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The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

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The Kent News:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

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Advertisements inserted for three months, six months, or one year, at moderate rates.

OBITUARY NOTICES will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents for eight lines.

Job-Printing.—HAND-BILLS, BLANKS, CIRCULARS, &c.—We have an extensive assortment of new and beautiful JOB TYPE, and are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice on very reasonable terms.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
FOUNDED IN 1782.

BY its elevated, healthful and beautiful situation: its remoteness from the track of the War; its ample buildings, apparatus and library; its daily communication with Baltimore and Philadelphia, and its *very low* charges for board and Tuition; this Institution, now in its 83rd year, offers advantages not surpassed by any similar College.

RATES:—Board for Academic year, $145.00
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For Catalogues, address,
REV. ANDREW SUTTON, M.A., Principal,
EZEKIEL F. CHAMBERS, L. L. D., Pres't of Board of Visitors and Governors.
PEREGRINE WROTH, M. D., Secretary.
June 18, 1864—y.

DENTISTRY.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY'S Office and residence having been destroyed by fire, he may be found at his residence, up town, in the house recently occupied by Mr. Wm. Maxwell, where he will be pleased to see all those requiring any thing in the line of his profession. m21-tf.

J. J. PEARCE,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
SHOP AT MY RESIDENCE BELOW
MR. J. T. DODD'S.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS received every season. CUTTING done at short notice. Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage.
Chestertown, jan17y.

TO THOSE AFFLICTED WITH
Defective Sight and Hearing.

PROFESSOR J. ISAACS, *Oculist and Aurist,* from Leyden, Holland, has permanently located himself at No. 511 PINE ST., Philadelphia, where he may be consulted by those afflicted with DEAFNESS OR IMPAIRED SIGHT. Those unacquainted with the Professor are referred to the numerous testimonials of remarkable cures effected by him in Kent and adjoining counties.

His PANTASCOPIC GLASSES have given great relief whenever used. [je13y.]

THE HIGH PRICES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the high price of every article bought and sold, by taking much pains and buying exclusively for cash, I am enabled to sell all goods in my line for the smallest possible advance, and while it is true, that all good gold articles, such as Fine Pins, Ear-rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Gold Specks, &c., of which I have a good assortment, have advanced with gold considerably, yet I am selling them in most instances for less than they can be bought in the city, having purchased much of them when gold was only 60 per cent.

I have just returned from Philadelphia with an additional stock, making the fourth time this year, and there is scarce any article to be found in a jewelry store in the city that I have not on hand, commencing with a Clock and running down to the smallest pen-knife. Cutlery of all kinds, Pocket Books, Combs, &c.

A good assortment of all kinds of PLATED GOODS, and we want you to remember that we do not misrepresent as many do, and sell plated goods for genuine, but we warrant all goods to be as represented when sold, and all you have to do is to ask what they are.

REPAIRING.—Having worked constantly at the business for more than 18 years, we feel confident that we are fully prepared to do all kinds of Repairing in the best manner.

Call and see for yourselves.
Sept. 17, 1864. J. V. SMITH.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!
AT JOHN FAREIRA'S
Old Established Fur Manufactory,
No. 718 ARCH STREET, above 7th,
PHILADELPHIA.

I HAVE now in store of my own Importation and Manufacture, one of the LARGEST and most BEAUTIFUL selection of FANCY FURS, for LADIES' and CHILDREN'S WEAR in the City. Also, a fine assortment of Gent's Fur Gloves and Collars.

As my Furs were all purchased when Gold was at a much lower premium than at present, I am enabled to dispose of them at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit a call from my friends of Kent county, and vicinity.

☞ Remember the name, number and street.
JOHN FAREIRA,
718 ARCH St., above 7th, south side,
sep10-6m. PHILADELPHIA.
☞ I have no partner, nor connection with any other store in Philadelphia.

ON hand and for sale a large stock of HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold at low prices, by
Nov. 12, 1864. A. W. SPARKS.

OVER-COATS! OVER-COATS!!
A beautiful lot of WINTER OVER-COATS, some of them of superior quality, just received and for sale by WICKES & BRO.

DR. SCHENCK'S *Highly Celebrated Medicines, a certain cure for the Consumption and all Pulmonary Diseases* of the Lungs or Liver. JOHN H. BURCHINAL.
Nov. 12, 1864.

JOHN H. BURCHINAL'S
NEW DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING and GROCERY STORE.

