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W. W. TOWNSEND, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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FARMERS
TRY THE
ALTA VELA
Phosphate.
It contains three per cent of Ammonia, an ample quantity to give activity without injury, and nearly fifty per cent of Bone Phosphate of Lime, (a large part of which is Soluble) together with Potash, Soda, and other valuable ingredients making a Complete Manure. Price $56 per ton of 10 bags 200 lbs. each, delivered at any depot in New York city. Ask your neighbor about it, and send for a pamphlet.
Address,
THE ALTA VELA GUANO CO.
June 13-1y 57 Broadway, N. Y.
For sale by NICOLS & BARTLETT, Easton, Md.

New Cheap and Good Shoes.
M. M. HIGGINS has just returned from the city with a large and beautiful assortment of MEN'S, WOMEN and CHILDREN'S SHOES, to an examination of which he invites his friends and the public. As he desired to make this stock one of the leading articles in his business he is determined to sell at a small profit, and thinks all in need should be benefitted by calling. Store corner of Washington and Dover street. (may 30

SUGAR CURED HAMS—A fine lot of Buckingham and Mathers (Cincinnati) celebrated Sugar Cured Hams, just received and for sale for cash at M. M. Higgins'.

WANTED—Eggs, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Rags, Potatoes and all kinds of country produce, for which will be paid the highest market price in goods at low figures by
may 30 M. M. Higgins.

Accommodation for Travelers AND OTHERS.
BRICK HOTEL,
EASTON, MARYLAND.
JAS. C. NORRIS, Proprietor.
ROOMS, TABLE, AND BAR in the most thorough order, and calculated to please the most fastidious. COOKS, experienced, SERVANTS attentive, and all concerned ACCOMMODATING, and determined to give satisfaction.
THE subscriber having taken sole charge of this well known HOTEL, desires to return thanks to his many friends throughout the county and elsewhere, for the liberal patronage extended to him, and at the same time to invite a continuance of the same.
Nothing in any department will be left undone for the comfort of his guests.
JAMES C. NORRIS,
sept 5-1y Proprietor.

NICOLS & BARTLETT,
DEALERS IN
Hardware, Iron, Seeds, Guanos
AND PRODUCE,
DOVER STREET, EASTON,
FOR the season of 1868, offer at prices greatly reduced, HARDWARE in all its branches.
FOR HOUSEKEEPERS,
Fine and Common Table Cutlery, Fine Plated Forks and Spoons, Waiters, Trays, Sauce Pans, Bake Pans, Roll Pans, Brass Kettles, Porcelain Kettles, Stove Kettles, Stove Spiders, Stove Waffle Iros, Irons, &c., in great variety and
MECHANICS'
Tools of all descriptions, and various prices.
FOR FARMERS,
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Reaping and Mowing Machines, Threshers, Hoes, Spades, Forks, Shovels, Rakes, Carts and Plow Harness, Hames, &c.
FOR CARRIAGE MAKERS & WHEELWRIGHTS,
Hubs, Spokes, Rims, Axles, Springs, Bolts, every description of Malleable Iron, Enamelled Leather, Enamelled Canvass and Muslin, Dash Leather, &c.
FOR BLACKSMITHS,
every variety and size of Iron, Steel and Tools
FOR SHOEMAKERS,
Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calf Skins, Linings, Bindings, Pegs, Awls, Bristles, Hammers, Lasts, Ready-Made Shoe, Boot and Gaiter Uppers, &c.
The celebrated RED JACKET AXE unsurpassed, for wood cutters.
Every description of BUILDERS' HARDWARE, such as Nails, Hinges, Bolts, Screws, Locks, &c.
Great reduction in price of PACIFIC GUANO, WHITELOCK'S CERRALIZER, Pampkin Guano Company's Phosphate, and Andrew Coe's Super Phosphate, and Redunda Guano.
Lime by the barrel, hogshead and cargo.
FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Special and liberal terms allowed on all purchases, which are delivered free of charge at convenient landings. [apr

MINSEY'S ELECTRIC SOAP—Warranted as good in every particular as the Dobbins Electric, and 25 per cent cheaper. For sale by M. M. Higgins.

