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Md.

LATEST ARRIVAL

—OF—

'all and Winter GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON

Has just returned from the city with a large and well assorted stock, the largest ever offered to him in this town, consisting in part of

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES

'or Men and Boys' Wear,

KERSEYS

Of Various Prices to Suit Purchaser,

ALSO,

Tweeds, Jeans,

COTTONADES,

lannels, Domestics, Striped Cottons,

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins,

CALICOES, DELAINS

'd nearly everything usually kept in a Dry Goods line in a country store;

Boots and Shoes,

good stock, especially coarse boots and shoes for the winter,

HATS AND CAPS

Of the Very Latest Styles,

Queensware, Crockery, Stoneware,

A stock unsurpassed in the town,

GROCERIES,

A full stock,

Hardware of Different Kinds,

including

COAL-HODS, SPIDERS, OVEF LIDS, SAUSAGE CUTTERS AND STUFFERS.

All in want of goods will please call and examine the stock. I think I can suit you in price and quality. Call and be convinced.

Nearly all kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

New Goods! New Goods!!

NEW GOODS.

Fresh Arrival!!

I have lately purchased my Fall and Winter supply of Goods and have opened them with a determination to run them off my hands within the season, if Low Prices will be any inducement to purchasers. I have derived the motto,

Quick Sales and Small Profits,

and shall endeavor to govern myself accordingly believing this to be the only way in which to keep business moving these hard times. My stock is ample, and embraces

Dry Goods:

CASSIMERES for Gentlemen,

DRESS GOODS for Ladies,

MUSLINS of different makes,

FLANNELS LINENS,

and many other articles in this line;

NOTIONS,

such as will please the fancy and be serviceable during the approaching winter;

BOOTS AND SHOES,

purchased with a view to the wants and requirements of this people;

HATS AND CAPS,

both warm and dressy;



GROCERIES,

LARGE STOCK AND BEST QUALITY.

HARDWARE,

and, in fact, everything usually kept in a well arranged country store.

All are invited to an examination of my stock, which I think is unequaled by any country store.

Country Trade

of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

JAS. K. SAULSBURY.

RIDGELY, Nov. 22, 1869.

Christmas and New Year.

HUTSON'S GREETING

TO ALL IN WANT OF

TOYS AND PRESENTS

For the Little Ones.

NEW, RARE AND DELICIOUS.

I desire to acquain the public with the fact that I have just received and opened my christmas supply of Confectionaries, and to invite the people to call and see what I have. They will find a choice selection, made by myself in person, of

CANDIES,

Foreign and Domestic Fruits,

NUTS IN GREAT VARIETY,

and almost anything that may be wanted to make glad the hearts of the young folks.

My Bakery is also in full blast, and I can supply private families, wedding or evening parties with both

Plain and Fancy Cake,

or whatever else may be desired. I have in my employ an

EXPERIENCED BAKER,

one who has learned his trade in the city, and the people may depend upon having their orders filled with faithfulness and punctuality.

☞ *Your patronage is respectfully solicited.*

N. A. HUTSON.

THE celebrated "CLIMAX" COLLAR at TODD'S.

Select Poetry.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

Whatever be our earthly lot,
Wherever we may roam,
Still to our hearts the brightest spot
Is round the hearth at home;
The home where we received our birth,
The hearth by which we sat,
No other spot on all the earth
Will ever be like that.

When winter coming in its wrath,
Piled high the drifting snow,
Safe clustered round the cheerful hearth,
We watched the firelight glow;
Nor brighter seemed the ruddy flames
Than did our hearts, the while
A loving mother breathed our names
With sweet approving smile.

When wearied with our eager chase,
Through many a tangled path,
How sweet the dear accustomed place
To take around the hearth;
And still, when by our toil and care
We feel ourselves oppressed,
Our thoughts forever cluster there,
And there alone find rest.

Bright promise of the rest above,
Sweet shelter from the storm,
Home hallowed by a mother's love,
[illegible]h by that love made warm;
T[illegible] wildly roared the storm without,
[illegible]recked we of the cold,
[illegible]ace for any fear or doubt,
Within that loving fold.

And when some little trouble weighed
Upon the childish heart
Till from our brimming eyes it made
The burning tear drop start,
How quick before that genial glow,
We felt each sorrow cease,
And back the crystal current flow,
[illegible]lood our hearts with peace.

[illegible]nter with the passing years
[illegible]hildhood's sweet employ,
[illegible] sweeter still appears
[illegible]ll remembered joy
Ar[illegible]he cheerful hearth at home,
Where we in childhood sat;
No other spot, where'er we roam,
Will ever be like that.

Written for The American Union.

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN;

—OR,—

THE VILLAIN'S DOOM.

A Tale of the Close of the Last Century.

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter XI.

When man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
—DRYDEN.

The winter wore on, and Henry Roylston was still in prison, awaiting his trial, which would take place in a few days. Confinement had not dealt lightly with him, and he was worn and wasted.

The Landgrave family were all seated around a glowing fire in February, 1784, and were apparently thinking of their late lamented son, as all were silently engaged with their own thoughts. Presently Nellie broke the spell.

"Father, do you think Henry committed that dark deed?"

"I don't know my daughter; I have never seen him since that sad day."

"If he was to tell you he did not, would you believe him?"

"I can't tell, my daughter. The trial is to take place in a few days and then we shall see."

At that moment, a servant entered with a letter, and handed it to the master. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have sacrificed my prejudice, and am coming to America.—I shall be with you almost as soon as this reaches you." "ALDRED."

"Aldred will soon be with us, "said Mr. Landgrave, addressing the group.

"How soon?" asked his wife.

"We may expect him every hour," answered the husband.

The next day Aldred Landgrave had arrived, and been made acquainted with all the details of the horrible affair recorded in the last chapter.

The day of the trial came. The apartment was very full, and the crowd not more polite than such crowds usually are. Therefore, when Mr. Landgrave and Nellie arrived—the whole family were present—they found it quite impossible to gain a position, and, at first, could not catch a glimpse of the prisoner.

The trial in progress, Silas Botelar was in the witness box.

"What is your name?" asked the lawyer.

"Silas Botelar," answered that individual.

"Well, Silas Botelar, tell us all you know about this affair."

"Well, seeing it was dull times in Boston, on the day this murder was committed, I set out into the country to try to find work. I was walking along very peaceably, when I heard the report of a pistol, or gun, and when I came to a turn of a road which had hid from me the sight that afterwards met my gaze, my blood almost froze in my veins. I saw that man, there in the prisoners' box, light from his horse, and stooping over a fallen man, plunge a dagger into his heart. I had hid myself in the woods so that I could not be seen. He then mounted his horse and set off towards Charlestown. I immediately rushed down the road towards Cambridge, and rushing up to the first house I came to told them of the affair. That is all that I know about the matter."

"That is sufficient," whispered the prosecuting attorney to himself.

Evidence had been taken, and opinions varied, before this testimony was given, but *it* carried conviction to the hearts of all.

Again and again the eyes of the jury had rested kindly on the prisoner, calm and sad as a good man might be under such an accusation, and seemed half convinced of his innocence. But the evidence was against him, and by that evidence, they were bound to judge, not by the eye and lip—not by the sweet toned voice.

No *alibi* could be proved. No other mortal was implicated. The only defence the prisoner's counsel could make for him was the absence of all positive motive for the atrocious act. Nothing was to be gained, everything to be lost, by the foul deed.

There had been no quarrel. There was no grudge to satisfy, no money to be gained. Only an idiot, or a madman, could commit so motiveless a deed of blood, and it was plain to all that Henry was neither.

"One more question I wish to ask," said the prisoner's counsel, and that is, what color was the horse which the prisoner rode?"

"White," answered Botelar, promptly.

Eloquently the lawyer placed all the above facts before his attentive audience, and, leaning forward, brought his speech to a climax thus:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you behold in the prisoner at the bar an injured and innocent man. Blood has been shed for gold, for revenge, in hot anger, in cold remorseless, hate. A thousand motives might be found for many a murder—for *this*, not one.

"Let the accusers of my slandered client think of this. Let them step forward and point you and me to one possible motive Henry Roylston could have had for the murder of Edward Landgrave.

"Can they name one? Can you think of one? I await an answer. Unless it can be given, no christian juror may dare pronounce the injured man before him guilty. Speak! men are listening; angels are listening; *God himself* is listening. Give the motive to the air.

"And then, gentlemen of the jury, there is a doubt, and the prisoner should have the benefit of that doubt. The witness who was last upon the stand, testified to the fact that the accused rode a *white* horse, when I am assured by those who *knew*, that Henry Roylston and Edward Landgrave both rode *black* horses. *There* is a doubt. The witness was mistaken in the color of the horse, might he not be mistaken in the *man*. Oh! gentlemen of the jury, think of this when you retire."

He paused. The silence was unbroken for a moment. Then from a spot near the door arose a scream---a woman's scream—piercing and loud—a cry of "Henry! Henry!" and through the crowd Nellie forced herself to the spot where the prisoner stood, sobbing wildly:

"Oh! Henry, Henry! we believe in your innocence. If brother Edward did oppose our marriage, you did not kill him."

Just here we will remark, that although Edward and Henry were the best of friends, yet for some cause or other, he did not wish his sister to marry him, and had said if she did, he would never leave her a cent. All this the prisoner knew.

Nellie forced herself into the dock, and flung herself upon the breast of Henry.

He yielded to her caresses as one might yield to the stab unwittingly given by some beloved and loving friend, knowing as he did so, that she had sealed his doom, and as he folded his arms about her he whispered:

"Nellie, poor Nellie, God bless and keep you."

As they stood thus folded in each other's arms, the eyes of all in the courthouse upon them, the sympathy deepening, the murmurs of pity and belief in the prisoner's innocence growing louder, the legal gentleman who conducted the prosecution leaned forward.

"Miss Landgrave, I believe," he said.

"I am Nellie Landgrave," she sobbed.

"Did your brother object to your marrying this gentleman?"

"He did, and declared if I did he would not leave me a cent of his propertey, and Henry is so poor, having sacrificed all his property to come to this country. But then we did not mind that, for we intended to marry as soon as Henry could get something to do."

"Did your brother leave a will."

"Yes."

"What did he leave you?"

"Half his property, unconditionally."

"Did this gentleman know this?"

"He was one of the witnesses."

Nellie answered all his questions unwittingly, actually not knowing what she did.

The lawyer drew himself up to his fullest height, and stood with his finger pointed toward the prisoner, as he said solemnly:

"Gentlemen of the jury, my opponent has asked what possible motive the prisoner at the bar could have had for the murder of Edward Landgrave. Behold your answer. You see before you the prospective husband of Nellie Landgrave. Edward Landgrave opposed this match, and told his sister if she persisted in it, he would not leave her a cent of his money. Her father was poor, and all she expected was from her brother. He, however, made a will, leaving half his property to his sister, and the prisoner at the bar was a witness to it. All that stood between him and wealth,—he was poor—was the life of Edward Landgrave.—I say no more. The blackness of the crime and its sordid motive are too plainly placed before you to need any words from me. I read it in your eyes already."

Alas! for the prisoner, that look was reflected on every abhorent face. Men nearest to him shrank away, as if it were contamination to be near so guilty a wretch.

Four in that room *believed* him innocent, Mr. and Mrs. Landgrave, Nellie, and Aldred Landgrave. They would have staked their lives on his purity and truth. They could not believe that any earthly jury could give any other verdict than "Not guilty."

There were two others in that room, Albert Landgrave and Silas Botelar, who *knew* the prisoner was not guilty, but they dared not confess it.

But, with strangers, it was entirely different. Then, as certainly a doomed man as though the sentence had been pronounced, Henry Roylston stood before the many eyes so full of abhorence and vengeance. He heard the murmur of honest voices, coupling his name with words of scorn.

He saw through the windows near him the blue sky and distant hills—a glorious bit of the beautiful world youth takes such joy in. Life seemed so sweet to him—so sweet—and what remained of it? A brief interval of dungeon-cell and manacles, and then—*the gallows.*

The ignominious death loomed blacker and more horrible with every instant before his eyes, and as his expression grew awe-stricken and agonized, the honest jurors fancied that they read in it only the late remorse of a vile hypocrite—the foul creature who in cold blood could take the life of a friend, a friend, the sister of whom, he some day expected to call wife.

They only turned in their places and spoke together for a moment.

Then the foreman gave the verdict expected by all—

"GUILTY."

The counsel for the defence sank into a seat in pain, and Nellie, gathering from the glances cast upon her, the true state of things, sank into a death-like swoon, and was carried from the room.

Henry, by the sheriff's officers, was carried from the apartment back to his cell, there to await the day of his execution.

Chapter XII.

"Deeper and deeper still the mystery;
Stranger and stranger still my history;
But follow on each dark and winding turn
And with each hasty step new things you'll learn."
P. Q. Z.

The crowd had left the court-house—divided into little groups—dispersed itself over the town—and was seen no more. The afternoon was wearing to a close, and already a faint, ghost-like moon lay in the sun-set sky, ready to assume her supremacy when Day had left her throne. Down the tangled woods it was already evening, and there, leaning against a giant oak tree, stood Albert Landgrave, his young face pallid as horror could make it, his hands clenched until the nails pierced the soft palms, and his whole frame trembling convulsively. Opposite him stood Silas Botelar, smoking a cigar, with hands in his pockets, and his twinkling, black eyes fixed upon those of the conscience-tortured youth.

The latter first broke silence.

"Silas," he said, "this can't go on. I can't let it—I dare not. The man will be hung, Silas—hung! Think of that. I can't see an innocent man die for a guilty one. Oh, no, Silas—you know I'm not a villain Anything is better than this—anything!"

Silas looked at his companion scornfully.

"Go on," he said. "Let it out; let the steam off; do. It will do you good. You'd oughter have hysterics like a gal. Lord, now don't you look like one—chattering and raving there!"

"You heard the verdict, Silas," he cried—"*Guilty!* Oh! how his face looked then! You heard the sentence—'To be hung by the neck until he is dead.' And he an innocent man. A kingdom couldn't pay me for such a murder. It would be a murder as much as if I shed his blood."

Silas Botelar took his cigar from his mouth and coolly brushed away the ashes.

"Hanged by the neck until he is dead!" he said. "Well, just now you'd rather stand in his shoes than your'n, had you? Because, look here, Albert, its to late to free him now, altogether too late. I'm implicated, I've acted a friendly part to you, and done what you couldn't; have pluck to do for yourself, and as I said, I'm implicated. Now, I an't going to be licked down the ladder after I've climbed so far; and if any one tries it I will have my revenge, sure as my name is Silas Botelar. He had better hang than you; and if he was in the way, of course Nellie Landgrave, your cousin, is as far off as ever.—That ain't my plan."

The youth looked at the grinning monster before him, and clasping his hands to his brow, flung himself upon the ground.

"It is too horrible!" he moaned—"too horrible!" I cannot meet such a fate. I have helped to murder my cousin, and now am compelled to see an innocent man hung for the deed. What a coward I am—what a coward—oh! Heavens, what a coward!"

"What a stupid you are, Albert. I wouldn't be a gal, I vow I wouldn't," said the villain coolly.

The youth started to his feet and caught his arm fiercely.

"You can't be quite a fiend," he said "not quite—not quite. Your face and form are human."

"I am a friend," interrupted Silas, "but I can be an enemy as well. I want to hear no more of this."

He turned away as he spoke, and Albert, slouching his hat over his eyes, followed him along the path leading townward.

At that very moment two old farmers passed near them. Albert, full of terror, whispered:

"They didn't hear me, Silas, I did not speak very loudly. They never could have heard me."

"Folks of that kind are not fond of listening. You are coming to your senses at last, Albert. Come—I'm friendly as long as I ain't riled, and we are to be the same as brothers, you know."

Albert said nothing. He walked on, bent upon concealing his troubled face from any chance observer, without daring to look behind him or before him; and, while hating the man at his side, too much afraid of him to utter a word to vex him, now that the first burst of feeling was over.

He began to try to fancy himself in the hands of fate—to say, *I* can't help it after all—to throw all the blame on Botelar, and exonerate himself—to sink once more into the weak tool of a wicked man, and to lose the little strength bitter remorse had for the moment given him.

Chapter XIII.

There is a joy when all friends greet,
That makes each heart responsive swell."
P. Q. Z.

Henry sat alone in his cell, his elbows upon his knees, and his head bowed upon his hands, engaged in thought upon the things that had recently transpired, with which he was so intimately connected. He was wrapt in these thoughts, when the door was thrown open and a visitor announced.

Henry looked up, and starting to his feet, shaded his eyes with his hand as he gazed in astonishment upon the form of Aldred Landgrave.

