The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIV. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, MARCH 25, 1871. NO. 12.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

SAMUEL T. HOPKINS,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE in the New Town Hall Building,
UP STAIRS, (*right hand door:*)
feb 18-1y S J C

BENJAMIN H. HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER ST.
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot and the adjoining counties.
feb 11-1y

ALLEN E. FORRESTER. ALPHEUS A. TOWNSEND,
(Formerly of Easton Bar.)
Forrester & Townsend
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
Law Buildings,
Cor. LEXINGTON & ST. PAUL STS.,
(Entrance on Lexington St.,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
oct 15-1y

ED. B. BATES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
EASTON, MD.
CLAIMS promptly collected, and REAL ESTATE sold,
Office on Dover street, two doors from the Journal Office. [dec 17

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
EASTON, TALBOT CO., MD.
ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Al Surveying in all it branches.
Office on Washington St., two doors South of the M. E. Church. jan 8

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

CONSTABLE
AND
AUCTIONEER.
JAMES B. RATHELL, having been appointed Constable in Trappe District, he also offers his services as Auctioneer. Business entrusted to him in either capacity, will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. He will be in Easton every Tuesday
mar 19 1y

Furniture!
Furniture!!
House Furnishing Goods,
CABINET MAKING
AND
UNDERTAKING.
SAMUEL PATCHETT
HAS removed to the store room and shed formerly occupied as a Hardware store by Nicols & Taylor, and respectfully announces that he intends to conduct the above business, and keep a full line of the following named goods:
BUREAUX,
WARDROBES,
TABLES,
SIDEBOARDS,
STANDS, CHAIRS,
LOOKING GLASSES,
BEDSTEADS, MATTRASSES,

Woodenware Brooms, Oil Cloth, Carpeting, Table Oil Cloth, and many articles too tedious to mention!
A nice lot of Gilt, Walnut, and Rose-wood Moulding.
PICTURE FRAMES, all sizes, made to order.
PICTURES FOR SALE.
Looking Glass Plates put in old frames
All kinds of Furniture made to order
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
UPHOLSTERING DONE.
Such as repairing Sofas, Lounges, and Spring Chairs, Window Cornices and Curtains made and put up.
UNDERTAKING.
I most respectfully announce to the public that I have fitted up for the above business, which has long been needed in Easton, and have purchased a handsome HEARSE, employed a competent workman, and intend to furnish Caskets and Coffins in the best and handsomest manner, and at prices suited to the means of all. Hearse furnished and funerals attended at all times, when desired.
While I am thankful for past favors, I do not propose to sell my goods at cost to break down any opposition that may please to commence the same business, but to sell my goods at fair prices. The public is respectfully invited to give me a call. SAM'L PATCHETT.
jan 14

WANTED—Feathers, Rags, Eggs Butter, and Country Produce in general, wanted by
nov 10 Wilson & Son.

FLOUR—Gambrill's Family, Extra and Super Floor. We will always keep a full stock of Gambrill's Floor, which will be sold at down prices, for cash only.
feb 18 E. A. BATEMAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—500,000 people to subscribe to the PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, only 75 cents a year and a handsome Engraving free to each new subscriber. Specimen for stamp.—Address, C. M. JONES,
511 King Street,
oct 1-1y Wilmington, Del

$5 TO $10 EPR DAY.
Men and Women, Boys and Girls, who engage in our new business make from five to ten dollars per day in their localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
feb 4 1y g. p. r. & co

Reduced Rates.
FROM this date I shall offer my stock of
WINTER HATS and CAPS,
—ALSO—
MEN'S, BOYS & YOUTHS KIP & SPLIT BOOTS, at very reduced rates. Call and secure a bargain at
jan 28 M. M. HIGGINS'.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
IN CARRIAGES AND HARNESS. Closing out at reduced prices, to make room for spring stock, a number of Carriages of various kinds, both new and second hand; also new and second hand Harness. Those in want are respectfully invited to call and examine them before purchasing.
S. B. HOPKINS, General Agency and Commission House,
Jan 28 Dover st., Easton, Md.

R. J. TRIPPE,
(SUCCESSOR TO BATEMAN & TRIPPE.)

HAS received at his Drug Store, (adjoining Odd Fellow's Hall,) an addition al supply of FRESH and PURE DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, CONFECTIONERY, &c. Making his assortment one of the most complete in his line, on the Shore.
All the late and new preparations will be found at his Drug store, and any article in his branch of business will be ordered a the shortest notice.
FRENCH EXTRACTS.
Lubin's Extracts of Moss Rose, Tube and Violet, for sale at the old price, at
jan 28 TRIPPE'S Drug Store.

THE UP TOWN
Family Grocery Stoe.
IS a full grown, thoroughly developed, first class up town Grocery Store, where can always be found the largest line and best assorted stock of groceries in the town of Easton.
The Lightest Sugars, the Cleanest Coffees,
The brightest Molasses, Sweetest Syrups,
The finest Teas, the best Tobaccoes.
all at the cheapest prices.
We mean what we say in the above. Call and see for yourselves, friends, and bear in mind our motto—WE CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD.
T. H. LEWIS, with
THOMPSON & KERSEY.

TO THE LOVERS OF A GOOD CUP OF TEA—We beg to say that at the "Up Town Family Grocery Store," you can always get a fresh and pure article of
Fine Green and Black Teas,
Young Hyson, Old Hyson,
Gun Powder, Imperial,
Oolong and Japanese Teas.
We would love to have you try our fine Teas. We feel confident you would be pleased. [feb 4] Thompson & Kersey.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men That all who see this notice may send their names, and test the business, we make this unparalled offer—To each as are not well satisfied, we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of The People's Literary Companion—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail.—Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO.,
feb 4-1y (g. p. r. & co.) Augusta, Me.

Farm Machinery
For the Harvest of 1870.
TUTHILL & AVERY
HAVE constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Farm Machinery, consisting in part of the celebrated
Dodge Combined Reaper & Mower and Self-Rake,
which will secure grain no matter how badly lodged.
The Marsh Harvester,
with which three men and single span of horses will cut and bind from eight to ten acres of grain a day.
The Peerless Thresher,
which runs two horses lighter than the Geiser, and guaranteed in every respect to be a superior machine.
The Pelton Power,
for six, eight and ten horses.
The Pratt & Stower Horse RAKE, and a very large stock of Double and Thribble Plows, Castings, &c., all of which will be sold at manufacturers prices, and on favorable terms.
ju 4

Keep Your Money
AT HOME.
GOODS AT CITY PRICES.
COVINGTON & MASON have the same facilities for buying their goods as city retailers, and are therefore prepared to sell at city prices, and a little less on some articles.
Give us a call and convince yourself.
N. B.—There are a great many persons who, when in need of MUSLINS, buy a whole piece, but generally wait until they or some of their friends visit the city, and purchase there, supposing that they can buy them less. To all such persons we would say that we can sell them just as cheap, and save them the trouble and expense.
Covington & Mason have a large stock of Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, which they are selling at very low prices. Call and see them.
feb 18

CHURCH ALMANACS for 1871—Just received and for sale by
jan 7 HONEY & COLESBOROUGH.

SELECT POETRY.

The Four Seasons.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

SPRING.

From behind the purple clouds,
Through the mild and balmy air,
Starts the April sunshine down
On the world so fresh and fair,
'Mid the verdue, here and there,
Flowerets peep with golden eyes;
Sparkling rain-drops gently fall,
Like a blessing, from the skies.

In the field, the farmer toils;
Singing gaily, at his plow;
In the budding woodlands, near,
Hear the robins carol pow,
All the earth seems glad and bright;
Winter's storms are gone from view.
Nature, from her rest, awakes
Once again to bloom anew.

SUMMER.

Through the sultry summer skies,
Light clouds slowly come and go,
Peacefully their shadows fall
On the dreamy world below,
Merrily the crickets sing,
In the meadows green and fair,
Summer roses are in bloom
And their fragrance fills the air.

Softly sweeps the southern wind,
O'er the fields of waving corn;
Joyfully along the air,
Sounds the welcome dinner horn.
And its echoes die away
'Mid the leafy wood near by,
Where, beneath the trees at noon,
Lazily the cattle lie.

AUTUMN.

Gloomy clouds are flying past,
And the cool October breeze,
Sighing with a mournful sound
Through the branches of the trees,
Scatter Autumn's golden leaves
Roughly o'er the world so dear,
Summer's sunny days are past,
And the wintry storms are near.

Faded are the flowers now,
And the earth seems bleak and lone;
To a more congenial clime
Have the swallows homeward flown,
Gathered in the golden grain
From the stubble fields below
Soon will weary nature find
Rest, beneath the winter's snow.

WINTER.

From the north the chilling winds,
With a solemn moaning, blow
O'er the dark and dismal world,
Covered by the fleecy snow,
Autumn's glory long has fled,
And the trees, so tall and bare,
Stand like sentinels, alone,
In the cold and frosty air.

See the crystal icicles,
Clinging to the frozen eaves,
And the cold, white window panes
Covered o'er with phantom leaves.
And the thrifty farmers, now
Seated by their cheerful fires,
Take their comfort and their ease.
While the good old year expires.

SELECT READING.

John Cutt's Secret.

"Is Mr. Cutts in?" asked a gentlemen who having knocked at the door was saluted by a woman from an upper window with, "Well, what's wantin now?"

"Is Mr. Cutts in?"

"Yes, he's in or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied; but I'm Mr. Cutts when any business is to be done. He's Mr. Cutts eatin' and drinkin' and sleepin' sometimes."

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, "I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business, too. I wish to see him"

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still further out of the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see himself," was the reply.

"Is it real business for pay, or only a favor you want? I can let your hoss have a peck of oats, or I can direct you to the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can—I can—why I can do anything for you that he could, and a good deal more! I can take the money, and rite the receipts, and pay the men, and I take account of the produce! I'm as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horseflesh.

"But," said the gentleman, drawing down his face solemnly, you can't take his place now. Find him for me at once.

The shrew was baffled. "Looka-hear, mister, maybe you do not know the circumstances of this case. This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me; and Cutts he haint no more claim to it than that hen down there has. And, besides, I'm seven years older than he is, a foot higher, and weigh twenty pounds more! What's your business, on my place, if I may ask so bold?"

"To see and talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting out of his chaise and hitching his horse to a post as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Be you a doctor? "Cause there ain't a living thing the matter with Cutts.—He's the wellest man in town, and so be I," said this woman for the times.

"No, my good woman, I'm not a doctor. Do you think your husband will be in soon? Send that boy to find him," said the stranger.

The boy looked up in his mother's face—but he knew his own interest too well to start without orders.

"Then you're a minister, suppose, by your black coat. I may as well tell you and save your time, that we don't go to meeting, and don't want to. It aint no use for you to leave no tracks for nothing—for I've got a big dairy and hain't no time to idle away readin', and I keep him about so early and late, that when he's done work he's glad to go to bed and rest."

"I'm no minister madam; I wish I was though for your sake," said the gentleman

"Look here, mister," now appearing at the door, and looking defiantly at him "you're a schoolmaster hunting up a district school; and you think he's a committee man; but he ain't this year."

"Send for your husband, I cannot wait much longer. I must see him at once."

The boy started to his feet again, and looked in his mother's eye, but she gave no marching orders.

"Ma'am Cutts," as the neighbors called her dropped her hands at her side and heaved a groan. She had found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here now, misther," she said I can read a man right through, and I knew what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eyes on you. I can tell by your everlastin' arguin' that you are a lawyer. We hain't got no quarrels; don't want no deeds drawed or wills made' so if you're huntin' a job of my husband: you may as well onhitch your horse and drive on. We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell no person but himself what it is, and must tell him in confidence and alone. If he chooses he may break it to you the best way he can."

"O, my goodness sakes of life! Brother Lit's blowed up in the Mississippi boat, I bet! O, la me, the poor fellow. He left a little something, did't he?"

"I never heard of him, and nobobody's blowed up, that I know of, erplied the gentleman

"O—now I know! You're the man who wants to go to Congress, and have come here huntin' after votes. He shall not vote for you, I hate politicians, especially them that goes agin women, and thinks they were made to drudge and nothin' else! I go in for free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for Scriptur says, there isn't men nor women, but all's one in politics. I believe the day is comin' when such as you and me will have to bow the knee to woman, afore you can get the big places and high pay that's a eatin' us up with taxes. You can't see my husband We are goin' to the polls on the way to the mill, and I'll promise you that he votes right."

"I'm no candidate, and I dont know what you are talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want." And the stranger went towards Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato patch into the lane.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her sun-bonnet, to follow them; but by the time she got to the bars, her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road.

