THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., December 7, 1867. No. 14.

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.

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LEONARD & TOWNSEND,
Attorneys-at-Law,
mar 9-1y EASTON, MD.

P. T. KENNARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
(Office Opposite the M. P. Church.)
mar 16-1y EASTON MD.

CHAS. H. GIBSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the M. P. Church. [mar 16-1y

SURVEYING.
THE subscriber, having had several years practical experiance, offers his services to the public to perform all kinds of
SURVEYING, &c.
Charges moderate. Address,
CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
Surveyor,
apr 23—1y Bay Hundred P. O.

Auctioneering.
JAMES A. ROE,
EASTON, MD.,
OFFERS his services as Auctioneer, and will promptly attend sales whenever called on. [mar 9-1y

J. W. PITTS. G. E. STALEY. J. E. H. GRAHAM
J. W. PITTS & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
286 W. Pratt & 52 S. Howard Sts.
nov 3 1y BALTIMORE

AUCTIONEERING.
THE subscriber having taken out licensefor the above business, most respectfully informs the public that he will promptly attend to auctioneering in any part of the county that his services may be desired. When it is not convenientfor persons to see him in person, a letter addressed to him at Easton, will receive immediate attention.
june 27-tf WM. K. RATHELL,

Auctioneering!
THE sundersigned returns his thanks to the public for past favors, and respectfully informs them that no pains shall be spared to give satisfaction to all who may employ him as an auctioneer. He will attend sales in any part of the county, and orders left at either of the Printing offices in Easton, will be promptly attended to.
WM. H. BOSTIC, Auctioneer.
sep 26-1y

Remedial Institute
For Special Cases,
NO. 14 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.
FULL information, with the highest testimonials; also, a Book on Special Diseases, in sealed envelope, sent free. Be sure and send for them, and you will not regret it; for, as advertising physicians are generally impostors, without references no stranger should be trusted. Enclose a stamp for postage, and direct to Dr. Lawrence, No. 14 Bond Street, New York.
nov 17-1y.

FERTILIZERS
ROBERT B. DIXON,
DEALER IN
BAUGH'S RAW BONE,
MARYLAND POWDER OF BONE,
MORO PHILIPS' PHOSPHATE,
LISTER'S PURE BONE.
THESE Fertilizers are all standard manures and of the best manufacture, which I offer for sale at lowest Factory prices, delivered at all the landings on Choptank, Tread Avon, Miles and Wye Rivers. Parties buying here save Drayage in Baltimore and freight from Baltimore. Give them a tryal. ROBT. B. DIXON.
Office on Washington St., Easton, Md.
aug 10

Fashionable Millinery.
NEW STYLES FOR
FALL AND WINTER, 1867.
MRS. M. A. STEWART, has just returned from the city, with a full and complete assortment of all kinds of the most fashionable MILLINERY GOODS & NOTIONS. All of which have been selected with care and judgment, and will be sold very reasonable. All kinds of Millinery Work, STAMPING FOR BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERY, done with neatness and dispatch.
Thankful for past favors, she hopes to merit a continuance of them. Stand 3d doors below the M. E. Church.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, sold and repaired at the above place by
oct 12 C. H. STEWART.

J. STEINEM & CO.
FALL and WINTER
GOODS.
THE subscriber being thankful for the patronage extended to them since commencing business in Easton, they are happy to again inform the public that they continue to carry on the same business at their new store room next to Haddaway's Hotel, where may be found
READY-MADE CLOTHING
OF ALL SORTS.
Pants,
Vests,
Dress Coats,
Sack-Coats, Whole Suits, &c. They hope by a strict attention to business to receive the favors of the public.—Now is the time to secure bargains in Fall & Winter clothing, as they desire to close out their present stock. Call and examine their stock.
nov2

FLOUR—Family, Extra and Super Flour, just received
oct 26 JAS. H. GRACE.

GOLDEN DRIP SYRUP.—A nice article, try it. For sale by
aug 10 SAML. PATCHETT.

CHEESE—Best English Dairy,
nov 23 J. RASIN.

Buckwheat.
JUST received a supply of fresh ground Buckwheat—warranted of superior quality.
oct 26 JAS. H. GRACE.

