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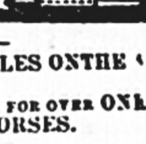

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S. S. Hance. 106 Balti-
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(june 11.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIII. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 24, 1870. NO. 50.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, &c.

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

ALLEN E. FORRESTER. ALPHEUS A. TOWNSEND,
(Formerly of Easton Bar.)
Forrester & Townsend
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
Law Buildings,
Cor. *LEXINGTON & ST. PAUL STS.*,
(Entrance on Lexington St.,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
oct 15-1y

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
EASTON, TALBOT CO., MD.

ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Al ,Surveying in all it branches.
Office on Washington St., two doors South of the M. E. Church. jan 8

Auctioneering.

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

CONSTABLE
AND
AUCTIONEER.

JAMES B. RATI ELL, having been appointed Constable in Trappe District, he also offers his services as Auctioneer. Business entrusted to him in either capacity, will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. He will be in Easton every Tuesday
mar 19 1y

N. E. NICOLS,
GENERAL AGENT IN THE
Collection of Claims
AND THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE, FERTILIZERS, FARMING MACHINERY, &c.,
EASTON, MD.

REFERENCE.
James Ll. Martin, Easton, Md.
Capt. E. L. F. Hardcastle, " "
Mr. Wm. S. Pawson, Baltimore "
Upshur Lloyd & Bro., " "
Hon. Eli Saulsbury, Dover, Del.
Capt. E. R. Newhard, Allentown, Pa
(mar 28

Plastic Slate Roofing.

THE attention of Carpenters, and those contemplating building new house or putting new roofs on old ones, is particularly called to the Plastic Slate Roofing, the greates Roofing Materia of the age. For flat roof there is nothing to equal it. It is cheap, ligh and flexible non-expanding, non-contracting fire-proof, weather-proof and everlasting roofing.
The subscribers are now prepared to put on these roofs at short notice, cheap for cash. Orders addressed to us through the Easton Post Office promptly attended to. For further information respecting the Plastic Roofing, address,
WILLIAM H. DUNCAN.
GEORGE W. DUNCAN.
feb 15 1m

Coal! Coal!

THE consumers of coal will remember that the summer season is the time to buy coal the cheapest. I am now receiving at my coal yard at Easton Point the various sizes of best quality of Anthracite Coal, and am preparing to deliver the same at any place in Easton or vicinity, *very cheap*, for CASH.
Persons on any of the Talbot rivers or Creeks can have their coal delivered on their premises.
Cooking coal, smithing coal, and Cumberland Lump Coal, for grates, always on hand at the lowest market rates.
The quality of the coal is the best; it is clean and in good order; and will be sold at 2240 lbs. to the ton.
Persons would do well to send in their orders while the price of coal is down.
ju 2 R. B. DIXON.

TILE! TILE!

FARMERS, if you would improve your farms, and make good crops, without the expense of buying fertilizer for every season, TILE your land, *especially your low springyand*, It is impossible to make good crops, or to improve land without thorough drainage. This is the season for putting in tile. Every farmer should try a few acres. The expense is trifling in comparison with the advantage gained. Try it.
COOPER & WHITE, EASTON,
Have on hand a large supply of egg shape TILE from 2 to 7 inches, vent, which they are offering cheap.
They also have on hand half a million common and pressed *handmade* BRICK, which they are selling at the lowest market prices.
All necessary information given for putting in tile. Wood taken in trade.
jan 8

SOMETHING NEW—Saurders' Face Powder, a delicate preparation for beautifying the complexion; free from anything which can possibly injure the skin, for sale at Bateman & Trippe's.

AGENTS Wanted for BELDEN The White Chief Twelve Years among the Wild Indians of the Plains

The wild adventures and experience of Geo. P. Belden, known as the 'Big Warrior,' 'Great Hunter,' and famous 'White Chief,' of 100 lodges, from 1858 to 1870. A book of thrilling interest, truthful terse, Fresh, Spirited, fascinating. Facts not fiction.—Richly illustrated, tinted paper, elegant binding, Will charm everybody everywhere and sell to exceed any book out. Live, wide awake agents send early for illustrated poster, sample pages and terms. Agents reporting $50 to $100 per week. A. H. HUBBARD, 400 Chestnut st., Phila.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN J. JUMP & CO.,

John J: Jump & Co.,
Have Glass Fruit Jars.

WE have just received another supply of the "Glass Top" Self sealing Fruit Jars, which are acknowledged by all to be the best. Come and see them at
J. J. JUMP & CO.'S,
Under Odd Fellows Hall.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION!

A LARGE lot of *BLEACHED* and *UNBLEACHED MUSLINS*, received this 31st of August, with a full line of
CALICO. BED TICKING,
Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, and a full line of all goods usually kept in a first class store.
Ask your neighbor who sells the cheapest goods in Easton, and see if he doesn't tell you JOHN J. JUMP & CO.,
sept 17 Under Odd Fellows' Hall.

NEW
FALL AND WINTER
GOODS.

Thompson & Kersey

HAVE just returned from the cities of PHILADELPHIA and BALTIMORE with a stock of new
Fall and Winter Goods.
which they feel willing to put in fair competition with any stock in the county.
They invite their numerous friends and customers, and the public generally, to call and examine for themselves. (oct 8

WM. HEMSLEY,
AGENT FOR
GODFREY KEEBLER,
Steam Biscuit, Cracker and Cake Bakery
Nos. 258, 260 & 262 N. 22nd Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

All orders addressed to Agent will be gratefully received and promptly filled.
☞ All goods delivered to Baltimore Steamers FREE of charge, and after said delivery, at the risk of the purchaser.
oct 1 1y

WM. PENROSE. WM. PORTER. WM. HEMSLEY
Penrose, Porter & Hemsley,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Brandies, Whiskies,
WINES, GINS, &c.,
No. 240 Arch St. below Third,
PHILADELPHIA.

All Goods delivered to Baltimore Steamer free of charge—after said delivery, at the risk of the purchaser. [oct 1-1y

Pump Making
And Well Digging.

JAMES A. CHAPMAN takes this method of informing the public that he has removed to Easton for the purpose of conducting the Pump Making and well digging business. He has been operating in another part of the county for some time past and feels confident that his work will give satisfaction.—Orders left with F. G. Wright or W. L. Taylor, will be promptly attended to.
ap30-1y

$1,000 REWARD

For any case of Blind, Bleeding or Itching PILES that DE BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It has cured cases of 20 years standing. Try it, and get rid of the most troublesome disease flesh is heir to. Sold by all Druggists.
L. F. BINGHAM,
Chemists and Proprietors,
142 Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.
apr 23-1y

JUST received a fine lot of country Meat—HAMS,
SHOULDERS
and MIDDLINGS,
cured by experienced farmers.

ALPACAS—We have received and are now offering a large stock of
Black Alpacas,
from Philadelphia and Baltimore. Call and examine before you buy.
oct 29 JNO. W. CHEEZUM & Co.

ANOTHER LARG SUPPLY OF
LADIES MERINO VESTS.
High neck and Long Sleeve, al. sizes, just received and for sale by
oct 29 Thompson & Kersey.

1115 HOPKINS' PHILADELPHIA 1115
Hoop Skirt Manufactory,
No. 1115 *Chestnut St.*, (*Girard Row.*)
Formerly 628, chtASt. Philadelphia.

A COMPLETE assortment of all the new Fall Shapes of our Celebrated "Champion" Hoop Skirts in every length and size, together with our own make of "Key-stone" Skirts, (second quality,) and full lines of good Eastern made Skirts, for sale. WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at PRICES JUST REDUCED BELOW THOSE OF ANY FORMER SEASON. Our Champion Skirts more than sustain their reputation for superiority over all others, and are now Sold at such prices as will meet the views of all, and are warranted in every espect.
CORSETS! CORSETS! CORSETS
Our assortment of Corsets contains over 100 kinds and prices, and includes every desirable kinds such as Thomson's Glove Fitting, J. Beckle's, R. Werly's, Madam Foy's, and Mrs. Moody's "Pattent Self-Adjusting Abdominal, Supporting." Corsets in all grades, together with Misses' and Children and every grade of Hand-made Corsets, ranging in prices as follows:—45c, 58c, 60c, 75c, 80c, 83c, 85c, 90c, 94c, $1,11, $1,14, $1,19, $1,25, &c, up to $,700.
PANIER BUSTLES in 27 styles, from 35 cents up to $3,25. Ladies under Garments in all kinds and prices. Night Dresses from $1,00 to $9,60. Infant Dresses, long and short, from $2,35 to $13. Gored Muslin Skirts, 6 Tucks, 65cts, 10 Tucks. 94; 15 Tucks, $1 32, &c. &c. up to $10.
Hoop Skirts and Corsets made to order altered and repaired, at Manufactory and Sales Rooms 1115 Chestnut st, Philadelphia. Call and send for Circulars.
oct 15 3-mo WM. T. HOPKINS.

HELMBOLD'S COLUMN.

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15th, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my

Preparation of Compound Extract Buchu.

The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper berries, by distillation to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small portion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle,) leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœa, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation,
With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist, of
16 Years' Experience.

(From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World)

NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupied the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."
WILLIAM WEIGHTMAM,
Firm of Powers & Weightman,
Manufacturing Chemists,
9th & Brown St., Philadelphia.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu

is the great specific for Universal Lassitude, Prostration, &c.

The constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or insanity ensues.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu,

in affections peculiar to *Females*, is unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations. Ulcerated or Schirrus State of the Uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

Helmbold's Fluid Fxtract of Buchu and Improved Rose Wash

Will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superceding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Cobalva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

Use Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu

in all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant taste and ordor, "immediate" in action and more strengthing than any of the preparations of Bark and Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to effect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $6.50 Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address,
H. T. Helmbold,
Drug and Chemical Warehouse,
594 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE

Unless done up in a steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed
H. T. HELMBOLD.

apr 28

SELECT POETRY.

The French Troubles.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Oh, dear," cried Miss Harris,
'There's trouble in Paris,
The people are going to fight!
Pray what shall we do;
For the next year or two,
We girls will be in such a plight?

"There'll be nothing to wear,
No decent black hair—
No 'style,' I can see at a glance!
In England or Rome,
Or even at home,
It might do, but why quarrel in France?

'Then such rivers of blood,
Can't do any good;
And it makes me so shiver and shake—
As well as to sigh
For the seasons gone by,
When my bonnets were all Paris make.

"As for my boots,
Why, a pain fairly shoots
Through my heart, and my dizzy brain reels,
As I take up this year's
Bedewed with soft tears,
And look on those heavenly heels!

"Now hateful old Prussia,
Or Austria, or Russia,
You may fight, sirs, with gun, sword or lance
Flaunt your banners so gay,
But you'll not gain the day;
For my prayers are for darling old France

'To think,' says Miss Harris,
'That beautiful Paris,
The place of all places to see,
Where they make such sweet fashions,
Should rouse her bad passions,
Is a wonderful problem to me.'

SELECT READING.

Can You Keep a Secret?

'Dorothy,' said Ichabod, pale and trembling, to his wife, 'Dorothy, I have a secret, and if I thought you would keep it inviolable, I could not hesitate to reveal it to you; but, O, Dorothy, woman.'

'Why, Ichabod, it must certainly be a secret of great importance, for you are in woful agitation. You know, husband, you can place implicit confidence in your wife. Have I ever given you occasion to doubt my fidelity?'

'Never, never, Dorothy, but the secret I have to communicate is one that requires more than ordinary faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulging it. O, dear, I shudder when I think of it.'

'Why husband, do you know your lips tremble and your eyes roll? What is the matter? Ichabod, surely you cannot mistrust the confidence of one who vowed at the altar to be faithful to you. Come, unbosom yourself.'

'May I rely on your fidelity?'

'Ichabod, you know you may.'

'Well, then, we are both ruined! Undone—I have committed murder.'

'Murder!'

'Yes, murder! And I have buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard.'

'O, awful! Ichabod, committed murder! Then indeed we are ruined, and our children with us.'

Ichabod left the room, and Dorothy hurried off to a neighbor's.

Mrs. Prattle observed a great change in Dorothy's countenance and in her general appearance; so great as to cause her to inquire into it.

'O, Mrs. Prattle,' said Dorothy, 'I am the most miserable of women! I am ruined forever.'

'Mercy! Dorothy, how gloomy you look! What has turned up to make you look so dejected? Why, you sigh, woman. Tell me the cause.'

'I wish I might. Mrs. Prattle, but the occasion of my unhappiness is a secret which I am not permitted to divulge.'

'O, you may tell me, Dorothy; I shall never speak of it again.'

'Will you promise never to reveal it to any person living?'

'You know, Dorothy, I never tell secrets'

'Well, Mrs. Prattle—I scarcely dare say it—my husband has committed murder, and buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard! He told me of it himself. For heaven's sake don't name it to any one.'

'Murder! Indeed, Dorothy, you have reason to think yourself ruined. Poor thing! I pity you from the bottom of my heart.'

Dorothy went home weeping and wringing her hands, and Mrs. Prattle, leaving her dough half kneaded and her infant crying in the cradle, hastened to hold a tete-a-tete with Mrs. Tellall.

Soon after the confab ended, the report of Ichabod's having committed murder became general, and the disclosure of the fact was traced to his wife Dorothy. Process was immediately issued against him by a magistrate, before whom, and in the presence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave the following explanation:

'My object,' he said, 'in the course I have persued, was to test my wife's capability at keeping a secret. I have committed murder in as much as I killed a toad, and buried it at the foot of a tree in my orchard. How far my wife is capable of keeping a secret has been sufficiently proved, and with respect to the murder, those that feel an interest in it are at liberty to inspect the body.'

ADAM DEFINED.—There must have been some curious specimens of Scotish humor brought out at the examination or catechisings by ministers of the flock before the administration of the communion Thus, with reference to human nature before the fall, a man was asked—

'What kind of a man was Adam?'

'Oh, just like ither folks.'

The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation.

'Weel,' said the catechumen, 'he was just like Joe Simpson.'

'How so?' asked the minister.

'Well, nobody got anything by him and many lost.'

The forests are in danger when the wind chops.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wanted Some Billiards.

While Neil Bryant was reading a copy of the BANNER a few days since, a lean lank countryman strode into his brilliant saloon, and stood for a moment gazing curiously about him—at the tables, the bar, and the general adornment of the entire place. Neil glanced up at the subject with one of his quizzical looks, and instantly concluded that his visitor was a lost sheep from the rural districts. It was quite early and the rooms were save, perhaps, the sounds of rubbing up decanters and humming of Shoo Fly by some one, and noting Neil's look of inquiry, Yank approaches.

"Dou you keep billuds here?" he asked.

"Billiards, you mean," said Neil, seriously.

"Yes, that's um; how do you sell um?"

"Did you ever have any before?"

"No; but I've heern a mighty lot about um. What are they things to eat, drink, or what? Yer see, I'm only down from Union county yesterday, an am kinder seen the sights, yer know.

"Well, billiards are good to eat, you can drink with them if you like; but you see things have to be cooked, first," replied Neil, with a merry tinkle in his eye.

"But how much will it cost?"

"Oh, may be a hundred or so."

"Whew! Git eout! Yer don't s'pose I'm a mint of money, dew yer? I'm sorry I came in. I thought as how they were cheap like. But never mind.—I'll treat and say no more about it.—What'll yer take?"

Neil laughed, and concluded that a drop of juniper berry would not harm his constitution. So they drank and called it square.

Presently a friend dropped in and with him Neil began a friendly game of billiards. Both being experts, there was a certain amount of *abandon* which puzzled the countryman, who was instantly watching the operations.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Neil, after the game had progressed awhile.

"I dorno. I'd like to see some of that ere billuds."

"Why, my friend this is a game of billiards," said the expert.

"That's billuds?" he exclaimed, starting back and striking an attitude. That's billuds? why it aren't so good as a square game of marbles. I tho't as how billuds was good to eat.

"Well so they are, but we have to punch these balls around until they get mellow before we can eat them."

The countryman gazed from one to the other, and over to where the barkeeper was at work, and noticing a suspicious smile upon his phiz, and something that resembled one upon Neil's antagonist also he began to smell a rat.—He kept his tongue, however until every body looked sober again, then thrusting his fists into his capious trowsers' pockets, and starting for the door, he said:

"Come to think of it, Mister, I don't mind the expense. I'll call around and take them'ere billiards when they gets good and mellur," and giving vent to a broad grin on his own account he opened the door and lumbered down the stairs.

NOT GUILTY.—A burly-looking female of unmistakable Celtic origin was recently arraigned before a New Orleans magistrate for some ordinary offence.—While nature had munificently endowed her with health and physical strength, the question of good looks had been neglected in the haste with which she had been prepared for the world.

What are you here for? inquired the magistrate.

My beauty, I reckon.

Your what?

My beauty.

Are you certain of that?

Oh, bedad, there is no mistake.

Then I discharge you—you ain't guilty, and the acquitted lady took her departure.

A recent visitor from Harford to Martha's Vine yard camp ground, who had been suffering from the exhorbit charges made for everything during 'meeting week'—such as four dollars a day for rooms, two dollars for breakfast, etc.,—was strolling past the societies' tents (which encircled the tabernacle,) where meetings were being held. Just as he was passing one, the voice of an exhorter was heard, 'Salvation's free! salvation's free!' He stopped at once and said: 'I'll take some of that; it's the only thing i've heard of since, I've been here that I haven't had to pay a big price for."

☞ Two gentlemen of opposite politics meeting, one inquired of the address of some political celebrity, when the other indignantly answed: "I am proud to say sir that I am wholly ignorant of it."

"Oh, you are proud of your ignorance eh, sir?"

"Yes, I am," replied the beligerent gentleman, "and what then sir?"

"Oh, nothing, sir nothing; only you have a great deal to be proud of, thats all."

☞ A clergyman having called up a class of girls and boys, began with one of the former, in these words:

"My dear child, tell me who made your vile body?"

She had no idea of the question applying to anything beyond her personal appearance, and dropping a quick courtesy, replied: "Please sir, mother made the boddy, but I made the skirt."

A little boy in the infant class of a Sunday School was asked by his teacher whether he had learned anything during the past week.

"Oh, yes," said he. What have you learned?" Never to trump your partner's trick, was the reply.

Insults are like counterfeit money—we can't hinder them being offered, but we are not bound to take them.

It is always in our power to make a friend by smiles; what a folly then to make an enemy by frowns.

A merry Christmas to you all.

YOUTH'S COLUMN.

NEVER GET ANGRY.

Never get angry when you are at play,
Good temper gains many a friend;
But sour looks and words drive companions away,
And lead on to many a sad end.

Never get angry when you are at school,
If you would a rich reward earn;
Be cheerful, and practice each wise golden rule
And soon every lesson you'll learn.

Never get angry when you are at home,
Let love and affection there reign;
When angry words enter oft quarrels will come
And there lead to sorrow and pain.

Never get angry when you are abroad,
Strive wisely right habits to form;
For better is he who can thus obey God,
Than he who can great cities storm.

The Boy who would not be a Silent Liar.

There were prizes given in Willie's school, and he was very anxious to merit one of them. As he had no hope to excell to anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the writing prize with all his might. And he did try, so that his copy-book would have done honor to a boy twice his age.

When the prizes were awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books, and said—

'It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other but for one copy in Willie's, which is not only superior to Charlie's, but to every other copy in the same book. This copy therefore, gains the prize.'

Willie's heart beat high with hope, which was not unmixed with fear.—Blushing to his temple, he said—

'Please, sir, may I see that copy?'

'Certainly,' replied the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and then handing the book back, said—

'Please, sir, that is not my writing.—It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book instead of his own by mistake one day.'

'Oh, oh,' said the chairman, 'that may alter the case.'

'The two books went back to the committee, who, after comparing them carefully, awarded the prize to Charlie

Willie was disappointed. The boys laughed at him. Said one—

'Willie was a greenhorn to say anything about that mistake.'

'I wouldn't have told,' said another boy.

'Nor I,' added a third boy, laughing. 'The copy was in your book, and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it.'

But, in spite of all their quizzing, Willie felt that he was right. 'It would not have been the truth,' he replied, 'if I had not told them who wrote the copy. I would rather hold fast the truth than have the prize, for truth is better than gold.'

'Hurrah for *Willie!*' 'Three cheers for Willie!' 'Well done, Willie!' shouted the boys, and Willie went home to his work feeling happier than he could have done if by means of a *silent lie* he had won the prize.

A silent lie. You see how, if Willie had held his tongue, he would have told a silent lie. His silence would have made a false impression on the minds of the committee, and he would have wronged Charlie out of the prize.

Now that you know what is a *silent lie* I hope you will resolve never to be guilty of silent lying. Hold fast the truth.

The Boy that Wanted Something More.

Little Tommy was a bit of a spoiled child, the son of wealthy parents. He thought the whole business of father, mother, aunts and grandmothers, was to wait upon his own little self. It was something very hard to please Master Tommy. One day he was whining round the house, for Tommy was very apt to whine, making himself and whole family uncomfortable. Mamma, nurse and aunty were all tasking themselves to find something with which their little master would graciously condesend to be amused. 'Tommy, darling, do you want to play with your blocks?'

'No,' snarled Tommy.

'Then don't you want to go and ride in the carriage—the pretty new carriage—with aunty?'

'No-o,' says Tommy, in a most injured whine.

'Then would he go and take a walk with nurse, love? Won't he?'

'I shan't.'

'Does he want to go and see the goats—or play with his pretty village—and the animals?'

'I won't. You keep a-teasing me,' returns Tommy, in a more deplorable tone than before.

'Then, Tommy, what do you want?'

'I want something *you haven't got.*'

Did you ever see such a boy as Tommy? Do you ever behave like him? I hope not.

He was the sun of rich parents, but riches do not make people happy.

LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS SISTER.—'I want to be an angel' is pretty to sing, but how many boys know how to imitate an angel, like George, here?

'One day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over any thing that lay in her way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the field.

I said, 'You seem very happy, George Is this your sister?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can she walk alone?'

'Yes, sir, on smooth ground.'

'And how did she get over those stones which lie between us and the house?'

'O, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it.'

When the heart is pure there is hardly anything that can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Lot of Puzzles.

"Two brothers," began the professor, impressively addressing the hostess, "were walking together down the street and one of them stopped at a certain house, knocked at the door observing, "I have a niece here who is ill." "Thank Heaven," observed the other, "I have no niece," and he walked away. "Now, how can that be?"

"Why it's a riddle," exclaimed Mr. Funnidog, delightedly.

"And one that you will not guess in a hurry, simple as it is," observed the professor confidently.

"Come ladies and gentlemen, solve the problem."

"I see—," ejaculated Mrs. Housewife.

"Hush! whisper in my ear," cried Puzzleton, with all the excitement of a child with a toy. "Don't let 'em hear it: Niece by marriage? Stuff and nonsense. The thing is not any foolish kind of catch at all," and once more he glanced with hostility at Funnidog, as much as to say "such as he would ask you," "nothing can be simpler than my question," "I've got a niece here that's ill," says one brother. "Thank Heaven, I have not got a niece," says the other. How can that be? You will give it up. Well the invalid was his daughter.

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. *Housewife*, despondingly. "How very stupid in us not to find it out."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," answered the remorseless servant. "The failure only shows how difficult it is for ordinary minds to grasp more than one idea at the same time. The attention is solely fixed on the different varieties of nieces."

"And also," observed Mr. Aloes, (who was much pleased at being classed among "ordinary minds,") and also, the attention is naturally distracted from the point at issue by the brutality at the father's remark. Now, that is in itself a catch in my opinion."

"Well sir, I will give you another simple exercise for the understanding, that has no such distracting element," observe the professor, coolly. "A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died What relation were they to one another? Come, tell me that."

"Why, they were brothers, exclaimed the colonel, with the rapidity of a small boy at the bottom of his class, who hopes to gain promotion."

"No, sir," answered the professor, regarding Thunderbomp with interest, as a signification type of some low order of intelligence; "they were not brothers or I should scarcely have asked the question.

"They might be brothers-in-law," suggested Funnidog."

"Undoubtedly, they might," replied Puzzelation, with a pitying smile; "but they were not."

"Stop a bit," said Mcpherson, hurriedly, like one who has not got his answer quite ready, but yet does not wish to be anticipated. "The blind beggar you say, had a brother, and the brother died. Well, of course, if one was dead, you knew they could not be brothers any longer."

"The idea is novel," observed the professor, gravely, "but you have not hit upon the exact solution. The fact is, ladies and gentlemen, a blind beggar may be either male or female. In this instance she was a female. They were brother and sister."

"I call that a catch," said Aloes gloomily.

"Well at all events, it was an easy one, and you all missed it," returned the professor, with quiet triumph.—"Now, I will give you one more example of social arithmetic, which shall be in all respects bona fide. It is a simple question in subtraction, and all I shall ask you is—since two or three gusses would arrive at the truth by more elemination—to write down the reply on paper. A man went into a cobbler's and bought a pair of boots for sixteen shillings. He put down a sovereign, and the cobbler having no change, sent to a neighboring public house and gave it to him. Later in the day, the landlord of the inn sent in to say that the sovereign was a bad one, and insisted upon the cobler making it right; which he accordingly did. Now, how much did the cobbler loose by the whole transaction? There is no play upon words, or anything but a common sum in arithmetic."

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world," ejaculated Housewife. "Of course the cobbler lost—"

"Be quiet, sir!" cried Puzzelation, very angrily. "Write it down will you—if you can write."

"Scratch a professor, and you find a tartar," whispered Aloes. "You had better do as he wishes.

So we all wrote down what we imagined to be the loss which the cobbler had sustained, and it was wonderful how opinions differed within such narrow limits.

The colonel made him loose two pounds

Mr. Aloes made him loose just a pound and the boots.

Mr. Funnidog made him loose six and thirty shillings.

Macpherson made him loose sixteen shillings and the boots, minus the profit he made upon the boots, (which, said the professor, it is not necessary to take into consideration.)

Mr. Scale Hill, who used to investigate the bills of extortionate Swiss landlords, set down the loss with confidence at twelve shillings and the boots.

Mr. Smooth Smyler wrote; "I am not sure, but it seems, to me he only lost eight shillings."

Housewife wrote: 'Why of course, he lost the boots and twenty-four shillings.'

Mrs. Housewife and ladies bit their pens, but declined to commit themselves.

"They had never been taught," they said, "the Rule of Three.

"You are all wrong," said the professor, quietly, "as I expected you would be The way to get at the matter is to consider what is gained. The landlord and the whole story of his changing the sovereign, may be taken out of the question, since he is neither better or worse for the transaction. The buyer of the boots gets in exchange for his bad sovereign four shillings and a pair of boots, and that is just what the cobbler looses."

"If one only had a room to one's self, and the whole day before one to do it in," sighed Mrs. Housewife, "I think I could answer any of these things."