

THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING, Nov. 10, 1881.

YOUNG FOLES CORNER.

CHILDREN.

On the ripples of childhood laughter,
And the laugh of the velvety hand!
The charms of the little faeries,
And the wry foot to patter the sand!
These chase the beautiful sunshine,
That floods all the hours with its light!
And the vanished shadows before it
Are recalled but as dreams of the night.

A Dangerous Plant.

All parts of the oleander are deadly. A very small quantity of the leaves has been known to kill a horse. The flowers have produced death in those persons who carelessly picked and ate them. The branches, directed about their waists, there are others who tell the truth and allow time to test the merits of what they offer for sale. As year after year rolls over, the frauds and the shame cast away of sight in the pools and morsages of obscurity, while what is really good and true stands boldly forth all the grander for its age and solidity. Thus while within the present decade thousands of patent medicines puffed at one time to infamy, have shrunk before the test of analysis. St. Jacobs Oil has bravely borne the strain, and is to day renowned all over the world for its famous curative powers. It is truly one of the phenomena of the age we live in. The sale of this article is incredible. It is to be found all over the civilized world and in a good many places which are not civilized—for, unfortunately, the bones of sorrowing man are racked and torn with pain no matter what religion he inhabits—and we believe it is yet destined to be found in every house, and to supersede the many nostrums which still remain abroad to rob and defraud humanity of its money and its health.

The firm of A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, spend half a million dollars yearly in advertising St. Jacobs Oil, and hence we may guess at the full extent of their enormous business. It is truly marvelous, or would be, did we not know the circulation of this insatiable blessing.

The Boy We Want to See.

"He never caused his mother one sad moment." Where is that boy? We want to see him this very day. People go far and pay much to see "the handsomest woman in the world," but we would go further and pay more to see the brave and noble boy who never caused a tear to fall from the eye of a loving mother; a boy who will live when all earth's beauty has faded away.

Stingy or Generous?

"Oh, he won't take a treat because he's too stingy and knows very well he'll have to spend a quarter next time in giving us a treat."

Very true, my boy, but which would you prefer to be—a stingy, sober man who will not be accountable for influencing others to drink, or a generous, drunken man, who has prevailed upon many others to drink that which intoxicates!

Save the Pennies.

"It's what she'll spend, my son, not what she'll make, which will decide whether she's to be rich or not," said a Quaker to his boy. Don't spend much for candies or toys. What does not go into the bank for future use should be spent in books. Governor Ellsworth, of Connecticut, when alive, used to say: "People have to walk at one end of life, and he preferred to walk at the first end." And so he did, being poor and walking a long way to the city to his law office, while a rich young friend rode. The tables turned, and the rich young man became poor and the Governor rich."

Just Comfortable.

"Where's mamma?" cried blue-eyed Bessie, running breathlessly into the room; the other morning. "Never mind, you'll do,anny; I only want to know something. Is my rich?" "Not very. Why?" "O, because Benny Bend and Mrs. Monk and Kate Kinley are out telling about their pars, and I didn't know about mine."

"Well, Bessie, I'll tell you. Your pa is not too rich, and not too poor; he is just comfortable." The child stood for a moment, looking thoughtfully, then repeated, over and over to herself, "Not weddy rich, not weddy poor, just comfortable," and went out.

Presently her mother came in, Bessie following her.

"Well, Bessie," said she, "have you been a good girl to-day?" "No, mamma."

"Why, Bessie, I hope you have not been a bad girl!"

"No, mamma," said the little thing; "not weddy bad, not weddy good, just comfortable."

What Did the Clock Say?

The clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked:

"Mother, what did the clock say?" "To me," said his mother, sadly, "it seemed to say, 'Gone—gone—gone!'"

"What, mother! what has gone?" "Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger from

our Father in heaven," said by him to inquire of you—of you, what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling."

"Where is it gone, mother?" "Back to him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words, and deeds, while it was with us. Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

Reader, what record are the hours, as they come and go, leaving up on high of you?

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