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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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Vol. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., September 5, 1868. No. 52.

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Renders the skin clear, smooth and soft. Removes Tan, Freckles, &c.—Ladies of taste and elegance in New York are now using it altogether, to the exclusion of everything else. Try one bottle and see its wonderful quality.

☞ Beware! of all worthless Imitations. None genuine without "Costar's" signature 25c. and 50c. sizes kept by all Druggists. $1.00 sizes sent by mail on receipt of price. $2.00 pays for any three $1.00 sizes by express $5.00 pays for eight $1.00 sizes by express. Address,

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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in

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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 punch, no fancy preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. 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 hear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others offered for the cure of the diseases named, these 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 agreable 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.

PROM 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 8, 1868.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion and 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 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 safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; 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.

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GONE.

Place on the pillow
The dear little head;
Gone! Speak it softly—
The spirit has fled.

Press the lids lightly—
So waxen and cold—
Smooth the curls gently,
The tiny hands fold.

Take up the playthings,
Hide them away,
In the dark closet,
Ever to stay.

Scatter white rosebuds
Covered with dew—
Emblems of pure love,
Tender and true.

Is there a sorrow
Seems greater than this?
Knowing to-morrow
We press the last kiss?

Close the white casket,
Lock it with care—
Never was angel
More lovely and fair.

Bear away gently
Our idol!—to dust,
Father, in heaven—
To thee we entrust.

Gone far from evil,
All is now well;
Taken from sufferings,
In glory to dwell.

My Mother's Wheel.

In the shadows creeping o'er
Narrow pane and attic floor,
Stands a wheel with mouldering band
Turned no more by foot or hand;
Dust upon it deeply lies,
Tiny specks that cloud the eyes,
Over it the spiders spin
Daylight out and evening in.

As I sit beside it now,
Weary heart and aching brow,
Years go backward as the tide
From the silver sea sands glide,
Life again is passing fair,
Sunshine glints my face and hair,
And a simple child I kneel,
Happy by this little wheel.

Once again I hear its hum,
While the moments go and come;
See the tireless fingers hold
Finest threads like shining gold;
Busy till the sunset red,
Till the last faint beam is fled;
Spinning all the livelong day,
Hours of pain and joy away.

Faithful hands that toiled so long,
Lips that sung my cradle song,
Come and hush my sighs once more,
Lighten burdens as before!
Softly throng the silent room
Floats a brightness through the gloom,
While her presence seems to steal,
Back to me beside this wheel.

THE PASSIONATE FATHER.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Greater is he that ruleth his spirits, than he who taketh a city."

"Come here, sir!" said a strong, athletic man, as he seized a delicate looking lad by the shoulder.

"You've been in the water again, sir. Havn't I forbid it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No buts; havn't I forbid it—hey?"

"No, sir, I was—"

"No reply, sir!" and the blows fell like a hailstorm about the child's head and shoulders.

Not a tear started from Harry's eyes, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you are sent for. I'll master that spirit of yours, before you are many days older."

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile, gentle woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples slightly transparent. Laying her hand soothingly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rock was touched and the waters gushed forth. "Dear mother," said the weeping boy.

"Why didn't you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"*Did he give me a chance?*" said Harry, springing to his feet with a flashing eye. "Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother, he is a tyrant to you and me!"

"Harry, he's my husband and your father."

"Yes, and I am sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words? Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother."

"It's too bad, I say; he's a tyrant, mother," said the boy with clenched fist and set teeth, "and if it were not for you, I would have been leagues off long ago."

"And there's Nellie, too, poor sick child.—What good will all her medicine do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his footsteps. I say it's brutal, mother!"

"Harry," (and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lips) "for my sake—"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake—yours and poor Nellie's or I should be on the sea somewhere—anywhere but here."

Late that night Mary Lee stole to her boy's beside, before retiring to rest.

"God be thanked he sleeps," she murmured, as she shaded the lamp from his face. Then kneeling at his bedside, she prayed for wisdom and patience to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and she prayed for him.

"No, no, no," said Harry, springing from his pillow, and throwing his arms about her neck. "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I never will for what he has made you suffer; don't let me hear it."

Mary Lewis was too wise to expostulate.—She knew her boy was spirit sore under the sense of recent injustice; so she lay down beside him, and resting her tearful cheeks against his, repeated in a low sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.

"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if ever I get to heaven, it will be your hand that led me there!"

There was a hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.

The passionate father's repentance came with a word that his boy must *die*.

"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.

It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow; and now when the hot blood of anger rises to his temples and the hasty word springs to his lips, the pale face of the dead rises between him and the offender, and an angel voice whispers—"*Peace! be still!*"

Duels in the Southwest.

Col. T. C. Thorpe draws upon his long experience in the Southwest for some interesting stories about dueling, which are published in the August number of Harper's Monthly. He tells of a decendant of Gen. Philip Schuyler, who some thirty years ago, while traveling in that section, was set upon by an outlaw. He says:

"The man's name was Gamble; he had committed innumerable murders, and defied arrest or punishment. He had been repeatedly warned by the constitute authorities of his State, declared an outlaw, and a large reward was then offered for his arrest. Schuyler was a stranger, and at the time was waiting at the village tavern for the mail stage. To loiter away the time, he was with a number of the villagers sitting at a table amusing himself with conversation and indulging at the same time in fits of laughter. Suddenly the party was interrupted by a yell almost as loud as a steam-whistle, which noise was followed by a volley of braggadocia epithets and the general inquiry, "What the people round the table were making all that noise about?"

"The parties in the locality turned pale as they recognized the redoubtable Gamble, for they saw there was mischief in his frenzied eye.—The outlaw, having delivered himself of the opinion that every man present was a sneak and a coward, ended with deliberately discharging a mouthful of tobacco spittle upon the polished boot of Schuyler, who was the only person in the room who could, by external appearance, be pronounced a gentleman. The rude men who witnessed this, congratulated themselves that the blow had fallen upon a helpless traveler, and that in the skirmishing and catastrophe that must follow they could make their escape.

"To Schuyler this insult was electrical, and, rising with indignation, he demanded of Gamble of whose history at the time he knew nothing:

"Did you intentionally spit upon my boot?"

"Gamble was speechless with rage and astonishment, and as soon as he could recover the use of his tongue he thundered out."

"Yes, and I'll do the same for your face next time." But before he could carry his disgusting threat into execution Schuyler struck the outlaw such a blow in the breast that the ruffian went reeling against the side of the wall. In another instant the parties closed with each other, and a rough and tumble fight enshed, in which each party attempted in vain to use their knives. The spectators formed a ring and looked as coolly on as if it had been a dog fight. If Gamble was killed they got clear of the terror of the vicinity; if the stranger, what difference did it make to them? The fight continued, without seeming damage, until both parties separated for a moment from exhaustion; but as they were about to renew the contest the landlord interfered, and suggested that both men be shut up in a dark room, each armed with a revolver and a bowie knife, and be thus left in a quiet way to fight it out like gentlemen.

"The proposition was received with cheers and Gamble especially endorsed the proposition, Schuyler was silent, but showed himself to be as resolute and fearless as a tiger. When the duelists were placed on the opposite sides of the room by the landlord, and as he was about to disappear, the bravo said:

"Major, have a julep ready for me in fifteen minutes."

Schuyler said:

"If I fall, you will find on my person a silver watch and thirty dollars in New York money; bury me decently, and keep what remains above the necessary expenses for your trouble."

The landlord then retired and locked the door, the barroom spectators hanging round the outside, speculating on the result, or betting drinks and small sums of money to back up their opinions. Not a person in that crowd believed that Schyuler stood the slightest chance of escaping with his life. These frontiersmen could not believe that a delicate built gentlemanly man, with effeminate face and fair hands, could be equal to such an encounter."

Many seconds elapsed before any noise was heard; then followed quick reports of the pistols. It was evident that a deadly struggle was going on, and one of the party seemed to have fallen on the floor.

The persons in the barroom now joined those up stairs, and, headed by the landlord, the den was opened. A terrible sight of blood met the eyes of these men. Gamble was already dead, and Schuyler lay on the floor insensible from loss of blood.

Nothing could exceed the care that was bestowed upon Schuyler by his now enthusiastic frontier admirers. They sat by his bed-side and watched him as their child. In a few weeks he was perfectly restored to health, and the people in the country round came to thank him for his prowess. It is further stated that by the advice of his friend the landlord, who refused all remuneration for his hospitality, Schyuler went to the capital of the State and obtained not only the reward set upon the outlaw's life, but was also the recipient of a complimentary dinner from the Governor and other high officials. He even had lucrative and honorable inducements held out to settle permanently in the community. But his experience in the backwoods were not agreeable, and he returned to his native New York, considering its dangers and temptations preferable to a life in the pine forests of the South.

"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?"

"Certainly not, my child; why did you ask that question?"

"'Cause I see all the newspapers call it Pa."

The rising woman—She who hasn't got her growth. The rising man—He who is being picked up by the policeman from the sidewalk.

