THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY WILLIAM H. DOUGHLL, PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed within the month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—a failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. LII. Easton, Talbot County, Md., October 9, 1869. No. 32.

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion. Long advertisements in proportion. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths inserted without charge.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will be allowed to insert any change in their regular business notices without additional charge.

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

CHAS. E. SHERWOOD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EASTON, MD. Office with Hon. W. H. Coutee. [mar 16-1y

L. A. LEONARD, Attorney-at-Law, EASTON, MD. [mar 9-1y

P. T. KENNARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW. EASTON MD. [mar 16-1y

A. A. TOWNSEND, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EASTON, MD. Especial attention given to the COLLECTION of CLAIMS. [jy 4-1y

EDWARD B. BATES, ATTORNEY AT LAW. 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 undersigned 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

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. BAY HUNDRED, TALBOT CO., MD. ESPECIAL Attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Also, Surveying in all it branches. Orders, by mail, from a distance, promptly attended to. [mar 6-6m

Real Estate.

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

PUMPS.

HAVING removed to Easton, notice is hereby given, that the subscriber is prepared to set 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.

WHITEWASH BRUSHES—We have the largest and cheapest assortment and quality of Whitewash Brushes ever offered here, and at low prices. DAWSON & BRO.

ROCK SALT—Another ton of Rock Salt just received and for sale at the old price—2 cts. per pound. DAWSON & BRO. june 12

TURNIP SEED—Red or purple top, strap-leaved, crop 1869. Also Dutch White Flat and Yellow Ruta Baga, just received by july 17 DAWSON & BRO.

SARDINES—Fresh Sardines, in whole, half and quarter boxes, just received by DAWSON & BRO.

CIGARS—5,000 Cigars, some of superior quality, just opened by DAWSON & BRO.

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 16-1y

SAMUEL R. TUCKER, CONSTABLE. HAVING fitted up 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, GENERAL AGENT FOR THE COLLECTION of CLAIMS AND THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE, FERTILIZERS, FARMING MACHINERY, &c., &c., EASTON, MD.

REFERENCES: James Lf. Martin, Capt. R. L. F. Hardcastle, Mr. Wm. S. Pawson, Adams, Upshur Lloyd & Bro., Hon. Eli Slaughtery, Capt. R. R. Newnam, Easton, Md. " " Baltimore " " Dover, Del. Allentown, Pa [mar 25

Miscellaneous.

WM. HEMSLEY, AGENT FOR GODFREY KEEBLER, Steam Biscuit, Cracker and Cake Bakery, Nos. 258, 260 & 262 N. Twenty Second Street, Philadelphia.

Orders addressed to Agent will be promptly received and promptly filled.

☞ All goods delivered to Baltimore Steamers free of charge, and after paid delivery, at the risk of the purchaser. [jy 17-1y

FOR PICNICS, &c.

GANTZ'S Sicily Lemon Sugar is invaluable for Pic Nics, Excursions, Camp Meetings, &c. During the heat of Summer Lemons are usually scarce and high, and the Lemon Sugar is more economical and always ready for use. For sale by (July 10) DAWSON & BRO.

CORN MEAL—92 cents per Bushel, fresh every week at 92 cts. per bushel or two cents per pound, at THARP'S Grocery and Provision store

CORN at 90 cents per bushel, at THARP'S Provision, Grocery and Feed store, Cor. Washington st. and R. Road, Av. may 29

BOWER'S COMPLETE MANURE, MANUFACTURED BY Henry Bower, Chemist, PHILADELPHIA. MADE FROM Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia & Potash, WARRANTED FREE FROM ADULTERATION.

This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who used it, also by distinguished chemists who have, by analysis, tested its qualities.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. each.

DIXON, SHERPLESS & CO., AGENTS, 39 South Water & 40 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE BY WILLIAM REYNOLDS, No. 79 South Street, Baltimore Md.

And by dealers generally throughout the country. For information, address Henry Bower Philadelphia. [mar 27 1y

Shingles, Shingles.

JUST received direct from North Carolina 95,000 No. 1 Heart N. C. Shingles, 90,000 No. 2 " " A prime article of the best make, for sale cheap for cash. apr 27 R. B. DIXON

WM. PENROSE. WM. PORTER. WM. HEMSLEY

Penrose, Porter & Hemsley, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN Brandies, Whiskies, WINES, GINS, &c., No. 240 Arch St., (below Third,) PHILADELPHIA.

