The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIV. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, APRIL 15, 1871: NO. 15.

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.
JAMES A. ROE,
EASTON, MD.,
OFFERS his services as Auctioneer, and will promptly attend sales when erev 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, MATTRESSES,

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 Flour. We will always keep a full stock of Gambrill's Flour, which will be sold at close prices, for cash only.
feb 18 E. A. BATEMAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KITCHEN LAMPS—To burn without chimneys, just received at TRIPPE'S Drug Store.

ROCK SALT—A supply of Rock Salt just received at R. J. Trippe's.

CATTLE and HORSE POWDERS—for sale at Trippe's Drug Store.

MACCARONI—Fresh Italian Maccaroni just received and for sale at Trippe's Drug Store.

Fresh Garden Seed.
A full supply just received and for sale by (mar 4) R. J. Trippe.

CONFECTIONERY.—A nice assortment of Plain and French Candies, just received at R. J. Trippe's.

LOWE'S EXTRACT WOOD VIOLET—the most fragrant perfume in use—for sale at Trippe's Drug Store.

CANNED FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—Just received a supply of Canned Fruits and Vegetables at Trippe's Drug Store.

BAZINE'S AROMATIC VINEGAR, relieves headache. Try it For sale by
mar 4 R. J. Trippe.

THOMPSON & KERSE
PROPRIETORS OF THE
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
DRY GOODS STORE,
HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM
Philadelphia & Baltimore
WITH VERY LARGE ACCESSIONS TO
THEIR STOCK.
CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.
We Cannot be Undersold!
jan

ESTABLISHED 1860.
Weinberger's
Boot and Shoe Houses,
The Largest & Cheapest in the
UNITED STATES.
No. 103 W. Baltimore St.,
NEAR HOLLIDAY ST.,
AND
Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Gents' Fine Sewed Calf Gaiters,	$2,75
Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Gaiters,	3,50
Gents' Fine Stitched B x Toe Gaiters,	3,75
Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Boots,	5,50
Gents' Fine Sewed Congress Gaiters,	2,50
Gents' Fine Pegged Congress Gaiters,	1,50
Gents' Fine Pegged Boots,	2,75
Gents' Fine Pegged Balmorals,	1,50
Gents' Heavy Balmorals,	1,25
Gents' Heavy Kip Boots,	3,25
Gents' Heavy Kip Boots,	3,00
Gents' Heavy Split Boots,	2,50
Gents' Waterproof Boots,	4,00
Gents' Sporting Boots,	4,50
Gents' Cloth Top Gaiters,	2,75
Gents' Sewed Box Toe Gaiters,	2,00
Gents' Lasting Congress Gaiters,	2,00
Gents' Low Cut Shoes, Sewed,	1,50
Mens' Heavy Brogans,	1,25
Mens' Plow Shoes,	1,75
Mens' Heavy Balmorals,	1,50
Mens' Gum Shoes,	75
Mens' Gum Boots,	4,50
Boys' Heavy Bolmorals,	1,50
Boys' School Shoes,	1,25
Boys' Heavy Kip Boots,	2,00
Boys' Waterproof Boots,	2,50
Boys' Calf Boots,	1,75
Boys' Box Toe Gaiters,	2,25
Boys' Sewed Plain Gaiters,	1,75
Boys' Pegged Gaiters,	1,50
Boys' Low Quarter Shoes,	1,25
Boys' Gum Boots,	2,50
Boys' Gum Shoes.	50
Ladies' Fine Lasting Button Boots.	2,50
Ladies' Kid Vamp Button Boots,	2,75
Ladies' Patent L'thr Vamp Button Boots	3,00
Ladies' French L'thr " " "	2,50
Ladies' Bronze Button Boots,	3,75
Ladies' High Cut Lasting Gaiters,	2,00
Ladies' High Cut Side Lace Gaiters,	1,50
Ladies' Lasting Balmorals,	1,75
Ladies Lasting Congress Gaiters,	1,25
Ladies' High Cut Morocco Boots,	1,75
Ladies' High Cut Calf Shoes,	1,50
Ladies' Pegged Calf Shoes,	1,25
Ladies' Kid Balmorals,	2,25
Ladies' Kid Button Boots,	3,50
Ladies' French Leather Button Boots,	3,00
Ladies' French Leather Balmorals,	2,00
Ladies' Medium height Lasting "	1,25
Ladies' " " Side Lace Gaiters,	1,00
Ladies' White Kid Slippers,	2,75
Ladies' " Bronze Slippers,	2,50
Ladies' Morocco Slippers,	1,50
Ladies' Kid Heeled Slippers,	1,25
Ladies' Heeled Slippers,	75
Ladies' Maria Antoinette Slippers,	1,75
Ladies' Slippers without Heels,	50 to 75
Misses' Morocco Shoes,	1,50
Misses' Lasting Gaiters.	1,25
Misses' Kid Balmorals,	1,75
Misses' Calf Shoes,	1,10
Misses' Heeled Slippers,	75 to 1,00
Misses' Slippers without Heels,	25 to 50
Misses' Gum Shoes,	50
Misses' Gum Boots,	2,00