Owners of Water Power
Should use the celebrated
LEFFEL TURBINE
WATER WHEEL,
Manufactured by
POOLE & HUNT,
Baltimore, Md.
Send for a circular. [sep 28-6m

NEW FALL AND WINTE
GOODS.
POWELL & WRIGHT have opened their stock of Fall and Winter Goods, embracing in part, a complete assortment of Ladie's and Gentlemen's
Dress Goods, Hosiry, &c.
They think in taste of selection and cheapness, they will compare favorable with any in this market. Call and see. [oct 5

1867. 1868.
FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.
Millinery & Fancy Goods.
MRS. E. A. LYCH has just returned from the city with a new assortment of all kinds of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, such as Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Rufflings, Corsets, and a great variety of all kinds of goods in the above line too numerous to mention. She invites her friends and the public generally to give her a call. Store corner Washington an Dover Street, Easton, Md.
oct 12

STILL LATER & STILL CHEAPER.
JOHN W. CHEEZUM has just returned from the city, and has now open, the largest stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
ever offered by him, and purchased at the great decline of prices the last week.
For Ladie's—a great variety of dress goods, adapted to the season. For gentlemen—cloths, cassimeres in great variety of styles and prices, kerseys and flannels, red and white, cotton flannels and heavy drills, bleached and brown muslins.
He invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call to examine his stock and prices. [oct 12]

FASHIONABLE
FALL AND WINTER
Millinery for 1867.
MRS. E. A. MASON, has just returned from the city with her usual variety of the above goods. She would name in part all the latest styles of Bonnets and Hats; also a full supply of Bonnet Materials, which will be made to order in the latest styles, ribbons all colors and widths, very cheap, Belting and Belt Buckles a large lot. Velvet Ribbons all colors and widths—full supply, latest styles Dress Trimmings. In Notions, she would name Ladies' and Childrens' Gloves, Childrens' Merino and Yarn Hose, Ladies' Merino Vests a fine article; Woolen Goods, such as Hood and Breakfast Shawls, Yarn and Zephyr Worsteds—all shades, Braids of all kinds, Skirt Braids, best quality, fine Mohair Braids, Whale Bones, covered Steel Corset Springs, the Empress Corset—best in use, and a great many other articles too tedious to name.
Having purchased her goods with great care, and to the best advantage, she will be enabled to sell them at the lowest possible price for the cash.
She returns her thanks to the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and will leave nothing undone to merit a continuance of the same.
☞ She will have her regular opening of ready-made Bonnets, on Saturday (to-day) and Tuesday, to which she invites the ladies generally.
Stamping, of all kinds done as usual.
DRESS MAKING.
She has secured the services of a first class Dress Maker from the city, and is now prepared to carry on the above business.
All the latest fashions received monthly.
oct 19

GREAT ATTRACTION,
IMMENSE STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FALL AND WINTER TRADE.
JESSE HUGHES, has just returned from the city with a very large supply of Boots and Shoes, suitable for the present and approaching seasons, which I have selected with care as to durability, as I like to sell an article that will give satisfaction. My friends and the public are invited to an inspection, as I felt satisfied that I can suit them. My stock consists in part of Ladies' Side Lace, Opera and Congress Gaiters, Balmoral Boots, and a large lot of Rubber shoes, very cheap. Misses' Balmoral Morocco Boots and Leather Boots, Children's Balmoral Morocco and Leather Boots—a very large lot. Men's Boots—Sportsmen's boots, the celebrated Dixon Boots, superior to those of last season; fine shoes, gaiters, &c., boys and Youth's boots and shoes—a full supply.
MANUFACTURING.—I have also purchased a good supply of Leather, which I am prepared to make into any kind of Boots and Shoes that may be called for. Repairing done as usual.
To my friends, and the public generally I wish to return my thanks for their liberal support in the past, and by a strict attention to business, hope to merit a continuance of the same.
oct 12

APPLES! APPLES!! APPLES!!!
A few barrels prime New York and Virginia Apples, consisting of Red Streaks, Sweets Greenings, Flours and Pippins, just received by
nov2 DAWSON & BRO.

DOBIN'S ELECTRIC SOAP.—Saves time, saves labor, saves money, saves clothes, saves women. Sold by.
sep 14 SAML. PATCHETT.

PLASTER—Pure ground Plaster for grass crops, barrel or ton.
apr 20 NICOLS & BARTLETT.

WANTED.
SAGE, BEESWAX and FLAXSEED, by
nov2 DAWSON & BRO.

BEAUTY.

The loviest eye is that of faith,
Which upwards looks to God:
The nearest foot is that which has
The path of virtue trod.

The sweetest lips are those that ne'er
A word of guile have spoken;
The richest voice is that of prayer,
One ne'er a vow has broken.

The prettiest hair is that which Time,
Has silvered o'er with gray,
Or covers o'er an honest head—
Its beauties ne'er decay.

The fairest hand is one that oft
Its deeds of kindness given;
The purest heart is one that Christ
Has sanctified for Heaven.

