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TERMS.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS:

Of one square (six lines,) inserted once THREE for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cts 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 inserted without charge.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will not be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

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

Professional Cards, &c.

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

L. A. LEONARD,
Attorney-at-Law
mar 9-1y EASTON, MD.

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

A. A. TOWNSEND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Especial attention given to the COLLECTION of CLAIMS. [jy 4-1y

EDWARD B. BATES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PROMPT attention to COLLECTION of CLAIMS and purchase and sale of REAL ESTATE.
Office with I. C. W. Powell, Esq., Easton, Md. (aug 1

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

Auctineering!
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

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BAY HUNDRED, TALBOT CO., MD.
ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Also, Surveying in all it branches.
Orders, by mail, from a distance, promptly attended to. [mar 6 6m

Real Estate.
PERSONS having Real Estate to sell, or those wishing to purchase, will find it to their advantage to call upon the subscriber.
A. A. TOWNSEND,
Attorney-at-Law,
jy4-1y Easton, Md.

SHAVING SALOON,
UNDER THE EASTON HOTEL.
PHIL FLOYD announces that he has removed his Shaving Saloon to the basement of Mr. Hardesty's Brick Hotel, where he will be glad to have a call from his old friends, and from all who want a nice shave. Hair cutting done in the most fashionable style. Shampooing and boot blacking done to order. He claims to have the brag shop of the Eastern Shore, and he knows he can shave equal to the next one.
jan 26.

PUMPS.
HAVING removed to Easton, notice is hereby given, that the subscriber is prepared to sink new wells or clean out old ones, or make new Pumps, or repair old ones. All orders left with F. G. Wright Esq., or at the Easton Hotel promptly attended to. He will also put down force Iron Pumps. Work solicited in Talbot and the adjacent counties.
WM. H. SAULSBURY.

WM. B. WHEELER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
EASTON, Md.
HAVING removed his office to his old stand, next door to the Star office, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. mar 20-1y

SAMUEL E. TUCKER.
CONSTABLE,
HAVING taken an office with William B. Wheeler, Justice of the Peace, next door to the Star office, will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care, both civil and criminal. [mar 20

N. E. NICOLS,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE
COLLECTION of CLAIMS
AND THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE, FERTILIZERS, FARMING MACHINERY, &c., &c.,
EASTON, MD.
REFERENCES:
James Ll. Martin, Easton, Md.
Capt. E. L. F. Hardcastle, " "
Mr. Wm. S. Pawson, Baltimore "
Messrs. Upshur Lloyd & Bro., " "
Hon. Eli Saulsbury, Dover, Del.
Capt. E. R. Newhard, Allentown, Pa
(mar 28

1869. NEW YORK 1869.
SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS.
JOHN SATTERFIELD
RESPECTFULLY returns thanks for past favors and has the pleasure to announce that he has just received the latest FASHIONS from New York, for Gentlemen's Coats, Pants, &c., and is prepared to cut and make all kinds of garments in the latest styles, in the best manner, and with despatch.
All work done by him WARRANTED TO FIT.—Cutting done with care and punctuality. He can always be found at his old stand, opposite the Frame Hotel, in Easton. He hopes all his friends and customers and the public generally will call soon and leave their measures for a suit
mar 20

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in
1825.
THEY CURED YOUR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, nor anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicine. They are
The greatest known remedies for
Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters
is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, they being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.
There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.
Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.
These Remedies are the best
Blood Purifiers
ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 23, 1866.
I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a valuable and valuable preparation. In some cases it may feel; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Price of the Bitters, $1 00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $5 00.
Price of the Tonic, $1 50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $7 50.
The tonic is put up in quart bottles.
Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the
PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
At the German Medicine Store,
No. 631 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. Jackson & Co.
These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy in order to get the genuine.
aug 29-1y

SELECT POETRY.

Life's Mystery.

Though mind and knowledge daily grow
As fast the ages roll,
The more we learn the less we know
What constitutes the soul,
And wouldst thou dare, presumptuous man,
With philosophic mind,
To scrutinize Jehovah's plan—
His hidden nature find?

Go, study deep in nature's laws!
Make science more profound;
Yet vainly strive to know the cause
Of life and light around,
Go, hold the lightning in its wrath,
That human eye may see
The mighty power which it hath,
So swift to cross the sea.

Go measure thou the depth of space
Beyond the palest star.
And track the meteor to its place,
While flashing from afar,
Or gather, as the planets roll,
The music of the spheres,
And bring upon thy raptured soul
The harmonies of years.

Go, count the green leaves from their birth,
The moments, as they flee;
Each grain of sand upon the earth,
Each atom of the sea;
And should thy toil be nearly done,
Ere life begins to fall;
O! know the task is but begun
To penetrate the veil.