Be sure to send your orders early, which will be attended to the same as if you would call and select yourself, as we have a department exclusive for orders. In ordering from this establishment parties will please notice terms invariably cash at stated prices.—The safest way to order is Post Office Money Orders, Registered Money Letters or by Express C. O. D. Parties will please give full directions in regard to the shipment of their goods. All parties ordering goods from us have the privilege of exchanging them within twelve months.
L. WEINBERGER'S
Boot and Shoe Houses,
103 W. Baltimore St., near Holliday,
And Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.,
Baltimore, Md.
mar 4-1y

IRISIN—For the cure of all diseases of the Blood—for sale by R. J. Trippe.

KOSKOO—More of Dr. Lathrop's Celebrated Koskoo for Purifying the Blood. Just received by J. R. Trippe.

SELECT POETRY.

DRIFTING.

[The following poem by T. B. Read, is one of the mots beautiful of its kind to be found in the English language. The poet has succeeded not only in clothing his language in all the soft and voluptuous beauties of the tropics, but has caught and retained in his lines the dreamy ecstacy of his Elysian revery, enjoy as only one can enjoy the sudden transition

"From lands of snow to lands of sun."

The poem is a favorite with the elocution list, and no other selection affords such rich and sparkling play for the reader's powers:

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay;
My winged boat
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote;

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks;
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With out-stretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon the liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With ocean and earth reconciled;
The air I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel;

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies,—
O'er veiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Amid her future oil and wines.

Her children hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of suns to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip;
Oh happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew.

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

A SCHOOLBOY'S COMPOSITION.—The editor is one of the happiest animals in the known world. He can go to the circus, afternoon and evening, without paying a cent; also to inquests and hangings. He has free tickets to pic nic and strawberry festivals; gets wedding cake sent to him, and sometimes gets a licking, but not often, for he can take things back in the next issue, which he generally does. I never knew but one editor to get licked. His paper busted that day, and he couldn't take nothing back.

While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can set up late every night and see all that is going on. The boys think it's a great thing to sit up till 10 o'clock. When I am a man I mean to be an editor, so I can stay out nights. Then that will be grand. The editor don't have to saw wood or do any chopping except with his scissors. Railroads get up excursions for him, knowing if they didn't he'd make 'em git up and git. In politics he don't care much who he goes for so they are on his side. If they aint he *goes for* 'em any way so it amounts to nearly the same thing.—There are a great many people trying to be editors who can't, and some have been in the profession for years. They can't see it though. If I was asked if I had rather have a education or be a circus rider, I would say let me go and be an editor.

☞ "I am locking up this form," as the printer said, when he was discovered clasping his sweetheart in his arms.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Sun.

Entertaining Episodes in the Life of an Impostor.

George H. Smith, alias Bowen confined in the City Prison, was born in Buffalo in 1835. He was liberally educated, and is master of four or five languages. From school he went into the employ of E. S. Havens & Co., at 19 Main street, Buffalo, and after eight years with them, in the spring of 1861 he went to California. In Placerville he became superintendent of Mr. Perley Perkins's mine on Webber creek, but remained only a few months. He next went to Virginia City, Nevada, and after three years, in which he seemingly had no business he returned to Buffalo worth $25,000. In the winter of 1866 he went to Kansas City, Mo., and joined Thomas L. Parmer in the liquor business.

Smith being a person of fine adress, soon drew around him a host of friends, and his business at one time eclipsed that of all his competitors. He established for his house an extensive credit among the distillers of Cincinnati, and St Louis, and the firm name George H. Smith & Co., stood second to none on the books of the Western distilleries. Up to the begining of 1870 Smith was regarded as a straight forward business man.