A Woman's Question.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine;
Before I peril all for thee.
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter-bonds; nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible Future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O, tell me, before all is lost!

Look deeper still! If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand?
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay!

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
Is may not be thy fault alone—
But shield my heart against thy own!

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
O, surely thou will warn me now!

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear!
The words would come too late,
Yet I would spare thee all remorse—
So comfort thee my Fate!
Whatever on my heart would fall—
Remember, I would risk it all!

THE BEGGAR.

One cold windy morning, the last Sunday in December, 1847, a half naked man knocked at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter for the season, the young man had no clothing but a coat and a pair of ragged cloth pants and the remains of a flannel shirt in many large rents exposing a muscular chest. But in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale, haggard countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a comfortable furnished room, and its glowing grate of anthracite; before which was placed a luxurant furnished breakfast table. A fashionably attired young man in a brocade dressing gown and velvet slippers, was reclining on a soft *fauteuil* busily reading. The beautiful young wife had lingered at the table, giving to her servant in waiting her order for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded that it be opened: but the young master of the mansion replied that it was quite useless—being no one but some thieving beggar, but the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Mayhood enlisted at once.

"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife passionately, "before you perish."

The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room manifesting a painful weakness at every step. On his entrance, Mr. Mayhood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half frozen man before the fire, when she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee, with abundant food, which was placed before him. Mrs. Mayhood, with a clouded countenance, left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

She ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and paused before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, occupied by her husband, who was a physician and practical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Mayhood was sitting at a small table, with his head resting on his hands apparently in deep thought.

"Edward," said the young wife, "I fear I have displeased you: but the man looked so wretched, I could not bear to drive him from the door," and her sweet voice trembled as she added, "you know I take the sacrament today."

"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband. "I appreciate your fond motives. I know it is pure goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me; but still, I must insist upon my former command that no beggar shall ever be permitted to enter this house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon, in my absence from home. I shudder to think of it. The man who is now below might be a burgular in disguise, and already in your absence taking wax impressions of the different keyholes in the room, so as to enter some night at leisure. Your limited experience of city life makes it difficult to credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to such, it only encourages vice, my dearest."

"It may be so," replied Mrs. Mayhood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want, even if the person has behaved badly—and we know it. But I will promise you not to ask another beggar into this house."

At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying.

"Come Edward, your skill can save him, I know," said the wife hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed her flying footsteps as she decended to the basement. They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious on the carpet where he had slipped in his weakness, from the chair on which Mrs. Mayhood had seated him.

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor, as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.

And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead, his closed eyelids were bordered by long raven lashes, which lay like silken fringe on his pale, bronzed cheeks, while a delicate aquiline nose and a square massive chin displayed a model of manly beauty.

"Is he dead?" asked the young wife anxiously.

"Oh, no, it is only a fainting fit induced by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor, sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment, his cold maxims of prudence and added, "he must be carried to a room without fire, and put into a comfortable bed"

The coachman was called in to assist in lifting the athletic stranger who was soon carried to a room, where the doctor administered with his hands strong doses of port wine sangaree.—The young man soon became partly conscious, but all conversation was forbade him, and he sunk quietly to sleep.

"He is doing well; let him rest as long as he can; should he awaken in our absence, give him beef tea and toast," said the doctor professionally, as he left the room.

In less than an hour afterwards, Dr. Mayhood and his lovely wife entered the church of the most Holy Trinity.

Among the hundreds of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could produce not one rivelled in grace and beauty the orphan bride of the rich physician. The snowy ermine mantelet which protected her form from the piercing wind, rivaling but could not surpass the delicate purity of her complexion and many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Mayhood, as she moved with conscious grace up the centre aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion that the young wayward but generous man who had recently wed her in spite of her poverty and sneers of his friends.

The stately organ had pealed its last richnotes, which was still faintly echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, rose and announced for his text, the often quoted but seldom applied words of the Apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Dr. Mayhood felt his forehead flush painfully; it appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known of his want of charity toward strangers, and for his benefit, wished to give him a public lesson; but he soon saw from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscience had alone made the application of his particular case.

I have not space nor the power to give any synopsis of the sermon, but that it combined with the incident of the morning, effected a happy revolution in the mind of at least one of its hearers. So much so that on the return of Dr. Mayhood from church, he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant, to offer such attendence as he might be in need of. But the young man seemed much refreshed by rest and nutritous food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for the attention he had received, which without doubt, saved his life.