Vain, vain, oh, man! is all thy skill,
These are but little things—
The grains of sand beneath the hill,
The atoms of the springs;
The space around, with tempest rife;
The green leaves of the sod—
Then study thou the good of life,
And leave the rest to God.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbors less;
For instance, you and I my friend
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others folly mock.

I've been thinking if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs;
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend,
It may be so with others,
It would seem strange if it were not,
Since al' mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity
For every man and woman;
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human,"
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift up our fallen brother;
And as we journey down life's road,
Do good to one another.

SELECT STORY.

Col. Crickley's Horse.

—OR—

A Racy Sketch.

—OR—

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickley's and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance there has been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms revealed the latent flame, and Col. Crickley having followed a fat buck all one afternoon, and wounded him, came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up. This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other.

One evening Mr. Drake the elder was returning home with his 'pockets full of rocks,' from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Drake's house he observed to his companion—

"What a beautiful mark Col. Crickley's old Roan is over yonder!" "Hang it," muttered Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful," muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old Roan so easy!"

"Shoot!" suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this, any way, tell or no tell. This horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not a hall a dozen paces distant, and before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered in some confusion—"That you Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare. And as I said, I'll give a 'V' for one pull."

"Say an 'X' and n's a bargain!"

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old Roan.

"How much is the hoss worth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it. Here's your 'X.'" The Colonel pocketed the money, muttering: "Hanged if I thought you'd take me up!"

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, and stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight on old Roan. Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred!"

Drake stared at his rifle with a look black as Othello's, "What is the matter with you hay? guns' time you ever served me quite such a trick, I swar!"

And Drake loaded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your nack o' shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of nature.

"Who said so. It's a lie," thundered Drake "I can shoot—"

'A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!'

Drake was livid.

'Look here, Colonel, I can't stand that!' he began.

'Never min'; the horse can,' sneered the Colonel. I'll risk you.'

Grinding his teeth. Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

'Here!' he growled. 'I am bound to have another shot any way.'

'Crack away,' cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old Roan looked him in the face as if he rather liked the fun.

'Drake,' cried Sam, you're drunk! a horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!'

'Just shut your mouth or I'll shoot you!' thundered the excited Drake. 'The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies says I can't shoot! Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and kin do it again. By the Lord Harry, Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now thirty dollars I can bring down old Roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his his two tens, and making an X into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch and beaded his rifle.

A minute later Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock on the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barston was too scared to laugh.—Meanwhile, the gratified Colonel was on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home his two sons, discovering his ill-humor and the mutilated condition of his rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirit with a piece of news which they were sure would make him dance with joy.

"Clear out," growled the angry old man, I don't want to hear any news; get away, or I shall knock one of you down!"

"But, father, it's such a trick."

"Blast you and your tricks."

"' layed off on the old Colonel."

"On the Colon l," cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Gad, if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I, this afternoon, went out for deer—"

"Hang the deer—come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something, so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan?" thundered the old man.—"By the Lord Harry, Jed, did you shoot the Colonel's hoss?"

"I didn't do anything else."

"Devil, devil," groaned the hunter.

"And then," pursued Jed, confident the joke part of the story must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up and tied his head back with a cord. and left him standing just like he was still alive. Ha, ha, fancy the Colonel going to catch him, ho, ho,—wasn't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt his empty pocket book, and looked at his rifle. Then, in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys—

"Yes, boys, it's a joke. But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive. By the Lord Harry, boys, I've been shooting at the dead hoss half an hour at ten dollars a shot."

Life Lengthened.

1. Cultivate an equal temper: many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion.
2. Eat regularly, not over thrice a day, and nothing between meales.
3. Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in the day time, at least not longer than ten minutes before noon.
4. Work always by the day and not by the job.
5. Stop working before you are 'fagged out.'
6. Cultivate a generous and an accommodating temper.
7. Never eat when you are not hungry nor drink when you are not thirsty.
8. Never cross a bridge before you come to it, for this will save half the trouble of life.
9. Let your appetite always come uninvited.
10. Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising; this simple rule would prevent incalculable sickness and save millions of lives in a year.
11. Never resist a call of nature for a single minute.
12. Never allow yourself to be chilled through and through; it is this which destroys so many every year in a few days sickness, from pneumonia, called by some lung fever, or inflamation of the lungs.
13. Whoever drinks no liquors at his meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks—drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would as any one can verify by experiment; and it is excess of eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death.
14. After fifty years of age, if not a day laborer, and sendentary persons after forty, should eat but twice a day—in the morning and about four in the afternoon; persons can soon accustom themselves to five hour interval between eating, thus giving the stomach rest for every organ without adequate rest must give prematurely.
15. Begin early to live under the benign influence of the Christian religion, for it has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ Swell—'Had no breakfast?'
Sweeper—'No, sir.'
Swell—'Paw beggaw. And no dinnaw?'
Sweeper—'No, sir.'
Swell—'Paw beggaw.'
Sweeper—'Got any copper, yer hono?'
Swell—'Naw.'
Sweeper—'Paw beggaw!'

