

An Ennetet Quaker.

Many years ago during a severe winter, Nantucket harbor was frozen over for four weeks. The coal in store had long been exhausted, and the people were suffering from want of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burnt to eke out the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the townspeople, the ice broke up one fine morning, and a schooner laden with coals arrived at anchor. The news was so much excitement, and before the craft was

gerly addressed the honest Quaker skipper Gifford: "Aw, Cap'n, said he, 'you've about lit this crisis. I guess I'll have to take 'r for bad coin. S'pose I'll want more'n the usual \$7 a ton. Wal, I like to do the square thing by a friend, and I'll give you \$12 a ton for it." "Friend," said Captain Gifford, "these like have one ton of my coal fit to be taken for \$8, but one ton, all must have a chance." "Friend," said the skipper, "I'll take most of the place joined them saying, 'I want some of your coal at your own price—name it. I have suffered enough for once.'" He received the same answer, and so did all—one ton for each family, and \$8 as the price of each ton. "No love to you," the solicitation, "regard for individuals could move honest Captain Gifford."

**A Double Man.**

All the stories told of the Siamese

double man, of whom the following account is given by the Rerum Scoticarum Historica: During the reign of James the Fifth, of Scotland, and at his court, there lived a man doubt about the truth, and single below that region. The king caused him to be carefully brought up. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of music, the two heads learned several languages; they debated together and the two heads occasionally fought. They lived, generally, in the greatest harmony, in Poland. When the lower part of the body was tickled, the two individuals felt it together; but when on the other hand, one of the upper individuals were touched, alone felt the effect. This monstrous being died at the age of 23. One of the bodies died several days before the other.

**Vanity.**

It is well meant, but it is probably a cruel thing of parents to discourage vanity.

fort can there be in life equal to vanity? Vanity is the only thing which keeps most men temperably sweet, and makes them more than vain of it. A such a versatility nature that it will accommodate itself to all ages, fortunes, and circumstances. Hope grows old; aspirations become middle-aged; and even strong affections fade away. But vanity knows none of these foolish changes, and remains as unwrinkled as the sun. It is like the insect which always takes the color of the leaf it feeds upon, and always finds a leaf to feed upon.

There are direct opposites to almost every affection of the mind but vanity. For hope, there is despair; for joy, sorrow; for pleasure, pain; for love, hate. In direct contrast to vanity is humility. In each, we refuse to contemplate the possibility of there being a man so miserable as to possess the opposite quality to vanity.—*Good Words.*

quodam sympathy—that of a father and son living in Fleming county, Ky. The father is about 45 years of age, and the son is not yet 20. When one has my complaint the other is similarly affected.—But yet more remarkable still is the similarity of their appetites, temperaments and habits. They both like and eat the same things; both like and eat the other likes and eats; and what one dislikes and won't eat, the other dislikes and won't eat. If one becomes angry, or gloomy, or happy, to the same degree and at the same time is the other angry, or gloomy, or happy. They usually sleep the same number of hours, and at the same time and the same number of hours, and the most remarkable of all, they dream at the same time, and the dream of one is the same as that of the other. How cross the father must feel when his son gives him the tooth-ache! How disgusted the boy must be when his father has no appetite!

Noticing that the public statement of the delivery of six children at one birth, is very much discredited, I inclose the following bit of newspaper intelligence, thinking it may tend to confirm the fact that ladies often do wonders toward-multiplying their families.

It is related of Burdock, that the wife of a countryman in the Moscow district, Russia, had given birth to sixteen children, to twenty-seven confinements. She had four deliveries of four children each, seven of three, and sixteen of two.

It is also related of a woman, a swapper contained the following announcement: "Maria Anna Helen, the wife of a poor linen weaver, in Neuerchenfeld, twenty years married, bore at eleven confinements thirty-two children—twenty-eight living, and four dead; twenty-six were males, and six were females. They were all born in the same house, and were nursed by herself.

**A HINT TO YOUNG WOMEN.**—Young women, trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and do not be dependent on some one else for your own and your family's support. Sweep the stairs and floors, and darn your own stockings. Above all, do not esteem too highly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you idly receive into your company those idle, profligate wretches, who never lift a finger to help themselves, but live as they can keep soul and body together, and get some thing sufficient to live in fashion.

**PEW** are probably aware of the fate of Byron's heart. After his death at Missolonghi, in 1822, his body was embalmed, and placed in a coffin, as they call it, which was begged and obtained by the Greeks, who inhaled it in a silver case. Four years later, after the protracted

rying the relief with them, cut a way with  
great sacrifice of life through the Turkish  
lines, but the heart was lost in crossing.