All Goods delivered to Baltimore Steamers free of charge—after said delivery, at the risk of the purchaser. [jly 17-1y

$15. Get the Best. $15.

SENT BY EXPRESS, CASH ON DELIVERY.

THE GENUINE OROIDE GOLD WATCHES.

IMPROVED AND MANUFACTURED by us are all the best make. Hunting cases, finely chased and beautifully enamelled. Patent and Detached Levers, full jeweled, and every watch perfectly regulated and adjusted, and GUARANTEED BY THE COMPANY to keep correct time, and wear and not tarnish, but retain an appearance equal to solid gold as long as worn.

These celebrated watches we are now sending out by mail and express, C. O. D., anywhere within the United States and Canadas at the regular wholesale price, payable on delivery. NO MONEY IS REQUIRED IN ADVANCE as we prefer that all should receive and s these goods before paying for them.

A SINGLE WATCH TO ANY ADDRESS, $15.

A club of six, with an extra Watch to the Agent sending the club, $90, making seven Watches for $90.

Also, a superb lot of most elegant Oroide Chains, of the latest and most costly styles and patterns, for Ladies and Gentlemen's wear, from 10 to 40 inches in length, at prices of $2, $4, $6, and $8 each; sent when ordered with watch at the regular wholesale prices.

DESCRIBE THE WATCH REQUIRED, *Ladies or Gentlemen's size*, and address your orders and letters to THE OROIDE WATCH CO., may 22-6m 148 Fulton St., New York.

Home Again.

CALL AND SEE.

I HAVE just returned from the city with the largest stock of goods ever offered in this town, which I am prepared to sell lower than any person in town for cash.

MEN'S WEAR.

I will name in part, Fine French Calf Sewed Boots for $9.00. Fine Calf Congress Gaiters from $2.50 to $3.50. The Box Toed Gaiter, Alligator Box Toed Gaiters.

The Plow Shoe. Calf Shoe, Kip Shoe, Buff do., and every other kind.

FOR LADIES.

High Cut Leather Button Gaiters, High Cut Leather Gaiters, open in front, Congress Gaiter, double and single sole, and Gaiters from $1.75 to $3.50. Kid Button High Cut Gaiter, Kid Shoe, Dress and undress Morocco Boots, and others.

FOR BOYS.

Calf Shoes, Buff do., Plow do., Kid do., Congress Gaiters, and every other kind.

FOR CHILDREN:

High Dress Morocco Boots, High Undress Morocco Boots, High Light Color Morocco Boots, Kid Button Gaiter, and all other kinds.

I have also a large supply of Leather which I am prepared to make into all kinds of work, B oots, Shoes and Gaiters, at the Shortest notice and in the best style. Feeling thankful for the past, I hope to merit a continuance of same C. ELLIOTT

Miscellaneous.

BEST BORDEAUX SALAD OIL.—A prime article—call at the Drug Store of CAMPBELL & HENRY.

KING OF ALL PAIN—Davis' Pain Killer—Gerrom Oil—at the Drug Store of Campbell & Henry.

CIRAGE FRANCAISE, Best Dressing, for Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Harness, Carriage Tops, &c., at the drug Store of (july 3) CAMPBELL & HENRY.

PURPLE TOP (Strap-leaved) Turnip Seed—The best winter table Turnip Dale's Hybrid. CAMPBELL & HENRY.

PURPLE TOP RUTA BAGA SEED.—The best Cattle variety.

LONG GREEN CUCUMBER for Pickling purposes.

LAWTON BLACKBERRY WINE AND COMPOUND BLACKBERRY CORDIAL, for summer complaints, &c., at the Drug Store of (july 24) CAMPBELL & HENRY.

RUMFORD'S YEAST POWDER—the best in use, at DAWSON & BRO'S.

LIQUID RENNET—for making Slip, Junket, and other healthful summer deserts, at DAWSON & BRO.

SPEAR'S FRUIT PRESERVING SOLUTION—for preserving fruit without sealing and saves half the quantity of sugar, at DAWSON & BRO'S.

