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Address all letttrs as above. [jc15-6m

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REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MD.
Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. [jan1-y

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.
JUMP & RIDGELY,
ATTORNIES AT LAW,
DENTON, MD,
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

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J. GILMOUR & SONS, Proprietors.
The only Hotel in Baltimore furnished with a Passenger Elevator and Fire Escapes. Has accommodations for 300 Guests. Terms, $3 per day. Opened May 1st, 1871.
my11-1m H. H. FOGLE, Manager.

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Terms - - - $1.50 per Day.
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GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.
Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [jc14-y

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST,
Denton, Md.,
Will visit Greensborough every Saturday, and Federalsburg every Wednesday.
Teeth extracted without pain by Nitrous Oxide Gas. Particular attention given to regulating and preserving children's teeth.
Teeth filled, cleaned, and artificial teeth inserted to the satisfaction of the patron. Patronage solicited.
All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Office—Nearly opposite M. E. Church. [ap1

E. P. JUMP. JOHN JUMP.
E. P. JUMP & SON,
Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruits, Oysters, Poultry of all kinds,
AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
114 Light Street Wharf, (Up Stairs,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞Consignments respectfully solicited, and prompt remittances made. All orders will be promptly attended to when accompanied by the cash. [je29.6m.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Burlington, N. J. W. B. CONAWAY, Federalsburg, Md
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WOOLSTON, CONAWAY & CO.,
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Strict attention to consignments. Orders for shipping promptly attended to. [mr16

L. SHANLEY DAVIS,
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
STAND NO. 4,
Opposite 142 West St.,
Between Barclay and Vesey, NEW YORK.
Sales Reported Daily.
Returns Once Each Week.
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Established March 25, 1855.
F. E. MARINE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 53 West Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
All kinds of Country Produce, except Liquors, sold at the highest price.
Refers, by Permission to
Mr. Thos. Higgins, Vienna, Dorchester Co
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Mr. Wm. McMahan, New Hope, Md.
Mr. B. G. Stevens, Potter's Landing, Md
Mr. John Nichols, Gilpin's Point, Md.
28-y.

Poetry.

CORN SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn;
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands exulting, glean
The apple from the pine;
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and flowers,
Our plows their furrows made
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June,
Its leaves grew bright and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer noon,
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away its frosty leaves,
And bear its treasures home.

Then richer than the fabled gifts
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grains shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around the costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured.

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn,
The blessings of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root;
Let mildew blight the rye;
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
And wheat fields to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for His golden corn
Send up our thanks to God.

TWO WAYS OF BEARING TROUBLES.

It was a cold, dismal evening in November, that two laborers might have been seen wending their way along the street of a manufacturing town.

Slowly they proceeded, with dejected countenance, not exchanging a word until the one, whom we shall call Smith, halted before a neat little house and unlatched the gate. Then there was such a look of utter misery and despair gleaming from his eyes that his companion murmured, "We must trust in God, Smith."

The words were unheeded, and his companion passed on, while Smith entered the house.

A tall, dark-eyed woman was flitting about, getting supper. She gazed up as he entered, exclaiming: "You are late to-night!"

"Yes," he articulated gloomily, and going to the cradle he took up the six-weeks old bably, and sorrowfully pressed it to his heart.

"I do wish you would put that child down and get ready for supper," exclaimed his wife, after enduring his gloominess for some time.

He slowly obeyed, and then seated himself at the table, with a deep sigh.

"What in the world is the matter with you to-night?" she asked, as she sat down opposite him.

His voice trembled as he replied, "I suppose you might as well know first as last. I have been discharged."

"There!" exclaimed his wife quickly, pushing back her chair. Just what I might have expected! I'd like to know what we are going to do now. Winter is coming on and all. I declare, Smith, you will torture me to death!"

"I am very sorry, Lydia, but I cannot help it."

"Sorry! No you are not sorry at all.—You would just as leave see your wife and children starve as not. It's nothing in the world but your poor managing."

