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TERMS.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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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.

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

AUCTIONEERING.

THE subscriber having taken out license for 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.

A. P. JUMP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, EASTON, MD.,

HAS for sale, several very valuable Farms, situate both on salt water and inland, which he would be glad to shew purchasers.

These farms range from 100 to 700 Acres and for fertility of soil, resources, and productiveness cannot be surpassed by any in the county. His superior facilities for the sale of farms render it desirable to those having them to dispose of to call and see him. Call and get a catalogue.

dec 10-tf

CABINET MAKING.

THE undersigned having removed from his old stand on the Point Road to the Shop adjoining Mr. Wm. H. Shephard's office, on Dover street, where he is now prepared to do all kinds of work in the above named business.—Feeling confident in his ability to please all who may favor him with their work, he respectfully solicits a share of the public's patronage.

COFFINS,

of all descriptions, made to order, at short notice. Hearse furnished (free of charge) to convey them to any part of the county. A Horse will also be sent if desired.

He also keeps on hand a full supply of ready-made furniture.

☞ Terms positively as low as the times will admit.

The public's obedient servant

july 22-6m WM. T. GOW.

E. T. LEONARD. EDWARD BLAND. C. R. LEONARD.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS' LINE, AGNES AND BUCEPHALUS.

ON and after Saturday, March 11, one of the above vessels will leave Easton every *Wednesday*, and Baltimore every *Saturday*.—Every effort will be made to make this a sure Line, and all goods delivered in Easton when required. Let your grain and goods come and every effort will be made to give satisfaction.—Goods and Freight of all kinds will be brought from the city as cheap if not cheaper than by any other line. All freight must be paid on the delivery of the goods. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

mar 4-1y LEONARD, BLAND & CO.

P. S.—All orders must be accompanied by the cash and all bills for freight will be present e on the delivery of the goods.

Orders left at Dawson & Bro.'s, Easton, and W. S. Pawson's or Lloyd & Lowndes', No 95 Smith's Wharf, Baltimore, will be attended to.

L., B & Co.

OFFICE—In same room occupied by R. R. Dixon, opposite the residence of Judge H. H. Goldsborough.

PASCHALL'S FEVER AND ACUE MIXTURE,

Used in the Hospitals during the War. RECOMMENDED TO THE MEDICAL BUREAU BY

JAY COOKE, JAS. POLLOCK, Ex Gov. of Penn., now President of the U. Mint at Philadelphia.

GEORGE H. STUART, Prof. JAS. C. BOOTH, Analytical Chemist.

And by

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION ROOMS, No. 14 Bank St. Phila. Mar. 16, 1865.

MR. EDWARD S. MORRIS,

No. 916 Arch St., Phila.

DEAR SIR:—We have orders from Hospital Surgeons, and our Delegates at City Point, for large quantities of your Ague Mixture. The state of our Treasury will not admit of our supplying ALL the demand. Can you not induce the Medical Bureau to furnish such an invaluable medicine in the regular way?

Yours Truly, GEO. H. STUART.

No medicine has ever received such recommendations. Persons residing in

CHILLS AND FEVER

localities should use "Paschall's Fever and Ague Mixture" as a

PREVENTIVE OR CURE.

To be had at the stores. Single bottle carefully packed, will be sent to any Address upon receipt of price & 1.50 per boule.

EDWARD S. MORRIS,

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer,

No. 916 Arch Street, Philadelphia, PA.

Reports of fall from Army Hospitals, can be sent to any Address.

aug 26-2m

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN,

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price Six cents.

A LECTURE on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Emissions, Sexual Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally, Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, resulting from Self-Abuse, &c. By ROBB. J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the 'Green Book,' &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically. THIS LECTURE WILL PROVE A BOON TO THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS.

Sent under seal, to any address, in a plain envelope, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.

127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 4586

SHALLENBERGER'S PILLS the great antidote for Ague and Fever, just received by

sept 23 DAWSON & BRO.

FRESH CRACKERS.—Just received a fresh supply of Soda, Water and Fox Crackers.

