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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.

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

Stoves! Stoves!! Stoves!!!

HRISTMAS is coming and so is cold weather.—Every one wants a good Stove. Go where you get them cheaper than the cheapest, and of the st styles and the most approved patterns.

Office, Parlor and Cooking

STOVES.

t your stoves when you can procure extra pieces in e they break or burn out, which heretofore has been a great source of trouble, as well as expense.

N. TUTHILL.

Farming Implements of all Kinds.

PLOWS,
HARROWS,
CORN SHELLERS, both horse and hand Power,
AN WINCLE AND MONTGOMERY WHEAT FANS,
GRIND STONES,
STRAW CUTTERS &c.

astings of all sorts used in this county. [sept 29

"Quick Sales and Small Profits,"

IS STILL THE MOTTO OF

HENRY ISAACSON & CO.,

AT EASTON, MARYLAND.

We beg leave to inform our customers and the public in general, that we have just received the largest assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods,

er offered in this section of the country. Encouraged by unabated success during the last eason in our business, we augmented our large stock, by adding a vast number of new articles, ever kept before; so that our stock is one of the most complete on this shore.

In Foreign Goods, we wish to recommend an extensive selection of the finest styles and fabics, of solid colored goods, comprising Delaines, Alpacas, Imperials, Catanias, Ducals, Melanges, Poil de Chevre, Reps, Merinoes, and all the brands of Black Dress Silks.

All these goods, also in figures and designs, purchased for nett cash in the first Importing Houses on this continent.

In Domestic Goods, we have almost every brand of Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Canton Flanels, Drills, Denims, Ginghams, Calicoes, Cottonades, Bed-Tickings and Cambrics.

Prices of Calicoes and Muslins, ranging from 15 cents upwards.

To our BOOTS and SHOES,
HATS and CAPS,
READY MADE CLOTHIG,

nd general assortment of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, we have made unusually vast additions.

N. B.—Shirts and Drawers, selling from 75 cts. upwards.

Extra quality of Boots at $4.00, and full suits of Clothing from $8.00 upwards. Prime quali Hats $1.50, and Caps 50 cents.

Our Shawls, Blankets, Ladies' Cloaks, Basques, Talmas, Walking Coats, Zephyr Knit goods nd Cotton and Woolen Hoes,

We shall strictly sell as heretofore, at New York and Philadelphia prices.

Especial attention is solicited from the Ladies, to our vast stock of Skeleton, French Embroidered and Balmoral Skirts. Skeletons just now on hand as low as 75 cts., Balmorals at $1,50.

To our former published facilities and advantages in buying our stock, we have the pleasure announce that we have made permanent arrangements at our Head Quarters in Philadelphia, draw supplies of our foreign goods direct from Houses in Europe.

We repeat our thanks for favors, and shall with no less zeal in the future, study the interest our customers. Respectfully, &c [oct 6] ISAACSON & CO.

NEW

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THOMPSON & KERSEY

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC GOODS,

HAVIN just returned from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore with one of the finest stocks of

Fall and Winter Goods,

er offered in this market. Their Stock comprises every variety of goods usually found in a country store, all of which have been selected with the utmost care, bought at the lowest cash rices, and will be disposed of at a very small advance over the cost.

They deem it unnecessary in this advertisement to attempt to itemize—suffice it to say that eir stock of

LADIES' AND GENTLEMENS' DRESS GOODS,

superior to any thing ever offered by them in

BOYS' AND GIRLS WEAR,

unequaled. Their stock of *HOSIERY, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.*, is superior to any thing ordinarily exhibited on the Shore. To an examination of which they earnestly olicit an early call from their numerous friends and the public generally, promising to sell as cheap as the cheapest, and warranting every article to turn out as represented.

CARPETS, CARPETS, CARPETS!

THOMPSON & KERSEY'S CARPET WARE ROOM,

e now stored with the largest and most beautiful stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, &c., &c. er offered in this county, and will be sold for *cash, at a less price* than they can be bought for in he city. Call and examine them for yourselves, and prove the truthfulness of what they say oct 13

BARTLETT *SEWING MACHINE.*

Best Cheap Licensed Machine in the U. S. Agents wanted everywhere. Pay $50 to $200 per month. Enclose Stamp, and address PAGE BROTHERS, Gen. Agents, 614 Chestnut Street, Philada. or, 322 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio.

EDW. H. ANDERSON,
COMPANY'S AGENT
EASTON, MD.

Machines can be seen in operation at all times applying at his place of business at Mr. atchett's store, Odd Fellow's Building. sep 29-1m

THE

Easton Shore's

STEAMBOAT LINE.

NOTICE.

The staunch, commodious and elegant Steamer

WILSON SMALL,

CAPTAIN E. T. LEONARD,

HAS been substituted for the Steamer Cambridge, on the Night Line between Baltimore and the different Landings on the Great Choptank and Tred Avon Rivers.

She has ample and elegant Stateroom accommodations for a large number of passengers.

She leaves her Pier opposite 170 Light street Wharf, at 9 P. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, for Easton Point, Double Mills, Dillard, Clara's Point, Wallach's Wharf, Cambridge, Hughlett's Wharf, Cabin Creek, Medford's Wharf and Lloyd's Landing.

Returning to Baltimore she will leave Lloyd's Landing at 1 P. M., Cambridge at 4.30 P. M. and Easton Point at 8 P. M., on Mondays Wednesdays, and Fridays, reaching Baltimore in ample time for passengers to take the earliest trains in all directions.

Freights received daily at her Pier in Baltimore.

Freighters on "the Shore" are notified that it is necessary to the punctuality of her hours that they have their freight in place upon the several wharves in due time to permit it to be taken on board, so that she can reach Baltimore and land her freights in time for all the Morning Markets sep 8 W. D. WALLACK.

RUTA BAGA and Turnip seeds. New Crop just received, a very usual supply of these seeds from Landreth & Son.

june H. CAMPBELL.

WM. T. DIXON & BRO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS

AND

Commission Merchants in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 306 Baltimore St.

feb 3-1y BALTIMORE.

GUANOS AND FERTILIZERS.

PERUVIAN GUANO,
Mexican do.
Pacific do.
Moro Phillip's Phosphate,
Rhoe's Super Phosphate,
Whitelock's do., do.
Flour of Bone, &c., &c.

for sale at lowest city prices without charge for delivery. Peruvian Guano furnished at a reduced price if quantity can be made up.

Orders respectfully solicited for any of the above. Deliveries made promptly.

THOMAS C. NICOLS.

aug 4 tf Easton, Md.

Bricks for Sale.

AT my Brick Yard, 1½ miles from Easton, will sell at the following prices for cash. Run of Kill $12 per thousand; best Red Hards, $16; in my absence orders from R. B. Dixon, Easton Point will be promptly filled by S. Carroll at the yard. Bricks for graves and other purposes hauled to town at short notice, and on reasonable terms.

sept 8-3m WM. T. KELLY.

☞ Also keeps constantly on hand the best seasoned wood; will deliver at short notice anywhere in town, from ½ cord up. Lives near he old Academy. WM. T. K.

SING'S warranted patent Itch Ointment—Norris' Tonic,
India Chologogue,
Ayer's Ague Cure,
Rowand's Tonic Mixture,
Deems' celebrated Liver Pills,
Deems' Sovereign Remedy for the cure of Fever and Ague, and all chills and fevers.

Mishler's Herb Bitters, to be had at the drug store of

aug 4 LEVIN H. CAMPBELL.

CHEESE—just received a lot of prime cheese and for sale by

oct 6 POWELL & WRIGHT

LOVE'S FAITH.

BY FANNIE STEVENS BRUCE.

I

We were not always thus apart
Such weary miles between each heart—
You darling love of mine!
When summer sweetness filled the air,
When skies were blue, like maiden's eyes,
And gold, like maiden's hair,
When winds lay bound in chains of flowers
And Nature smiled through all the hours,
These fond lips answered thine.

II

I see the honey fate stores up
To mix in some more favored cup,
I taste the gall we drink.
And I am sick with envious pain:
Fevers of doubt consume my strength
And poison every vein.
"For others life's delights," I cry,
"But only hurts for you and I;"
And then I pause and think:

III

We shall not ever parted be
By mocking land and cruel sea,
If, on the shores of Time,
Fate's baleful power must hold alway.
"Let us be patient!" God knows best—
"We trust Him," will we say,
And for our faith Heaven's broad gate
We'll meet to never separate,
You darling love of mine!

Home Journal.

SWEETS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

A babe at rest on a mother's breast.
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love—
So sweet is infant sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-winged butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden as fair as early dawn,
Radient with every grace,
Glad'ning the eye that looks on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering a mother's tender words—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin, kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever join'd two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born, beauteous boy,
Forever hers till death shall part—
So sweet a mother's joy.

The matron in life's autumn-time,
With life clustered o'er,
Her children clasp her knees—
So rich in autumn's store.

The Quaker and the Negro.

A Long Island Quaker, who had a very unruly negro living with him, and whose disposition he had for a long time endeavored to bring under the peaceful influences of Quakerism in vain, tried a new series of punishment, which is related as follows: Tired of moral suasion, the old Quaker was about giving up in despair, when a thought struck him.

'I will punish the lad,' said Aminadab to himself. 'I will not strike him, for he is one of God's creatures, on whom men should not lay their unworthy hands

'Josiah,' said he, addressing the boy, 'come here.'

Josh, whose keen eye, discerned in the look and manner of the old Quaker, signs of some mysterious movement, came doggedly up to his master, and hung his head in token of humble submission.

'Josiah,' continued the man, 'thou hast been a bad boy, and thy master has lost all patience with thee. Dost thou know, Josiah, where the wicked and unruly lads like thee go to?'

'No,' whispered the negro.

'No! Boy has never heard of the bad place?'

'Yes,' was the reply; I heard that bad boys go—down, down, down to dat dark dungeon whar dey get de brimstone from.

'That is the place, boy,' continued the Quaker in a solemn tone, 'and there I must take thee, Josiah.'

'My massa! oh Lorah! oh, Lorah! —I—I—I oh, Lorah! massa!'

'Get thy hat Josiah, get thy hat and come with me, I can hear no words from thee.'

The boy then got his hat and followed the Quaker to the railroad depot, where they took the cars for Brooklyon. The negro sat in silence, half fearing, half doubting the old man's intentions. On flew the cars at a rate the boy had never rode before, the engine snorting and puffing, not unlike what his imagination had pictured the chief of the infernal regions. Trees, houses and fences seemed to fly as if on wings and before the cars reached Brooklyn the poor lad's mind was fairly bewildered and he scarcely knew whether he was going up or down. Furious as the wind came the train from Atlantic street, horses snorted and dashed away from the track in fright; the boys hooted and screamed, and poor Josh looked as if he thought he was on the way to the land of spirits.

Presently the engineer gave one of those shrill whistles that echoes throughout the whole city, and the engine plunged into the tunnel.

'Good bye, Josiah,' said Aminadab, and he suddenly stepped from his seat to the platform outside the cars.

A screech, a groan, and then a stifled moan was heard where the negro sat, and then all was darker still, save the puffing and whistling of the engine, and the rattling of the cars, as they whirled on through the narrow passage. Once or twice a noise like a struggle or catching for breath was faintly heard coming from the negroe's seat, but nothing was known of the horrors of that 'middle passage' until the train emerged from the tunnel on the west side. The passengers were then horrified at a sight which they supposed was a case of cholera in their midst. A 'dead nigger' was right among them. The old Quaker had poor Josh by the collar, haking and scolding, and trying to make him stand on his feet. But Josh was a good nigger to all appearances, and it was an hour before the passengers could make him understand that he had passed the infernal regions, and that his master had for that time begged him off. Josh finally came out, and it is to be hoped that he will be a better boy, and long remember his visit to the bad place.

CHOIRS.

We give below two brief series of catechatical instructions for the benefits of choirs. It will be noticed that the two systems set forth are widely different. One seems to be based upon practice, the other upon theory. We leave it for our readers to decide whether or not the reduction of the theoretical system into more general practice would be likely to prove a benefit.

A CATECHISM FOR CHOIRS. (*As it is made.*)

1. What is the object of a choir?

Ans. To sing fine music, and display the beautiful qualities of the human voice.

2. How should the time of service be spent?

Ans. In the most interesting manner possible. Reading novels and flirting will answer very well, though these occupations may be occasionally varied by counting the number of people among the congregation who are asleep.

3. What should be the rule with regard to attending rehearsals?

Ans. If you are a paid singer, you will have to go, of course. If not, don't go unless you choose. The leader ought to be thankful for your services whenever it is your pleasure to give them.

4. How should the leader of the choir be treated?

Ans. Very much as you feel. It is pleasure to differ with him continually in the selection of music to be sung.

5. What should there be done in case there is any trouble about a choice of seats.

Ans. Insist upon having the place you want at all hazards. It will be sure to produce an agreeable excitement, and may, perhaps, lead to division in the church. It is an opportunity not to be thrown away.

6. How can your importance as a choir singer best be made manifest?

Ans. By remaining home whenever the choir happens to be in a particularly weak condition, or, still better, go to church with "such a dreadful cold that you are unable to sing a note," and you can thus sit with the congregation and enjoy the discomfiture of the choir. Also by ceasing to sing in the middle of some passage in which your voice is most needed. This will have the additional advantage of keeping the leader in a healthy state of vexation.

7. Finally, what are the peculiar and ever-to-be-cherished privileges of choir singers?

Ans. To have uneven tempers, to catch sudden colds, to try the patience of ministers, to set congregations by the ears, and in every possible way to prevent the stagnation which long-continued peace and quiet world be sure to produce in a community.

A CATECHISM FOR CHOIRS. (*As it should be*)

1. What is the object of a choir?

Ans. To lead the congregation to the worship of God.

2. How should the time of service be spent?

Ans. In attending to the exercises and the sermon, in the same manner by members of choirs as by other mortals.

3. What should be the rule with regard to attending rehearsals?

Ans. They should be attended promptly and faithfully, just as any other duty would be performed.

4. How should the leader of the choir be treated?

Ans. His suggestions should be carefully attended to, and his feelings treated with proper consideration.

5. What should be done in case there is any trouble about a choice of seats?

Ans. It is a point for the leader, and for him alone to decide.

6. How can your importance as a choir singer best be made manifest?

Ans. By simply showing a disposition to do all you can. By making a special effort to be present when the weather is unfavorable, or when, for any reason, the choir is likely to be less stronger than usual.

7. Finally, what are the peculiar and ever-to-be-cherished privileges of choir singers?

Ans. To assist in one part of Divine Service, to encourage and sustain the minister by a spirit of sympathy and cooperation with him in his labors, to lead the hearts of the congregation heavenward, and to enjoy the plesant satisfaction of faithfully performing a most important duty.

Who was the Govenor.

A correspondent revives the following funny story of Secretary Seward:—

And having mentioned the name of Seward, it may not be amiss to print an old story about him.

The Governor of New York in days when railroads were not so plentiful as to allow of Presidential political progresses, Seward had occasion to visit a certain part of the State, and accordingly mounted on the box of a mail coach in order that he might enjoy his cigar and the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive fellow, and his passengers honored him. This colloquy took place:

"Land agent?" said the driver.

"No," responded Seward.

"Selling goods?"

"No."

"Traveling preacher?"

"No."

"Circus?"

"No."

"What then?" said the baffled driver, "is your business?

"Governor," said Seward with a tranquil puff.

"Governor of what?"

"Governor of the State of New York," replied the great American traveler, composedly.

"Get out!" incredulously exclaimed John.

"Well, I can convince you of that," said Seward, "for here is a man on the road who knows me," and as they passed on Seward hailed his friend with—"Good morning, Mr. Bunker I want to ask you a question—am I not a Governor of New York?"

"No, by thunder!" was the unexpected reply.

"Who is, then?" said the astonished Seward.

"Thurlow Weed!"

A LETTER was dropped in the Post Office the other day, and addressed as follows:

Hill
A
Massachusetts.

After a good deal of study one of the clerks managed to make out that it was intended for A Uunderhill, Andover, Massachusetts." Does the reader see the point?—*Corning Star.*

☞ What is the latest and sweetest thing in bonnets? The ladies' faces!

Tragedy in New York—An Unfaithful Wife and her Paramour Shot by the Wronged Husband—Arrest of the Latter.

Seventeen years since, William T. Anderson, married a young lady in Boston, and for several years their married life passed happily. The husband was a clerk in a wholesale house in that city, and was respected and trusted by his employers. About five years since, Anderson removed his family, then consisting of his wife and two children, to this city, and soon afterwards his wife contracted a love for intoxicating drinks. Soon Anderson suspected her of infidelity to himself, but had not proof sufficient to satisfactorily establish the fact. One year ago, they removed to Belleville, N. J., and there Mrs. A. formed the acquaintance of a grocer named Whitfield, and in time they became very intimate, so much as to excite the comments of the neighbors. In order to break up the intimacy, Anderson removed to this city, but lately Mrs. A. has paid two visits to Belleville. On Monday, Mr. Anderson went on to Boston on business for the firm by whom he is employed, and informed his wife that she need not expect him back before Saturday next. He transacted his business sooner than he expected, however, and returned to this city yesterday morning. He did not go to his home, but at once went to his employer's store down town. Last evening, shortly after 6 o'clock, he proceeded to his residence, No. 172 East Twenty-third street, and on entering was surprised to see no trace of his wife. On looking further, he heard voices conversing in a low tone in the parlor, and on entering found his wife in criminal intercourse with Whitfield. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, the enraged husband fired at the group. Whitfield at once sprang through the other door and made his escape into the street. Two more shots were fired by Mr. Anderson, the first striking his wife on the forehead and glancing off. The second shot took effect in the left breast, causing a severe wound. Attracted by the noise of the pistol shots and the consequent excitement, roundsman Leary and officer Little, of the Eighteenth precinct, entered the house and took Anderson into custody. Police Surgeon Lumbark was called in and dressed the wounds of the woman. He thinks they are not fatal. Anderson was taken to the station house and boxed up for the night. He is a native of the United States, aged forty-two years, of fine appearance and good address. He is highly respected by his employers. He regrets what he has done, but says he was so frenzied at the proof of his wife's infidelity that he scarcely knew what he was doing. It is supposed that Whitfield was wounded by the first shot, as a man answering this description was seen on Third avenue later in the evening bleeding from a wound in the forehead, which he said he had received by falling from a stage. In his flight he left behind him his hat, coat and cane. These he can procure by calling at the Twenty-first precinct station house.—*Tribune to day.*

Throw, Boys, Throw!"

A good many years ago, in a town in England, one Sunday evening, three noisy and wicked boys filled their pockets with stones, and straggled into a meeting. Their intention was to insult and annoy the old man who was preaching and they accordingly seated themselves at a convenient distance in the back of the meeting-house.

They had not been there long before one of them impatiently whispered:

"What's the need of listening any longer to the blockhead? let's throw!"

"No; wait a minute and see what he makes of this point," replied his companion. But his curiosity was soon satisfied, and he too exclaimed:

"Confound him! it's just as I expected!—Throw, boys, throw!"

"Suppose we give up this plan altogether," now spoke up the third.

"You're a fool!" said the two, angrily. And they hastily left the church in a rage, while he remained and heard the preacher through.

Fifteen years passed away, and there was a notice given out that a celebrated preacher from abroad would speak in that same house on Sunday. A large congregation had gathered to hear him. The minister rose in the pulpit, but before he commenced speaking he paused, and leaned his head on the cushion, and was silent some minutes: The people thought he was sick. But he raised his head and said:

"It is just fifteen years since I was in this house before. That night three young lads came into the meeting to throw stones at the preacher. Two of them went out, and the other remained. Now I want to tell you what the fate of those boys was. The first was hanged some years ago for a dreadful crime. The second is now in jail, sentenced to death for murder. And the third, my friends the third—is he who is to address you now. Will you listen to him?"

It is a fearful thing to go on in sin. God will surely punish us sooner or later: No matter how much we may at first seem to prosper in wicked ways, the time will come when we shall be bitterally sorry for our evil doings. There is no place on earth that the sinner can hide himself from the displeasure of the Lord. But his mersy is from everlasting to everlasting, to them that fear him and keep his commandments. Let us do right, and claim his blessing now, and share his glory at last.—*World's Crisis.*

Inlaying.

The process of inlaying iron work with mother-of-pearl by which the higher-priced sewing machines are ornameated, is an illustration of the improved methods of doing work which was formerly the result of close application and patient labor. Inlaying is one of the oldest of ways ornamenting metals, and is now extensively practiced in precisely the same way as by the Saracens in the time of the crusades and by the armorers of Europe. Fire-arms, daggers and sword blades are often beautifully inlaid with gold and silver. In this work the metal to be ornamented is chiseled to the pattern required, and the gold or silver forced into the recess and secured by riveting or dovetailing. But the sewing machine and the articles of *papier mache*, which are so beautifully decorated with flowers and fruits composed of the iridescent shell of the pearl oyster and gilding, are ornamented in quite a different manner. Thin scales of the shell are selected for their color, or shade, and cemented to the surface of the material. The rest of the surface is covered with successive coats of Japan varnish, generally black, being subjected to a baking process after each application. When the varnish is as thick as the shell it is polished, the gilding and painting added, and a flowing coat of varnish put over the whole. The surface, if well done, is almost as hard as the metal.

☞ A sparrow hawk recently attacked two ladies in one of the streets of London, pecking their heads in furious manner and driving his claws through the hand of one of them.

☞ Gerald Massey is passionately immersed in spiritualism, and is, indeed, himself a medium.

☞ Honesty is the best policy.

A Girdle of Steam Around the World.

A Philadelphia paper calls attention to the fact that the begining of the new year will witness the inauguration of unbroken steam communication around the globe, to be thenceforth prosecuted as regularly as the arrival and departure of European steamships at our wharfs.—The steamship Henry Chauncey will sail on the 11th of December for the Isthmus; will connect there with the Golden City for San Fradcisco, and from San Francisco, on the first day of January, the steamship Colorado will sail for Yokohama, in Japan and Hong Kong in China. If, arrived at the latter the passengers wishes still to journey westward, he can proceed by the boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company to Bombay and onward through the Red Sea to the Isthmus of Suez, which, crossed by rail, conducts to the British line of Mediterranean steamers, touching at Malta and Gibraltar and arrives in England, where a few hours of railway will enable him to take passage in one of a dozen line of steamships for this country—the supposed points of departure.

Cheerful Women.

O, if gloomy" women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! How the heart leaps up to meet a sunny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart with either naturally, or what is better, from conscientious principle, has learned to take all things on the bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all-perfect love, the best offering we can make to him is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good, and what he allows of evil; like a child who, when once it believes in its father, believes in all his doings with it, whether it understands them or not.

Among the secondary influences which can be employed, either by or upon a naturally anxious or morbid temperament, there is none so ready to hand, or so wholesome, as that so often referred to—constant employment. A very large number of women, particulary young women, as by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, or with such a strong physical tendency to depression, that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness, except by being continually occupied.—*Miss Mulock.*

A Short Love-Story.

Here is a story told by one Morgan, and a sea captain, concerning a husband at sea, which may afford a comfortable hint to young ladies:

Single ladies cross the water under the special care of the captain of the ship, and if a love affair occurs among the passengers, the captain is usually a confidant of one or both parties. A very fascinating young lady had been placed under Morgan's care, and three young gentlemen fell desperately in love with her. They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzeled which to encourage. She asked the captain's advice.

"Come on deck" said he, "the first day it is perfectly calm. The gentlemen will, of course, be near you. I shall have a boat lowered down and do you jump overboard, and see which gentleman will jump after you. I will take care of you."

A calm day soon came, the captain's suggestions were followed, and two of the lovers jumped after the lady in an instant. But between these two the lady could not decide, so exactly equal had been their devotion. She again consulted the captain.

"Take the man that didn't jump; he is the most sensible fellow, and will make you a good husband."

An Editor's Yearly Statement.

The Houston (Texas) *Telegraph* gives the following humerous yearly statement, after the manner of insurance companies, banking institutions, charitable associations, State and county organizations, of what its editor has been doing for the past year:

Report.	*Times.*
Been asked to drink	11 366
Drank,	11 365
Requested to retract,	419
Didn't retract,	419
Invited to parties, presentations, receipts, &c., &c., by people fishing for puffs,	3 333
Took the hint	33
Didn't take the hint,	3 300
Threatened to be whipped,	147
Been whipped,	0
Whipped the other fellow,	4
Didn't come to time,	179
Been promised bottles of champagne, whiskey, gin, bitters, rum, boxes of cigars, Railroad tickets, &c., if we would go after them,	3 656
Been after them,	1
Going again,	0
Been asked 'What's the news?'	300 090
Told,	18
Didn't know	200 000
Lied about it,	00,987

A MASONIC INCIDENT.—A little incident containing some mystical interest transpired in Wayne county, South Carolina, during the late war. It is the following:

It was late at night, the husband was absent, and the wife, alone with her children had retired. Three or four soldiers rudely knocked at the door of his house, and demanded entrance and something to eat. The good lady told them that it was too late, that she had nothing cooked, but fearing they might break the door, she got out of the bed and opened it to expostulate with them.

They insisted that she should cook something for them, and while she was getting ready, and they were roaming about the house, one of the party who seemed to be the reader, happened to find a copy of Mackey's "Masonic Jurisprudence" lying upon the side table. Turning it over he found the name of the poor frightened woman's husband written on the fly leaf.

"Is this your husband?" he inquired of the lady.

"Yes, sir," was the timid reply.

"Is he a mason?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come boys, right about—march!" and immediately the house was cleared, and quickly closed.

DRILL FOR VOLUNTEERS.—Fall in! To good ways and habits.

Attention! To your own business.

Right Face! Manfully do your duty, and keep sober.

Quick March! From a temptation do anything which is unmanly.

Half When conscience tells you that you are doing as you would like others to do to you.

Right about face! From dishonesty and falsehood.

Present Arms! Cheerfully when your wife asks you to hold the baby for an hour.

Break Off! Bad habits, and everything which is likely to retard advancement in this world and a place in the world to come.