The Farmer.

Drive on thy sturdy farmer,
Drive cheerfully over the field,
The pleasure of a farmer's life
No other life can yield.

Thou riseth with the morning sun
To till the fruitful earth,
And when thy daily task is done,
Thou seek'st thy peaceful hearth.

Thou loveest not the gaudy town,
With its tumultuous roar,
Plenty and peace thy fireside crown,
And thou dost ask no more.

Monarchs in robes with crimson dyes
Are low compared with thee,
They are pampered sons of pride,
Thou art God's nobility.

Go on, thou sturdy farmer,
Tread proudly on thy soil,
Thou proud and goodly heritage,
Thou chosen son of God.

Horses in Fly Time.

The fly, insignificant as it is in size, and devoid of the power of doing any great harm, is one of the most annoying little pests of all the insect tribe. A nuisance to man, the fly is the terror of the horse, whose flesh is made to quiver whenever the foot of one touches him. It is, therefore, an act of humanity to come to the aid of the horse, powerful as he is, against his nimble assailant, the fly. Here is a receipt which is said to be an excellent defence against it. At all events, a trial of it will not involve much expense, nor will it do harm should it prove unavailing as a defence to the horse:

Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle and let it boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold it will be fit for use. No more is requied than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable let those parts which are the most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz: between and upon the ears, the neck, etc. Not only the lady or the gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive benefit from walnut leaves thus prepared but the coachman, the waggoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.—*Ex.*

A Wise Choice.

The *American Baptist* tells the following good story which we commend to our young female readers, and males also:

'Where did you first meet with your bride?' I said to a young friend of mine, who had invited me to his wedding.

His reply was: A year ago I was one of a large dinner party of ladies and gentlemen, at which a young lady was noticed not to drink any wine. Our host observed it, and said:

'A glass of wine with you, Miss?'

'Excuse me, sir,' said she.

'What excuse! Are you a teetotaler? What! have we a teetotaler here? Ha! ha! a teetotaler? Why, do you never drink wine?'

'Never, sir.'

'Why not?'

'From principal sir.'

'Nothing more was said. Her decision of character deeply impressed me. I sought an introduction to her, satisfied that one of such principles would make me a good companion. I became a teetotaler myself, and now she has just become my wife. That's why I married her.'

Our friend was right. Such a young lady will make a fine wife, Would there were more like her.

RATHER GOOD.—We have often heard of remarkable cases of 'absence of mind.' Here is one equal to anything we have seen lately.—The man was doubtless a very interesting head of the family:

'I say, cap'n,' said a little-keyed man, as he landed from the steamboat Peytona at Natchez, 'I say, cap'n, this here ain't all.'

'That's all the baggage you brought on board sir,' replied the captain.

'Well, see now, I grant n's all OK according to list,—four boxes, three chests, two ban boxes, a portmanty, two hams—one part cut,—three ropes inyons, and a tea-kettle; but you see cap'n, I am dubersom. I feel there's something short. Though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes off 'em while on board, there's something not right somehow.'

'Well stranger, the time is up; there is all I know of; so bring your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we are off.'

'Them's em, darn it! them's 'em. I know'd I had forgot something.'

☞ A good old Massachusetts doctor met a sexton in the street one day. After the usual salutations, the doctor began to cough.

'Why, doctor,' said the sexton, 'you have got a cold. How long have you had that?'

'Look here, Mr. Sexton;' said the doctor with a show of indignation, 'what is your charge for interment?'

'One dollar,' was the reply.

'Well,' continued he, 'just come into my office, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you coming round, so anxious about my health.'

The sexton was even with him, however.—Turning around to the doctor, he replied, 'Ah, doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business was never so good as it has been since you begun to practice.'

☞ Matrimony is—hot cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, red lips, round arms, kind words, shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, bootjacks, happiness, etc.

Single blessedness is—sheet iron quilts blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, heelless socks, coffee sweetened with icicles, gutta percha biscuits, flabby steak, dull razors, dirty towels, rheumatism, corns, coughs, cold dinners, colics, rhubarb, and any amount of misery.

☞ A Sunday school teacher asked a little girl who was the first man. She alleged she did not know. The question was then put to an Irish girl, who answered, "Adam, sir,", with apparent satisfaction. "La," said the first girl, you needn't to feel so grand about it—he wasn't an Irishman!"