J. H. GRACE.

P. T. KENNARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

(Office Opposite the M. P. Church.)

jan 16-1y EASTON MD.

J. E. STEVENS. R. H. BUSTEED.

STEVENS & BUSTEED, Real Estate and General Agents.

No. 211 South Third St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Farms Bought and sold on commission, also farmers furnished with hands at short notice.

sept 9 tf

CASEY, FRAZIER & CO.,

GENERAL CLAIM AGENTS,

No. 273 F Street near Thirteenth, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Prize Money, Bounty, Loss of Clothing Pensions, Back Pay, and all Claims against the Government Promptly Collected and Libera, Advances made.

JOHN W. CASEY, *of Illinois.*
Capt. JOHN FRARIER, Jr., *Late of the Treasury Department.*
O. K. GRANT, *Late of the Treasury Department.*
D. P. BODFISH, *of Massachusetts.*

REFER BY PERMISSION; TO

Maj. Gen. SILAS CASEY, *United States Army Washington, D. C.*
Hon. DAVID DAVIS, *Judge of U. S. Supreme Court.*
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, *U. S Senator, Maryland.*

sept 9 tf.

Notice to Farmers.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the Farmers of Talbot and the adjoining counties that he has on hand and is constantly manufacturing all kinds of Castings suitable for Fall use, such as Single, Double and Thrible Ploughs. Besides the very large stock on hand at present, all kinds of Castings or Ploughs will be made to order.

Those having repairing to be done should send it in early in order that it may be completed in time for use.

aug 26 CHAS. KEILHOLTZ.

LATEST FROM

BALTIMORE.

I WOULD inform the public that I have just returned from the City with a larger and greater variety of goods in my line, embracing the following:

Groceries,
Woodware,
Queensware,
Hardware,
Notions,
Tobacco, &c.

I would call the attention of the lovers of the *Weed* to my large stock of

SEGARS AND TOBACCO,

both Smoking and Chewing, among which may be found the following favorite brands,

Genuine Gravely,
Louisa Bell, direct from Va.
Peabody,
Navy, &c.

Also a large stock of

LIQUORS,

of the choicest varieties—which has been bought on the most reasonble terms, and will be sold at small advance.

Returning thanks to the generous public for their past patronage, I hope by strict attention to business and an endeavor to please to merit a continuance of the same.

JNO. T. FORD.
St. Michaels.

NEW

MILLINERY & FANCY STORE.

THE LATEST STYLES AND PATTERNS.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally that she has commenced the

MILLINERY

in all its various branches at the old stand on Dover Street, recently occupied by Mrs. Margaret C. Stewart, and with a desire to succeed and a determination to please, she feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor her with their custom.

She has just returned from the city with a well selected assortment of all kinds of goods usually kept in the above business, which she will sell at a small advance.

The public is respectfully invited to give her a call at the corner of Washington and Dover Streets.

The public's obedient servant,
E. A. LYNCH.

sep 16-1y

Just what's Wanted.

THE place where you can get Clocks, Watches and jewelry nicely repaired at the shortest possible notice and on the most reasonable terms by

A. J. FIDDIS.
Store on Washington St.
aug 19-3t near the M. E. Church

Attention Farmers.

PHOSPHATES,

Constantly on hand—all the leading varieties.

Moro Philips
Rhodes' "Standard".
Whitelock's Cerelizer.
T. B. Tiers & Co.'s "Ammoniated."

Delivered at nearest landing at Baltimore prices. Send your orders in.

sep 9tf J. THOS. C. NICOLS, Jr.

DRAUGHT and Plough Collars at lowest city rates. Fine lot Horse Brushes and Curry combs.

Whips—Carriage, Wagon, ladies' and gents' all of Milliken's superior make and very cheap at MURRAY'S. sep 16

A LARGE LOT OF PLOWS, plow castings, Rope and Chain Traces Collars Bridels, Hames, Baskets, Shovels, Spades and Forks, just received and for sale at Baltimore prices at the Hardware Store of,

sept 16 BARNETT & TAYLOR.