"But I will recompense you well, for thank God I am not the beggar that I seem. I was shipwrecked on Friday night in the Ocean Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of lost—for I escaped from the waves by a miracle, I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in bank awaiting my orders; but I must have perished with cold and hunger, had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity. I was repulsed from every door; I could get neither food nor rest. To be an exile from my own native land ten years, and then after escaping the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a Christian city, I felt was a bitter fate. My name is Authur Willet," added the stranger.

"What, that is my wife's family name. She will be pleased at her agency in your recovery."

"Of what State is she a native?" asked Arthur eagerly.

"I married in the town of B—, where she was bornd."

At this moment Mrs. Mayhood entered the room surprised at the long absence of her husband.

Arthur Willet gazed at her with a look of wild surprise, murmuring—

"It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious to think so."

Mrs. Mayhood gazed with little less astonishment.

"What painful mystery is this?" cried Dr. Mayhood, excitedly addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of her conduct.

"O, no mystery," she replied, sighing deeply, "only this stranger is the image of my lost brother Arthur."

"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger, drawing the small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up asked if she recognized that relic.

"It is my father's gray hair, and you are—"

"His son, Arthur Willet, and you my sister."

Mary Willet Mayhood fell upon the medicant's breast, weaping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving.

Dr. Mayhood turned from the room and left the brother and sister alone in that hour of reunion, saying to himself:

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Benefits of Matrimony.

Corry O'Lanus of the Brooklyn Eagle argues the advantages of married life over 'boarding' institutions from the following standpoint:

Single blessedness is not good for a married man of mature years.

He gets along very well for a little while until his first fortnight's washing is brought home, when he begins to realize the value of matrimony by the absence of shirt buttons.

Man can never be an independent creature until the necessity for buttons can be dispensed with.

In a boarding house a man has considerable deceit taken out of him.

His interest in the establishment is limited—authority he has none.

His landlady agrees to fodder him two or three times a day, and stable him at night somewhere on the third floor.

He can't complain of the coffee, or growl if it the potatoes are undone.

If he doesn't like it he can leave it. There are other boarding houses, and he has a choice of evils.

In the evening he has all the world before him.

He has perfect liberty of choice between his bedroom and the street.

There is a parlor to be sure; but the young lady who has steady company is already there.

You go in and the damsel looks daggers.

Her young man looks as though he would like to punch your head.

If you are possessed of a sensitive and sympathetic nature, you can't resist this mute, but eloquent appeal.

Especially when it comes home to you, as it does to me, that there was a time when you were similarly situated.

How would you have liked it yourself?

There is no alternative but to remember that you "have an appointment," seize your hat and rush out into the street.

A GOOD JOKE.—Many years ago, when church organs first came into use, a worthy old clergyman was pastor of a church where they had just purchased an organ. Not far from the church was a large town pasture, where a great many cattle grazed, and among them a large bull. One hot Sabbath in the summer Mr. Bull came up near the church grazing, and just as the Rev. Mr B. was in the midst of his sermon "boo woo" went the bull.

The parson paused, looking up at the singing seats, and with a grave face said:

'I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service, it annoys me very much.,

The people stared and the minister went on.

'Boo woo-woo,' went the bull again, as he drew a little nearer to the church.

The parson paused again, and addressed the choir:

'I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching.'

The congregation tittered, for they knew what the real cause of this disturbance was.

The parson went on again, and he had just about starting good, when 'bbo woo-woo' came from the bull.

The minister paused once more and exclaimed:

"I have twice requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during the sermon. I now particularly request Mr. M—— that he will not tune his double base organ while I am preaching."

This was too much. M——got up, too much agitated at the idea of speaking out in church, and stammered out.

'It is—isn't me Parson B——; it—it is that d——town bull!'

The Use of Humor in the Pulpit.

The Advance, the new Congregationalist organ in Chicago, defends the use of humor in the pulpit. It says:

"Those who are offended at humor in Henry Ward Beecher, should listen to Spurgeon, both in and out of the pulpit. We shall never forget the evening when we stood in a dense crowd in the Free Church Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, and heard him address the Scotch ministers and elpars on a effective way of preaching the gospel, for more than an hour. He insisted on brief and varied exercises in meetings for prayer and conference, adding, 'I never like to have one of my deacons pray for half an hour and conclude with asking the Lord to forgive our shortcomings. That doubtles cured many of his hearers of the habit in question, although as we looked into the audience we saw not a few of the Scotch elders twisting their features in their efforts to avoid so sinful a thing as a smile in a religious meeting. We may as well learn to be natural in religion, and to laugh at laughable things as well as to weep over those which are mournful. The wise man said, 'There is a time to weep and a time to laugh, and who shall say that both do not find their time occasionally during a sermon? Isaiah once preached on the folly of idolatry, and drew a picture of the ridiculous conduct of a man who selected a log of wood and made a god out of one part and cooked his dinner with the remainder! We suspect it was one of the most effective of his discourses, even if it excited a smile when delivered. The question of right is not to be decided by the gravity or humor of what is said but by the motive of the speaker and the adaptation to a good end of what he says."