The strong minded woman shouted after husband. "You'd better come back I tell you!" but the wind was the wrong way and carried the words into the potatoe patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you, but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise not to repeat my words until to-morow."

"Well, sir," replied Cutts. "I should not like to answer any questions that would make trouble among my neighbors I have my hands full, I can tell you, to keep out of scrapes now; but I've done it, and hain't an enemy in the world, as I know."

"But, sir, you needn't reply to any question unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question," said Cutts, "I'll not repeat it."

"Well Mr. Cutts, I am laying fence on the Brisley place, that I have just bought, and I was directed to inquire of you where I could buy cedar posts. A fellow in the store said, "Cutts can tell you, if his wife will let him; but she won't. She'll insist on telling you herself—and perhaps, offer to drive you wherever you go to order them."

I told them I would see and ask you only; and the fellows bet on it. They are to give you ten dollars, and to two or three widows in town a cord of wood each, if I succeed in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife does not know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's standing too well to feel very sensitive—and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said:

"I'll go with you to look out cedar posts, and keep dark, for the joke's sake; but I don't know as she'll let me stay in the house to-night; if I don't do it," replied the good natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go to the place and see to setting the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly, on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that," replied Cutts, for I never quarrel with her, but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry about trifles."

"Good man," said the stranger, "there are no trifles in this life. The smallest act is important, and that easy good nature of yours will ruin your family.—Baffle that spirit to day—and next Sunday take your boys and go to the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man—at the head of your own house and family."

"It's rather late to begin," said Cutts, shaking his head in a way that would have warned others from the trap in which his feet were fast.

"You see the purse is hers, he added, and that has been a crueler fetter than her will to me. But I will try to begin anew for her own good and the children's."

The boy was sent with the message, but the boy wasn't sharp enough. Madam Cutt's discovered the whereabouts of her lord, tackled up and went after him.

All the way home, and far into the night, she used her eloquence, both in pleadings and threatenings, to find out the mysterious errand of that hateful town nabob that had came into the country to seperate happy families.

But Cutts yielded himself up to a 'dumb spirit' for the night, and no measures could induce him to talk on any subject, but she should pay the mighty assess out of him.

About midnight she were herself out, and went to sleep; but at daybreak one began again. He then ventured to say,

"As soon as breakfast is over I'll break the news to you."

"You'll never eat a morsel in my house, I can tell you," cried Xantippe, till you have told me what the man wanted of you."

"Then you'll wait a good while to hear it, said Cutts, for I have vowed I'd never tell it till I had first eaten my breakfast," and with these words he went out.

Ma'am Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got breakfast. She called to the door to no one in particular. "Come."

But Cutts didn't come. After awhile she went out to the barn, and found him seated on an upturned half-bushel measure, camly pealing and eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if tais here man had possessed you! Your breakfast is coolin' do come in."

Here was a point gained.

Cutts went in as required, and ate his breakfast. When that was over, madam seated herself back in her chair, with her face full of eager expectation, and said: "Now begin. What did that ere man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," replied Cutts, calmly, without looking up; "and that was all."

If an arrow had struck Ma'am Cutts, she could not have manifested more surprise and shame.

"I am the laughin' stock of this town," added Cutts, "and from this hour I turn over a new leaf. I'm henceforth the head of my family—and unless this house is called mine, I shall finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I'll go there with my boys, and you will find me a civil neighbor."

Ma'am Cutts power was broken.—Since then the farm has been called—"John Cutts' place," and he's the head of the house.

Widow Jones' Cow.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones', and gave the usual signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping his elbows on his knees. 'Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well, ma'am Jones; perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, nothin', no way, do you?"

"Well, there Mister Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade, if we can fix it.'

So they adjourned to the meadow—Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow again—and so on over the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had ever so much to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Sunday—She was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolate as ever.

'That Downing cow is a pretty fair creature—but'—he stopped and glanced at the widow's face and then walked around her—not the widow, but the cow.

'That ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know'—another look at the widow.

'The Downing cow I knew before the late Dr. Jones bought her.' Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones. She sighed and they both looked at each other. It was a higly interesting moment.

'Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better.' A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out:

'Law! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want do say so!'

The intentions of Widower Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and custom in Massachusetts, and as soon as they were 'out pubjished,' they were married.

LIBERALITY IN FARMING.—In this art, and almost in this art alone, "it is the liberal hand which makes rich."