A fine assortment of Books and Stationery fine Cutlery, Toys, Fancy Goods, Candies, Nuts, Lemons, &c., just received and for sale by

sept 30 CHARLES KERR.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU,

For Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, Inflammation or Ulceration of the Bladder or Kidneys, Diseases of the Prostrate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel or Brick Dust Deposit, and all Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, and Dropsical Swellings.

H

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BACHU FOR WEAKNESS ARISING FROM EXCESSES OR INDISCRETION.

The Constitution once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which Helmbold's Etract Buchu invariably does. If no treatment be submitted to, Consumption or Insanitary ensues.

E

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

In affections peculiar to females, is unequaled by any other preparation, as in Chlossis or Retention, Irregularities, painfulness or supposition of customary evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrus state of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, and all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from habits of dissipation, imprudencies, or in the Decline or Change in Life.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH,

Will radically exterminate from the system diseases of the Urinary Organs arising from Habits of Dissipation *at little expense, little or no change in diet, and no exposure;* completely superseding those *unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury* in curing all those unpleasant and dangerous diseases

I

USE HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

In all cases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, immediate in its action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those sufferings 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 affect his bodily health, mental powers, and happiness, and that of his posterity. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources.

M

PHYSICIANS, PLEASE NOTICE.

We make no secret of the ingredients. HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is composed of Buchu, Cubebs and Juniper Berries, selected with great care, and prepared in vacuo by H. T. Helmbold, Druggist and Chemist, of sixteen years experience in the City of Philadelphia, and which is now prescribed by the most eminent physicians, has been admitted to use in the United States Aarmy and is also in very general use in State Hospitals and public Sanitary Institutions throughout the land.

BUCHU.

(From Dispensary of the United States)

DIOSMA CRENATA. BUCHU LEVES.

PROPERTIES.—Their odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic, their taste bitterish, and analogous to mint.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.

B

—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the *Urinary Organs*, producing diuresis and like other similar medicines, exciting diaphoresis when circumstances favor this mode of action.

They are given in complaint of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostrate, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu is used by persons from the ages 18 to 26, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement or Labor Pains; Bed-wetting in children.

O

☞ DR. KEYSER IS A PHYSICIAN OF OVER thirty years' experience, and a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College and the University of Medicine and Surgery of Philadelphia.

MR. H. T. HELMBOLD:

Dear Sir.—In regard to the question asked me as to my opinion about Buchu, I would say that I have used and sold the article in various forms for the past thirty years. I do not think there is any form or preparation of it I have not used or known to be used, in the various diseases where such medicate agent would be indicated. You are aware, as well as myself, that it has been extensively employed in the various diseases of the bladder and kidneys, and the reputation it has acquired in my judgment is warranted by the facts.

L

I have seen and used, as before stated, every form of *Buchu*—the powdered leaves, the simple decoction, tincture, fluid extracts,—and I am not cognizant of any preparation of that plant at all equal to yours.—Twelve years' experience ought, I think, to give me the right to judge of its merits, and without prejudice or partiality, I give yours precedence over all others. I do not value a thing according to its bulk, if I did other *Buchus* would out-do yours, but I hold to the doctrine that bulk and quantity do not make up value—if they did a copper coat would be worth more than a dollar.

I value your Buchu for its effect on patients. I have cured with it, and seen cured with it, more diseases of the bladder and kidney than I have ever seen cured with any other Buchu, or any other proprietory compound of whatever name.

Respectfully, yours, &c.,
GEO. H. KEYSER, M. D.,
140 Wood Street Philadelphia, Pa.

August 11, 1865.

Are for Helembold's Fluid Extract Buchu.

D

☞ Direct letters to

HELMBOLD'S

DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE
No 594 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

OR

HELEMBOLD'S MEDICAL DEPOT.
No. 104 SOUTH 8TH ST., BELOW CHESTNUT,
PHILADELPHIA.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

BE WARE OF COUNTERFEITS. *ASK FOR HELEMBOLD'S.*

TAKE NO OTHER.

sept 7-1y

For the Easton Gazette.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY BONNI ELOISE.

Forget me not, when other eyes,
Shall fondly gaze on thee;
Forget me not when others smile,
Forget, forget not me.

Forget me not, when other lips,
Shall whisper love to thee,
But then think of the happy past,
And think, oh think of me!

Forget me not, though one might weave,
A garland rich and rare;
To place upon thy placed brow
Or deck thy glossy hair.

Forget me not, for would I not,
Most willingly and true,
Entwine a garland of bright gems
For you—and only you?

Forget me not, for I am thine
What'er thy lot shall be;
Forget me not in course of time—
Forget, forget not me.

Forget me not, forget me not,
Though severed we will be;
The thought, that we may meet again,
Is one bright thought for me.

We part, and yet I ask again:
Forget, forget me not!
On memory's scroll engrave my name
And oh, do not it blot

My parting gift, what shall it be?
I know you'll prize the flower,—
"Forget me not," if culled by me,
From Eden's fragrant bower.

Easton, Nov., 1865.

THE ARCTIC PRISON;

OR

SAILING AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

The ship swung to and fro—the long yards creaking and shivering upon the mast.

The wind whistled with a shrill, weird sound among the shrouds; and the shrouds bent inwards as though unseen hands of heavy-footed men were ascending them. It was a dark night, yet not so dark but that we could see the lofty icebergs by which we were surrounded looming upwards like spectres through the gloom. We were tossing about on the waters of the Arctic Ocean, and—subjected to a heavy gale of wind—our position was a dangerous one. We had already begun to prepare rafts, and to hoist our chests on deck, expecting every moment the ship would be stove by the ice. Heavy masses were continually crashing against the bows, and thundering under the counter, causing the vessel to shake and quiver from stem to stern, as though every timber was about to give way. At times the concussion would be so violent that all hands would be thrown off their feet, and tumble on top of each other in a manner that was far from agreeable.

Suddenly a white face, with wild, glaring eyes and quivering lips appeared among us. It was that of the captain's wife. She had her hand upon her husband's arm as he stood near the bow.

"Lilian! Lilian!" she gasped, "where is our Lilian?"

"Lilian? Good heavens? wife, what do you mean? I left her with you in the cabin."

"She is not there now—I have looked in all the rooms. Oh, God! my child! my child!" and the mother wrung her hands in anguish; while her white face grew still whiter.

"Wife! wife!" exclaimed the captain, hallsternly, "Lilian was with you when I left the cabin; surely you did not let her leave your side at such a time as this?"

"Yes! yes!" cried his wife, in accents of the most piercing grief. "It is all my fault—she is lost. My little Lilian is lost! and I am the cause."

"For God's sake, explain yourself!" gasped the captain.

"I left her down in the cabin," faltered the agonized mother, "and came on deck, as I wanted to speak to you. I thought you were in the waist, so I groped my way there and tried to find you. Not seeing you I started on my return, fearing to leave Lillian so long alone. But when I reached the cabin again she was not there—gone! gone! God only knows where!"

"Lilian! Lilian! has any one seen Lilian?"

Fore and aft, from every lip, in startling accents, that cry went up amid the storm.

But the wind only answered with a deeper howl. The long yards still creaked upon their rusty rivets. The heavy icebergs crashed upon the bows; and the timbers groaned and shook as they had done before. The silvery accents of little Lilian's voice came not to our ears, and we felt as it was hushed forever. But the wailing tones of the poor mother, and the despairing shouts of the father—both of whom could not bear to give up the child—continued long after our own voices had ceased. Then we—rough hearted, childless men though we were—forgetting our own danger, gathered about the afflicted pair and tried to console them. I don't think we succeeded very well, for our voices trembled a great deal; and the tears would come to our eyes, though we kept wiping them away with the cuffs of our heavy jackets. No one of us but had loved little Lilian almost as well as the parents themselves. She was but seven years of age; yet the earnest glance of her dark blue eyes would go streight to our hearts, and make us feel kind and good to each other. To utter an oath when she was near would have seemed like sacrilege. Like a lily she had bloomed in our midst shedding a heavenly influence about her, which soothed and purified our ragged natures.

