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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post paid will receive prompt attention.

Just what's Wanted.

THE place where you can get Clocks, Watches and jewelry nicely repaired at the shortest possible notice and on the most reasonable terms by A. J. FIDDIS.
Store on Washington St. near the M. E. Church
aug 19-3t

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

FARMERS in want of Labor can be supplied with Farm Hands, Laborers, House Servants, &c., by applying to
OLIVER WOOD,
Real Estate Broker, Baltimore.
N. B.—Orders left with Wm. T. Hardesty, Easton, will be promptly attended to. O. W.

LUMBER.
SHINGLES,
LATHS,
HAIR,
BRICKS,
LIME,
SASH,
DOORS &
SHUTTERS,
for sale at the very lowest prices for cash or approved credit. Before purchasing call and see us at our office, Corner of Eutaw & German Streets, or at 132, Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, Md.
mar 23-y BURNS & SLOAN.

JULIUS A. JOHNSON,
GENERAL
Commission Merchant,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Cattle, Sheep, Fruits, Fish, Hides, Wool,
AND ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE,
S. W. Corner Light and Camden Sts.,
(Office Individual Enterprize Steamboat Co.)
BALTIMORE,
WILL use every effort to obtain the highest market prices, and make prompt returns.
☞ Consignments respectfully solicited.
mar 11-3m

OLIVER WOOD,
General Agent,
Will attend to all kinds of business entrusted to his care, such as
GOVERNMENT AND STATE CLAIMS,
Either in Maryland or Washington.
ARMY AND NAVY CLAIMS,
attended to with dispatch.
County and City Property sold on Commission,
House and Ground Rents promptly collected.
Persons in the County will please address me at
61 SECOND ST., BALTIMORE.
REFERENCES:
Gen. H. H. Goldsboro', Hon. P. F. Thomas,
Col. Saml. Hambleton, Joseph Rasin,
James Benson, Wm. B. Lane.
july 30-tf

WHEELER & WILLSONS
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINE
Awarded the Highest Premium, at the
WORLD'S FAIR,
just held in London, England, where all the Machines of Europe and America were in Competition. Also at the
INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION
In Paris, France, and at
EVERY UNITED STATES FAIR
At which Sewing Machines have been exhibited.
The principal Companies making Sewing Machines are Wheeler & Wilson, J. M. Singer & co., and Grover & Baker. Of the Machines made there were sold during the year last reported:

By Wheeler & Wilson,	21,205
By J. M. Singer & co,	10,955
By Grover & Baker,	10,280,

Showing Wheeler & Wilson's sales to be double those of any other Sewing Machine company in the country.
214 West Baltimore Street,
july 1-1y Baltimore, Md.

1865 AND 1866.
FALL AND WINTER.
STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

The subscriber having just returned from the city with his usual large supply of BOOTS & SHOES, would beg leave to call the attention of his customers and the public generally to call and examine the same, feeling assured that I can sell a good article as cheap as they can be purchased elsewhere.

MY STOCK
consists in part of—Ladies' Gaiters, Morocco Boots, Balmorals, &c. Gentlemen's Boots, Gaiters, High cut Shoes, &c. Boys' and Youths' long Boots, Shoes, &c. He would call attention to those celebrated Dixon Boots that gave such general satisfaction last season.

MANUFACTURING.
I have also purchased a large stock of prime leather, which I am prepared to make up to order.
Repairing done at short notice.
I return my thanks to a generous public for the support they have given me in the past, and would beg a continuance of the same.
oct 7-1y JESSE HUGHES.

CASEY, FRAZIER & CO.,
GENERAL CLAIM AGENTS,
No. 273 F Street near Thirteenth,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Prize Money, Bounty, Loss of Clothing Pensions, Back Pay, and all Claims against the Government Promptly Collected and Libera, Advances made.
JOHN W. CASEY, *of Illinois.*
Capt. JOHN FRAZIER, Jr., *Late of the Treasury Department.*
O. K. GRANT, *Late of the Treasury Department.*
D. P. BODFISH, *of Massachusetts.*
REFER BY PERMISSION; TO
Maj. Gen. SILAS CASEY, *United States Army Washington, D. C.*
Hon. DAVID DAVIS, *Judge of U. S. Supreme Court.*
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, *U. S. Senator, Maryland.*
sept 9 tf.

HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU,
For Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, Inflammation or Ulceration of the Bladder or Kidneys, Diseases of the Prostrate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel or Brick Dust Deposit, and all Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, and Dropsical Swellings.