The minister who boasted of preaching without notes, don't wish to be understood to refer to greenbacks.

Pickpockets dis-purse a crowd.

POLITICAL.

Legislative Choice of Electors.

In view of the absurd diatribes of the Copperhead press against the "monstrous" proposition of the State of Florida to leave the choice of her Presidential Electors to her Legislature, the Boston Traveller justly exclaims, what nonsense! "How can that be anti-rebublican which was the common mode of appointing Electors at the beginning of our system of government, and which was adhered to by many States for many years? Was Washington made President of the United States in an anti-republican manner? He was chosen President of the United States in 1788-9 by the votes of sixty-nine Electors, being all that were cast by ten States; New York, North Carolina, and Rhode Island not participating in the election. Most of these Electors had been appointed by the Legislatures of their States. Washington was re-elected by Electors most of whom were appointed by State Legislatures. John Adams was thus eleeted in the same way; and Mr. Jefferson was thus elected and re-elected to the Presidency. The great Democratic victory of 1800-1, which secured ascendency to the Democratic party for sixty years, was won by the action of a Legislature, that of New York.—That Legislature was carried for the Democrats through the success of Col. Burr's tactics in New York city, where Democratic representatives were chosen; and the Democratic Legislature thus created appointed twelve Electors, all of whom voted for Mr. Jefferson, carrying his vote to seventy-three, while Mr. Adams was but sixty-five. Had the votes of New York been divided between the candidates according to the strength of parties in that State, Mr. Jefferson would have had seven votes, and Mr. Adams five, which would have re-elected the latter, as his number would have been seventy, and Mr. Jefferson's only sixty-eight. But the Legislature appointed the Electors, and appointed them all from the Democratic party, and its action was strictly republican, constitutional, and legal. More than half the Presidents of the United States received votes from Electors appointed by the Legislatures; Washington, the Adames, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan. Mr. Van Buren received no such votes when he was elected, but he had eleven such votes in 1840, when he was beaten. There never was a national election held for seventy-two years at which Electors appointed legislatively did not assist. And yet we are now told it is anti-republican thus to appoint Electors! It is neither anti-Republican nor anti-Democratic, whether we consider the matter specifically or generally,—and certainly it is anything but contrary to the practice of the Democratic party, for South Carolina adhered to it so long as she remained in the Union; and South Carolina was so thoroughly a Democratic State that she took the lead in the work of destroying the old Union. The expediency of having Electors appointed by Legislatures is a matter fairly open to discussion,—and we should not have regretted their decision had Florida and Alabama left the matter in the hands of the people; but the legality of appointing Electors by Legislatures is not open to discussion. That was settled eighty years since, and confirmed by the practice of seventy-two years under that settlement."

Accessions to Grant.

The Hon. George M. Weston, of Maine, who two years ago was the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Fourth District of that State, is not ready to follow Frank Blair in his revolutionary programme. In a letter to a friend in North Carolina he makes the following sensible remarks:

"This reconstruction policy of Congress, strenuously as I resisted it, and obnoxious as it is to you, is an accomplished fact. The effects of it may be modified by events, and the policy itself may be softened, with the gradual subsidence of the passions connected with the late great struggle, but overthrown it cannot be, except by revolution and another civil war, and the issues of the pending Presidential canvass are so made up as to present the question, necessarily overshadowing all others, whether the country is ready for so desperate a remedy as that, for any grievance which exists."

Mr. Weston is not alone in these conclusions. Gen. John L. Swift, one of the most popular orators of Massachusetts, has abandoned the Democracy and come out for Grant, giving as his reasons that "he heard again the old rebel yell of the war and it startled him." The Hon. Thomas N. Stillwell, of Indiana, late United States Minister to Venezuela, who two years ago went over to the Democracy, made a speech at Columbus on Monday last announcing his determidation to support Grant and Colfax.—Chief Justice Pearson, of North Carolina, a member of the Conservative party, has written a letter advocating the election of Gen. Grant. He says that the Conservatives should vote for the great captain in order to restore peace to the country. The Conservatives of Maryland who under the lead of Gov. Swann, went over to the Democracy, are arranging a grand meeting in support of Grant. The Germania, a Democratic paper in Ohio, has also declared for Grant. Judge Lindsey, of Kokomo, Iowa, nominated for Presidential elector by the Democrats of the Eighth District, bolts Seymour and takes the stump for Grant. The Hon. Mr. McCarthy and Gen. David S. Wilson, of Iowa, both lifelong Democrats, bolt Seymour and take the stump for Grant. Major General Gordon, of Indiana, a Democrat till Seymour was nominated, takes the stump for Grant. Caleb Cushing regards the Seymour ticket with contempt. Not a single member of the Cabinet, or prominent officer of the Government, has given the least intimation of intention to support Seymour. Mr. Evarts, Mr. Seward, Mr. McCulloch, and, so far as known, the other members of the Cabinet, will support Grant and Colfax.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

Who Rules.

