THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY WILLIAM H. COUNCILL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription. Failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. LII. Easton, Talbot County, Md., September 4, 1869. No. 50.

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 inserted without charge.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the M. P. Church. [mar 16-1y

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mar 9-1y EASTON, MD.

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EASTON, MD.
Especial attention given to the COLLECTION of CLAIMS. [jy 4-1y

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PROMPT attention to COLLECTION of CLAIMS and purchase and sale of REAL ESTATE.
Office with I. C. W. Powell, Esq., Easton, Md. (aug 1

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

Auctioneering!
THE sundersigned returns his thanks to the public for past favors, and respectfully informs them that no pains shall be spared to give satisfaction to all who may employ him as an auctioneer. He will attend sales in any part of the county, and orders left at either of the Printing offices in Easton, will be promptly attended to.
WM. H. BOSTIC, Auctioneer.
sep

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ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Also, Surveying in all its branches.
Orders, by mail, from a distance, promptly attended to. [mar 6-6m

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PERSONS having Real Estate to sell, or those wishing to purchase, will find it to their advantage to call upon the subscriber.
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jy4-1y Easton, Md.

PUMPS.
HAVING removed to Easton, notice is hereby given, that the subscriber is prepared to sink new wells or clean out old ones, or make new Pumps, or repair old ones. All orders left with F. G. Wright Esq., or at the Easton Hotel promptly attended to. He will also put down force Iron Pumps. Work solicited in Talbot and the adjacent counties.
WM. H. SAULSBURY.

Revenue Stamps
Of all denominations, for Notes, Deeds, Checks, &c., for sale by DAWSON & BRO.

CHEWING TOBACCO.—Gravely's genuine chewing Tobacco, superior quality.—Also Light Pressed and Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco, for sale by DAWSON & BRO.

SMOKING TOBACCO.—Yacht Club, May Queen and Lone Star Smoking Tobacco, just received by DAWSON & BRO.
june 19

WM. B. WHEELER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
EASTON, Md.
HAVING removed his office to his old stand, next door to the Star office, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
mar 20-1y

SAMUEL E. TUCKER.
CONSTABLE,
HAVING taken an office with William B. Wheeler, Justice of the Peace, next door to the Star office, will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care, both civil and criminal. [mar 20

N. E. NICOLS,
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COLLECTION of CLAIMS
AND THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE, FERTILIZERS, FARMING MACHINERY, &c., &c.,
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Messrs. Upshur Lloyd & Bro., " "
Hon. Eli Saulsbury, Dover, Del.
Capt. E. R. Newhard, Allentown, Pa
(mar 28

1869. NEW YORK 1869.
SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS.
JOHN CATTERFIELD
RESPECTFULLY returns thanks for past favors and has the pleasure to announce that he has just received the latest FASHIONS from New York, for Gentlemen's Coats, Pants, &c., and is prepared to cut and make all kinds of garments in the latest styles, in the best manner, and with despatch.
All work done by him WARRANTED TO FIT.—Cutting done with care and punctuality. He can always be found at his old stand, opposite the Frame Hotel, in Easton. He hopes all his friends and customers and the public generally will call soon and leave their measures for a suit
mar 20

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in
1826.
THEY CURED YOUR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the heavy preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tissue prepa-[illegible] 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 as a menstruum 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 rum, Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some generous alcoholic stimulant is required. It differs from the Bitters in 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 and sugar. 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, 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 cheek, 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.

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, 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 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 valuable 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.
aug 28-1y

SELECT POETRY.

If You Should Ever Get Married.

If you should ever get married, John,
I'll tell you what to do—
Go get a little tenement,
Just big enough for two!
And one spare room for company,
And one spare bed within it—
And if you begin love's life aright,
You'd better thus begin it.

In furniture be moderate, John,
And let the stuffed chairs await;
One looking glass will do for both
Yourself and loving mate;
And Brussels, too, and other things,
Which make a fine appearance,
If you can better afford, they
Will look better a year hence.