ARNOLD'S WRITING FLUID—Pints and Quarts, at july 24 DAWSON & BRO.

MEDICATED WATERS.—Just received Kissenger, Vichy and Congress Waters, Kissenger, Aperient, Tonic and Alterative much used for constipation or indigestion, headache and dyspepsia.

Vichy, strongly alkaline, ffording immediate relief in acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Dyspepsia, and much used in Gravel and Kidney affections, and is an excellent beverage.

The above waters are prepared at the celebrated establishment of W. R. Bragg, Baltimore

Congress Water direct from the Spring. All other Medicated Waters furnished at short notice by [may 29] BATEMAN & TRIPPE.

Auction.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HAVING determined to commence a GENERAL AUCTION and COMMISSION BUSINESS, every description of Goods is solicited on consignment, such as Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing and Housekeeping articles generally

All persons having such goods to dispose of can have them sold to the best advantage for cash, and prompt returns made.

Sale every TUESDAY and SATURDAY, and EVENINGS through the week.

SAM'L. PATCHFIT. jy 17 Wm. K. Rathell, Auc'tr

MAY 11th, 1869.

MORE NEW SUMMER GOODS

THOMPSON & KERSEY

HAVE just returned from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore with an additional stock of new and beautiful

Dress Goods.

All the new styles for Summer, which are certainly very beautiful, can now be found on their counters. They respectfully solicit an early call. THOMPSON & KERSEY.

HOME AGAIN!

WE take pleasure in informing our friends and customers and the public generally, that we have just returned again from the cities, having added very largely to our stock of *LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S*

Dress Goods,

together with a general assortment of all kinds of goods common to our stock, all of which we propose to sell at the lowest cash prices. We invite all to come and see us. THOMPSON & KERSEY.

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

The largest and cheapest stock of bleached Muslins of all grades, just received and for sale by THOMPSON & KERSEY.

UNBLEACHED MUSLINS.

All the best brands of unbleached muslins just received and for sale by may 15 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

Manhood; How Lost, How Restored.

JUST published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Loses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Also, Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents. Address the publishers, CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 127 Bowery, New York. P. O. Box, 4,586. July 17

SELECT STORY.

Becky Harland's Place.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I don't know whether you will suit me not;" said Miss Towers, reflectively.

"I will do my best, ma'm," said little Becky.

"Any objections to the country?" demanded Miss Towers in a brusque, business like way.

"No, ma'm."

"I never have kept a girl before," said Miss Towers, gravely. "But my brother is coming home this summer, and I don't want to be bothered. He lies in the kitchen the whole time. Where have you lived last?"

Becky Harland grew pink all over.

"I never have lived out before, ma'm; but my uncle died suddenly, and there was no more than enough left to support my aunt, so I am going to try to support myself."

"Very right and proper!" said Miss Towers. "Well, Rebecca, I will try you, at all events. Six dollars a month is very moderate wages, and although you don't look real stout, yet I think I can make you very useful about the house."

So Miss Towers took Becky Harland back with her to the old stone farm house in the Housatonic valley. And Becky was never tired of helping Miss Towers strain the milk, and work over the butter, and feed the little downy turkeys, and gather pink honeysuckles. And the roses in her cheeks grew deeper, and the velvet bloom of her lips seemed to catch the scarlet of the wood strawberries, and Miss Towers declared, with an admiring gaze at her little "help," that "she didn't look like the same child she was before, that she didn't."

Meanwhile, the preparations for Miss Towers' "brother" went briskly on.

"I'll make up a lot of cocoanut pound cake," Miss Towers said, with the receipt-book in her lap. "That's what he used to be despruf fond of when he was a boy!"

"Perhaps his taste may have changed," said Becky, who was rubbing the old mahogany furniture, with a waxed cloth, at the other end of the room.

"I don't know about that," said Miss Towers, with a troubled air. "I haven't seen him since."

"Not seen him since he was a boy!" echoed Becky, with wide-open blue eyes.

"Well, it does sound strange, don't it?" said Miss Towers, "but you see he went away from home when he was fifteen, and he's been out in the world ever since."

"Is he a very old gentleman, Miss Towers?" innocently questioned Rebecca, as she rubbed away at the claw-foot of an antique pier-table.