GOOD SPELLING.—"Caleb, spell Aaron."
"Great A, little a-r-o-n—ron."
"Very well, Ichabod, see if you can spell United States."
"Yes sir. Great country, little country, T-a-x—us."
"Go up head."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Mrs. Partington Shopping.

'Come, Ike get your basket and let's propel to town.'

They enter a fashionable milliner establishment.

'How do you sell potatoes?'

'Do you mean madame to insult me?'

'Well, I would like to consult you about getting a couple of pecks. Ike bring along your basket.'

'But, madame, we do not deal in potatoes.—Who told you we sold potatoes?'

"Your advertisement.'

'Our advertisement? It certainly says no such thing.'

'But it doz. Ike come here, Didn't you read to me the other night, about this new millinery store having conceived a new assortment pitaters from New York?'

Ike nods.

'There, now, you needn't be skeered; I an't no revenue deceptive.'

'Madame, you have made a mistake. Our advertisement announces for sale palpitators, a new article of female apparel with which young ladies, whose bosoms are not fully developed, are enabled to beautify their forms, and render preceptible the affectionate emotions of their loving hearts. Hence they are call palpitators.'

'Lo, me! your advertisement didn't say about parallels enveloping female bosoms and show their notions of affection. Now if you denounce them as bofoms pitaters, you'd be more intelligent. Well I'm after stomach pitaters, which I have much affection for beside my bosom is parallel enough and I pretend for the future to keep it to without putting pitaters in it, any how. Good bye, Mrs. Milliner. Come, Ike, let us tramp.'

☞ The other day a newsboy rushed into a retail shirt store on Frederick Avenue, and thus accosted the proprietor:

"I say, mister, do you retail any shirts here?"

"Yes, my son; we have them to fit you at 75 cents apiece—very good."

"O, blazes, I don't want a whole one but I sed on your sign, "Shirts wholesale and retail," and I thought maybe you might retail mine, for it wants it bad, a dog got hold of it, and wouldn't let go till I knocked him in the head."

"Why don't your mother mend them?"

"Well, thar! do you think I've got a mother? I ain't got a mother, nor never had—as I knows on."

"You had better go over the way. We can't retail your old one."

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—'John how do you parse grandmother?'

'I don't pass her at all, but always goes in to get a targ.'

'What is the singular of man?'

'They is singular when they pay their debts without being axed to do it a dozen or more times.'

'Young women are beautiful. What comes after young women?'

'It's the fellers to be sure—they are always after the young women.'

'That will do, you are dismissed.'

☞ A miller had a couple of sons who were notorious for saying things not altogether truthful.

'Johnny,' said the old man, the other day, 'have you tolled the grist?'

'Yes.'

'Sammy, have you tolled the grist?'

'Yes.'

'You be so like the evil one that I can't believe you; I will toll it myself to make sure of it.'

☞ One of our eminent citizens "had company" a few evenings since, when the euphony of different languages, particularly the German, was discussed. A little ten year old boy "put in his oar" thusly:

"Ma, I can talk Dutch."

'You talk Dutch, Georgie. Let me hear you.'

The household hopeful promptly gave taste of his lingual quality as follows:

"Who'se pin here since I'se pin gone."

☞ A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at night, and said:

"Why, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after 'ark."

"Then you had a deuce of a father, you had," said the young profligate.

Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated: "I had a confounded sight better one than you have, you young rascal."

☞ A Kentucky man went over to Indiana to procure a stone for the grave of his son, and insisted that the inscription, which 'was writ by the family,' should be 'cut on there gust that way.' The following is the poem as prepared:

He died at nashville tennessee
he died of kronic diaree
it trooly painful must of bin
to die so fur away from home.

☞ A gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, "popped the question." The lady, in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, sir!" The Gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

☞ An Irish imigrant, hearing the sunset gun at Portsmouth, asked a sailor, "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Pat, "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

☞ A person was remarking the other day, 'How cheap everything is got.' 'Not *every* thing,' said his friend. 'Why, what is not?'—'Woman!' 'Oh, aye! I forgot—*women* is always *dear*!"

☞ A daughter is almost always right when she endeavors to imitates her mother; but we do not think the mother is equally right when, at a certain period of life, she tries all she can to imitate he daughter.

☞ An Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, replied, "O, yes, too much; I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

☞ 'Where is the hoe, Sambo?' 'Wid de rake, massa!' 'Well, where is the rake?' 'Why, wid de hoe.' 'Well, where are they both?'—'Why, both togedder, massa—you 'pears to be berry 'ticular dis morning!'

☞ Why is the country in winter like the "Black Creek?" Because there are so many bare limbs to be seen.

When a man refuses whiskey he is call a corn dodger. There are but few in this town.