"Why, doctor," said a sick lady, "you are giving me the same medicine that you are giving my husband. Why is that?" "All right," said the doctor, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT FOR STEALING MONEY FROM A LETTER.—A young post-office clerk was sentenced in New York a few days since to ten years' hard labor in the penitentiary for embezzling letters. His thefts had been detected by means of decoy letters containing money that was marked.—His counsel endeavored to create sympathy for him on this account with the jury, on the ground that "temptation" had been thrown in his way, but it is difficult to see how money enclosed in a letter could be a temptation to a man who had already tampered with the letter sufficiently to find out what was in it. Every postoffice clerk knows well enough that money is continually passing through the mails, and if his virtue is not strong enough to resist the temptation to steal, he had better seek some less exposed situation. The Judge, in sentencing this young man, said:

"You have been convicted of embezzling letters from the postoffice in which you were a clerk. The crime charged upon you is peculiar, and the frame of the statute indicates the intention that it should be punished with severity. It must be understood by those who are in the Postoffice Department, and entrusted with the correspondence of the country, that no tampering with it is allowable. There is no such thing as a trivial violation of this statute.—The term of imprisonment fixed by the law is not less than ten years nor more then twenty. The points of law urged by your counsel have been carefully considered, and no reason is found in them why you should not be sentenced. I have also considered the request that you should be imprisoned in the county jail, but I think for offences under this statute such a requeet cannot be conceded. I have concluded that the proper sentence is that you shall be imprisoned for ten years at hard labor in the Albany Penitentiary."

To tell the Age of any Lady.

An ingenious and sure way to find out the ages of ladies, or others, is thus:—Hand the following lines to them, requesting them to inform you in how many columns their age appears, then add the numbers together at the top of each column in which their age is, and you have it—

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	16	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	36	29	42
33	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	26	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	43	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	48	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63.

The Beggar and the Divine.

Once on a time a divine who thouht himself, and was thought by others good, while taking a morning walk, happened to meet a poor beggar, when the following dialogue took place:

Divine. God give thee a good morning.

Begger. I never had an evil morning.

D. God bless thee, and make thee prosperous and happy.

B. Nor am I unprosperous or unhappy.

D. Whence camest thou, and whither art thou going?

B. I came from God, and am returning to Him.

D. Who art thou?

B. I am a king.

D. But where is thy kingdom?

B. The kingdom of heaven within me, so that my will and my desire are subdued to the will of God, insomuch that what he wills, I will also hence, I never had any evil morning and am not unprosperous or unhappy.

The divine concluded his walk.

THE NEW M. E. CHURCH.—This handsome edifice which has been in course of construction for several weeks past is approaching completion. The contractor for the brick work, Mr. Gardiner, of Baltimore city, has now completed the brick work; the walls being finished and the work done in the best manner. The joist for the ceiling and the frame work for the roof, is already up and in six or eight days more the roof will be put on. We learn it is the intention of the building committee to enclose the building before winter sets in and to finish the inside work next Spring.—*Denton Union.*

☞ "Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd tear this eternal firmament into a thousand fragments—I'd gather the stars one by one, as they tumbled from etherial space, and put them in my trowsers pockets; I'd pluck the sun that oriental God of Day, that travels the blue arch of day in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and quench its bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!"

Amelia—"Don't Henry, it would be so very dark."

☞ A wag went to the St. Louis police office the other day, and informed an officer that there was a lady around the corner dressed in men's attire. The officer hurried to the place indicated, and was taken aback on finding the alleged transgressor was John Lady, an oyster man. The policeman acknowledged himself, and sold and called for a dozen on the hall shell. The best of the joke was that the wag had to pay for the oysters.

☞ A gentleman form Kendall County while in the city a short time since was inveigled into going to see the Black Crook. "How did you like it?" he was asked. "Not much," was the reply. "When I got in there I was awfully ashamed. There was a lot of women prancing around with nothieg on them but *flesh colored court plaster!*"

A Dutchman at Decatur married a second wife in about a week after the loss of wife No. 1. The Sabbath following the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was duly "cut up" with the following response: "You think I ride out mit anoder voman so soon after the death of mine fran? No, no."

It seems to be a fixed fact that a convention will be held in Virginia, and that it will be quite radical in its composition.