"Old!" echoed Miss Towers, uplifting both hands in amazement. "Why he's ever so much younger than I am."

"Is he?" asked Becky. "Way, I've been fancying him, all along, an old gentleman in a wig and cane."

Miss Towers burst into a fit of hearty laughter.

"Well, that does beat all!" she cried, wiping the tears from underneath her spectacle glasses. "But after all, to a stranger that don't know the family story, it might very easily appear so. You see, child, my mother was a widow when she married for the second time, and—dear heart alive! what does all that little turkey chick, squeaking like a possessed creature? Run, Rebecca, and see. I'm afraid the old speckled hen has broke her string, and is worrying it."

Rebecca was sitting in the twilight on the door-stone that evening, one cheek resting on her hand, and her eyes dreamily fixed in the far off line of woods, growing purple in the coming gust. Miss Towers had gone to carry a little basket of her ripest Wilson strawberries to a sick neighbor, and Becky was all alone, thinking over her past, and pondering vaguely on her future.

"How strange it seems that I should be here," she thought, "when it is scarcely a year since I was the gayest little butterfly in all the city ballrooms. The echoes of those old waltzes and gallops come back to me sometimes, when I am just falling asleep, with the moonlight on my face, and the purple leaves rustling softly at the casements and yet I am happier here. That is, I should be, if I could only forget one thing. I wonder what girls must do to be so wilful and capricious for I, Oh, dear," and Becky's blue eyes swam with tears as she remembered the handsome lover who had been so true and faithful and constant, until her own coquetry had driven him, smiting from her side. I wonder if he ever thinks of me. I would give—no, I would not give Harland, the petted heiress still, but poor Becky, who does housework for her daily bread, never, never!"

And Becky, anxious to escape from her own haunting thoughts, jumped up and ran down the dewy meadow to find out the tall angular figure was just coming in sight round the curve of the maple swamp.

"Bless and save the child," cried Miss Towers. "Why, Rebecca, you wasn't afraid?"

"No—yes—I don't know. Let me carry your basket, please."

"Rebecca," cried the old lady, next morning, as she drove the shaggy little pony into the door-yard, returning from the village post office, "I've got a letter—he's coming to-night."

"Is he?" said the girl, smiling because Miss Towers' face was so radiant. "Then I'd better run out in the garden and gather a fresh lot of strawberries before the sun gets any higher."

"Yes, run along; and remember, Rebecca, all that I've told you about sitting quiet, and never disturbing him when he wants to write, and speaking very low, and keeping out of his way except when you're wanted, for he has just come from England, where they are very particular about servants."

Becky colored high, and the next moment reproached herself for foolish sensitiveness. After all, what was she but a servant.

"Yes, ma'am, I will remember," she made answer meekly, and folded up Miss Towers' black barege shawl, while that lady hurried out into the kitchen to see whether the fire was in a proper condition for the baking of divers and sundry savory compounds designed to tempt the appetite of the expected guest.

"I wish he wasn't coming," thought Becky. "We have been so happy together all the summer, and now—"

But Miss Towers' voice, shrilly calling to Becky to come and stone some raisins for her, interrupted the discontented fragment of a reverie into which she had fallen.

Miss Towers was arrayed like unto the lilies of the field in her new steel colored silk dress—our similie applies to the general gorgeousness of her apparel, not to color merely—and white satin ribbons in her cap, when the stage rumbled into sight round the corner of the fence, where a huge willow waved its green banger, shutting off all outside view beyond its streaming boughs.

Little Becky Harland, who had been on the qui vive at the garret window, came flying down stairs like a thistle-thorn blown by the summer breeze.

"Oh, Miss Towers! Miss Towers! there is a gentleman all alone on the back seat of the stage, and I'm sure it must be Mr. Towers!"

"Mr. Towers," repeated the old lady, in an accent almost of irritation. "Why, Rebecca, I'm sure that I've told you that his name isn't Towers; it is—"

But here she broke short off, hurrying to the front door to greet the new comer, while Becky in an unaccountable fit of shyness, shrank back into the corner, and looked up intently at the picture of Ruth and Naomi that hung over the mantle-piece.

"I wish he hadn't come. I wish he hadn't come," repeated Becky over and over to herself. "We were so happy before."