"Lydia, you are cruel. Instead of helping me to endure my great trouble, which is bearing me down to the very earth, you make it ten times harder for me to bear.—I was not the only one discharged. There was Jim Hawley, and ever so many others. Business is dull."

"Business is dull!" she mimicked after him. Always an excuse for a worthless man. To think that you should be discharged now, just as our rent is due; and then we are out of wood; and look at my shoes, won't you? my feet almost on the ground. I wish I had never seen you," and a dark look accompanied the last words. The poor husband now covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. This seemed to encourage his wife to go on; for she uttered words more and more bitter, until at last, almost in a state of frenzy, the wretched man rushed from the house to the tavern, and there sought to bury his thoughts of the past and the future in the rum cup.

In the meantime, James Hawley, his companion in labor, entered his home with a very sad countenance. But before he had stepped over the threshold, a loving pair of arms were thrown around his neck, and a pair of sweet lips were pressed to his. He returned the salutation sadly and then inquired for the baby.

"She is sleeping sweetly in the cradle. She has been a perfect little darling all day. Supper is waiting; so make haste. Here is warm water and towels. Are you hot later than usual to-night?"

"Yes, Mary, and I bring bad news to you."

"Bad news!" she exclaimed, turning pale as, for the first time, she noticed that something was wrong.

"Yes; I was discharged to-night, and I do not know as I can get anything to do before the spring. Business is so dull."

"Is that all?" asked his wife with a sigh of relief. "I thought it was something terrible, the way you looked."

And is it not terrible enough? What will become of us this winter, if I am out of employment?

"The same God who feeds the sparrows and clothes the lillies of the field, will not let us suffer, dear James."

"God bless you, Mary! There is sweet comfort in your words."

"And now let us have supper," exclaimed his wife cheerfully. "See, I have your favorite dish—shortcake and toasts. Do not let your troubles impair your appetite, and then, after tea, we will talk it all over. God doeth everything for the best. And as our day so shall our strength be."

In the evening it was determined that the quarter's rent should be paid immediately, a new supply of coal obtained, and the remaining portion of the money placed in the wife's hands to be dealt out as sparingly as possible. Then Mary suggested that all her pretty parlor furniture should be put away in the garret, and the front room let out. Further than this they could lay no plans, and as the husband went out to pay the rent the future looked so dark to the young wife that she could not altogether restrain her tears; but seeking strength from on high, her face wore the same cheerful smile when her husband returned, and little did he know that during all that long night, while he and his baby were so soundly sleeping, his wife lay awake, planning out the future.

Three months have passed, with scarcely a day's work in all that time, and now another quarter's rent is due. In vain the laborer thrust his hands into his empty pockets, and in vain racks his brain for some solution of the problem how that rent is to be paid. The lodger had paid his money monthly; but then that was not enough to meet the sum, if he had it, and of course his wife had spent that as fast as she received it, and it was an every day wonder to James how Mary managed so well.

With feelings of great despair he entered the house. The table was spread with the same favorite dish. There was the shortcake and toast, flanked with a golden lump of butter, a plate of honey, and a deep dish of roasted apples to be served with sugar and cream, while at his wife's plate sat the steaming teapot. As James took it in all at one glance, he greatly wondered at the frugal yet comfortable way of living. How his wife had been able to make the small amount of money last so long was a mystery to him, and yet he could not help wishing inwardly that she had been more economical; then, perhaps, the rent might have been paid, and he felt that it would been better to have subsisted on one crust of bread rather than to be turned out of doors homeless.

He refused to sit at the table, pleading that he had no appetite. And a great large tear arose in the strong man's eyes as he informed his wife that on the morrow they would be turned from their home, to go he knew not where, as he had not a dollar in his pockets to secure them a room elsewhere.

"Is that it?" exclaimed his wife in a soft tone, and tripped up stairs, and soon returned, and placed two ten dollar bills in his hand.