LEMON BISCUIT—A delicious article for the Tea table—for sale by M. M. Higgins.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia.
Their Introduction to the American public during the past year, has been attended with the most decided success, and they are now pronounced by many to be the best preparations of the kind ever offered to the American public. 1868.
THEY CURED YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER,
And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different in their effects from the many worthless Bitters now in the market, and many of them are warranted to cure when all other means have failed. They are
HOOFLAND'S
The greatest known remedies for
DYSPEPSIA, OR
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 Field Herbs, Roots, Barks, and Berries 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 the 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 properties of the Bitters, with rung Wine from Oranges, &c. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, 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 agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, invigorating, and medicinal properties 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 the enjoyment of food, build up the feeble, make the blood to circulate freely and purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheek, and change the pallid face of a skeleton-looking, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a fair-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 the most delicate female, or a child 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 healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

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

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

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a most valuable and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be a very benefit 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 it 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.
June 25-1y

The Weeping Maiden.

"Why do thine dark eyes weep?
Why do thine tears fall down?
Why do thine eyelids fill?
What ails thee, fair young maid?
"Alas! kind sir, ask thy heart
Have me tell the reason,
I'm after peeling onions—just,
A mutton-chop to season."

LINES

ON THE LAST VISIT TO

My Mother's Grave.

BY MISS LISA CAUTCHLEY.

The following beautiful lines from the pen of a gifted daughter of Virginia, will find an answering echo in many hearts:

Mother, farewell, I am going,
Away, far away, it must be;
I've come to say good bye, Mother,
To come, to friends and to thee;
But I know you cannot hear me,
Nor look on my sad face to-day,
For quietly you now are sleeping
Under the cold church-yard clay.

Oh, Mother, my heart seems breaking,
As I kneel by your narrow grave,
But one little sod from off it
I will take with me and save;
And when far away I've left thee
I'll gaze on my treasure dear,
I'll not feel so sad and lonely,
For I'll know that thou art near.

Oh, Mother, my heart seems breaking,
And my tears are falling like rain;
But they'll moisten the green sod o'er you
Until I can come again.
Sister and Brothers still are with me,
But it reminds me of the day
When we carried you in your coffin,
And laid you under the clay.

Mother, I ask for your blessing;
But you're silent and cannot speak,
Nor give one word of comfort
To the heart that is ready to break;
The cold, cold breeze is blowing
Around my throbbing head,
Yet Potomac's waters seem smiling,
On the graves of the silent dead.

Once more I am bending my knees, Mother,
To kiss the deep green sod,
And the rocky church-yard path, Mother,
Then I'll leave you with your God;
But I hope there'll be kept a corner,
For me near your grave to sleep,
For I could not rest easy, dear Mother,
Were I not laid by you, so gentle and meek.

The Woman and the Crow.

The following amusing anecdote, which has never yet appeared in print, struck me as containing a point so keenly satirical, that I determined to write it down and have it "placed on the records." It was told me by one who was both an eye and ear witness, and who, of course, speaks from the book. The story will lose much of its ludicrousness in my style of writing, and his of telling it, but here it goes:

At a certain cross roads, in the State of Alabama, stood a small grocery, or "whiskey-shop," previous to the rebellion, where "bust-head," and "chain-lightning" were dealt out to the thirsty, unwashed, at five cents a drink, or twenty cents a quart. The presiding genius of this delectable institution was one Billy Sykes, who, among various other pets, had a domesticated crow, black as the ace of spades.

This crow had learned, among other things, to repeat quite plainly the words "damn you," which he, of course, heard frequently used in the grocery. During the prevalence of a knock down-and-drag-out fight one day, however, the crow was frightened from his home and flew off into the woods, never to return.

About three miles from the grocery, was a settlement meeting house—an old tumble down dilapidated affair only used on certain occasions, when a "circuit-rider" happened that way.—Into this building went the crow, taking peaceable possession, and two days thereafter the church was thrown open for preaching, and a large crowd assembled, among whom was a very old lady, who was compelled to use crutches in walking, who took her seat in the "front pew," and was soon deeply absorbed in the eloquence of the preacher. The reverend gentleman had scarcely got under full headway, and commenced thundering his anathemas at all grades of sinners, when a hoarse, croaking voice from above uttered the ominous words,

"*Damn you!*"

The preacher and congregation looked aghast at such profanity, and each peered into his neighbor's face in vain to detect some sign of guilt. Quiet was at length restored, however, and the sermon proceeded, but ere ten minutes had elapsed, the ominous "damn you" again electrified the audience, and just as the preacher cast his eyes upwards to search for the delinquent, the crow flew down from his perch, and lighting on the bible calmly surveyed the terrified crowd, and gave another doleful croak,

"Damn you!"

The effect was electrical. Giving one startled and terrified glance at the intruder, the preacher sprang through a window, carrying sash, glass and all with him, and set off at a breakneck pace through the woods, closely followed by his horror stricken congregation, who had piled out of the building pell-mell after him.—In the general scramble the old lady with the crutches had been knocked down in the church, where she laid unable to rise, and on observing her the crow (who was after something to eat) flew down beside her, and cocking up his eye at her very knowingly, croaked—

"Damn you."

The old lady eyed him savagely for a few moments, and then burst forth, in a tone of reckless

Extravagance.

Avoid extravagance and always live considerably within your income if you can do so without absolute starvation. It needs no prophet to tell us that those who live fully up to their income, without any thought of a reverse in life, can never attain a pecuniary independence.—A brief reference to my own history may, perhaps, serve to illustrate this part of the subject.

By the death of my father, in 1826, I was thrown upon the world at the age of sixteen, dependent solely upon my own resources for support. I never found any difficulty in making money, but the thought did not occur to me, during fifteen years, of trying to save.

At one time, when lotteries were lawful in New York, my profits were enormous, sometimes as high as five hundred dollars per day, but I thought very little of trying to lay up money. I could always easily manage to expend my income, let it be ever so great.

In 1841, I purchased the American Museum in New York, without a dollar, for I was not worth a dollar in the world. But I was never disheartened. I always felt that I could make money fast enough, if I only set my mind to it. I remember meeting a friend in Broadway a few weeks before I came in possession of the Museum.

"Well," says I, "Mr. A., I am going to buy the American Museum."

"Buy it!" says he, for he knew I had no property. "What do you intend to buy it with?"

"Brass," I replied, "for silver and gold I have none."

It was even so. Everybody who had any connection with theatres, circus or exhibition business, from Edmund Simpson, manager of the old Park Theatre, or William Nible, down to the most humble puppet showman of the day, knew me perfectly well. Mr. Francis Olmsted, the owner of the museum building now deceased, a noble whole-souled man as one often meets with, having consulted my referencers, who all concurred in telling him that I was a "good showman, and would do as I agreed," accepted my proposition to give security for me in the purchase of the Museum collection, he appointed a money-taker at the door, and crediting me towards the purchase all the money received after paying expenses, allowing me fifty dollars per month on which to support my family, consisting of a wife and three children.—This was my own proposition, as I was determined so to live, that six hundred dollars per annum should defray all the expenses of my family until I had paid for the Museum, and my treasure of a wife (and such a wife is a treasure,) gladly assented to the arrangement, and expressed her willingness to cut down the expenses to four hundred dollars per annum if necessary.

One day, six months after I purchased the Museum, my friend, Mr. Olmsted, happened in at my ticket-office, at about twelve o'clock, and found me alone, eating my dinner, which consisted of a few slices of corned beef and bread that I had brought from home in the morning.

"Is this the way you eat your dinner?" he inquired.

"I have not eaten a warm dinner since I bought the Museum, except on the Sabbath," I replied, "and intend never to eat another on a week day, until I get out of debt."

"Ah, you are safe, and will pay for the Museum before the year is out," he replied, slapping me familiarly on the shoulder, and he was right, for in less than a year from that period I was in full possession of the Museum as my own property, every cent paid out of the profits of the establishment. Had I been less economical and less determined, my expenses would have kept pace with my income, I should have lost much valuable time in going home every day to my dinner, and my present situation would probably have been very different from what it is.

Men and women, accustomed to gratify every whim and caprice, will find it hard at first to cut down their various unnecessary expenses, and will feel it a great self-denial to live in a smaller house than they have been accustomed to, with less expensive furniture, less company, less costly clothing, a less number of balls, parties, theatre-goings, carriage ridings, pleasure excursions, cigar-smokings, liquor drinkings, &c.—But after all, if they will try the plan of laying by a "nest egg," or in other words, a small sum of money, after paying all expenses, they will be surprised at the pleasure to be derived from constantly adding to their little "pile," as well as from all the economical habits which follow in the pursuit of this peculiar pleasure. The old suit of clothes, and the old bonnet and dress, will answer for another season; the Croton or spring water will taste better than champagne; a brisk walk will prove more exhilerating than a ride in the finest coach; a social family chat, an evening's reading in the family circle, or an hour's play of "hunt the slipper," and "blind man's bluff," will be far more pleasant than a fifty or a five hundred dollar party, when the reflection on the difference in cost is indulged in, by those who begin to know the pleasure of saving.

Thousands of men are kept poor, and tens of thousands are made so after they have acquired quite sufficient to support them well through life, in consequence of laying their plans or living on too expensive a platform. Some families in this country expend $20,000 per annum, and some much more, and would scarcely know how to live on a smaller sum. Prosperity is a more severe ordeal than adversity, especially sudden prosperity. "Easy come, easy go," is an old and true proverb. Pride, when permitted full sway, is the great, undying canker-worm which gnaws the very vitals of a man's worldly possession, let them be small or great, hundreds or millions. Many persons, as they begin to prosper, immediately commence expending for luxuries, until in a short time their expenses swallow up their income, and they become ruined in their ridiculous attempts to keep up appearances, and make a "sensation."

I know a gentleman of fortune who says that when he first began to prosper, his wife would have a new and elegant sofa. "That sofa," he says, "cost me thirty thousand dollars." The riddle is thus explained: When the sofa reached the house, it was found necessary to get chairs "to match," then side-boards, carpets and tables "to correspond" with them, and so on through the entire stock of furniture, when at last it was found that the house itself was quite too small and old-fashioned for the furniture, and a new one was built "to correspond" with the sofa and *et cetera*; "thus," added my friend, "running up an outlay of thirty thousand dollars, caused by that single sofa, and saddling on me in the shape of servants, equipage, and the necessary expenses attendant on keeping up a fine "establishment," a yearly outlay of eleven thousand dollars, and a tight pinch at that, whereas, ten years ago, we lived with much more real comfort, because with much less care, on as many hundreds. The truth is," he continued, "that sofa would have brought me to inevitable bankruptcy, had not a most unexampled tide of prosperity kept me above it."—*Barnum's Letter to Freedly.*

Then and Now.

A laboring man thus writes to the editor of the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, manifesting his disgust for the chicanery and hypocrisy of Democrats in endeavoring to deceive the masses into a support of their heresies. The writer below gives evidence of being fully able to put the question fairly and squarely:

Editor Blade:—Some time ago you published a communication in a Democratic paper, from a laborer, contrasting the prices of certain things in 1859 and 1866, and showing their relation to prices of labor in three years. This is all very well when taken from the same locker.

I, too, have a chapter of contrasts to offer, and I select, as one of my points of comparison, the years embracing the Winter of 1838, 39, and the other, this year—1868. I select the year 1838 39 because it is a central point of a term of about forty years preceding the Democratic rebellion, and the price of labor that year was about an average of the price for the whole period. And, besides, the Democratic party was in the full tide of success, flushed with victory, carrying everything before it with a high hand, and putting into successful practice the favorite dogma of the party, "To the electors belong the spoils." Martin Van Buren was in the midst of the Presidential term; Wilson Shannon, of odorous memory, had been elected Governor of Ohio, and everything, from Dan to Beersheba, was as intensely Democratic as the most radical of the "unterrified" could wish.

Then, the wages of a common laborer was seventy-five cents per day, he boarding himself, or fifty cents per day, the employer furnishing the board; and many a day hath this deponent swung the sythe and wrought in the hay and harvest field, from "early morn till dewy eve," for fifty cents a day. Mechanics then, as now, obtained a little higher wages—about a dollar a day.

In 1838-39 a laboring man could buy a barrel of superfine flour for the labor of twelve or thirteen days; in 1868 it will cost him the wages of five or six days. Then he could buy a barrel of mess pork for the labor of thirty days, now it will cost him fourteen days' labor. Then a dressed hog of two hundred pounds could cost him twenty one days' labor, now he must expend the wages of ten days to purchase the same articles. Then the laboring man could buy a dress pattern for his wife, of eight yards of Merrimac prints, for the labor of three days, now in order to procure a pattern of the same kind of goods, a little larger it is true (our wives have grown since then,) say twelve or fourteen yards, he finds it necessary to invest the proceeds of the labor of *one whole day*.

O, the taxes, the taxes! the bloated bondholders, and all the tribe of cormorants who have fastened themselves upon our vitals, and are sucking the very life blood from our veins who shall deliver us from their terrible fangs? But in 1838, one day's work would procure five pounds of good brown sugar, now he must be content with twelve pounds.

In 1838 one day's work would purchase four pounds of loaf or crushed sugar, now it will only purchase eleven pounds. Then one day's labor would purchase four pounds of Rio coffee, now it will buy but seven. Then the laborer could buy one pound and a half of tea for the labor of one day, or if he was very fastidious in his taste, and must have the best, one day's labor would buy him half a pound, now the day's wages will only procure one pound of the one or two pounds of the other. Then one day's wages would purchase three to six pounds of butter, now it will buy but seven or eight pounds.

Then a reasonably good suit of clothes would cost the labor of about forty days, now such a suit will cost fifteen. Then the labor of four days would purchase a pair of good, substantial thick boots, now it will require three days to accomplish a like result. Then the labor of eight days would suffice to purchase a pair of fine calf sewed boots, now it will require six days. Then the labor of twelve days would buy a keg of 10d nails, now it will cost two days and a half.

In 1867 the laboring men paid no taxes, unless he had taxable property. But how is it now?

Will some Black Republican, Lincoln hireling answer? ANOTHER LABORER.

One Way to Succeed.

One of the largest and most successful shoe manufacturers of Lynn worked seven years upon his seat to get a capital of $1,135, with which he commenced business. His earnings during three years were just five dollars a week—two hundred and fifty dollars a year. He paid two dollars a week for board, and made one dollar pay all other expenses, thus saving one hundred and four dollars each year, which with the interest added and small amounts gained in trade, amounted in seven years to the sum above named. The first year in business he cleared five hundred dollars, the second a thousand, and the third two thousand—all the time cutting his own shoes, and keeping his personal expenses down to the old sum—three dollars per week. As his means increased his operations enlarged, and for several years past he has done a very large and successful business, and is known as one of the best and most reliable of our citizens, giving large sums to charitable purposes. During the year 1867 he did a business of $300,000 the profits on which were $40,000, and the total loss by bad debts, one case of boots, worth $150.—*Lynn Transcript.*

A CURIOUS MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—The following curious custom of the Nestorian Christians, as related by the Rev. Arthur Bogdon, is commended to the serious attention of the young gentlemen and ladies of our country, who propose to commit matrimony. After the ceremony has been performed, the wedding party is taken in wagons from the church to the residence of the bridegroom's father. When the second wagon, in which the bride is seated alone, reaches the gate opening into the yard in which the house is situated, it is halted, and the bridegroom's mother comes to meet it with a baby and three suits of baby clothes in her arms. She throws the child and clothes into the arms of the bride, who is required to dress and undress the baby three times in the presence of her mother-in-law, who watches every movement as only a mother-in law can watch a daughter-in-law. If the newly made bride does not perform the operation to the satisfaction of her severe judge, she is considered unfit for her new position, the wagon is turned round and she is taken back home for further instructions, and the poor bridegroom is compelled to live in single blessedness until the wife is educated up to the proper standard.

TOMBSTONE—The stamp on death's little bill.

TREASURE—The husband who has left you a widow.