Some think they must have pictures, John,
Superb and costly too;
Your wife will be a picture, John,
Let that suffice for you.
Remember how the wise man said,
A tent and love within it
Is better than a splendid house,
With bickerings every minute.

And one word as to cooking, John—
Your wife can do the best;
For love, to make the biscuit rise,
Is better far than yeast,
No matter if each day you don't
Bring turkey to your table—
'Twill better relish by-and-by,
When you are better able.

For all you buy, pay money, John—
Money that every day!
If you would have your life run smooth
There is no better way.
A note to pay is an ugly thing—
If thing you choose to call it;
When it hangs o'er a man who has
No money in his wallet.

And now, when you get married, John,
Don't try to ape the rich;
It took them many a toilsome year
To gain their envied niche.
And if you should gain the summit, John,
Look well to your beginning;
And then with all you win repay
The toil and care of winning.

Time is Passing.

Time is rushing in his chariot;
Rapidly his wheels go around;
Though they cast no dust behind them,
Yet they have no rumbling sound;
Silently they bear us onward,
Soon our journey will be o'er;
Soon the friends with whom we mingle
We shall see and hear no more;
Soon our feet shall press the meadows
Of the vast eternal shore.

Flying months and years remind us
Of the world we're passing to,
Let us leave good deeds behind us,
In the world we're passing through,
Which shall be the seeds of kindness,
Watered by celestial dew.
Shall bear good fruit for others—
Fruits of joy, and peace, and love—
Years long after we are singing
In the immortal land above.

Men are born and men are dying,
Thousands come, not one to stay;
Time is swift, his wheels are flying,
Never ceasing, night or day,
For the laughter, nor the crying
Of the stricken or the gay;
Gushing down the God-defying—
They who laugh at death's delay—
And from sorrow, sin and sighing,
Bearing gentle souls away.

Plans and schemes of men and nations,
Hearts and homes and homestead free,
Granite walls and art's creations,
All the eye delights to see,
All the ear delights in hearing,
Crumble, tumble, fall and fade,
Oh! we need a world more cheering,
Free from graves and cypress shade;
Thanks to God! that world we're nearing
In eternal sapphires laid.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE INSULTED.—A few days ago a recently married couple from the country—not Quindaro—spent a portion of that romantic season the "honey-moon," at our burg, and of course, put up and enjoyed the hospitalities of the Garno House. During dinner, the young lady was observed to turn red and then pale, but this laid to her new position as wife. But Scroggs, who has a sharp ear, heard her say to her husband.

"Is my face dirty?"

"Dirty! No, why do you ask?"

"Because that insulting waiter insists on putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another before me."

☞ "See here Gripps, I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it."

"Well, yes, I know very well how to cure them; but the trouble with me, just now, is to find a way to procure them."

☞ Sawdust pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every individual would do his own sawing.

SELECT STORY.

The Best Wife in the World.

—OR—

"The best wife in the world!" said Herbert Ainscourt.

"Of course—I dare say," responded Mr. Portcross. "But what's your exact idea of the best wife in the world? Jones says he's got the best wife in the world, because she keeps his stockings darned, takes him to church three times of a Sunday, and never lets him have an idea of his own. Jenkins says he's got the same identical article, but Jenkins' wife keeps all the money, draws his salary for him, and makes him live in the back kitchen because the parlor is too good for the family to use."

"Oh! but Daisy isn't a big ogreish—a little, submissive, soft-voiced thing, that hasn't an idea except what is reflected from me. I tell you what, old fellow, I'm the master of my own house! I come when I please, and go when I please. Daisy never ventures on a word of reproach."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, larking around at the clubs as you do, dissipated bachelor fashion."

"Ashamed! what of?"

"Why, I suppose you owe some duties to your wife!"

"Where's the harm? My wife doesn't care."

"Probably you think so, because she is quiet and submissive; but if she were to object—"

"Object; I'd like to hear her try it."

"Now, look here, Ainscourt, your wife may be a model wife, but you certainly are not a model husband. People are beginning to talk about the way you neglect that pretty little blue-eyed girl."