"Where did you get them?" he asked eagerly turning them over and over in his hands, as though to ascertain whether they were really genuine or not.

"I earned them," replied his wife gaily. "I knit afghans, shawls, children's hoods, sacques and socks; at first only for those whom I providentially heard wished articles of the kind; afterwards I was employed to furnish a trimming establishment with my work."

"And kept it a secret from me?"

"Yes, because I thought you would be worried for fear I was doing too much. I love to knit dearly, and consider it more of a pleasant pastime than labor."

"God be praised for giving me such a wife!" exclaimed her husband earnestly; and pressing his wife and child closely to his bosom, he said: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her; for many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all."

* * * * * * *

Twenty years have passed, and James Hawley is a rich man. But Joseph Smith is a confirmed drunkard, while his wife has long since passed from earth a victim of misery and want.

Why will not wives assist their husbands to bear their trials, with helping hands and hearts? If they would but do this, how many families would be saved from ruin and how sweet would be their reward, not only upon earth but in heaven.

Miscellaneous.

We'll All Meet Again in the Morning.

Such was the exclamation of a dying child as the red rays of the Sun streamed through the casement. "Good-bye; papa, good-bye! Mama has come for me to-night. Don't cry, papa! we'll meet again in the morning!

It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under his burden, for something assured him that his little one had gone to Him who said—"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is something cheerful to all who are in trouble in this." It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet blast, and frightens away forever the dark shades thronging the avenue of the outer life. Clouds may gather upon our path, disappointment gather round us like an army with banners; but this cannot destroy the hope within, if we have the motto upon our lips. "All will be right in the morning."

I you were to die to night, would it be well with you in the morning?

In a New Jersey town, a number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under the Government, were seated under a taveru poarch, when an old toper named Joel D—, a person who was very loquacious when corned, but exactly the opposite when sober, said that he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

A certain king—I do not recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgement he always depended. Now it happened that one day the king took it into his head to go hunting, and summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and they started. While journeying along they met a countryman mounted on a jackass.

He advised them to return, "for, said he, it will certainly rain." They smiled contemptuously upon him, and then passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not taking the rustic's advice, as a shower coming up drenched them to the skin.—When they had returned to the palace, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you. He told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."

The King then gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the King, how you knew it would rain.

I didn't know, said the rustic, "my jackass told me so."

"And how, pray, did he tell you? asked the King.

"By pricking up his ears, your Majesty said the rustic.

The King sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass from him, he placed him (the jackass) in the office the philosopher filled.

And here, observed Jack, looking very wise, "is where the King made a great mistake.

"How so?" inquired his auditors.

"Why, ever since that time, said Jack with a grin on his phiz, every jackass wants office,"

A Methodist Preacher, of a large muscular frame and a huge hand, with a powerful grip, some time ago was holding a meeting, at which quite an interest was awakened. A number of persons had come to the anxious seat, and some had been converted. A group, consisting of two or three young men and as many young ladies, was present, whose object in coming was to have merriment The minister kindly requested them to observe decorum befitting the place. One of them ventured in rather an ungracious manner to reply that they had "understood that miracles were worked there, and they had come to see some performed." Upon this our robust friend, the minister, coolly took the young man by the coat collar, deliberately led him down the aisle, and without ceremony landed him outside, quietly remarking: "We do not work miracles here, but we cast out devils."

"Dey Don't Die Dat Way."—The comment of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is inimitable for its point as well as eloquence. "I've known many a church to die' cause it didn't give enough but I neber knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much. Dey don't die dat way. Bredren, has any of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you do just let me know and I'll make a pilgrimage to that church, and I'll climb by de soft light ob de moon, up de moss covered roof; and I'll stand dar, and lift my hands to Heaven and say, "Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord."

A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed: "What shall I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," replied the Quaker solemnly, "unless thee should put on another breastpin!"

Religious Reading.

Christian Character a Growth.