And then remembering Miss Towers' judicious advice as to "keeping out of the way, except when she was wanted," Becky turned to escape among her friends, the downy chickens, at the south door; but to her infinite discomfiture, just as she opened the door, Miss Towers' steel-colored silk rustled up to the threshold with a tall, stately figure walking by her side, and poor little Becky came face to face with them, her cheeks dyed scarlet, and her dark-brown hair dishevelled by her haste, yet looking wonderfully pretty withal.

"Rebecca," slowly enunciated Miss Towers, in an accent betokening a sort of mild displeasure.

But her tall companion, a man about thirty-five, with dark gray eyes, hair black as a raven's wing, and a face which, if not strictly handsome bore the exquisite outlines of refinement, had hardly passed her and entered the room.

"Becky! My darling Becky!"

"Col. Falconer!" was all the girl could gasp, so totally bewildered was she.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Miss Towers, rubbing her spectacles as if she would wear a hole in the crystal lenses; "how ever did Rebecca get acquainted with my brother?"

"I was engaged to be married to him once, Miss Towers," said Becky, coloring and smiling, for there was something in Col. Falconer's eyes that told her all the past was in a fair way to be forgiven.

"And she will be again, Eunice, unless I have lost all my old arts of persuasion," demurely added Col. Falconer.

"But," cried Mrs. Towers, "why didn't you tell me, Rebecca?"

"Because, Miss Towers, said Beck, "I never dreamed for an instant that your brother's name was anything but Towers, or that Col. Falconer could by any possibility be related to you."

"Well," cried Miss Towers, "if this don't beat all that I ever heard of—that Maurice Falconer should—Dear me there goes the kettle boiling over in the back kitchen."

And away went Miss Towers, every housewife instinct in her bosom roused by the sibilant sounds of the escaping clouds of vapor.

When she came back—it is but just to state that she stopped to take the two pans of buttermilk biscuit out of the oven, and to reach down sundry tumblers of amber jelly from the top shelf in the cupboard. Col. Falconer and Becky Harland were very snug and confidential on the front porch. Becky blushed a little when Miss Towers came out, but she did not withdraw her hand from Maurice Falconer's.

"Well," said that lady, after a single keen glance through the gold spectacles, "I s'pose I shall lose my hired help."

"Yes, but thee, sister Eunice," said the Col. "I shall get such a sweet little wife."

"Is it really so?" said Miss Towers.

"Yes, it is, really so," laughed Becky.—"But oh, Miss Towers, I shall never in all my life forget how kind you have been to me."

And she stole up to Miss Towers and kissed her withered cheeks so fondly that the old lady had to wipe hard to keep back the tears.

"Well, well, go along!" quoth the old lady. "I don't know that I blame you, Rebecca, nor Maurice either. Young folks will be young folks."

And she very sensibly went back to finish getting tea.

Fast freight lines—Blocked trains.

A pair of lights—Two drunkards.

A pair of air—A fashionable lady.

How They Used Him.

When I was young and tender too,
I had to mind and had to do
Whatever mother bade me;
She used to have a [illegible]
Which kept me meek the livelong day,
And there was where she had me.

When older grown and quite a beau
Among the girls, I used to blow
A Miss Priscilla Cadmy!
And with the help of smiles and nods
I fell in love at forty rods,
And there was where she had me.

When I was older, my sixteen,
I thought it time to have a queen,
And asked her if she'd wed me;
She said she didn't much object,
Or words to something that effect,
And there was where she had me.

But when to make the matter straight,
I went up to Kingsbridge
Affairs with Colonel Cadmy,
He said he "didn't care to sell,"
He told me I might go to—Well,
And there was where he had me.

I drowned my sorrow in the cup
Until I got my dander up,
(I couldn't have been madder,)
When she proposed that we be one
In spite of pa—the thing was done,
And there was where I had her.

Two lovely urchins on my knee
I'm proud to say belong to me,
(That is to me and madam;)
For when we left our native sod,
We spent a year or two abroad—
And there was where we had 'em.

Some Signs.

Joe Brown was a country chap who lived in the country, and slept on the shady side of a cow—one of those fellows who celebrate the 4th of July by plowing up a side hill. He came down to "York" to see the things in the "winders." Passing up Broadway he read a sign "Singer Manufacturing Co.," and he went in, and says:

"Mister, show me some."