"I'll thank people to mind their own business. Neglect her, indeed. Why, man, I love her as I love my own soul."

"Then, why don't you treat her as if you did?"

"Oh, come, Portcross, that question just shows what a regular old bachelor you are. It won't do to make so much of your wife, unless you want to spoil her."

"That sounds selfish. I don't like the ring of that metal."

And he went away, leaving Ainscourt to finish his game of billiards at leisure.

"What a regular old fuss budget Portcross is," laughed the latter. Always poking his nose into somebody else's business. There's one comfort—I never pay any attention to what he says."

Meanwhile Mrs. Ainscourt was sitting alone in her drawing room, her two little white hands tightly locked in one another, and her fair head slightly drooping—a delicate little apple blossom of a woman, with blue, wistful eyes and curly flaxen hair, looking more like a grown-up child than a wife of twenty-one summers.

"Oh," sighed Daisy, "it is so dull here. I wish Herbert would come home. He never spends any time with me now-a-days, and I practice all his favorite songs, and read the newspaper, so I can talk about the things he's interested in, and try so hard to be entertaining. It's very strange."

And then her oval face brightened into sudden brilliance, and the sparkles stole into her eyes, for the quick ear had detected her husbands footsteps on the stairs. The next moment he came in.

"Well, pet, how are you?" with a playful pinch on her cheek. "There are some *bon bons* for you. Where are my light gloves?"

"Oh, Herbert, you are not going away again?"

"I must, Daisy. There are some fellows going to drive to High Bridge, and I'm one of the party. You can go over to my mother's for dinner, or send for one of your friends, or something. There, good bye, puss, I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

And with one careless kiss pressed on the quivering damask rose of a mouth that was lifted up to him, he was gone.

Daisy Ainscourt neither went to her mother-in-law, nor sent for one of her girl friends.—She spent the evening alone, pondering on the shadow which was fast overgrowing her life.

"What shall I do?" thought the little, timid, shrinking wife. "Oh, what *shall* I do?"

But child as she was, Daisy had a strong, resolute woman's heart within her, nor was she long in coming to a decision.

"Daisy," said her husband to her the next day, "you haven't any objections to my attending the Orion Ball Masque?"

"Are masked balls nice places, Herbert?"

"O, yes, everybody goes! I only thought I'd pay you the compliment of asking whether you disapproved or not."

"Can I go with you?"

"Well—hem—not very well, this time Daisy. You see Mrs. Frenchurch really hinted so strongly for me to take her, that I couldn't help it."

"Very well," assented Daisy, meekly, and Herbert repeated within himself the pæan of praises he had chanted in Mr. Portcross' ears: "The best little wife in the world!"

But, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Ainscourt was not exactly pleased, when, at the self same Bal Masque, during the gay period of unmasking he saw his wife's innocent face crowning the picturesque costume of a Bavarian peasant girl.

"Hello!" he ejaculated, rather ungraciously, "you here!"

"Yes," lisped Daisy, with a girlish smile.—"You said everybody went. And, oh, Herbert, isn't it nice?"

Mr. Ainscourt said nothing more, but Mrs. Frenchurch found him a very stupid companion for the remainder of the evening.

He was late at dinner next day, but, late as he was, he found himself more punctual than his wife, and the solitary meal was half over before Mrs Daisy tripped in, her cashmere shawl trailing over her shoulders, and her dimpled cheeks all pink with the fresh wind.

"Am I behind time? Really, I am so sorry. But we have been driving in the Park, and—"

"We! Who are *we*?" growled her husband.

"Why, Colonel Adair and I—the Col. Adair that you go with so much."

"Now, look here, Daisy!" ejaculated Mr. Ainscourt, rising from the table and pushing back his chair, "Adair isn't exactly the man I want you to drive with."

"But you go everywhere with him!"

"I dare say—but you and I are two different persons."

"Now, dear Herbert," interposed Daisy, wilfully misunderstanding him, "you know I never was a bit proud, and the associates that are good enough for my husband are good enough for me. Let me give you a few more oysters."