THE subscriber having purchased the Store and Dwelling formerly owned by Mr. Daniel Collins, and late kept by Mr. John W. Collins as a Post Office, and removed there from the Corner, has just purchased a large and fine stock of WINTER GOODS, such as

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING, GROCERIES,
HATS AND SHOES,
Queens-ware, Glass-ware, Wooden-ware, China-ware, Tin-ware, Iron-ware,

and a great variety of other goods, all of which were purchased at the very lowest prices for the cash, and will be sold very cheap.

His friends and the public generally are requested to call and examine his large stock before purchasing.

COUNTRY PRODUCE of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods.
JOHN H. BURCHINAL.
Chestertown, Dec. 3, 1864.

HEADQUARTERS
FOR
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

BENJ. H. GARDNER calls the attention of his old customers and the public generally, to his large assortment of
FINE CHEWING TOBACCO,
now in store, together with a variety of Common Chewing Tobacco.

CIGARS of every description, from the very best to the most common brands. Judges of good Cigars are invited to give them a trial.

SMOKING TOBACCO, SNUFF, PIPES, &c.—Anything in this line that can't be found at my store, you will not be apt to find elsewhere. Also, CONFECTIONERY, &c.

All of the above goods will be sold as low as the market will afford.
June 18, 1864. B. H. GARDNER.

INTERESTING NEWS!

ONE of the finest Stocks of Goods in this market is to be found at the
"PEOPLE'S POPULAR STORE."
To enumerate would be almost impossible.—You can find almost any article that is kept in a first class country store.

Persons at a distance, who visit Chestertown but seldom, should not fail to call.

Families whose wants are large, and buy goods by the piece, should name the fact, as we will save them the expense of visiting the city. In our late purchases we now have some handsome goods. Ladies in want of

FINE DRESS GOODS,
a full line, from ordinary Delaines, Poplins, Wool Mouslins, Plaid Valencias, French Merinoes, English do., Mourning Goods, new styles Canton Cloths, Alpacas, 1½ yards wide.

We invite special attention to our Mourning Stock, Trimmings, &c.

Remember at the "People's Popular Store."
Nov. 26, 1864. W. A. VICKERS.

CARPETS, Floor and Table OIL CLOTHS, Window Shades, Umbrellas, Whips, Powder Flasks and Shot Bags. W. A. VICKERS.

TOBACCO, SEGARS and PIPES, something good if you are in want, at the People's Store.
Nov. 26, 1864. W. A. VICKERS.

NEW GOODS
OF RECENT PURCHASES,
NOW OPEN
and for sale at the lowest current prices, by
Oct. 15, 1864. T. W. ELIASON.

CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
SATTINETS,
Black and Gray Cloths for Ladies' Cloaking, Delanes, Balmoral Skirts, &c., for sale by
Oct. 15, 1864. T. W. ELIASON.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

T. W. ELIASON has a large stock of Men's and Boys' Winter Boots and Lace Boots of prime quality. Men's and Boys' Gaiters and Balmoral Boots; Women's Morocco, Goat and Leather Boots and Balmorals; Misses and Children's Boots and Balmorals, to which he invites the attention of his customers and the public generally.
Chestertown, Oct. 15, 1864.

TAKE NOTICE!

A. M. RUSSELL has just returned from the city with a good assortment of
City Made Boots and Shoes,
manufactured by J. H. Richards, Baltimore, and sold at CITY PRICES.

CHRISTMAS GOODS!

A. M. RUSSELL has just returned from the city with a good assortment of

CANDIES,	FIGS,	COCOANUTS,
ALMONDS,	DATES,	FILBERTS,
RASINS,	PRUNES,	PICKLES,
TOBACCO,	SEGARS,	CRACKERS,

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS.

The undersigned having contracted to furnish for Government use, will pay the highest market price in cash for
1,000 BUSHELS POTATOES,
500 do. BEANS,
200 do. ONIONS,
Also, a liberal price paid in cash for Turkeys, Geese, Eggs, Beef Hides and Dried Fruit.

TAKE NOTICE!

The undersigned will keep on hand and manufacture to order
SADDLES,
Carriage, Wagon and Cart Harness.
Saddles and Harness repaired at moderate prices. A. M. RUSSELL.
Chestertown, Nov. 26, 1864—3m.

For Sale,

A FEW Yearling BUCKS and Buck Lambs, EWES and EWE LAMBS.

Also, 8 or 10 YOUNG HORSES, 4 of them Mares, bred last Spring to my horse "Black Hawk," not surpassed for style by any horse in the State. JOHN GALE,
Sept. 10, 1864—tf. Worton Manor.

Bricks and Tile for Sale.