SMITH'S FIRST DISCOVERED FRAUD.

In May of that year he was arrested for attempting to defraud the United States revenue; but he stood high in comercial estimation in Kansas City, and easily gave the required bonds of $20,000.—But knowing that he must be convicted, he fled. When his sudden flight became known, the Marshal seized his stock, worth $20,000, and his book accounts, amounting to about $22,000, and sold them for the benefit of the Government.

From Kansas City Smith went to St. Louis, thence to Cincinnati, and next appeared in Louisville. Here he bought about 1,500 barrels of whiskey from E. H. Chase & Co., and Bartley, Johnson & Co., buying on the strength of his former credit. He forgot to pay and soon vanished. He was next seen on the 8th of October, 1870, in New York, and on 15th of that month he visited S. P. Squire's jewlery store at 182 Bowery. He introduced himself as the senior partner of Gerge H. Smith & Co., of Kansas City, and desired to purchase goods for his house. He wished to purchase

A FINE DIAMOND RING,

but was short of ready funds. He selected a handsome cluster ring, worth $170, giving Mr. Squire $25 in money, and a sight draft on the Mechanicks' Mational the Bank of Kansas City for $145. This draft was returned to Kansas City for collection, but was returned protested. Some time in December Mr. Squire received a letter from smith as follows:

Office of Geo. H. Smith & Co., wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic wines, liquors, tobacco, and cigars, 121 Fourth street, opposite Market House.—Sole proprietors of Buffalo Bitters.

KANSAS CITY, Mo, Nov. 12, 1870.

Mr. S. P. SQUIRE—*Dear Sir:* I presume you have made up your mind that you will not get the $145, your due, but rest assured that it will soon be forwarded to you.

We are having a great deal of trouble with the Revenue Department, and it has cost us a large amount of money as well as a great injury to our busines.—Our store is still closed, but we will come out all right. Please have a little patience and you will get your money.

Yours respectfully,
GEO. H. SMITH,
Kansas City. Mo., box 2,252.

This letter, although dated Nov. 12, was postmarked at Kansas City Dec. 5; showing that it was written here and sent to Kansas City to be forwarded to this city to Mr. Squire.

The next victim was Adrew V. Urmy, of 36 Fourth avenue. Smith bought of him $83.40 worth of undershirts, drawers, neckties, and other articles, giving to Mr. Vaughn, a photographer in the Bowery. Mr. Urmy sent a message to make inquiries. The messanger returned with

A FAVORABLE REPORT,

and Urm let Smith have the goods.—Smith paying with a draft on the German Savings Bank at Kansas City.—This draft also came back protested, and Urmy received a letter like the one sent to Mr. Squire.

At Tysen & Barton's Callifornia store, at 24 Dey street, Smith appeared in the fine clothes which he had bought of Urmy, conspicuously displaying the $170 diamond ring from Squire's, and to this firm, by whom he had been known only as an honorable business man, he said:

"I have closed out the old firm and united myself in business with another house. Our firm now stands Jewett, Smith & Allen. I wish to buy some goods in your line, but we are purchasing altogether for cash now, and I want you to make your prices very reasonable. I am about to be

MARRIED TO MISS—OF LEXINGTON AVENUE

the daughter of the wealthy cattle dealer of that name, at Bull's Head. The wedding takes place day after to-morrow and if you will honor us with your presence I shall be pleased to see you at the church of the Rev. Hyatt Smith in Brooklin, where the nuptials are to be solemnized."

Tysen—With pleasure, my dear friend. You can count me in.

Smith then said: "I see you have all the Commercial Agency Reports; I would like to see how my firm is rated."

The two looked at the list of firms in Mesquiri and found Jewett, Smith & Allen rated A1. After chatting a while, Smith said that he had been disappointed in the remittances, and asked Tysen whether he would cash a drat for $100. Tysen unsuspiciously gave him $100 and took a draft on Jewett, Smith & Allen at sight for $100. Then Smith bade Tysen good day, telling him that he should expect to see him at the wedding without fail.

On the morning of the 18th Mr. Tysen strolled into the store at an unusually late hour. He unlocked his private drawer and pulled out of his over coat pocket, a new white silk necktie, a new pair of lavender-colored Italian kid gloves, 8½'s, and a new shirt, with elaborately embroidered bosom. Out of his right waist coat pocket he took some showy jewelry. Turning to the porter he ordered him to deliver a case of wine at Mr. S.'s house on Lexington avenue, Mr. Tysen's compliments. "Friend of the groom," he added; "don't forget to say,

"FRIEND OF THE GROOM."