It matters not if you cannot tell just when you become a Christian. If we sow a handful of wheat in our garden, we could not tell, though we watched it ever so narrowly, the exact moment when it germinated. But when we see the waving grain in the autumn, we know it did germinate, and that is all we care for. The young disciple should not expect too much light at once. It will grow brighter with every Christian duty he performs. The Christian life is a sort of mountain path; and the higher one climbs, the clearer the atmosphere and the sooner he will see the morning sun. To the adventurous traveler who has ascended to the summit of Mount Blanc, the sun rises earlier and sets later, and the night is therefore shorter than to the peasant who lives down in the valley at its base. So it is in the Christian life.—Clearness of vision, and firmness of foot and beauty of prospect come only to those who have struggled up to the heights—to the heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Conversion may be the work of a moment, but a saint is not made in an hour. Character, Christian character, is not an act, but a process; not a sudden creation, but a development. It grows and bears fruit like a tree and like a tree it requires patient care and unwearied cultivation.

A Beautiful Parable.

A rich young man of Rome had been suffering from a sever illness, but at length he was cured and recovered his health. Then he went for the first time into the garden, and felt as if he was newly born. Full of joy, he praised God aloud. He turned his face up to the heavens and said, "O, Thou Almighty Giver of all blessings, if a human being could in any way repay Thee, how willingly would I give up all my wealth!" Hermas, the shepherd, listened to these words, and as he said to the rich young man, "All good gifts come from above; thou canst not send anything thither. Come follow me." The youth followed the pious old man, and they came to a dark hovel, where there was nothing but misery and lamentation for the father lay sick, and the mother wept, whilst the children stood round crying for bread. Then the young man was shocked at the scene of distress. But Hermans said, "Behold here an altar for thy sacrifice! Behold here the brethen and representatives of the Lord!" The rich young man then opened his hands, and gave freely and richly to them of his wealth, and tended the sick man, and the poor people, relieved and comforted blessed him, and called him an angel of Good. Hermas smiled and said, "Ever thus turn thy grateful looks first toward heaven and then to earth."

"Too Religious."—Too religious, in the proper sense of the word, we cannot be. We cannot have the religious sentiments and principles too strong, or too deeply fixed, if only they have a right object. We cannot love God to warmly—or honor him too highly—or strive to serve Him too earnestly—or trust Him to simplicity; because our duty is to love Him "with all our heart, and all our soul, and all our mind, and all our strength."

But too religious, in another sense, we may and are very apt to be; that is, we are apt to make for ourselves to many objects of religious feeling.

Now, Almighty God has revealed Himself as the proper object of religion—as the only Power on whom we are to feel ourselves continually dependent for all things, and the one only Being whose favor we are continually to seek. And lest we should complain that an Infinite Being is an object too remote and incomprehensible for our minds to dwell upon,, He has manifested Himself in His Son, the man Jesus Christ, whose history and character are largely described to us in the gospels; so that, to love, fear, honor, and serve Jesus Christ is to love, fear, honor, and serve Almighty God; Jesus Christ being "one with the Father," all the fulness of the Godhead" dwelling in Him.—[Archbishop Whately.]

How simple it would be if a man's word were as good as his bond; if we never had to weigh it, and sift it, and see one man, and another man, and another, and inquire about it, and find out by the hardest work whether it was true or not! If men's statements could be relied upon, and men could trust each other, what an impetus would be given to the world's progress!—*Beecher.*

Love is the diamond amongst the jewels of the believer's breast-plate. The other graces shine, like the precious stones of nature, with their own peculiar lustre and various hues, but the diamond is white.—Now, in white all the colors are united, so in love is centered every other Christian grace and virtue—love is the fulfilling of the law.

The sovereignty of Divine grace and the impartiality of Divine justice, are points difficult to reconcile; but it is a mercy to know, that God has not imposed on us this difficult task; we are commanded to believe but nowhere required to unravel such difficulties.