Strong—oh! strong is the power of innocent childhood over a sinful heart.

It was while we thus stood, clustering near the binnacle, offering what little consolation we could to the captain and his wife, that one of the ship's crew—an old tar by the name of Bill Butler—came towards us, holding a few little torn shreds of cloth in his hands.

"I found this ere hanging on a hook on the outside of the bulwork," said Bill in a low mournful voice.

"It is part of Lilian's dress!" shrieked the captain's voice.

The captain buried his face in his hands with a cry and we looked at one another in sad silence. There could no longer be any doubt about the matter. Lilian had fallen overboard.

The few remaining hours of the night wore away. The gale subsided. Miraculously, as it seemed to us, the ship had escaped being stove; and as the sea had gone down with the gale, there was now no more danger. Overwhelmed with grief, yet feeling it his duty to try and console his wife, the captain descended into the cabin, leaving the management of the ship affairs in the hands of the mate. Presently the steward came on deck. He wished to know if any of the hands had seen Blusco that morning. This was the name of a large Newfoundland dog which had been a great favorite with Lilian, and she had taken especial delight in feeding him. The dog had grown extremely fond of his young mistress, and would show his attachment in many ways peculiar to his kind. Now that their darling was lost, the captain had ordered the steward to bring Blusco to them—thinking that the sight of him might afford a melancholy consolation to his wife. Having searched the cabin throughout without being able to find the animal, the steward came on deck as we have said, to inquire if he had been noticed by any of the hands. We all answered in the negative. None of us had seen the dog since the previous night. Thereupon the ship was ransacked fore and aft for the missing animal; and although we searched in every nook and corner, he was not to be found.

While we were all wondering what had become of him, the man at the mast head sung out that there were whales astern. The mate instantly ordered the boats to be lowered, and before we had scarcely had time to divest ourselves of the idea that we were still looking for the dog, we were paddling swiftly in the wake of a great fat bow head. The whale made straight for a field of ice in the distance, and went down when he got in the middle of it. We followed him almost up the spot where he had disappeared and then lay motionless and silent waiting for the next rising. Large masses of ice flashing gloriously in the early rays of the sun and moulded into a thousand different shapes, surrounded our little craft on every hand, floating by with majestic slowness, and then crashing against each other with a force which caused some of them to be rent asunder. Strange beautiful monuments are these fashioned by the hand of nature—monuments of the frozen mariners that sleep below.

"There it goes again," said old Bill Butler in a whisper.

"What?" asked the mate.

"That barking noise," replied Bill; "I've been hearin' it ever since we left the ship."

The mate leaned upon his steering oar and listened.

"It is a seal," he said.

"Beg your pardon, sir," replied Bill; "but I never heard a seal bark like that."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed a Portugese so loud that the mate was obliged to rap him on the head with his knuckles; "good heaven!" he added in a lower tone, "me think dat one dog."

"Good heavens, Mickeel, meunk's same," remarked another Portugese—a little fat fellow by the name of Pat Plunket.

"Poker (suppose it) doge a'mikt good," said a Kanaka.

"It does sound mightily like a dog," said the mate, as the barking became more distinct; 'perhaps it is Blusco on the ice cake.'

Turning the boat around with his steering oar until her bows pointed in the direction of the noise, the mate now ordered us to paddle ahead. We obeyed and the boat shot forward with an easy speed. The barking sounded nearer every moment, until at last we were quite convinced by its peculiarity that it emanated from no other throat than that of Blusco.

But where was he?

This was the question that now rose on our lips. We could hear him plainly, but could see nothing of him. By the sound of his bark we should have judged that he stood on the summit of an iceberg we were then approaching, and which was but a few fathoms distant: Yet notwithstanding this no Blusco was there visible. What could it mean? Had some mermaid charmed the dog into invisibility?

We continued to approach. The barking became louder, and was now full of frantic joy.—The iceberg—a rather large one—trembled as though under the influence of an epileptic fit.—Still there was no Blusco in sight.

Our boat struck the iceberg. A pair of bright eyes gleamed at us through a chink in the crystal wall—they were the eyes of Blusco! The mystery was explained! The monument of ice was hollow, forming a rude little chamber in which the dog was snugly ensconced.

"Oh, Heaven be praised! just look here," exclaimed the mate turning to Bill and motioning him to look through the crevice from which he had just withdrawn his own eyes.

Bill did as requested, and beheld a sight which filled him with as much joy as it did with amazement. Reclining in one corner of this icebound apartment—her golden hair falling about her pale face, and the silken lashes veiling her beautiful eyes, he saw the unmistakable figure of little Lilian.

With a few blows of our hatchets we soon succeeded in effecting an opening in the icewall. The little girl and Blusco were taken out and placed in the boat. We laid back upon our oars with all the strength we possessed, while the mate, drawing a brandy flask from his pocket, poured a few drops of the liquor down Lilian's throat. By the faint pulsation of her heart he knew that the current of life was not yet frozen—that she had only sunk into that cold, stupid kind of doze, from which there is no awakening.

The ship was reached at last. The mate ascended to the deck and took the insensible burden that Bill passed up to him.

"Captain!" he said, as he descended the companion way, "I have brought you no whale, but something that I think will be more acceptable."

The captain and his wife both caught sight of their child at once and at the same moment.

"My child! My Lilian!" screamed the mother rushing forward to clasp her in her arms.—Then noticing her pale face and drooping head, she sank into a seat, overcome by her feelings, and stretched forth her arms, faintly murmuring.—

'Dead! dead! she is dead! Give me my poor little dead girl!'

'No—no! she is not dead!' replied the mate. 'If the proper measures be taken she can be restored in a few moments.'

So saying, he laid her upon the bed, and assisted the anxious father in his efforts to restore the circulation of the blood.

In a few moments they had the satisfaction of seeing Lilian open her blue eyes, and of hearing her speak the word 'mother.' The next instant she was pressed to the latter's bosom, and covered with her tears and kisses. This probably helped nearly as much as the other operations had done to restore the circulation of blood, for there was now a deep carnation tint upon both cheek and lips.

The excitement having in some degree subsided explanation followed.

Lilian stated that after her mother had left her to go on deck, she thought she would just go up to get a peep over the rail at the icebergs. This idea had no sooner entered her head than she carried it into execution. In leaning too far over the rail, however—the ship happened to give a lurch at the same time—she lost her balance and was precipitated into the waters. On rising to the surface she felt herself seized by the neck of her dress, and the next moment was dragged on to a large cake of ice. Then she perceived that her deliverer was noble Blusco—She felt terribly frightened and clung close to the dog. She remembered that they were hallshut in by three walls of ice which partly presented the waves from dashing in upon them.—Suddenly the cake upon which they were standing came in contact with another and which towered up like a lofty column. When the concussion took place this lofty mass tottered over, and fell upon the three walls of ice, (by which the little girl and her dog were encompassed,) in such a chaotic manner as to completely close them up, as though they were in prison. In this position she remained a long time, praying and hugging the dog by turns, until at last, feeling cold and benumed, she began to grow drowsy and fell into a doze. Had her rescue from this situation been delayed a few minutes longer we would never in all probability have succeeded in bringing her to life. As it was, a long time elasped ere the natural freedom of circulation could be restored to one of her arms.

Many were the praises lavished on Blusco for his noble conduct, and altho' he shakes his head and turns up his broad nose when any person speaks to him about it, as much as to say "pshaw, it's nothing"—still we believe that in his heart he is proud of his exploit.—*Waverly Mag.*

PATANT LEATHER BOOTS.—While standing in the office of one of our first class hotels, the other day, we noticed a gentleman who came in with his baggage, enter his name on the book, and secure a room. As soon as he had written his name, the clerk looked at it with astonishment. He called all the other clerks to look, and then he called one of the proprietors, who, on seeing it, appeared amazed.

We thought from the fuss that was being made over the name, that the man must be some celebrated person. The idea struck us that it might be Prince Albert, or some of England's noblemen, but, as his features were truly American, we concluded it must be some great man, whom we did not know, belonging to our own country. While thus contemplating the man and his position, the head clerk leaned forward, and called—

"Mr. Johnson, one moment, if you please!"