Mr. Tysen next turned to Mr. Burton who had been watching his proceedings in astonished silence, and said. "Charge to my account." "Going to wedding?" asked Mr. Burton. "Yes; friend of mine going to get spliced. Smith; good customer. Make something out of it."

All that day Mr. Tysen was remarkably fidgety. At about four o'clock he excused himself to Mr. Burton, and sailed forth with his bundle under his arm.—He first visited his favorite barber, and then walked half a mile up Broadway to get a bouquet for his buttonhole. Then he crossed to Brooklin, and in Reyson treet ordered the best coach in the place, and the harness to be gold mounted and the coachman to be in livery. He then went to his home and began to dress himself. At the expiration of two hours he was ready.

At half past six a gorgeous clarence drove up to Mr. Tysen's door, and Mr. Tysen bowled off to the Lee avenue church. But that edifice was locked and dark as Erebus. Mr. Tysen thought that he was too early, and therefore ordered the coachman to wait a while.—He fell asleep in the coach and was awakened by the driver at half pastnine. Hastaly inquiring whether the wedding had been solemnized he was assured that it had not. He ordered the coachman to drive to the residence of

THE REV. MR. SMITH.

That gentleman knew nothing of any wedding. Mr. Tysen then started for Mr. ——'s house on Lexington avenue, New York. It was a long drive. Mr. —— did not know any Mr. Smith, and hadn't heard anything of any wedding.

'Didn't you receive a case of wine here to-day?' queried Mr. Tysen.

'Yes, sir,' answered Mr. ——.

'Oh, ah, beg pardon. Must have made a mistake. Sorry to give you so much trouble. Good night, sir.'

'Good night.' And the door closed.

Mr. Tysen reached home at midnight. The coach cost $8. His family were awaiting him curious to know how the bride looked, but curiously Mr. Tysen couldn't remember. Neither could he give Mr. Barton any particulars the next day. And even now he is unable to tell how much the firm "made out of it."

On the next day the draft was forwarded to the First National Bank of Kansas City for collection, but, like the others of Smith's drafts, it returned, and with it the sworn deposition of all the members of the firm of Jewett, Smith & Allen that Geo. H. Smith was not a member of their firm, and that the signature was a forgery. Messrs. Tysen & Barton also received a letter from the cashier of the bank declaring it a forgery, and the handwriting that of the skillful scoundrel Geo. H. Smith.

On the day following his exploit at Tysen & Barton's, the arrant swindler visited

TIFFANY & CO'S.

He handed them his card as James B. Smith, of Jewett, Smith & Allen, of Kansas City, giving Messrs. M. R. Cooke & Co., of 67 New street as his reference, and desiring credit on $1,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry. A messenger who was sent to Cooke & Co., soon returned with a favorable report, and Smith selected a pair of diamond ear-rings, a diamond cluster ring, a diamond cross, a gold watch and chain, a heavy gold ring, and a gold seal, in all worth $1,000 He requested the firm to draw on the German Savings Bank at Kansas City after thirty days. On the 14th of March Tiffany & Co., drew. This draft was also returned protested. This time, however, Smith did not escape. He was described to Officer Rockwell, the private detective employed by the firm, and was arrested in his room in West Fourth street. The bulk of the jewelry was found on his person; so also were two tickets, one from O. G. Judd & Co., loan brokers at 609 Broadway, and the other from a broker named Lewis on Bleecker street, at which places Smith had pawned some of the diamonds. Mr. Smith is now in the Tombs, with a fair prospect of going to State Prison unless he has political influence.

The following is a little bit of Fanny Fern's experience:

'I used to believe in school friendship. That delusion ended when Arabella Triplet told mutual friends that I was years and years her senior, knowing what a terrible fib she told.

'I used to suffer pangs of anger because of woes of beggars. Since that I have seen one unstrap his leg in an area, and run off gaily on two legs of his own. Another throw a loaf of bread into the gutter, and I saw a third who had been yelling, 'please assist the blind,' carefully examine his collection of ten cent stamps by light of a friendly apply woman's candle.

'I used to put the greatest faith in lover's vows. Now, I do not believe a man means anything he says to a woman, unless it is something disagreeable.

'I used to believe in faithful servants. Since then I hired girls from the intelligence office, and lost all my handkerchiefs but one.