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things, imaginable for her sake.

She pinches your feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with tight neckerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing.

She makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed; and keeps them in bed in the morning, when they ought to be up and doing.

She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to be idle and useless.

She makes people visit when they had rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasures and interrupts our business.

She compels people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property or that of others, whether agreeable to the World of God or the dictates of pride.

She ruins health and produces sickness, destroys life and occasions premature death.

She makes fools of parents, invalids of children, and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, a despoiler of morality, and an enemy of religion, and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters and servants black and white, have voluntarily become her obedient subjects and slaves, and vie with one another to see who shall be most obsequious.

SIDEWALK ETIQUETTE.—Some of our Chesterfieldian exchanges has the following on the sidewalk etiquette, which we commend to the attention of our readers:

"Only villagers, or persons with rural ideas any longer contend that ladies should always be given the inside of the pavement in passing.—The rule adopted in all cities is to turn to the right, whether the right leads to the wall or to the gutter; and an observance of this common sense rule would obviate much unpleasant scrouging by over-gallant gentlemen who persistently crowd for the outside walk. Another common custom, not required by fashionable etiquette, and one which is inexplicably absurd, is the practice of a whole string of men filing out of a church pew, making themselves as ridiculous as an awkward squad practicing a catch step, in order to give a woman the wrong end of the pew. Another is that of a man, when at promenade or walk with a lady, to keep himself on the outside of the pavement. A little exercise of judgment will convince any person of the perfect uselessness of this bobbing back and forth at every corner. The common rule is this, if men and women are walking together she should always be at his right arm, whether it be towards the outside or inside of the walk! then the woman will not be shoved against the passers. Those who giggle at persons who follow this rule are themselves the greenies, and should read the book of manners before they indulge in the laugh of fashionable fools."

☞ About as neat as anything in the line of puns we have seen lately is the following which will be appreciated by many a poor wight:

Augustus Helen, Caleb's scolding wife,
Leads the poor fellow but a sorry life,
Returning late one cold and wintry night,
Quoth Helen, "Ugh! you brute, you're tight."

"My love," said he, "'tis only change of atmosphere,
A gust of cold outside, *Au-gust a He-len* here,"

Old Dr. A——— was a quack, and a very ignorant one. On one occasion he was called by mistake to attend to a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it came to Dr. A———'s turn to speak, "Convalescent!" said he, "why that's nothing serious, I have cured convalescence in twenty-four hours!"

☞ A man who was in the habit of making professions to a personal knowledge of the world, was asked by a skeptical friend:

"Have you been much at sea?"

"Why, no, not exactly; but my brother married a commodore's daughter."

"Were you ever abroad?"

"No, not exactly; but my brothers wife's maiden name was French."

During the late war, after a long march, the captain ordered, as a sanitary precaution, that the men should change their undershirts. The O. S. suggested that half of the men had one shirt each. The captain hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Military orders must be obeyed. Let the men change with each other."

I clasped her hand in mine—I clasped her beautiful form; I vowed to shield her from the wind and from the world's cold storm. She fixed her beauteous eyes on me; the tears did wildly flow; but with her lips she said to me, "Confound you let me go."

"I say Pompey," said one freedman to another, "dis chile has tried lots of gift fares and tings for a prize, but nebber could draw anything at all." "Well, Caesar, I'd vise you to try a hand-cart, de chances are a thousand to one da you could draw dat."

A good woman bottled up a lot of nice preserves and labeled them, 'Put up by Mrs. C———' Her boy Johnny discovered them, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny C———."

At a spiritualist meeting in Greenfield, at which two lawyers happened to be present, the spirit declared himself to be the devil, and reproached the lawyers for not recognizing their parent.

A country paper says there is a man in that neighborhood so mean that he sits on the door steps on Sundays, to save the wear of his pew cushion.

An editor, describing a church in Minnesota, says, "No velvet cushions in our pews; we don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat."

An Irishman remarked of a lady who had been very kind to him, "Bedad she's a perfect gentleman."

The antiquity of beer, that mention in Scripture of Beer-sheba.

Why women are sinners—Because they sew so many tares.

A preventive of cholera—The high price of fruit.

When can a man see his own spirit? When he is the ghost of his former self.