Liberality in providing utensils is the saving both of time and labor. The more perfect his instruments, the more profitable are they.

So, also, it is with his working cattle, and his stock. The most perfect in their kinds are ever the most profitable.

Liberality in good barns, and warm shelters, is the source of health, strength and comfort to animals; causes them to thrive on less food, and secures from damage all sorts of crops.

Liberality also in the provision of food for domestic animals is the source of flesh, muscle, and manure.

Liberality to the earth, in seed, culture and compost is the source of its bounty.

Thus it is in agriculture, as in every part of creation, a wise and paternal Providence has inseparably connected our duty, and our happiness.

In raising animals, the conditions of his success is kindness and benevolence to all them.

In cultivating the earth, the condition of man's success is in his industry upon it.

AN INJUNCTION ASKED FOR.—From Surprise Valley comes the following story of an old fellow who got very jealous because his young wife went to a ball with a good-looking fellow, and stayed out until broad day light. The old chap went to a Justice of the Peace and told his story, winding up with, "I want yer to help me—for that 'ar thing has been going on about long enough.' 'Well,' says the Justice, 'you can write down to Yreka, and see if some of the lawyers can't get you a divorce.'

'Derce!' roared the angry man, 'who the dickens wants a derce!'

The justice began to get wrathy.

'If you don't want a divorce, what the dickens brought you here?'

'Why, I want an injunction, to stop further proceeding.'

Sentimental Youth.—'My dear Marira, will you share my lot for life?' Practical Girl.—How many acres in your lot, sir?'

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor.

Proverbs of Solomon Levi, Esq., Attorney-at-Law.

ON WOMEN, ETC.

Remember this my boys: In Eden there was only one woman, and it is the symbol of happiness. Would that it had been a *Paradise*, for then the apple had not been there. The source of all evil was apple sauce.

With the rib of man was woman made. In her daughter you easily trace the love of ribbons.

Woman shared the apple with man, but she took the first bite.

This was the curse of the world.—Woman shall have fine clothes, and man shall pay for them.

No sooner had woman seen Satin than she wished to clothe herself.

Ask a woman what is meant by happiness, and she will reply, 'a velvet dress with fourteen breadths to the skirt.'

When cats wash their faces bad weather is at hand; when women wash their complexion, it is a true sign that the beauty of the day is gone.

Any woman will listen to your suit if you first give her an 'earing, but it must be an emerald one.

No chain is so strong as the bands of marriage.

As birds are snared with hairs, so are many men with a woman's head-dress.

She who dyes her locks, is like a desperate gambler, who makes his last venture, and risks all upon the hazard of the die.

Choose not your wives as you do your grapes, from the bloom on them.

He who marries a pretty face only, is like a buyer of cheap furniture, the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fire-side blaze.

Better is love and gingham, than coldness and cashmeres.

All women dislike the words "love, honor and obey;" according to them, it should be, "love, honor and a ba-be."

Store up this truth, O woman! Be charitable unto thy fallen sister. Imitate not the stage, that chase from their herd the wounded companion.

The wise wife opposes wrath with kindness; a sand-bag will stop a cannon ball by its yielding.

The smell of the dinner is the incense of domestic love.

A good woman is like a Cremona fiddle; age only makes its tone the sweeter.

As harp-strings snap with the damp, so do a husband's strongest resolves with the tears of his wife.

A "Muscular Christian."

This story is told by the Boston Traveller:

Some few years ago, a gentleman, who was employed as superintendent in a really charitable institution in New York, went into one of the markets of that city, and selected a quarter of beef for home consumption.

'Shall I send it home for you?' asked the market man.

'No, I thank you, I will carry it myself.'

The market man regarded him with an incredulous look, and remarked, 'What! you carry a whole quarter of beef?'

'Yes, sir,' was the quiet response.

The market man again regarded his customer with attention, and no doubt made up his mind that he was overrating his strength. Then he said:

'Well, sir, if you will undertake to carry this quarter of meat home yourself, I will give it to you for nothing.'

'Are you serious?'

'I am serious,' exclaimed the market man.

'Then,' returned the customer, 'if this is the case, just help me to get it on my back, and we'll see if I can't carry it.'

This was done, and without let down or rest, the gentleman carried it to the institution with which he was connected, the market man accompanying him, lost in amazement at the unexpected development of strength and endurance.