'I used to believe in beauty. Since then I have seen a bewitching belle take off half her hair, all her teeth, the best of her complexion, two pounds of cotton batton and a corset."

Little six years old Georgie, having been instructed by his aunt Katie to pray for his papa, and being one evening interrupted in his devotions, and told by her that he must now pray for his mamma, replied, 'Aunt Katie, you just hold your horses now. Who's runnin' this prayer, you or me?'

The coal troubles remind us of an old story: Scene, Boston; time, morning.—'Is it cold, Billy?' "Werry cold, father.' 'Is the gutters froze, Billy?' 'Werry hard, father.' 'Dear, dear! Put up the coal two pence a pail, Billy. God help the poor.'

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Switch tenders—hair pins.

Food for the Celestials—a Skye terrier.

Long and successful reign—the deluge.

A thing that should take well with the public—vaccination.

A tea-totaller—the man who drinks nothing but tea.

To make home happy you must have two bears in it—bear and forbear.

The cheapest thing to ride is a hobby; it eats no oats; it demands no groom; it breaks no traces; it requires no shoeing.

'By George!' exclaimed a Frenchman the other morning. 'I've slept sixteen hours. I went to bed at eight and got up at eight.'

'The prisoner has a very smooth countenance.' 'Yes, he was ironed just before he was brought in. That accounts for it.'

The report that the Princess Beatrice is affianced to a young Marquis isn't exactly fishy, it's only Ely.

'It is forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together.' 'Is it?—Well, don't speak so loud! there's that young widow in the next room.'

'But these hacks are dangerous. We might get the small-pox.' 'You've no cause to be afraid of my coach mum, I've had the 'ind wheel vaccinated, and it took beautiful.'

A Providence man thrashed his better half, was tried and fined twenty dollars, and the abused angel washed and earned the money to get him out.

Josh Billings says: 'I don't believe in bad luck being set for a man like a trap; but I have known lots of folks who, if there was any first rate bad luck lying around loose, would be sure to get one foot into it enny how.'

In the dressing room—'Mary, dear, aren't you well; why don't you come down stairs?' 'Oh, I've got one eyebrow blacker than the other, and I can't find a pencil anywhere, and it won't wash off, and I don't know what to do at all.'

A French woman in a provincial court of justice in France was accused of throwing vitrol upon another woman, who, the prisoner said, had robbed her of her husband. 'I,' said the accused, 'threw vitrol upon her face, but she has poured it upon my heart.'

A Shaker-elder held forth in Dorset, Vermont, the other day. He came out strong for female suffrage, and exhorted his hearers to withhold their suffrages from men of war, and from men who would marry, for, thundered he, 'whoever will marry will fight.' The bomb fairly overwhelmed every paster-familias present.

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ry the two-headed girl, and backed out because one head called him a fortune hunter, is now trying to "make up."—He offers to go on courting the willing head if the angry one will keep itself in a bag during his visits. Negotiations still pending.

A DESIRABLE TRIO.—Some sensible person has given publicity to the following waif, which is certainly beautiful:

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to delight in—Beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to wish for—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to pray for—Faith, peace and purity of heart.

Three things to contend for—Honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern—Temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about—Life, death and eternity.

Hotel Statistics.

In the *Capitol*, a weekly paper published at washington, the manager of the Arlington, which is spoken of as a small hotel, publishes some statistics in regard to his own receipts and rents of other houses which may be interesting to the public, although some what personal:

"Senator Cameron paid for himself and wife $450 per month, and had but two rooms. Senator Fenton had a parlor, two bedrooms, and an office, and paid $1,000 per month. Mr. S. S. Cox and wife paid $250 per week, and I gave him a buffet supper for 100 persons, which cost him $1,500. Mr. W. S. Huntington gave the Japanese the finest spread ever set in the Arlington Hotel; there were only twenty persons and he paid $1,000. A parlor and three bedrooms in the second story of the Arlington, with a small family occupying them, are worth to me $450 per week during the season; and one guest here pays for a parlor, bedroom, and bathroom, $300 per month.

"At the Delavan House, Albany, Dr. Gautier used to pay $375 per week, and General Darling, with a parlor, three bedrooms and four persons, paid $400. Our hotel at Lake George had 37,000 on the register last season, in four months; we took in that space of time $294,050, and the net profits were $52,000.