The preaching of the word in some places is like the planting of woods, where, though no profit is received for twenty years together, it comes afterward.

Temperance Column.

The Best Fun.

"Propping up the wall, old fellow?—Well, that's very kind of you. Afraid it will tumble down on us, I suppose.—Had'nt you better go around and prop it up on t'other side?"

Such were the remarks of a party of boys—fine, manly fellows they were, or might have been; but they must needs make a target for their jokes of this poor tippler.

"O, boys! for shame!" cried out Archie Graham. "We ought to know better than to make fun of a poor fellow that the rumseller has poisoned out of his senses. I say wouldn't it be the best fun to keep him somewhere till he is sober, and then get him to sign the pledge?"

"Capital!" said Dan Turner. "Take him up to our coach-house; and I'll run ahead and ask pa."

"Perhaps he won't go," said one.

"We'll see," said Archie, who went up and spoke kindly, and poor drunken Tim listened, and good-naturedly went along with them. They persuaded him to sign the pledge, and got him a place to work where he would not be tempted to drink, and kept going to visit him till at last he was saved.

And the boys were all so glad of it, they declared it was much better than hooting and mimicking any poor drunkard. "You see" says Archie, "pa says when a fellow really gets to drinking, it's like the small-pox, or some such disease—he can't stop it when he wants to; and what he wants is help, just as we do when we are sick."

"Well, I know one thing," said Dick, earnestly; "I ain't agoing to ever begin to drink, and then I shall be safe."

"I know another," said Dan; "I aint agoing to ever use tobacco, for Tim says it was the smoking that made him want to drink so much at first.

A Mother's Teaching.

Happy boys and girls, who have parents to love you, friends to be kind to you, and comfortable homes to live in, think of what I heard and saw and one bitter cold night in heart of our great metropolis. A middle-aged woman, wretchedly clad, and, to all apppearance, worse fed, leading a pale, shivering girl, about twelve years old, into a gin palace! When they got up to the door, the poor girl said:

"No, mother; I don't want it. *A cake would be better.*"

"Nonsense!" replied the woman, an angry voice, "you'll never sell them if you haven't a drop of gin."

They entered the bar, and I followed.—For a moment the flaring gas-lights dazzled the girl's eyes, and I noticed that she was dressed in a few thin, dirty rags, more suited for July than December. On her back she carried an old cigar-box, fastened like a soldier's knapsack, with two pieces of twine. The woman ordered a pennyworth of gin, and handed it to her daughter, who put the glass timidly to her lips, and then laid it on the counter.

"Come, Polly, you must driuk it off," said her mother.

The pale, hungry girl (for she was hungry) took four or five sips, and then they both went out.

I asked the barman if he knew the woman, and his reply was, "Yes." He also told me that the cigar-box was full of "lights," and that the gin was to give the girl courage to stand in the cold street and sell them. Awful mother's teaching, was it not?

My dear young friends, whenever you feel disposed to find fault with the ways of Providence, or to complain of the trials and troubles you have to bear, think of the poor "light" seller, in the streets of London.

How Shall Men Be Saved?—It cannot be denied that the all-absorbing question of the hour is how shall men be saved from the doom of the drunkard? There are various opinions on this question.—Said one of the editors of a leading Boston journal to me not long since, "I am opposed to the licensed system." Of course what followed did not seem quite so *sound*. "I would place no restriction on the sale of liquor and depend entirely on moral suasion." Every man has a right to have his own opinion of course, but editors help make public opinion. Such a course would seem about like unchaining a tiger or allowing a poisonous adder to glide about our streets, contenting ourselves meanwhile by *entreating* the dear children not to get bitten, and trying to persuade people in general not to permit the creatures to destroy them. Why don't they try this plan in regard to theft and murder for rumselling partakes of the nature of both?

Why He Didn't Drink.—"O, poh! what a spooney you are Jack! Beer won't hurt any body. Who ever got drunk on beer?"