"Some what?" says the gentlemanly clerk.

"Gol darn it," says Joe, "what do your pose? Show me some singers."

"Singers!—We don't make singers," was the reply.

"Well," says Joe, "I'll be gol darned if the sign doesn't say so, and I'm darned if I didn't think this was one of them air concert saloons I heard tell on. I say, captain, what do ye make anyhow?"

"We make sewing machines."

"Sewing Machines!" says Joe, "by golly amos! that's just what dad's going to gin me when Sal Jenks, Dekin Jenks darter, and me hitches teams. I s'pose you've heard tell on it, how it's coming off, hain't ye?"

Joe was shown one of the machines, when he exclaimed:

"By jeswax and burnt custard! that's a perfect Deuteronomy; but I'll be pancaked if I can see where the feller sets to drive the team."

He was informed that the machine was made to sew, not to sew.

"Oh, yes," says Joe," a so machine, by gravy. It ain't made to *sow* wheat, the durned thing is made to *sew tares* by golly, you city chaps are getting blasted smart, you've got ahead of the Good Book, for that says, "as ye *sow* so shall ye reap," and your dog on machines make it, as ye *sew* so shall ye *rip*."—And whistling Yankee Doolittle, he left, and the last that was seen of him he was in a *Locksmith's* trying to make him say his sign indicated he sold hair.

In Broom street there's a publishing house, next door to it is a large fur store. During the summer, most any fine day might be seen a whole lot of lox tails hung out of the upper story of the latter; one day John Williams stood in a store door opposite, talking with a friend when he looked up and pointing to the fox skins, says he:

"What the devil are those, Jack?"

John Williams replied in an unusually sweet voice, thusly:

"The devil, Bill, can't you see the next door is a publishing house, and those folks need the tails for the next door folks to publish?"

This same John Williams was in Warren street when they had two hundred gals to work over the store. They kept nothing but men's goods to sell. One day the front door swung in and a country merchant, with a face as red as a new tea store, stuck his head in and bawled out:

"Mister, have ye any hoop skirts?"

"Yes," says John Williams, who had never sold one in his life.

"Where are they?" says country.

"Up stairs," says Jack, and up he went.

In a few minutes he came down half scared to death.

"Well," says John Williams, "did you find any to suit you?"

"I didn't see any," says he, "nothing but a whole lot of gals, and they laughed when I told them you sent me up there for hoop skirts."

"My dear fellow," replied John Williams, "if you wanted hoop skirts to sell you should have said so. You asked me if I had any, and I couldn't say no conscientiously, as we have plenty of them, but I suppose I might have saved you some trouble by telling you in the first place that there is a gal in each one of 'em."

The front door was slammed with a slam that made the book-keeper blot the ledger.

BRIDAL CHAMBER.—In all first-class hotels there is a parlor, or sleeping apartment, more than ordinarily well furnished, and usually given to youthful couples who have just started on the voyage of connubial life. This room is known as the 'Bridal Chamber.' A few days since a newly married couple visited Madison, and stopping at one of the first class hotels, the bridegroom, in a manner showing his newly-acquired importance in life, called for a room—the best the house afforded. He didn't want any common room, but the best they had, and he had the money to foot the bill. The landlord very pleasantly inquired if he was not from the country, and just married. Yes, he was from the country, and just married, and he wanted the best room in the house, and he didn't care a dare for the expense.

"Then," said the landlord, "you want the bridal chamber?"

"Why, yes," says the countryman, not exactly comprehending the matter, "I guess so.—At any rate send it up, if I don't want it my wife will."

A clerk in a dry goods store retired one night, having for his bed fellow an acquaintance dating back to school days. Our informant slept in the next room adjoining the door of which was pretty open. In the middle of the night, he says, he was awakened from sleep by hearing the clerk, in a loud tone of voice, exclaim, "How many yards did you say you wanted, Marm? Three yards enough?" And the next thing heard was a tearing noise, and the bed-fellow of the clerk shouted out, "What are you doing?—You have torn my shirt from bottom to top." The poor dreamer imagined himself in a store, waiting on a lady customer, who wanted three yards of calico.