"The Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York rents for $200,000 a year, including the stores beneath it. The St. Nicholas rents for $95,000, although it costs but $425,000. Mr. A. T. Stewart has just rented to William M. Tweed the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, for $65,000 a year, to put his son, Richard Tweed, into business as a landlord; and the Leland, who got out, paid $75,000.

"The Delevan House, at Albany, where there is merely a Legislature meeting, is very profitable to Charles Leland at a rent of $55,000 a year; and for the little Stanwix Hall, at Albany, Delavan pays $25,000. Burroughs pays for the Everett Hotel, New York, $35,000, although it is small; and the and the Astor House rents for $75,000.

MR. PARTINGTON says that since the invention of the needle gun there is no reason why the women shouldn't fight as well as the men.

Query—Can a man eating dates be said to consume time?

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Prompt Witness.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable things in a modern court of justice, where not unfrequently innocent witnesses, who are loosing patience, time and money in their compulsory occupancy of the witness stand, (which is a pillory,) are 'bullyragged' and tormented—is the torturing in return of some impudent, unfeeling advocate. A good case in point is this:

In a court not more than five thousand miles away from the city of Gotham, a legal gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed, and threatened, and bullied witnesses to his heart's content, when it chanced that a very stupid fellow, as hostler, was called upon the stand. He was, in fact, simplicity personified. The counsel, it should be premised, had made a great fuss about the previous witnesses speaking so low that he could not hear them.

'Now, sir,' said the learned counsel, 'I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up.'

He himself spoke rudely loud.

'I hope not, sir!' shouted out the witness in such bellowing tones that they fairly shook the building.

'How dare you speak in that way, sir?' demanded the counsel.

'Can't speak no louder!' he shouted, louder than before, as if to atone for his fault in speaking too low.

'Have you been drinking this morning?' asked the lawyer, who had now entirely lost the command of his temper at the roars of laughter which burst from a crowded audience.

'Yes, sir,' said the witness frankly.

'And what have you been drinking, sir? Look at the jury—don't look at me, sir, in that way.'

'Coffee, sir.'

'Did you have anything in your coffee?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I thought so,' said the counsel, with a glance at the jury. 'Well, sir,' continued the learned counsel, 'you say you had 'something' in your coffee. State to the jury, if you please, what that 'something' was.'

'Sugar, sir,' answered the witness, without a movement of the muscle.

There was another burst of 'furtive laughter' throughout the court-room.

'This man is no fool, your honor,' addressing the Court, 'but he is something worse. Now witness, you must come to the point. Had you anything else in your coffee besides sugar?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Yes—you had? (Well, we are likely to get at the truth, after all his turning and twisting to the contrary.) Well sir, what was it you had in your coffee?'

'A spune, sir!' shouted the witness. 'Do I make you hear me, Squire?—a spune!'

That was the last witness, and the last of him on the stand. Here the trial was adjourned until the next day.

A Yankee Trick.

One of our peculiar, slab-sided, gaunt Yankees lately emigrated and settled down in the West. He was the picture of a mean man, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors lent him a hand. After he had got everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerfully fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them.

At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor and thus accosted him:

'Wal, I reckon you hain't got no old hen nor nothin' you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?'

'I will lend you one with pleasure,' replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest in the coop.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen chickens.

The Yankee was again puzzled; he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—and who ever saw a live Yankee without one—he would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen eggs.

This he did and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he did so—

'Wal, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther.'

BIDDING AND WINKING AT AUCTION.—Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has he provoked by his humorous sayings. He was recently engaged in the sale of venerable household furniture, and 'fixings.' He had just got to 'going, and half, a half going!' when he saw a smiling countenance, upon agricultural shoulders, wink at him. A wink is always as good as a nod to a blind horse or a keen sighted auctioneer, so Smith winked, and they kept 'going, going, going!' with a lot of glassware, stove pipes, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down.

'To whom?' said Smith gazing at the smiling stranger.

'Who? heigh!' said the stranger! 'I don't know who.'

'Why, you, sir;' said Smith.

'Who! me?'

'Yes, you; you bid on the lot,' said Smith.

'Me? hang me if I did,' insisted the stranger.

'Why, did you not wink, and keep winking?'

'Winking! well I did, and so did you at me. I thought you were winking, as much as to say, 'keep dark; I'll stick somebody into that lot of stuff,' and I winked, as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't mister.'

WHO finds all the umbrellas that everybody looses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he buys; but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain.