

HUMOROUS.

WHAT AIL'D HIM.—The last number of the Knickerbocker has a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated and disturb his wife the whole night. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the charge, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof.

"Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said, 'My husband, what's the matter with you?' You act strangely."

"There's nothing the matter with me," said I, "nothing at all."

"I'm sure there is," said she, "you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?"

"And she got up, lighted a candle and came to the bed-side to look at me, shading the light with her hand."

"I knew there was something strange about you, why, you're *sister*!"

"Now, this is a fact and my wife will swear to it, so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, 'cause I have."

"I remember once, when I was a young man living up in New Hampshire, they dedicated a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver an oration. The young lawyer had never yet, after a fortnight's practice, had the honor of being retained, and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable. The day came, and with it to the bridge came the multitude and the orator. He had made no written preparation, that being, he had been told, unlawsyer-like; a lawyer being supposed to be capable of speaking without note or notice any number of hours, on any subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence. So our orator trusted to the occasion. He stood out upon the platform, and amid the profound attention of his audience, commenced:—

"Fellow-citizens, five-and-forty years ago this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!"

"He paused a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" Again he paused. "Cries of 'Good God, here!' were on the rail."

"I feel it hardly necessary to repeat, that this bridge, Yellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying that I wish to heaven it was part and parcel of it now!"

—Oh, marry the man that you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is rich, marry, or as poor as Job, girls, 'twill bring your soul into thrall; but marry the man that you love, girls, let his purse be ever so small. Oh, never marry a fool, girl, whether he's little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you; he knows nothing well but to draw. But marry a sober man, girls, there are few left in this hall; and you'll never tire the day, girls, that you married at all.

"When I was your age, Debby, I was a widow. Stebbins to her niece, "I used to gamble in the pastures and pick blue violets, and wild honey suckers, and ban of gildad, but now the rumetic and the misery in my absences has made your poor old granary an infidel for life. I have no love, Debby! I can bear the angel's whisper now, I can see!"

* * * Oh, bless you! my dear god-aunt, you must not talk so," and Debby flew beside her instrument, and ran her delicate fingers across the keys, and as she watched joyous words to the sweet notes, a pleasant pride beamed from the widow's eyes upon her beautiful ward.

—We visited a school the other day, and among the many bright and happy scholars we noticed one who was, to speak figuratively, "a perfect brick."

"Paul," said the teacher, "was more married."

"I guess not," answered Paul, "for the Bible don't say anything about Mrs. More."

—A couple of Kentuckians lately visited Boston, and sat down to dinner at the Revere House. Colossal halls were served at the table; and one of the Kentuckians taking them for corn-dodgers, proceeded to break one in two. Getting the scent of it, he turned to his partner and remarked, in the most solemn manner, "Something dead in that, Ton!" (*Home Journal*.)

A diamond is a diamond, though you put it on the finger of a beggar; only that on the finger of a beggar nobody would believe it to be a diamond. Does not mendicant genius every day offer the "precious jewel in its cover" for sale; and yet, because the holder is a mendicant, does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men have died with jewels in their brains, and, not until the mind died, were the gems known to be true water.

—How often says an excellent writer, do we err in our estimate of happiness! When I hear of a man who has noble parks, splendid palaces, and every luxury in life, I always inquire who he has to love; and, if I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has, in the midst of all his grandeur, I pronounce him to be in deep adversity.

If any of our readers find the hours hanging heavily on their hands, the solution of the following question will afford a pleasant pastime, and may perhaps, both the brain more than one would at first suppose. Try it.

What four American coins make 51 cents, no more and no less?

A good cure for dyspepsia, is to collect bills for a newspaper. If that doesn't give you an appetite, you might as well sell your stomach for tripe; and, do with it!

An old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground, that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

—Don't expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

THE SENTINEL.

In a published every Friday morning at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing, or Two Dollars if not paid until the expiration of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

Advertisers are completely inserted at the rate of one dollar per square for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Ten lines to constitute a square. If the number of insertions not marked upon them, they will be continued until paid, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisers, the effect of which is to promote private interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of fifty cents per square. All communications must be accompanied with the author's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

Advertisements for Companies or Associations of any kind, denominational, charitable, or otherwise, are in all cases to be paid for at the usual rates; and ordinary notices or engravings in addition to the announcement, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents per square.

See ALL ADVERTISING directed to him at Rockville, or left at the store of Mr. Wm. Braddock, will be promptly attended to.

Sept. 17.—17.

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