The gentleman stepped up to the desk.

"Will you," continued the clerk, "please explain one thing? We have all tried to decipher, but cannot make it out."

"What is it?" asked the gentleman, with a quiet smile playing on his face.

"Why, sir, at the end of your name, on the book, you have placed three letters, P. L. B., and we are anxious to know the meaning of them, having never before met them in that position.

"P. L. B.?" said the gentleman, "simply means—Patent Leather Boots. The last time I was here, I wore none of them, but I was charged in my bill, at leaving, two dollars for blacking boots, and as I had no time to dispute at leaving, I concluded this time to make you understand that I wore such boots as needed no blacking."

TREATMENT OF CROUP.—Croup is an inflammation of the inner surface of the windpipe.—Inflammation implies heat, and that heat must be subdued, or the patient will inevitably die.—If prompt efforts are made to cool the parts in case of an attack of the croup, relief will be as prompt as it is surprising and delightful. All know that cold applied to a hot skin, cools it, but all do not as well know and understand that hot water applied to an inflamed skin will certainly cool it off. Hence the application of iced-cold water with linen cloths, or almost hot water with woolen flannel, of two folds large enough to cover the whole throat and upper part of the chest; put these in a pail of water as hot as the hand can bear, and keep it thus hot by adding water from a boiling tea kettle at hand.

Let two or three of the flannels be in hot water all the twenty days, and one on the throat all the time, with a dry flannel covering the wet one, so as to keep the heat in to some extent; the flannels should not be so wet when put on as to dribble, for it is important to keep the clothing as dry as possible, and keep up the process until the phlegm is loose, the child easier and begins to fall asleep; then gently wrap a dry flannel over the wet one which is on, so as to cover it up entirely, and the child is saved. When it wakes up both flannels will be dry.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Don't Do It.

Don't speak that harsh, unkind word, and thus make sad the heart of another. Speak gently—life is short.

Don't make the burden of another heavier, when it is in your power to lighten the same. Keep in good humor; anger is a waste of vitality. No man and no boy does his best except when he is cheerful.

A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the body healthy and the mind free.

Don't let others say that you are selfish, and care only for yourself.

Don't live for your own comfort and enjoyment alone; live for others.

Don't neglect that precious soul committed to your charge; remember it must live forever!

Don't waste the holy Sabbath; its hours are too valuable.

Don't turn away from the Bible; it is the book by which you will be judged.

Don't speak against Christians; remember their faults will not save you.

Don't live merely for this world; remember the endless future.

LIVING WITHOUT FOOD.—The life of animals is sustained longer from want of food than is generally supposed. A Civet cat lived ten days without food; an antelope and a large wild cat each twenty days. An eagle survived twenty-two days; a few dogs thirty-six days, and a badger one month. A crocodile will live two months without food; a scorpion three; a bear six, a chameleon eight; a viper ten. A spider belonging to Vallant lived nearly a year without food, and then was so far from being exhausted that it attacked and killed another spider which was put along with it. The celebrated John Hunter kept a toad for fourteen months between two flower pots. Land tortoises have lived without food for eighteen months, and a beetle has been kept in a state of total abstinence from food for three years, at which time it managed to effect its escape. There is also an account of two serpents which were kept alive for five years without any food.

☞ Virtue springs from industry rather than religion. We care not how "pious" a man is; let him lose for a week, and he will feel the devil in him bigger than a woodcock.

☞ Jeremy Taylor says that it takes a wide garment to cover some people's sins. We wonder if our boiles will think it necessary to expand their crinoline.

☞ Mr. Squigsby once had a long talk with a Baptist minister, and he says he has been troubled with the "dipitheria" ever since.

☞ "Tom, what in the world put matrimony in your head?"

"Well, the fact is Joe, I was getting short of shirts!"

☞ The coward who screams for help instead of taking his own part, may be said to be an adept at the game of hare and hounds.

☞ Why is a mushroom like a dandy? Because it is rapid in its growth, slim in its trunk, and thick in its head.