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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., January 18, 1868. No. 20.

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.

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

WM. B. WHEELER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
EASTON, MD.,
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care.
OFFICE—Back of West's Cigar Store.
mar 18-1y S

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. R. STALEY. J. R. 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 convenient for 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

NEW FALL AND WINTER 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

Boarding.
HAVING recently opened, for the accommodation of permanent and trancient boarders, at corner 231 Pratt & Sharp streets, Balto., Md., I take this method of informing my friends that they will find, not only home comforts, but can rely on my table being suppled with all the substances and luxuries of the market. The house, for cleanliness and ventilation, is unsurpassed and has just been furnished throughout with new beds and furniture. It also has bathrooms for the occommodation of patrons.
GEO. GOSLIN,
No. 231 Pratt & Sharp Sts.,
mar 30-tf Baltimore, Md

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 best 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.

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

THE ATMOSPHERIC ODORATOR, for perfuming apartments. By this simple apparatus a few drops of perfumery can be converted into thousands of minute particles, impregnating the surrounding atmosphere with fragrant odor. nov2 L. H. CAMPBELL.

Look Here!
THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public that he always keeps on hand, and is constantly receiving new supplies of
Ready Made Clothing,
such as
COATS, PANTS, VESTS, UNDERGARMENTS, &c., &c. Also, Trunks and Hats.
His supply of Fall and Winter Suits is very large. Selling at Baltimore prices.
Being thankful for the patronage heretofore extended to him since he has been in Easton, he hopes by strict attention to business, and keeping a good stock of goods, to merit a continuance of the same. J. L. STEINEM,
jan 4-1y One door from Talbot House.

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]

NEW
Fall & Winter
GOODS,
AT TRAPPE, MD.
JAS. T. MULLIKIN & CO. have just returned from the city with a new and very large stock of Fall and Winter Goods, viz:
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS, SHOES
CLOTHING,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE, TIN & WOODWARE,
Groceris, &c., &c.
Particular attention given to the selection of Ladies' and Gents' DRESS GOODS.
The above stock will be sold at as reasonable terms as any house will sell them on the shore.
N. B. Mr. WM. FRANK MADDUX has been admitted to an interest in our house from Oct. 1st, 1867. oct 22-1y

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 Boot 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.
oct1 2

For the Easton Gazette.

Some Things are Strange.

'Tis not my part, to wonder find,
Nor for such things, have I a mind;
But how it is, I cannot tell,
Some things are strange, I know too well.
How odd it is that some will say,—
"O, don't do that, I truly pray,"
"Unless you wish, yourself be worsted"—
Or, "If you do, you're surely bursted."
"Now, George is good, and may be kind,
But not the one, to suit my mind;
For such as you, of high degree,
Should look above such stuff as he."
Thus speaks your friend, or you may call,
Just as you please, or not at all;
She finds you ready for advice;
She speaks the word, and in a trice,
You accept the counsel, heed her saying,—
All gotten free—but double paying.
The paying part, you do not see,
Nor would she tell for a trible fee;
No sooner than, you're easy quite,
She bows to you, "My friend, good night."
Her task is done, her mission ended,
She turns her back—her way is wended
To some secluded, far off spot,
And thinks, O thinks,—must I say what?
"How nice I foiled, and took her in"—
O, the very thought, of which is sin!
What more she says, I must not tell—
Nor where her heart doth surely dwell,
Is not for me, to open wide
The many things, she doth deride.
So to be brief, I am inclined,
Her scheme is fixed, and you will find
Her mind so chang'd, she cannot tell
The reason why, she loves George Dell.
Now SHE THINKS GEORGE is just the lad;
And wishes, that, he'd ask her dad
For her- and, him to wed for life
By taking her, to him, for wife.
So sets her trap, and plays her part,
And soon 'tis said, she wins his heart.
The Priest he comes, the tale is told
The knot is tied, and YOU ARE SOLD—
Now, this is strange, yet hath it been,
Woman's an angel, OR A FIEND.

BERTHA.

NEAR HOLE-IN-THE-WALL, Jan. 8, 1868.

THE PEDDLER'S STORY.

A cold winter's night, several years since, found a stage-load of passengers gathered together around the warm fire of a tavern bar room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night.