"O, yes; I know," said John, "but I don't want to be pickled and soaked in beer. Besides I have signed the pledge."

"O, Jack, what a fool!" interrupted his companion.

Now John did not like to be called a fool but he kept quiet and said, "Shall I tell you why?

"I suppose some of these temperance folks have got after you."

"No, not exactly that; but my father died a drunkard, and I signed the pledge over his coffin with my poor, broken hearted mother. Do you wonder I never drink?"

Wit and Humor.

Mark Twain has been troubled with a lightning-rod man, and to get rid of him addressed him as follows:

"Let us have peace!" I shrieked.—"Put up a hundred and fifty! Put some on the kitchen! put a dozen on the barn! put a couple on the cow! scatter them all over the persecuted place till it looks like a zinc-plated, spiral-twisted, silver mounted cane-break! Move! Use up all the material you can get your hands on, and when you run out of lightning-rods put up ram rods, cam-rods, star-rods, piston-rods—anything that will pander to your dismal appetite or artificial scenery, and bring respect to my raging brain, and healing to my lacerated soul!"

A celebrated professor, thinking to perplex an ufortunate pupil, one day put him the following question:

"Pray, sir, can you tell me how long a man can live without brains?"

To which the pupil, looking up in the face of the interrogator, promptly but unexpectedly replied:

"How old may you be yourself professor?"

I've been thinking," said little Froby, "about this woman suffrage business. S'posing," said he, "that—a—now—Olive Logan, f'r instance, should be made president of this great and glorious country, bequeathed to us by noble sires, and all that, she'd be president Logan wouldn't she?" we bowed. "Well, now, s'posing she was to marry, say a man by the name of—of—Perkins, f'r instance, would she be President Logan or President Perkins?"

"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another, "Yes, poor little thing, it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leeched its temples, had it bled, gave it all kinds of medicines and yet, after a week's illness, it died."

A Correspondent states that for some seven years his chickens have been kept free from lice by strewing small branches of cedar about the hennery. previous to the use of this simple remedy they were badly infested. No white-washing or other means to expel vermin have been used.

A citizen who deserves well of his country, had a large family, to which additions were constantly making. One day one of his little boys was thus interrogated: "John how many brothers and sisters have you got?" "I don't know," answered the boy, "I hain't been home since morning."

A young man eating some Cheshire cheese, full of skippers, remarked:

"Now I have done as much as Samson—I have slayed my thousands and tens of thousands."

"Yes," retorted another, "and with the same weapon—the jaw bone of an ass."

A Boston lawyer had a horse that always stopped at, and refused to cross a certain bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no, urging would induce him to cross, so he advertised him: "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to get out of town."

An Irishman having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving a quarter from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the money and then at the giver, and at last exclaimed: "I'm overpaid for the job."

An Irishman leaning against a lamp post as a funeral procession was passing by, was asked who was dead.

"I can't exactly say, sir; but I presume it is the gintleman in the coffin."

A person who was boasting that he was sprung from a high family in Ireland.—"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

No one should attempt to do more than one thing at a time. When you have finished slandering your neighbors, go and say your prayers, but don't attempt to do both at once.

Young men nowadays have a shocking regard for the Scriptures. Solomon said "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;" and yet the majority of our sluggards irreverently persist in going to their uncles!

"The blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years; first as circus rider, then as a locust preacher, and last as an exhauster."

Josh Billings says that a large policy of life insurance doesn't exactly make a man's corpse smile at his widow, but it helps amazingly to get another fellow to do it for him.

Pope said, "Beauty draws us by a single hair." In view of the prevailing size of ladies' head gear, we must be permitted to doubt the infallibility of Pope.

"Never mind the obitnary, Judge," said a culprit when the court became pathetic in pronouncing sentence, "let's fix the time for the funeral."

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; most ignorant by necessity; and the beasts by nature.

In every company, remember to be a member of Ch... God, a temple of the H...