himself is not a circumstance to me.

Well, I came home with my extra bill, and showed it triumphantly to Kitty, who of course was delighted with my industry and thrift.

"Now, my love," said I, "just add this to our account, and with interest at the end of the year."

Forthwith I commenced casting interest and calculated in my brain. Kitty was silent, and rocked the cradle musingly with her foot.

"I've been thinking, Harry," she said, after a moment's pause, "that since you've got this extra money we might afford to buy a new rug. This is getting dreadful shabby, my dear, you must see."

I looked dolefully at the rug; it was worn and shabby enough, that was a fact.

"I can get a beautiful new velvet pattern for seven dollars," resumed my wife.

"Velvet—seven dollars?" groaned I.

"Well, then, a common tufted rug like this would only cost three," said my cautious better half, who, seeing she could not carry her first ambitious point, wisely withdrew her guns.

"That's more sensible," said I. "Well we'll see about it."

"And there's another thing I want," continued my wife, "putting her hand coaxingly on my shoulder, and it's not at all extravagant either."

"What is it?" I asked, softening rapidly.

"I saw such a lovely silk dress pattern on Canal street this morning, and I can get it for six dollars—only six dollars, Harry! It's the cheapest thing I ever saw."

"But haven't you got a very pretty green silk dress?"

"That old thing! Why, Harry, I've worn it ever since we've been married."

"Is it soiled or ragged?"

"No, of course; but who wants to wear the same green dress for ever? Everybody knows it is the only silk I have."

"Well, what then?"

"That's just a man's question," pouted Kitty.

"And I suppose you have not observed how old fashioned my bonnet is getting?"

"Why, I thought it looked very neat and tasteful since you put on that black velvet winter trimming."

"Of course—you men have no taste in such matters."

We were silent for a moment; I'm afraid we felt a little cross and out of humor with one another. In fact, on my journey home, I had entertained serious thoughts of exchanging my old silver watch for a modern time piece of gold, and had mentally appropriated the \$10 bill in furthering that purpose. Saving bank reflections had come later.

As we sat before our fire, each wrapped in thought, our neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, knocked at the door. He was employed at the same store as myself, and his wife was an old family friend.

"I want you to congratulate me," he said, tak-

ing a seat. "I have purchased that little cottage on the Bloomington road to-day."

"What! that beautiful little wooden cottage with the piazza and lawn, and fruit garden behind?" exclaimed Kitty, almost enviously.

"Is it possible?" I cried. A little cottage home of my own just like that I had often admired on the Bloomington road, had always been the one crowning ambition of my life—a distant and almost hopeless point, but no less earnestly desired.

"Why, Wilmot," said I, "how did this happen? You've only been in business eight or ten years longer than I, at a salary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I could as soon buy up the mint as purchase like that."

"Well," said my neighbor, "we have all been working to this end for years. My wife has darned, patched, mended and saved—we have lived on plain fare, and done with the cheapest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair was not needed by actual positive want. Yes, I have seen my wife lay by red coppers one by one."

LIVING BEYOND ONE'S MEANS.—The following article, taken from the "money column" of the *Independent*, contains good morality and sound religion:

"We have often alluded to a practice prevalent among business men, of living beyond their means, and thus bringing upon themselves a failure which was no fault of their mode of business, but only of their mode of living. It is not safe to look only at a man's store to know his standing in business; you must look also at his house. His splendid profits may entirely merge themselves in his splendid dwelling; so that, if he should suddenly fail, his assets would be found to consist chiefly of carpets, mirrors, frescoes, pictures, marbles, furniture, and a variety of similar articles, all belonging to the inside of a 'brown-stone front.'

Now, if what is poured into the top of a pitcher runs out through a hole in the bottom, it will take continual pouring to keep it full; a sudden stoppage will leave it empty and dry. We need hardly say that it takes a large business to support a fine house; and when the fine house taxes the business to its utmost, a small reverse, which otherwise a man would hardly have felt, now may occasion his ruin.

The foundation of a man's fortune is laid on two corner stones—one in his store, the other in his house. If he builds too heavily on either of these, he will have the whole roof down upon him. Many a man who has been known as the 'architect of his own fortune,' has built unwisely upon one or other of these foundations, and has at last been surprised with a worse fall than the tumbling of the State arsenal!

It is true, the line of difference between living within one's means and living beyond them, may sometimes be difficult to draw, so as to give the greatest proper limit to free expenditure. For instance, a man may be able to keep a horse and buggy, and live within his means, who, if he were to keep two horses and a carriage, would be living beyond them. A man may keep a fine house in the city and be able to afford it, who, as soon as he builds another in the country, is going farther than his money will follow.

A man may give an ice cream party, and not feel it, who, when he gives a fancy dress ball, will suffer for it a month afterwards. A man may pick his teeth on the steps of St. Nicholas, and be living frugally within his means, who, if he were once to pay for his dinner at the hotel would not have a cent left for his supper! When a man is conscious that he is straining a point for a splendid house, or a fast horse, or a grand soiree, or an extravagant table, he may be sure that he is the man 'who is living beyond his means!'

The expense of a well-dressed wife or daughter, in the simple article of jewelry, for a single evening, is oftentimes as much as would originally have bought the entire island of Manhattan, before the times of Peter Stuyvesant! When the 'little bills' for these trifles are sent in and paid, the crisis may be imagined, as bringing up the rear, like Barquo's ghost!"

We write a true epitaph when we say that many a man's failure has resulted, not from losses in his business, but from losses to which he is blind because they are hidden in parlor carpets, enamelled furniture and gilded cornices, or in pearl necklaces, topaz brooches and diamond rings!"

How to Go to Bed.—Hall's *Journal of Health*, in speaking on this subject says:—

"In freezing winter time do it in a hurry, if there is no fire in the room, and there ought not to be unless you are quite an invalid. But if a person is not in good health it is best to undress by a good fire, warm and dry the feet well, draw on the stockings again, run into a room without a fire, jump into bed, bundle up, with head and ears under cover for a minute or more, until you feel a little warmth; then uncover your head, next draw off your stockings, straighten out, turn over on your right side and go to sleep. If a sense of chilliness comes over you on getting into bed, it will always do you an injury; and its repetition increases the ill effects without having any tendency to 'harden' you. Nature ever abhors violence.—We are never shocked into good health. Hard usage makes no garment last longer.

IMPERIAL JUSTICE.—A St. Petersburg letter says:—"The Emperor Alexander has recently shown his love of justice by severely punishing the Count Cy, a great landed proprietor, for cruelly ill-treating a Prussian upholsterer and his men, whom he placed in confinement and refused either to let go or pay them for their work. By the Emperor's sentence the count is deprived of his rank and decorations, declared incapable of holding any public office, and further condemned to pay a fine of several thousand roubles."