After we had eaten supper, we repaired to the bar room, where the conversation flowed freely. Several ancedotes had been related, and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Vinney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last things of any consequence that happened to me. You see I am now right from the West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was during the early part of last spring, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock county, Indiana. I said it was pleasant—I mean warm. I went in and called for supper, and had my horse taken care of. After I had eaten, I sat down in the bar room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and it was very dark out doors. Now I wanted to be in Jackson the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me which I intended to dispose of on my way home.

"The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain I could get along through the mud very well after that. I asked the landlord if he would see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off about two. He expressed some surprise at this and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him that I had sold my last load about out and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to get there before the express agent left in the morning.

"There were a number of persons sitting round while I told this, but I took little notice of them; only one arrested my attention. I had seen then that week notices for the detection of a notorious robber. The bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. He was a tall, well formed man, rather slight in frame and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber, I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the individual. He said he did not know him. He had come that afternoon, and intended to leave the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenence was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with him.

"I was resolved not to let the landlord in the secret, but to give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left, for I had doubts with regard to the identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately rose and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away and the moon shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep, and my horse could not travel very fast. However, on we went, and in course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forrest, mostly of great pine.—The road lay directly through this woods, and, as near as I can remember, the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east and the road ran nearly west, so I thought I should have light enough.

"I had entered this woods and gone about half a mile when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astohishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from the same source. What could it be? I looked quietly around, but could see nothing; yet I knew the sound that I heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something besides the jerk from the hole. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined that somebody had taken this method to obtain a ride. My next idea was that somebody had got in to sleep there; but this passed away as soon as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Who ever was there had broken in. My next thought was of the suspicious individual I had seen at the tavern. He heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then creep over and shoot me or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"In a few moments my horse was knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my pistol, and having twined the reins about the whip-stock, carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind and examined the hasp.—The door of the cart lets down and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over the stable and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its own place by a bit of pine, so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench stood in a leathren bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made of a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary mortal could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at the distance of half a mile further I should come to a hard road, and so I allowed my horse to pick his own way through the mud.

"About ten minutes after this, I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force was being applied to the door, I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat, and shoot up through the top of the cart at me; so I sat down on the foot board.

"Of course I knew that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"'Let me out of this!" and yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted my head so as to make him think I was in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there.

"'Let me get out and I will tell you," he replied.

"'Tell me what you are in there for."

"'I got in here to sleep on the rags," he answered.

"'How did you get in?" I asked.

"'Let me out or I'll shoot you through the head."

"Just at this moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going, the distance twelve miles. I slipped back on the foot board and took the whip. In fifteen minutes, we cleared the wood, and away we went at a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out.

"Finally he stopped, and in a few moments came the report of a pistol—one—two—three—four, one right after the other, I heard the balls whis over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of these balls if not two would have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell, and then I said,—

'O God, save me! I'm a dead man!'

'Then I made a shuffling noise, as though I was falling off, and finally settle down on the footboard again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with my whip stock, and she peeled it faster than ever.

'The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous efforts to break the door open, and as this failed him he made several attempts on the top. But I had no fear of his doing anything there, for the top of the cart is framed with dove tails, and each sleeper bolted to the post with iron bolts. I had it made so I could carry loads there. By and by, after all else ailed the scamp commenced to halloo 'Whoa!' to the horse, and kept it up until he became hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock. We were not an hour going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear; perhaps I might tell the truth and say I had none, for I had a good pistol, and more than that my passenger was safe, yet I was glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more hauled up in front of the tavern and found a couple of men in the stable cleaning down some stage horses.

'Well, old fellow, said I, as I got down and went to the back of the wagon, 'you have had a good ride, haven't you?'

'Who are you?' he cried, and he swore as he asked the question.

'I am the man you tried to shoot,' was my reply.

'Where am I? Let me out.'

"Look here, we've come to a safe stopping place, and, mind you my pistol is ready for you the moment you show yourself. Now lay quiet.'

'By this time the two hostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained the case. After this I got one of these to run and rout out the sheriff, and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came and two men with him. I told him the whole affair in a few words, and then made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. I then slipped the wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle, and he came down on his face, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was marched to the lockup, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day.

'After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered.

'I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of the vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit, two of them must have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with heavy charges of powder, and his pistols were heavy ones.

On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the right villain.

I afterwards found a letter in the post office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock county, informing me that the fellow who had tried to kill and rob me was in prison for life.

What Young Men should Know.

The best inheritance which parents can give their children is the ability to help themselves. This is better than a hundred thousand dollars apiece. In any trouble or difficulty, they have two excellent servants, in the shape of two hands. Those who can do nothing, and have to be waited upon, are helpless and easily disheartened in the misfortunes of life. Those who are active and hardy meet troubles with a cheerful face, and easily surmount them. Let young people, therefore, learn to do as many things as possible. Every boy should know sooner or later—

1. To dress himself, black his own boots, cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep his clothes in order.
2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon, and harness a team.
3. To carve and wait on table.
4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a veal or mutton.
5. To reckon money and keep accounts correctly, and according to good booking rules.
6. To write a neat, and appropriate briefly expressed business letter, in a good hand, fold and subscribe it properly, and write contracts.
7. To plow, sow grain and grass, drive a mowing machine, build a neat stack and pitch hay.
8. To put up a package, build a fire, mend broken tools, whitewash a wall, and regulate a clock.

Every girl should know how:

1. To sew and knit.
2. To mend clothes neatly.
3. To make beds.
4. To dress her own hair.
5. To wash the dishes and sweep the carpets.
6. To make good bread and perform all plain cooking.
7. To keep her room, drawers, and closets in order.
8. To work a sewing machine.
9. To make good butter and cheese.
10. To make a dress and children's clothing.
11. To keep accounts and calculate interest.
12. To write, fold and superscribe letters properly.
13. To nurse the sick effectually, and not faint at the sight of blood.
14. To be ready to render efficient aid and comfort to those in trouble, and in an unostentatious way.
15. To receive and entertain visitors in the absence or sickness of her mother.

A young lady who can do all these things well, and who is always ready to render aid to the afflicted and mitigate the perplexities of those around her will bring more comfort to others and be more esteemed, than if she knew how to dance, simper, sing, and play on the piano.

HORACE GREELEY'S APPRENTICESHIP TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.—In the last number of Mr. Greeley's autobiography in the Ledger, he gives the following account of his four years' apprenticeship in a printing office at Poultney, Vt., the agreement being that he should serve six months for his board, and after that have $40 a year and his board:

"The organization and management of our establishment were vicious; for an apprentice should have one master, and I had a succession of them, and often two or three at once. First our editor left us; next the company broke up or broke down, as any one might have known it would; and a mercantile firm in the village became owners and managers of the concern; and so we had a succession of editors and of printers. These changes enabled me to demand and receive a more liberal allowance for the later years of my apprenticeship; but the office was too laxly ruled for the most part, and, as to instruction, every one had perfect liberty to learn what he could. In fact, as but two, or at most three persons, were employed in the printing department, it would have puzzled an apprentice to avoid a practical knowledge of whatever was done there. I had not been there a year before my hands were blistered and my back lamed by working off the very considerable edition of the paper on an old-fashioned, two-pull Ramage (wooden) press—a task beyond my boyish strength—and I can scarcely recall a day wherein we were not hurried by our work.—I would not imply that I worked too hard—yet I think few apprentices work more steadily and faithfully than I did throughout the four years and over of my stay in Poultney. While I lived at home, I had always been allowed a day's fishing, at least once a month in spring and summer, and I once went hunting; but I never fished, nor hunted, nor attended a dance, nor any sort of party or fandango, in Poultney. I doubt if I even played a game of ball."

An honest Dutchman in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him.—"Who vas dat who vould not shleep mit Botifer's wife?"

"Shoseph."

"Dat's a coot boy! Vel, vot was de reason he vould no shleep mit her?"

"Don't know—'spose he vasan't shleepy."

A young fellow not quite so wise as Solomon, eating some Orange county cheese full of mites, one night at a restaurant, said:

"Now I have done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands and my ten thousands."

Yes, answered one of the company and with the weapon too—the jaw bone of an ass.

Who is the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph—Pharoah made a "ruler" of him.

Woman in a Workshop.