On another occasion, the same muscular Christian, having purchased twenty-five pairs of shoes for the institution under his care, began gathering them together in order to carry them off.

'Are you,' said the merchant, 'going to carry these home yourself?'

'Certainly I am,' was the reply, 'and if necessary, would carry twenty-five pairs more.'

The merchant looked thoughtful for a moment, and then turning to his clerk, he knew the occupation of his customer,) said:

'John, you may put up twenty-five pairs more of those shoes for Mr. T——. And John, do not make any charge for them.'

Of course the customer who had carried the quarter of beef did not fear to shoulder fifty pairs of shoes.

This strong man—strong in faith as in works—is the Rev. R. Toles, now and for some years back the efficient superintendent of the Home for the little Wanderers in this city.

YOUTHFUL DIPLOMACY.—A little boy who had been told that he must never ask for anything to eat away from home, went into a neighbor's house, when the lady chanced to be frying doughnuts.

'O,' said he, 'you are cooking.'

Aware that he had been well trained and anxious to see whether his appetite would get the better of his manners, the lady did not give him any of the doughnuts.

'Well,' said he, returning to the charge, 'your cakes look nice.'

'O, very nice,' said the lady; 'they are the best I ever cooked.'

After playing with the cat a few minutes, he remarked, 'and they smell very nice.'

'O, yes, they smell very nice,' was the lady's tantalizing answer.

'Well,' said the boy, 'I suppose if any little child that was hungry should come in here when you are cooking, you would give him something to eat?'

'Well, yes, I think I should.'

'Then,' said he, after another turn with the cat, 'I guess I must go home for I am very hungry.'

It is needless to add that he got a doughnut.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lead Me On.

Traveling to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp thy hand;
Lead me on! lead me on!

When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet;
Lead me on!

When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear;
Lead me on!

When with Amalek I fight,
Brave to battle for the right,
Give me courage, give me might;
Lead me on!

In temptation, when the foe
Sorely thrusts to lay me low,
Father! conquering grace bestow;
Lead me on!

Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher;
Lead me on!

Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then, transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on! lead me on!

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.—A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing,

A man is what his wife makes him.

It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak load to any one, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each day try to yield oftenest to the other.

Let selfsubnegation be the daily aim and effort to each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is mutual cultivation of an absolute usefulness.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and even then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is meanness.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A circumstance occurred in Hartford, Ct., two or three years since, which amused several persons considerably at the time.—An Irish servant girl went into a fashionable store to purchase some ribbon.—The clerk produced a very fine article but she objected to it on the ground that the shade of the color did not exactly suit her.

'O,' said the clerk, 'if you will only imagine it pleases you, the color will make no difference.'

And he entered into a disquisition upon the extraordinary power of the imagination. The girl heard him through very attentively, and then consented to have three or four yards of the ribbon put up. She put it quietly in her pocket and walked off.

'Stop, if you please,' said the clerk; 'you havn't paid for the ribbon.'

'Niver mind,' was the reply, as she walked away, 'just imagine that I paid, and it will make no diference.'

☞ A country fellow just come to New York, gaping about in every shop, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there, but calling to the clerk:

'Pray, sir,' said he, 'what do you keep to sell here?'

'Loggerheads,' cried the clerk.

'Do you?' answered the countryman, 'by jingo, then you have a special good trade, for I see you have but one logger head left.'

A LITTLE ROGUE.—Mamma—What is baby crying for, Maggie?

Maggie—I don't know.

Mamma—And what are you looking so indignant about?

Maggie—That nasty, greedy dog's been and took and eaten my "punge-take."

Mamma—Why, I saw you eating a sponge cake a minute ago.

Maggie—O, that was baby's.

WHEN TO SET HENS.—The Poultry Buletin published by the New York State Poultry Society, gives expression to the following opinion.

It is advisable to set a hen at night, and without a light, if she be a timid one.

Eggs sprinkled with water on the 14th, 17th, and 20th day after they are set will rarely have dead chickens in them at the end of the time for incubation.'

☞ A youth cleaning up a San Francisco printing office found a keg of black sand. Another boy bet him the spruce gum that it was powder, and he took the bet. A coal of fire was gently but firmly dropped into the keg. There was no insurance on the building. The two youths are supposed to have gone into the country looking for spruce gum.

A Iowa paper tells of a smart wife who helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest.

Law is like a sieve, you see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.