"How are you, Mr. Roylston?" said Aldred. "No doubt I take you by surprise. I expect you imagined me on the other side of the sea."

"I did," replied Henry. "Nevertheless, I am glad to see you in one sense, and in another I am not."

"Don't mind the intrusion, I came to bring comfort."

"Alas, what comfort is there for a man condemned to die?" moaned Henry.

"Great comfort, great comfort! I should say."

"I don't see from what direction?"

"Probably you will after hearing what I have to say. What need is there of your dying?"

"Can it be possible you are not acquainted with the cause that brought me here? But, no; those who told you where I am, told you why, and for what. It is, therefore needless for me to go over the painful occurrence."

"I am aware why you are here. But neither I, nor any of my brother's family believe you guilty of so heinous a crime, and we will do all that lies in our power to aid you in escape from an awful, impending fate. We have held a cousel in regard to the matter, and have settled upon a mode of procedure."

"My friend, you are too good," exclaimed Henry, grasping the hand of Aldred.—"Oh! how I long to breathe once more the pure air of heaven, looked upon by the world, as an innocent man, for such I am as sure as there is a just God who rules above. I know that one of these days my name shall be free from this stigma which now rests upon it, but I long for it to be now."

"Do not be too hasty, my friend, you shall be free."

Next morning the community was amazed by the startling news that the condemned man, sentenced to death by hanging, for the murder of Edward Landgrave, had escape prison, and flown to parts unknown. Everyone was in consternation.

One month later, if we take another peep into the house on the island of Eleuthra, we shall see, sitting thrown back in a chair, conversing with the man whom Aldred had left in command when he took his leave, our friend, Henry Roylston. By the aid of Aldred he had made his escape, and witha letter from him, had made his way here, and presented it to the new chieftain, who took him under his protection.

"Well, Mr. Roylston," the pirate was saying "you can go with us on our cruises, or you can stay on the island, and amuse yourself the best way you can. There is a library here, and you can pass the time in reading."

"I shall prefer to remain here on land.—I do not expect to stay with you long, but while I do stay, put yourself to no uneasiness about my welfare. I will try to pass the time away somehow."

"We are not as blood-thirsty a set as we are represented to be, for since Captain Landgrave left we have not taken a life unnecessarily."

"I am very glad to hear that, for to confess the truth I felt a little loath about coming among assassins."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Dates Worth Remembering.

1180—Glass windows first used for light.
1236—Chimneys first put to houses.
1252—Lead pipes for carrying water.
1290—Tallow candles for light.
1299—Spectacles invented by an Italian.
1303—Paper first made from linen.
1341—Woolen cloth first made in England.
1410—Art of Painting in oil.
1440—Art of printing from movable types.
1477—Watches first made, in Germany.
1450—Variations in the compass first noticed.
1453—Pins first used in America.
1590—Telescope invented by Porta and Jansen.
1641—Tea first brought to Europe from China.
1692—Theatre erected in England by Shakespeare.
1608—Thermometer invented by Sanctorius.
1619—Circulation of the blood discovered by Harvey.
1625—Bricks first made of any required size.
1626—Printing in colors invented.
1629—Newspaper first established.
1630—Shoe buckles first established.
1635—Wine made from grapes, in England.
1639—Pendulum clocks invented.
1641—Sugar-cane cultivated in the West Indies.
1643—Barometer invented, by Torricolli, in Italy.
1746—Air guns invented.
1649—Steam engine invented.
1650—Bread first made without yeast.
1759—Cotton first planted in the United States.
1763—Fire engine first invented.
1766—Steam engine improved, by Watt.
1785—Stereotyping invented, in Scotland.
1788—Animal magnetism discovered by Mesmer.

THERE was something unexpectedly sarcastic in the reply of a criminal when asked by the Court if he was guilty of larceny: "No, sir, are you?" "Prisoner, said the ruffled magistrate, "don't put on any airs with me, or I'll commit you for contempt of court. I ask you again, are you guilty?" "And I tell you no." "But this man says he detected you in the very act of larceny." "Yes, sir, but I was fooling him." "Fooling him! How do you make that out?" "Just making believe, as you do sometimes." Sir, what do you mean?" "Why, the other night, when you were staggering in the street, some folks thought you were tight, but I knew you were only making belive." Prisoner discharged.