Ainscourt looked sharply at his wife. Was she really in earnest, or was there a mocking undercurrent of satire in her tone? But he could not decide, so unlike was her countenance.

"I will talk to her about it sometime," was his internal decision.

"Daisy," he said carelessly, when dinner was over, "I've asked old Mrs. Barberry to come and spend the day with you to-morrow."

"Oh have you? I'm sorry, for I am engaged out to-morrow."

"You! Where?"

"Oh, at Delmonico's. We've joined a woman's rights club, and meet there to organize."

"The deuce take woman's rights!" ejaculated the irate husband.

"Of course I don't believe in them, but its the fashion to belong to a club, and such a nice place to go evenings. I am dull here evenings, Herbert."

Herbert's heart smote him, but he answered resolutely:

"I beg you will give up this ridiculous idea. What do women want of clubs?"

"What men do, I suppose."

"But I don't approve of it at all."

"You belong to three clubs, Herbert."

"That's altogether a different matter."

"But why is it different?"

"Hem—why? because—of course any body can see why—it's self-evident."

"I must be very blind," said Mrs. Ainscourt, demurely, but I confess I can't discriminate the essential difference."

Herbert Ainscourt said no more, but he did not at all relish the change that had lately come over the spirit of Daisy's dream.

She did change somehow. She went out driving here, there, and everywhere. He never knew when he was certain of a quiet evening with her; she had not only joined the club, but innumerable societies for a thousand and one purposes, which took her away from home almost continually. Mr. Ainscourt chafed against the bit, but it was useless. Daisy always had an excuse to plead.

Presently her mother-in law bore down upon her, an austere old lady in black satin and a chestnut wig.

"Daisy, you are making my son very unhappy."

"Am I?" cried Daisy. "Dear me, I hadn't an idea of it! What's the trouble?"

"You must ask himself," said the mother-in-law, who believed—sensible old lady—in young married people settling their own difficulties.—"All I know is the bare fact."

So Daisy went home to the drawing-room, where Herbert lay on the sofa pretending to read, but in reality brooding over his troubles.

"What's the matter, Herbert? said Daisy, kneeling on the floor beside him, and putting her soft, cool hands on his fezered brow.

"The matter? Nothing much, only I am miserable," he sullenly answered.

"But why?" she persisted.

"Because you are so changed, Daisy."

"How am I changed?"

"You are never at home; you have lost the domesticity which was, in my eyes, your greatest charm. I never have you to myself any more. Daisy, don't you see that this is embittering my life?"

"Does it make you unhappy?" she asked softly.

"You know that it does, Daisy."

"And do you suppose I like it, Herbert?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that I passed the first year of my married life in such a lonesome way. You had no domesticity." Clubs, drives, billiard playing, and champagne suppers engrossed your whole time. I, your wife, pined at home alone."

"But why didn't you tell me you were unhappy?"

"Because you would have laughed at the idea, and call it a woman's whim. I resolved, when we first married, to fritter away neither time nor breath in idle complaints. I have not complained; I have simply followed your example. If it was not a good one, whose fault was that? Not mine, surely."

"No, Daisy, not yours."

"I don't like this kind of life," went on Daisy. "It is a false excitement—a hollow diversion; but I persist in it for the same reason, I suppose, that you did—because it was in the fashion. Now, tell me, Herbert, whether you prefer a fashionable wife, or Daisy?"

"Daisy—a thousand times, Daisy."

"But Daisy can't get along with a theatre going club living husband.

"Then Daisy shall have a husband who finds his greatest happiness at his own hearth-stone—whose wife is the dearest—who has tried the experience of the surface and finds it unsatisfactory. Daisy, shall we begin our matrimonial career anew?"

And Daisy's whispered answer was, "Yes."

"But what must you have thought of me all this time?" she asked him after a little while.

"I know what I think now."

"And what is that?"

"I think," said Mr. Ainscourt, with emphasis, "that you are the best little wife in the world."

A Hard Case in Court.

The following amusing scene is said to have taken place in one or our courts out West:

Judge—Bring the prisoner into court.

Pete—Here he is bound to blaze, as the spirit of turpentine said when it was on fire.

Judge—We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live?

Pete—I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they axed him would they be fried or roasted.

Judge—We don't want to hear what the oyster said or the turpentine either. What do you follow?

Pete—Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when she run over the nigger.

Judge—We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?

Pete—That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table.

Judge—That comes near the line, I suppose.

Pete—Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

Judge—If I hear any more absurd comparison I shall give you twelve months.

Pete—I am done, as the beef-steak said to the cook.

Judge—Now, sir, your punishment shall depend upon the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going round the docks.

Pete—No, sir, I can't go round the dock without a boat, and I hain't got one.

Judge—Answer me; how do you get your bread?

Pete—Sometimes at Small's, the baker, and sometimes I eat a raise.

Judge—No more of that stupid insolence.—How do you support yourself?

Pete—Sometimes on my legs and sometimes on a chair.

Judge—I order you to answer this question correctly; how do you do?

Pete—Pretty well, I thank you, Judge; how do you do?

Here Pete was allowed to retire without further interrogatories as to his occupation or mode of living.

☞ A little Frank was taught he was made out of dust. As he stood by the window watching this element as the wind was whirling it in eddies, he exclaimed seriously:

'Ma, I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy made.'

Earning a Wife.

—OR—

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man?" said farmer Bilkins, looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toes.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordon was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp and scrutinizing gaze.

"Yes, sir; I spoke to Miss Mary last night, and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl, he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt iniquity.

"If you refer to my abilities to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away, as it is in thousands of instances, that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? What can you do?

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blandly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! And you want to marry my daughter. Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away: but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I chose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, and all sorts of fine lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I did say that she should not marry a lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she has taken a foolish liking for you, and I'll tell you what I'll do; go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, if it is honest; then come to me, and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately rose from the seite of the porch and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Bilkins was waiting to see her over down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smilling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. "And I'm not sure but he's about right; for it seems to me that every man, rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover, a grave look, she said softly,

"Never mind—I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went, he carried with him those words which were like a tower of strength to his soul. "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny day morning, late in October, as farmer Bilkins was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, when a neat looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic step, quite in contrast with his former easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Bilkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter-tubs and cider-barrels. I think I have some that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" asked the old man, as, opening the gate, he passed by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride.

Mr. Bilkins examined them one by one.

"They'll do," he said coolly, as he sat down the last of the lot. "What will ye take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago today—your daughter, sir."

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in, Luke, come in."

Luke obeyed.

"Molly?" brawled Mr. Bilkins, "come here."

Molly tripped out into the entry. She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then turning her eyes upon her father, waiting dutifully to hear what he had to say.

"Moll, this yeung man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em, but if you are willing to give it, well and good."

As Mr. Bilkins said this, he stepped out of the room, and will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

☞ A few days since, a man well known in New York society—not young and who could not dance—was sitting at a party near a young lady, and watching the mazes of the 'German.' He turned to her, as he knew her well, and said:

"I wish you would let me put my arm around your waist."

Of course she looked at him in amazement.

"Oh!" said he, "you know I can't dance, but I don't see the difference. All these young men have their arms about the girl's waists, and why should I sit still?"

That man's head is level,

☞ A man who was up to a thing or two once offered that he could prove *this side* of the river was the *other side*. His challenge was soon accepted, and a bet of ten dollars made; when, pointing to the opposite shore of the river, he shrewdly asked:

"Is not that one side of the river?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Agreed," said the man, "pay me the ten dollars; for by your own confession I have proved *this side* of the river is the *other side*.

The dumb-founded antagonist, overcome by this profound logic, immediately paid the money.

☞ "Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped? They are entirely too long for a man." 'And yours,' replied Pat, 'ought to be lengthened—they are too short for an ass.'

☞ The following is a copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: 'Sur as you are a man of noledge, I intend to enter my son in your skull.'