H

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BACHU FOR WEAKNESS ARISING FROM EXCESSES OR INDISCRETION.

The Constitution once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which Helembold's Etract Buchu invariably does. If no treatment be submitted to, Consumption or Insanity ensues.

E

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
In affections peculiar to females, is unequaled by any other preparation, as in Chlorois or Retention, Irregularities, painfulness or supposition of customary evacuations. Ulcerated or Schirrus state of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, and all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from habits of dissipation, imprudencies, or in the Decline or Change in Life.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH,
Will radically exterminate from the system diseases of the Urinary Organs arising from Habits of Dissipation *at little expense, little or no change in diet, and no exposure;* completely superseding those *unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury* in curing all those unpleasant and dangerous diseases

L

USE HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
In all cases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, immediate in its action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those sufferings from Broken-down or Delicate Constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect his bodily health, mental powers, and happiness, and that of his posterity. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources.

M

PHYSICIANS, PLEASE NOTICE.
We make no secret of the ingredients. HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is composed of Buchu, Cubebs and Juniper Berries, selected with great care, and prepared in vacuo by H. T. Helmbold, Druggist and Chemist, of sixteen years' experience in the City of Philadelphia, and which is now prescribed by the most eminent physicians, has been admitted to use in the United States Army and is also in very general use in State Hospitals and public Sanitary Institutions throughout the land.

BUCHU.

(From Dispensatory of the United States)

DIOSMA CRENATA. BUCHU LEVES.

PROPERTIES.—Their odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic; their tastes bitterish, and analogous to mint.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.

B

—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the *Urinary Organs,* producing diuresis and like other similar medicines, exciting diaphoresis when circumstances favor this mode of action.
They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostrate, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu is used by persons from the ages 18 to 26, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement or Labor Pains; Bed-wetting in children.

O

☞ DR. KEYSER IS A PHYSICIAN OF OVER thirty years' experience, and a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College and the University of Medicine and Surgery of Philadelphia

MR. H. T. HELMBOLD:

Dear Sir.—In regard to the question asked me as to my opinion about Buchu, I would say that I have used and sold the article in various forms for the past thirty years. I do not think there is any form or preparation of it I have not used or known to be used, in the various diseases where such medicate agent would be indicated. You are aware, as well as myself, that it has been extensively employed in the various diseases of the bladder and kidneys, and the reputation it has acquired in my judgment is warranted by the facts.

L

I have seen and used, as before stated, every form of Buchu—the powdered leaves, the simple decoction tincture, fluid extracts,—and I am not cognizant of any preparation of that plant at all equal to yours.—Twelve years' experience ought, I think, to give me the right to judge of its merits, and without prejudice or partiality, I give yours precedence over all others. I do not value a thing according to its bulk, if I did other *Buchus* would out-do yours, but I hold to the doctrine that bulk and quantity do not make up value—if they did a copper cent would be worth more than a dollar.

I value your Buchu for its effect on patients. I have cured with it, and seen cured with it, more diseases of the bladder and kidney than I have ever seen cured with any other Buchu, or any other proprietory compound of whatever name.
Respectfully, yours, &c.,
GEO. H. KEYSER, M. D.,
140 Wood Street Philadelphia, Pa.
August 11, 1865.
Are for Helembold's Fluid Extract Buchu.

D

☞ Direct letters to
HELMBOLD'S
DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE
No 594 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
OR
HELEMBOLD'S MEDICAL DEPOT.
No. 104 SOUTH ST., BELOW CHESTNUT,
PHILADELPHIA.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
BE WARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
ASK FOR HELMBOLD'S.
TAKE NO OTHER.
oct 7-1y

COME HOME, FATHER.

BY H. C. WORK.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny, so sick, in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder—and Benney is worse—
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse—ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn!
And this is the message she sent me to bring—
Come quickly, or he will be gone

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely—the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me!
Yes, we are alone—poor Benney is dead!
And gone with the angels of light;
And these were the very last words that he said:
"I want to kiss papa to-night!"
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam;
Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers,
Please, father, dear father, come home!

A RICH STORY.

In one of the small interior towns of New England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess a hold on the minds of the people, the facts occurred a few years since, of which the following is a true narrative:

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanks giving at his wife's father's, in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be banked up, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, and so forth, put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables, the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage with, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house.

An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of the scattered cabbage leaves, entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them.

Soon after, the parents and their little ones, having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

On the afternoon of the day following the festival, the family returned to their home, accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors, of both sexes, were invited in, and a merry Thanksgiving carousal was in full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar with a little low-wick candle which gave just light enough to make darkness visible to draw cider, ran back into the room, with eyes glaring wildly, uttering the half-suffocated exclamation:

"The devil is in the cellar!"

"Pooh!" said the father, "you have only been frightened by your own shadow, give me the light."

Saying this, he seized the candle—leaving the candlestick fast in the shaking hand of the boy—and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but before he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the ram caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son, exclaiming—

"Sure enough, the devil is in the cellar!"

The good man seized the great Bible and attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burned blue, and threw such feeble light on the sacred page, the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to their mother; the girls nestled close to their favorite swains; and the whole house was shaking with agitation of its half demented inhabitants. One bright thought, however, occurred—and a messenger was sent for the minister to come and slay the devil.—The parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity than for good talents and heroism, slipped a small Bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great antagonist as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen voices at the same time, to drive the devil away. But few moments were lost in asking questions, which no one could answer, before the parson pushed forward as a leader, with the same penurious light into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. He reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire, the shadowy outlines of the enormous horns, magnified ten fold at least, by the terror of those that beheld them, removed all doubt, if any had existed, in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands, began to pray in the most fervent manner. The ram, notwithstanding the pious man's motives, by supposing by the motions of his hands, that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary, but, deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest, and hastily backed to renew the assault hooked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and pulled the parson with him into the cellar!

While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost in hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation:

"Brethern, take care of yourselves; the devil has got me!"

This exhortation was better obeyed than any he had ever delivered from the pulpit—his friends all fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first supposed the fiend to be nothing more than some domestic animals, but, being a lover of fun—and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself and pretended to sympathise with [illegible] in their fears. He now thought it time [illegible], and snatching a pitch pine knot [illegible] blazing fire, expressed his determination [illegible] rescue the preacher or perish in the [illegible].

A lovely damsel laid [illegible] the tail of his coat, and begged him [illegible] the rash attempt

"Don't! don't!" shouted several.

"What does the devil care for fire?" said another.

"Take along the Bible if you will go!" suggested another.

But unheeding the suggestion and the manifestations of concern for his safety, he pushed into the cellar, seized the animal by one of its horns, and dragged the struggling monster up stairs, calling to the astonished parson, "Follow me!"

The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the vanquished ecclesiastic, in the middle of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued; but the past scene was too ludicrous to admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter broke forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

From the New York Observer.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

"Run here, girls, quick! Just look at this awful old man, with his wooden leg and white beard," said Mary Norton, as she stood on the cross-bar of the fence enclosing the school house grounds. "Come quick, for he stumps along pretty fast. It is Methusalah come back again, I reckon," added the witty but irreverent girl.—"Let us go out and have some fun with the old man."

A general rush followed this announcement; but at sight of the aged veteran, there was not the shout of merriment that Mary had expected. Some laughed a little, at first; but with most of them, curiosity gave place to a quiet awe; and on one sweet face, there was an expression of affectionate reverence, which could not be mistaken. One word from Nellie Mansfield at that moment, would have called forth from many of these young hearts an expression of the feelings which existed in her own.

"Why don't you laugh?" said Mary.

"I do not see anything to make fun of," said Nellie. "I cannot laugh at white hairs. They remind me of dear grandpapa." As she brushed away a tear that gathered in her dark eyes, the girls involuntarily drew nearer to her, and shrunk away from their more boisterous companion.

By this time, the old soldier—for such he proved to be—had advanced along the retired road that skirted the playground, and was directly opposite the gates. The girls all flocked out into the road, and stood silently gazing at him.

He stopped and leaned against a tree wearily. "Well, children, you have come out to see an old man; and he is a queer looking object, isn't he?" His voice was kindly in its tone, and even Mary Norton forgot that she had intended to make sport of his infirmities.

"You seem to be very tired, Sir," said Nellie Mansfeld. "There are some benches in the grounds. Will you come in, and rest yourself."

"Thank you, my child, you are very thoughtful. I am tired, for I have walked a long distance." As he approached the gate, the children instinctively drew back. "Don't be afraid," he said. "I love children too well to harm them, but age and infirmity are not pleasant to the eye. I remember well when I felt as you do now."

"We are not afraid," said one or two, drawing nearer to him, and regretting that they had wounded him.

"No, Sir, we are not at all afraid," said Nellie, "and here is a seat for you."

As he sat down, he drew a long breath, and said cheerfully, "You see, my dear, that I have not only my wooden leg but the weight of almost eighty years to carry. It is a heavy burden—but God wills it—and a long time to be in this world."

"Yes, Sir," said Nellie, "and the day is very warm."

"But the warm sun comes gratefully to the aged," he replied. "Thank God, we can see *that,* and feel it too. His sun shines for *all.*—Blessed be His name!" He lifted his hat reverently, and his eye involuntarily glanced upward.

The act drew Nellie at once to his side.—"That is the way dear grandpapa always speaks of God," she thought. "I wonder why younger people do not love Him so." She sat down on the bench beside him, "Can we do anything for you, Sir?"

"A glass of water, if you please, my child."

Half a dozen at once ran to bring it; and Nellie, from her lunch basket, took a piece of cake which he gratefully received. "So you are not afraid of such an ugly old fellow, after all," he said, smiling, and looking round upon the group."

"Oh, no, Sir, came from many voices.

"Well, the leg went in a good cause, children. So I would complain; and its loss saved the life of a comrade."

"Please tell us about it, Sir," and the children drew closer around him.

"I lost it in the war of 1812. I suppose you have read about that in history. But war to the readers, and war to the actors in it, are two very different things. I was a marine, and a pretty smart fellow, when I lost my leg on the deck of 'the frigate Constitution,' but I've not been good for much since. I was removing a wounded friend from an exposed position, when the ball came. I was glad that I saved him, for he had a wife and children, and I had none then. I had a right to a pension but I never applied for it."

"Why not, Sir?" said several of the girls at once, with sympathy in their tones.

"Well, I lived far back in the country, and had no friends at Washington. So, as long as I could labor, I managed to support myself and to lay by enough for my few remaining years. I have one comfort in my old age. God has given me a daughter. Blessed be his name!"

Seated in the shadow of the school house, the old soldier seemed comfortable and happy and his young auditors listened to him with attention and reverence. After partaking of the refreshments offered him, he said. "Well, children, you are all young now, but if you live long enough, age with its infirmities will come, and then you will know how gratifying it is to receive such kindness, as you have shown me to-day. Once in a while I got out to enjoy the air and sunshine and they have enticed me farther than I have walked for a year before. I am now a mile from home, and when I reached this gate, I was wishing that seats by the roadside had been provided for travelers. But I am keeping you too long from your play, or your studies," and he made an attempt to rise.

Half a dozen voices exclaimed at once, "Oh, no, Sir, sit still, our recess lasts a whole hour, and we do not care to play now."

"You are good children," he said, "and very different from those who mocked the prophet Elisha. You have read that story in the Bible?"

Some of them remembered it, others did not.

"Let me tell you then. Elish the prophet, the servant of God, was on his way to Bethel, when children came out of the city and mocked him, saying, "*Go up, thou bald head! Go up, thou bald head!* Then the prophet turned back, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And God, in order to punish them, sent two bears out of the wood, and they *tore in pieces forty and two of them.* So He manifested His anger against them. But He will bless you all, I am sure, for your kindnees to the aged."

As she listened to his commendation, Mary Norton shrank back into the crowd, mortified and self-condemned for having ridiculed his infirmities. He left them, refreshed and gratified. That night Nellie Mansfield lay down upon her pillow, happier far than Mary Norton, at the retrospect of the day: but Mary was anxious to atone for the past, and she did not rest till she had discovered the home of the veteran. She was among the first who visited him there, and from time to time the school girls cheered his declining days by carrying to him flowers from the woods or some little delicacy procured for him from their homes. But Nellie Mansfield went father than all. She told the story to her father, who applied to the Pension Agent at Washington, and the sum which was found due to the old soldier of 1812 was sufficient to make a little fortune for his declining years, and to enable him ample to provide for the devoted daughter he was to leave behind.

At every visit, the glad welcome, and the "God bless you children!" sent them away happier far for having begun to do those good deeds, which, at the last, will secure for them the verdict.

"Well done good and faithful; enter ye into the joy of your Lord." E. W. B.

The Way to the next House.

Some years since an acquaintance of ours set out on horseback from the eastern part of Massachusetts for the Green Mountains in Vermont. While travelling thro' the town of New Salem, his road led into a piece of woods, some few miles in length, and long before he began to entertain doubts whether he should be blest with the sight of a human habitation; but as all things have an end, so at last the woods; the neat brown house of a farmer greeted his vision. Near the road was a tall, over-grown, lantern-jawed boy, probably seventeen years of age, digging potatoes. He was a curious figure to behold.—What was lacken in the length of his two breeches was amply made up for behind; his suspenders appeared to be composed of birch bark, grape vine and sheep skin; and as for his hat, which was of a dingy felt—poor thing, it had once evidently seen better days—but now, alas, it was the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempest of time had beat the top in, or whether the lad's expending genious had burst it out, it was missing, and through the aperture red hair in abundance stood six ways for Sunday. In short he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that ever mortal beheld. Our travelling friend feeling an itching to scrape acquantance with the critter, drew up the reins of his horse, and began—

"Hallo, my friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

Jonathan started up, leaned on his hoe handle rested the foot of the gambrel on his sinister leg, and replied—

"Hallo yourself! how'd dew? Wall, I jest can. 'Taint so fur as it used to be afore they cut the woods away—than 'twas generally reckoned four miles, but now the sun shrivels up the road, and don't make it mor'n tew. The fust house you come tew though it is a barn, and the next is a hay stack; but old Hoskin's house is beyont. You'll be sure tew meet his gals long afore you get there—tarnal rompin critters; they plague our folks mor'n a little. His sheep get into our pasture every day, and his gals into our orchard. Dad sets his dog arter the sheep, and me arter the gals, and the way we make the wool and petticoats fly is a sin to snakes."

"I see you inclined to be facetious, young man, pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never 'lows anybody to meddle with my grass tanglers, mister, but seein' it's you, I'll tell you. I was born so by 'tickler request, so that when I hold the plough, I can go with one foot in the furrer and the t'other on dry land, and not lop over; besides its very convenient when I mow round a side hill."

"Very good, indeed; how do your potatoes come on this year?"

"They don't come on at all; I digs 'em out."

"But they are small, I perceive."

"Yes, I know it—you see we planted some woppin' blue noses over on that 'ere patch there, and they flourished so allfiredly that these 'ere stoped growing' just but of spite 'cause they couldn't begin to keep up."

"You appear to be very smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you ware."

"The locks ain't nothin'; it's all in the behavior. I've got a better one at home, but I don't dig taters in it no how.

"You have been in these parts, some time I should guss."

"I guess so tew. I was born and got my brotin up in that 'ere house, but my native place is Ponduuk."

"They—you said it was about three and half miles to the next house?"

"Yes sir, it was a spell ago; and I don't believe it's grown much shoter since."

"Much obliged. Good bye."

"Good bye tew ye—that's a darned slick horse of yourn'n."

Disturbance in West Virginia.

The Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer* says:

"A private letter from Hardy county says the returned rebels there are behaving very badly, and that they are at present in a great rage lest the Legislature at its present session pass a registration law. On the evening of the 22d, we are informed, upon the arrival of the mail carrier between Franklin and Moorefield, at the latter place some of the returned rebels took his saddle and blanket from his horse, and threw them away. A short time since, it seems, Colonel Latham, M. C., sent to the postmaster at Moorefield a number of copies of his speech for circulation, who accordingly sent several to one of the stores in the town. Very shortly after, they were returned by a rebel soldier, a member of McNeil's company of guerillas, who raved around and swore that such documents should not be circulated there abouts.

"Says a very intelligent gentleman writing from Martinsbug, under recent date:

"I have traveled somewhat extensively through this section of West Virginia during the last six months, and have had an opportunity to judge of the sentiments and purposes of the disloyal part of the population. I have seen and heard enough to satisfy me that your legislature cannot too carefully guard against allowing this class of enemies to the State the slightest opportunity to carry out their purposes and aims.—No registration law can be made too stringent to hold them in check. The rebels are united to a man and everywhere at work all the while, seaking to mislead unsuspecting and timid Unionists."

"Says another letter from Hardy county, reciting the insolence and intolerance of the returned rebels there, 'We must have law here—civil or military.'"

☞ There are many an [illegible]uate one, whose heart, like a sunbeam, [illegible] appears loveliest in its breaking [illegible].

Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

That truth is stranger than fiction is asserted by the Memphis *Avalanche,* which cites the following:

Ten years ago Mr.——was married to Miss——. For a time all went well with the happy pair, but whether prompted by compatibility of temper or through the meddlesome interference of relatives or friends, "ye chronicler" knoweth not, only that the demon of discord breathed upon their young love, and it withdrew like a flower 'neath a winter's chilling breath; and to make a long story short, they separated. Shortly after the separation, a little daughter was born, and then a divorce obtained—by which party it matters not. For nine years—long, weary years—they lived apart, never seeing, never hearing from or speaking of each other, and yet both remained true to love's first bright dream. The little girl grew up and taught to believe that her father was dead; she has never seen him or been seen by him. Ah, who shall say how often during those long dreary years that the father's heart yearned for the sight of his child, and pined to hear the music of her voice.

And the mother—the wife that was—was she happy? Who shall tell? Well, on the day before yesterday the lady, accompanied by her little daughter, walked into a business house in this city and met him who was once her husband and the father of her child coming out. They stood face to face for the first time since their separation—nine years ago. Both stopped and gazed fixedly into each other's face. The father then turned his eyes to the child, and, stooping down suddenly, caught her in his arms—pressed her passionately to his bosom—rained a shower of kisses upon her face; then placing her on the floor, he gave one glance at the mother, and turned to go. Hearing his name called in a low tone, he turned. One look, and they were in each other's arms. They were left alone for a few moments by the considerate kindness of the parties present. Then a hack was called, and in thirty minutes from their first meeting they were married.

HOW TO DO PENANCE.—A very corpulent farmer was ordered, for penance, to go three times round the churchyard of Knockshegowna on his bare knees. The Sunday on which the penance was to be performed, a considerable crowd collected to see "fat Halloran take to his marrow-bones;" and, true to his order, Halloran appeared at the appointed time, followed by three stout men, one of whom wheeled along enormous wheelbarrow, in which was a large soft pillow. Deliberately unbuttoning the knees of his trousers and rolling them up a little, while he turned down the tops of his long blue stockings, Halloran was helped into the wheelbarrow on his "bare knees," and amid the vociferous cheers of the assembled people he was wheeled the prescribed number of times round the churchyard; when stepping on the ground and re-adjusting his nether garments, he called out, "That's my good-by to both priests and Popery;" and, getting into his gig, drove off, leaving his men to bring home the wheelbarrow at their leisure. —*The Bible class Magazine.*

OUTRAGES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The Newbern (N. C.) *Times* says:—We were very sorry to learn, yesterday, of an affair which recently occurred at our neighboring town of Washington, which, if correctly stated to us, is a most flagrant outrage, not sanctioned by the community, or by the interests of that section. The rumor, as it comes to us, has it that Captain Horace James, Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau in this District, went to Washington on business in connection with his office, when he was assailed by rowdies and most shamefully beaten. On reporting the same to headquarters here a detachment of ten men under command of a lieutenant, whose name we did not learn, was sent over to set things to rights, when they waylaid the party and shot the lieutenant.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT AND THE INTELLIGENCER.—The following is the text of a letter sent to the heads of the several Bureaus of the War Department, on Monday, by Assistant Secretary Eckert:

"The Secretary of War directs that the National Intelligencer, of this city, be removed from the list of newspapers authorized to publish advertisements for the War Department, there being no further necessity for employing it for that purpose."

☞ An American who was asked by a haughty Englishman to bound his country, thus complied: "America is bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the procession of the equinoxes and on the south by the day of judgment."

'WHERE do you hail from?' queried a Yankee of a traveller. 'Where do you rain from?' 'Don't rain at all,' said the astonished Jonathan. 'Neither do I hail, so mind your own business.'

'GOOD news, Belhoul,' said a wag at Bokora, 'the Caliph has appointed you governor of all the apes and hogs in the kingdom.' 'Prepare then,' said Belhoul, 'to obey my commands.'

☞ "What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch. "Improving my time was the rejoinder.

☞ Benefit your friends that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies that they may become your friends

☞ Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office were a *house of correction.*

☞ Lucy Stone says: "The cradle is a woman's ballot box." Then we've known some unlawful young where two ballots were deposited at a time.

☞ Generally, as soon as a man is supposed to have a little money, his wife gets too lame to walk, and must have a carriage.

☞ Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a tray; they get in easily, and then, perhaps can't get out at all.

☞ At Dunifries, recently, a woman gave birth to a child with three tongues. The child enjoys good health, and otherwise is perfect in form.

A GOOD chorus for a man who has to sleep in the fields—'Too-rural! Too-rural! Too-rural I-lay.'

A TEA never indulged in by gossips:—Charity!

☞ Why is love like a duck's foot? Because it often lies hidden under the breast.

AN AUTHOR had better ask himself why he is going to write a book than be asked afterward why he has written it.