The Wanderer's Prayer.

On a cold, dreary evening in autumn, a small boy, poorly clad, yet clean and tidy, with a pack upon his back, knocked at the door of an old Quaker, in the town of S——, and inquired, "Is Mr. Lanman at home?"

"Yes."

The boy wished to see him, and was speedily ushered into the host's presence

Friend Lanman was one of the wealthiest men in the county, and President of the railroad. The boy had come to see if he could obtain a situation on the road. He said that he was an orphan—his mother had been dead only two months, and he was now a homeless wanderer. But the lad was too small for the filling of any place within the Quaker's gift, and was forced to deny him. Still he liked the looks of they boy, and said to him:

"Thee may stop in my house to-night and on the morrow I will give thee the names of two or three good men in Philadelphia, to whom thee may apply with assurance of kind reception at least. I am sorry that I have no employment for thee."

Later in the evening the old Quaker went the rounds of his spacious mansion, lantern in hand, as was his wont, to see that all was safe, before retiring for the night. As he passed the door of the little chamber where the poor wandering orphan had been placed to sleep, he heard a voice. He stopped and listened, and distinguished the tones of a simple, earnest prayer. He bent his ear nearer, and heard these words from the boy's lips:

"Oh, good Father in Heaven! help me to help myself. Watch over me as I watch over my own conduct, and care for me as my deeds merit! Bless the good man in whose house I am sheltered for the night, and spare him long that he may continue his bounty to other suffering ones. Amen."

And the Quaker responded another amen as he moved on; and as he went he meditated. The boy had a true idea of the duties of life, and possessed a warm, grateful heart.

"I verily think that the lad will be a treasure to his employer," was the concluding reflection.

When the morning came the old Quaker changed his mind concerning his answer to the boy's application.

"Who learned thee to pray?" inquired Friend L.

"My mother, sir," was the soft reply.—And the rich brown eyes grew moist.

"And thee will not forget thy mother's counsels?"

"I cannot, for I know that my success in life is dependent upon them."

"My boy, thee mayest stay here in my house, and very soon I will take thee to my office. Go now and get thy breakfast."

Friend L. was gathered to the spirit harvest shortly after the breaking out of the war of the rebellion; but he lived to see the poor boy he had adopted rise step by step until he finally assumed the responsible office which the failing guardian could no longer hold. And to-day there is no man more honored and respected by his friends, and none more feared by gamblers and speculators in irresponsible stock, than is the once poor wanderer—now President of the best managed and most productive railway in the United States.

The Nature of Roosters.

Roosters, according to profane history, if minedukashun remembers me aright, were formerly a man, who cum suddenly upon one ov the heathern gods, at a time when he wasn't prepared tu see company and waz for that offence rebuilt over into the first rooster, and waz forever afterwards destined tew crow, az a kind of warning. This change from a man akounts for their fighting abilities, and for their politeness tew the hens. Thare is nothing in a man that a woman admires more than his reddyness and ability to smash another fellow, and it iz jiss so with a hen. When a rooster gets licked, the hens all march oph with the other rooster, if he ain't half so big or handsome.

It is pluck that wins a hen or a woman.

Roosters doo but very little household work. They won't lay enny eggs, nor try to hatch enny, nor see to the young ones.—satisfys me that thare is some truth in the mitgogical akount ov the rooster's fust orgin.

You kan't git a rooster to pay attenshun to a young one; tha spend their time in crowing, strutting, and occasionally find a wom, which they make remarkable fuss over, calling their wives from a distance, apparently to treat them, but just az the hens get thare, this elegant and elaborate coconb bends over and gobbles up the morsel.

Just like a man, for all the world—*Josh Billings.*

FRAKLIN OUTDONE.—Ben Franklin once wrote:

"He who by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

These lines were very popular in their day, and even now they are occasionly quoted by old fogies. But some person has eclipsed them bringing out the following:

"He who by his biz would rise,
Must either bust or advertise."

A LITTLE boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister, entered, and said: "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day." "I am drawing meeting-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

AN old toper addresses his bottle thus:

"'Tis very strange that you and I
Together cannot pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full."

WHY is fashionable society like a warming pan? Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

A young man's affections are not always wrong, but they are generally miss-placed.

When must Time hang up his scythe?—When he shall be no mower.

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