Mrs. Dall, in her recent book entitled "Woman's Work," gives this homely but attractive picture:—"According to thy request," writes a Quaker friend from Wilmington, Del., "I send thee some facts concerning Sarah Ann Scofield. Some fifteen years since her father become very much involved in debt. He owed some ten or twelve hundred dollars, having lost largely by working for cotton and woolen mills. His business was making spindles and flyers.—His daughter, then just sixteen, proposed to go into her father's workshop and assist him, she being the oldest of seven children. He accepted her offer, and told me himself that in one year she could finish more work and do it better than any man he had ever trained for eighteen months. She earned fifteen dollars a week at the rate he then paid other hands. Her father died. Her two oldest brothers learned the trade of her, and went away. She has now two younger sisters in apprenticeship, and a brother fourteen years of age, all working under her—turning, polishing, filling, and fitting all kinds of machinery. I went out to see her last week She was then making water-rams to force streams in barns and houses. She is also beginning to make many kinds of carriage axles. She is her own draughtsman, and occasionally does her own forging.—To use her own words, "What any do I can but try it." She has a steam engine, every part of which she understands; and I know that her work gives entire satisfaction. When the family have steady employment, they clear sixty dollars a week, and Sarah says she would rather work at it for her bread than at sewing for ten times the money. The truth is, she fond of the business."

Regularly Sold.

Two gentlemen, one of whom has been in California nearly a year, and the other just arrived, were accidently overheard in the following conversation at the Sutter House, Sacramento. The new comer was lamenting his condition, and especially his absence from two beautiful daughters, who were just budding into womanhood—when he asked his companion if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, I have a wife and six children in Philadelphia, and I never saw one of the darlings."

After this the couple sat a few moments in silence, and then the interrogator again commenced:

"Were you ever blind?"

"No, sir," was the answer.

Another lapse of time.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in Philadelphia, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir, I so stated it."

Another and a longer pause of silence, and then the interrogator inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the reply, "one of them was born after I left."

"Oh! ah!" and a general laugh followed.—After that the first Philadelphian was distinguished as the man who had a wife and six children and never saw one of them.

Type-setting by Machinery.

We have received from the Alden Type-setting and Distributing Machine Company, of New York city, a neat edition of Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" the "matter" of which amounts to 21,993 ems of solid agate type, was set up and distributed by a young lady with one of the Alden machines in six hours and thirty-nine minutes; or at the rate of about 3,800 ems per hour. The same matter, amounting, when leaded, to 31,223 ems, was justified in nine hours and fifty-eight minutes, or at the rate of above 2,422 ems per hour.

During our experience of twenty-two years in patented inventions, there have been patents granted—both in this country and in Europe—on numerous machines for setting and distributing type; but we believe that prior to the completion of the Alden machine, none could be said to be successful. This machine has required many years of experiment and improvement to bring it to its present successful condition. We have little doubt that, before many years have elapsed, the setting and distribution of type will be performed entirely by machinery.—*American Artisan.*

An Irishman about three miles from Clayton Del., was sent out to work in the field one morning, and on the owner of the farm going to where the son of Erin was engaged in grubbing, he found that he had killed and piled up a large lot of snakes. He asked him:

"Why, Robert, what are you going to do with them?"

"Sure, an I'm going to skin the *ales* and take 'em up for dinner."

"Quit spitting that nasty tobacco on the floor, Josh, or I'll whip ye."

"La, mother, why don't you speak properly. You should have said, "Cease ejecting that offending saliva of the Virginia weed upon the promenade, or I shall administer to you a severe castigation." That is proper, ma."

Ma fainted.

"Job printing," exclaimed an old woman the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country newspaper.—"Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first larnt to read; and if he was'nt the most patientest man that ever was he never could have stood it so long, nohow."

A house-maid was sent to call a gentleman to breakfast, and found him using the tooth-brush.

"Is he coming?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply, he's just sharpening his teeth."

A little girl, the daughter of a coal merchant, after attentively listening to an account given her of hell by her father, who said it was a place where Satan continually roasted sinners at an immense fire, exclaimed: "Oh, papa, can't you induce him to take coal of you?"

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Bettie to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please mum, the pumphandle a broke, and missus took the water from the boiler."

"There's our grandmother," says a contemporary, "a striking instance why woman should vote. She's paid taxes on a dog for the last ten years, and now declares either vote or kill the dog.

Why is the pupil of the eye like a bad boy at school? Because it is always under the lash.

To destroy rats, catch them one by one, and flatten their heads with a lemon squeezer.