40,000 BRICKS and some DRAINING TILE for sale at the Brick Yard of ABSOLOM DOBBS,
oct—3m. near Whaland's Mill

CASSIMERE SHIRTS of handsome patterns and Gentlemen's Under-garments, now on hand at WICKES & BRO.'S.
Chestertown, Nov. 26, 1864.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Silent shadows softly fall
O'er the old year's funeral pall;
Gather round his lonely bed,
Gently shroud his hoary head;
Pain, and care, and blood and strife,
Keep the records of his life;
Lonely hearts and anxious fears,
Widow's cries, and orphan's tears;
These an awful tale can tell,
Spirit of the past—farewell!

Now with mingled hope and fear,
Let us greet the new-born year;
Come, sweet joy, with holy ray,
Come and chase life's mists away;
Let us look with steady gaze,
Through the dim, mysterious haze;
Will the future bring us peace?
Will this strife and tumult cease?
God, our King to thee we pray,
Turn our darkness into day!

THE DESTINY OF JOSEPHINE.

The history of Napoleon has yet to be written, and written by an American.—The world has been amused with fables of the man of destiny, which have been transmitted as an heir-loom, until they reached him who sits upon the throne of France, and is pleased with the title, "the man of destiny."

This title, though a favorite with every class of Frenchmen, undoubtedly arose with the story of Josephine, and through her attached to Napoleon. Though her simple story is smothered by the more brilliant one of her husband, yet it was known that long before Napoleon's admirers claimed for him the great destiny he accomplished, it was a common story in Paris, what we are about to tell.

It was while almost a child, that Josephine, in some of her wanderings with her school fellows, came across a vagrant gipsy or fortune-teller. The woman, attracted in some way toward the beautiful child, insisted upon telling her fortune even against her will and without reward. She told her she would be very soon a wife, a widow and afterward Queen of France. The prediction itself was common enough, but as simple as it was it had its effect upon Josephine, who immediately embraced it as fact, and could for a long time think of nothing else.

When the fulfilment came to the first part of the prediction, it of course strengthened her in the belief of the rest, and even when in prison under sentence of death, and when her bed was taken from under her at night because she was to die in the morning, bade her friends have courage, it would not be so, and that she would yet sit upon that throne then in ruins beneath the bloody feet of Robespierre; and when the jailors in prison called upon her to name her maids of honor that they might be ready when she was queen, she did so, and her nomination was finally fulfilled to the letter.

On that very night Robespierre fell.—Had his downfall occured one week earlier her husband would not have been one of his victims; had he lived one day longer she would have been another of them.

There was but little lapse of time between her liberation from prison and her marriage to Napoleon, and it was by the influence she exerted that he was appointed to the command of the Army of Italy; after which the path that led them upward was clear and open, until the destiny she had insisted upon was accomplished, and the crown of France upon her head.

But there was one thing more that Josephine had foretold for herself, which was the utter loss of that power and rank to which she had been so wonderfully elevated; and while she brooded over this, he who was her lord gathered new power and yielded to new ambition. She tried to crush it, and point out what should be his true aims; but he was now an emperor and desired to be the founder of a new empire.

How well her instinct taught her that the time was rapidly approaching when the ambition would make him put her away. Then came the close of the campaign of 1800, and she saw that the hour was approaching nearer that was to reveal both their fates.

There was no longer the confidence of the past between them; no longer the seeking of sympathy and advice.

It was the 20th of November, 1800, and the court was especially gay in honor of the visit of the King of Saxany. Josephine sat at the window of her boudoir, looking out upon the river, when she heard a step at the door and rose to receive Napoleon, who caught her in his arms with more of the olden time embrace than she had known for months.—She led him to the sofa on which she had been sitting, and seated herself by his side. For a few moments there was silence, and then he spoke:

"Josephine you have been weeping.—Are you unhappy?"

"No sire! not with you."

"Nonsense, Josephine! why do you call me sire? Of late you are making these forms overshadow all our happiness."

"Then why should they not be forgotten by both? You have now reached the point of ambition that should content you. Will you turn the unquiet god from your bosom and study only the good of France and your own happiness?"

"You misunderstand me, lady," he said quickly rising from his seat, and leaning against the window. "I am seeking nothing for myself, but everything for France."

"Is it for France, Napoleon," she said, drawing close to his side, and taking his hand in hers, "that you would put away from you not only a true wife, but a true friend? Think not that I have been blind, sire, to this. My alarmed heart has told me all, and believe me that I am offering no protest to your will; but, O, sire, examine well your heart before you act."

He stood silent while she was speaking, and then, with his face turned full upon the streaming moonlight, he drew away his hand. She went on:

"And O, sire, believe me, that though I am to leave your throne and your side, I shall never cease to love you too deeply for my own peace. Therefore is it that I plead you will look well into your heart before you yield your future to bad counsel."

He drew quickly from the window and walked to the centre of the room.

"You cannot sympathize with me, madam! I act only with reason. The good of the individual must yield to the good of France. Farewell!"

"Stop, sire!" and Josephine stepped quickly across the room and caught his arm, drawing him as she did so again to the window: "Do you see that star?" and she pointed to one that shone with marked brightness. "That is my destiny. By it you have risen. To it was promised a throne. Through me you have accomplished it; part from me and you fall. Yes, fall to die in sorrow, neglect, and exile. Remember this, Napoleon, and remember these words when it is too late to recall the act that no words of mine can prevent."

Napoleon gazed almost in terror at her who stood like a prophetess, looking out with eyes of fire upon the heavens, and then, with a heart clouded almost to sickness, he turned away, and left the room without a word.

Ten days passed before he had the nerve to strike the blow that broke the golden chain that bound them, and from that moment, as he afterwards confessed at St. Helena, the fall of Napoleon began, until he died a broken hearted exile upon mid ocean!

SOLITUDE.—More and greater sins are committed when men are alone than when they keep themselves in fellowship. When Eve in Paradise walked alone, then came the evil one and deceived her. Whoever is amongst men and in honest company, is ashamed to sin, or, at least, he has no place or opportunity to do so. When David was alone and idle, and went not to the wars, he fell into adultery and murder; and I have myself found that I have never fallen into more sin than when I was alone. Solitariness inviteth to melancholy, and a person alone has often some heavy and evil thoughts, so hath he strange thoughts, and construeth everything in the worst sense. Melancholy is an instrument of the devil, by which he accomplishes his wicked purposes. The deeper a person is plunged into that state, the more power the devil hath over him. To live in an open, public state is the safest. Openly, and amongst other persons, a man must live civilly and honestly, must appear to fear God, and do his duty towards men.—*Luther.*

EDITORIAL INSANITY.—A great deal of surprise and comment has been caused in New York city, by the revelation in the Brooklyn lunacy case of the fact that the editorials in a leading New York journal are written by a person of unsound mind confined in the Bloomingdale Insane Retreat. His contributions are three or four articles a week. Everybody is asking the question what journal it is! Public opinion seemed to be unanimous at first in settling upon one, but the more the matter was considered the larger became the number of candidates for the honor, till it was finally decided that the inconsistencies and erratic opinions of the New York press made it doubtful whether the editors of all of them were not "persons of unsound mind," who ought to be receiving the humane care of some asylum for the insane.—*Phila Ledger.*

ETERNITY has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever present, unborn, undecaying, and undying,—the endless chain composing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchre; its pleasures, they are but as bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.

THE annexed rendering of the Lord's prayer in verse, from whose hand we know not, is certainly very felicitous:

Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
Thy name be hallowed everywhere;
Thy Kingdom come; Thy perfect will
In earth, as heaven, let all fulfil;
Give this day's bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by Thy hand;
Now and forever unto Thee
Thy kingdom, power, and glory be.

THE WORDS WE USE.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade, not a well known oblong instrument of manual industry; let home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and, within the rule of prudence, say what you are. Avoid all oddity of expression. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

When I hear a person use a queer expression, or pronounce a name in reading differently from his neighbor, the habit always going down, minus sign, before it stands on the side of deficit, not of credit. Avoid, likewise, all slang words. There is no greater nuisance in society than a talker of slang. It is only fit (when innocent, which it seldom is) for raw school boys and one term freshmen to astonish their sisters with. Talk as sensible men talk, use the easiest words in their commonest meaning. Let the sense conveyed, not the vehicle in which it is conveyed, be your subject of attention.

Once more, avoid in conversation all singularity of accuracy. One of the bores of society is the bore who is always setting you right; who, when you report from the paper that ten thousand men fell in some battle, tell you it was nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine; who when you describe your walk as two miles out and back, assures you that it lacked half a furlong of it. Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but in conveying a right impression; and there are vague ways of speaking that are truer than strict fact would be. When the Psalmist said, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law," he did not state the fact, but he stated a truth deeper than fact and also truer.—*Dean Alford.*

EXTRAVAGANCE IN NEW YORK.—A letter from New York says:

Marvellous stories are related of the costly presents that have been purchased at some of the Broadway jewelry and fancy stores, for New Year's presents. One house, to my certain knowledge, sold a necklace worth $2,500, and cash down was paid for it, too. The purchaser was the vice-president of a down town insurance company. The same firm sold a pair of bracelets, studded with diamonds, at $1,100. Another house in Broadway say they have been in the business for five and twenty years, but never sold so many costly articles as they have this season. As another proof of the extravagant tendencies of the times, the fact may be mentioned that a magnificent brown stone front mansion was sold on Murry Hill, (Fifth avenue,) on Wednesday, for $95,000, the purchaser of which only three years ago, it is said, would have found it hard work to scrape together ninety-five cents. The lucky fellow managed to get into a petroleum place.

CURE FOR THE SMALL-POX.—The following prescription is vouched for by the Eastport (Me.) Sentinel as a cure for the small pox:

Give to the patient two tablespoonfuls of a mixture of hop yeast and water sweetened with molasses so as to be palatable, equal parts of each three times a day.—Children under twelve years of age should take two teaspoonfuls three times a day. Diet—Boiled rice and milk, and toasted bread moistened with water, and without butter. Eat no meat. Give catnip tea as often as the patient is thirsty. Give physic when necessary. If the above treatment is strictly followed, no marks of small-pox will remain.

Once upon a time a clergyman in a small parish was about to lose one of his parishoners, who asked a letter of dismission to a sister church.

The clergyman questioned him as to the motives for leaving. "Have you any fault to find with my preaching, brother?"

"Not for myself," was the reply.

"What objection has your wife?" followed up the inquisitor.

"Oh, none at all!"

"Where, then is the trouble my friend?"

"Why, my son says that he can't understand what you mean!"

The minister looked sober for a moment, and then rejoined—"Well, brother, I suppose you must go; for I can't preach and find brains, too."

HOW AN OIL-WELL IS BORED.

In selecting a spot for a well, the artesian driller raises a derrick about 110 feet in height, bringing up a steam-engine of about six-horse power, and then, after driving down an iron pipe about six inches in diameter through the earth and gravel some fifty feet or so, to the first strata of rock, introduces a drill of about two and a half inches in diameter, attached to a temper-screw, and thence to the "walking-beam" and engine, with which he bores now at the rate of eight or ten feet per day, into the solid slate and soapstone, say one hundred feet; he then comes to the first stratum of sandstone, which may be ten or twelve feet in thickness; and boring through this comes again to a slate and soapstone of a bluish cast, and working on, say for twenty-five feet or so, he reaches the second stratum of sandstone, out of which there come rushing up, when the right vein is struck, inflammable gas, salt water, and petroleum. The bore of the well is enlarged by a "rimmer," and then an iron tube in sections of about fourteen feet and closely screwed together, is inserted by sections and run down to the veins of oil; a flax-seed bag, which expands when wet is fixed between the tubing and the walls of the well in order to prevent the surface water from descending; a "plunger" or valved piston is introduced into the tube, and the sucker-rod being attached to the 'walking-beam,' the conduit pipes and tank, which may hold sixty barrels, being in readiness, the engine moves and the precious treasure gushes forth. This is what is called pumping a well. In the "flowing wells"—that is, such as send the oil out spontaneously—the drill must go down into the third strata of sandstone; but this, in some instances, is very deep.

SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.—A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot, where-upon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveler was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I may also become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to thy request," replied the cobbler, "but——

"Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum you name shall be thine."

"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, "but—

"But what?"

"But—the truth is—"*I have no shirt.*"

A SNAKE STORY.—"During the Florida war," said one of a party of non-commissioned officers, "I was in the American army. One day I shouldered my gun, and went in search of game. In passing through a swamp I saw something a few feet ahead of me lying upon the ground which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length and about a foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log that I paid no attention to it; the fact is I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log, and nothing else. You see I never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is, I never should have believed it if I had. Well, between me and the log as I took it to be, was a miry place which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground before me, and springin upon it, lit right on the top of—what do you suppose?"—"A boa constrictor," said one. "No." "What then could it have been?" asked a third.—"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.

A TOLLMAN OUTWITED.—Two young ladies of Indianapolis, Indiana, who, bye the bye belong to the *bonton*, were out riding in a buggy by themselves, and after driving through the various fashionable avenues, they concluded to try the plank road. Well to the plank road they went, and while trotting briskly along, they were suddenly arrested by a toll-gate keeper, who demanded his toll.

"How much is it?" asked the girls.

"For a man and a horse," he replied, "it is fifty cents."

"Well, then get out of the way, for we are girls and a mare! Get up Jenny," and away they went, leaving the toll gate man in mute astonishment.

ENORMOUS WEALTH.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the Northern press, which represents the income of A. T. Stewart, the great New York dry goods merchant, at $5,000,000 per annum.

VERY GOOD.—When the loyal Dutchmen of Mobile heard the guns of our fleet at the mouth of the bay, they smiled and said: "Dat ish *Farragoot!*"