Chestertown Tra

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER

JUST OUT.

THE undersigned have just completed the

BALTIMORE COOK,

and confidently offer it to the people of Kent county as the *best* and *cheapest* Cooking Stove in the market.

Call and examine our new stock of Dwelling, Church, and School Stoves, which we always *guarantee* to be as represented.

DORGAN & CO.,
S. E. cor. Light and Lombard sts.,
Sept. 5, 1868—4m. BALTIMORE.

Baltimore Sewing Machine Mart.

THE Public have long desired the establishment of a Mart where all kinds of Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Findings could be had; where they could see and compare the workings of one machine with another, and select from the different makes, the Machine best suited to the use to which they desire to apply it.

FRED. W. WILD,
78 *W. Baltimore Street.*

☞ Sewing Machines repaired and adjusted by skillful mechanics, and a fair remunerative compensation only will be charged for the time and skill expended in the work.

The Great American Combination Button Hole Overseaming and

SEWING MACHINE,

Is warranted to execute in the best manner every variety of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Gathering, Quilting, Over-seaming, Embroidering on the edge, and in addition makes beautiful Button and Eyelet holes in all fabrics. It has no equal, being absolutely the best Family Machine in the world, and intrinsically the cheapest, for it is two Machines combined in one by a simple and beautiful mechanical arrangement.

Circulars with full particulars and samples of work done on this machine, can be had on application at the sales room of

FRED. W. WILD,
78 *W. Baltimore street,*
Over Eisenbrandt's Music Store.
AGENTS WANTED.
Sept. 12, 1868—y.

BOWER'S

COMPLETE MANURE,

MANUFACTURED BY HENRY BOWER,

PHILADELPHIA,

MADE FROM

Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

Warranted Free from Adulteration.

This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who have used it, also by distinguished Chemists who have, by analysis, tested its qualities.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. Each.

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
89 South Water and 40 South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.

For Sale by WM. REYNOLDS,
79 South Street,
July 18. BALTIMORE. MD

MORO PHILLIPS'

GENUINE IMPROVED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

STANDARD GUARANTEED.

For sale at Manufacturers' Depots,

No. 27 N. Front Street, Philadelphia,

AND

No. 95 South Street, Baltimore.

And by Dealers in general throughout the Country.

The SOMBRERO GUANO of which MORO PHILLIPS' PHOSPHATE is and always has been manufactured, (and of which he has sole control for the United States,) contains fifty per cent. more Bone Phosphate than Raw Bone, therefore it is more durable. The addition of Ammonia gives it greater fertilizing value.

Over seven years' experience has proved to the Farmer that it makes a heavier grain than even stable manure, and is not only active but lasting.

Price $56 00 per ton, 2,000 lbs.
Discount to dealers.

MORO PHILLIPS,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.
Philadelphia, August 29, 1868—3m.

USE
WINSLOW'S DYSPEPSIA CURE,
the best remedy extant for Dyspepsia, malarious diseases, general debility, &c.
Sold everywhere.

USE
MURDOCH'S ANTI-BILLOUS PILLS,
for Billious Complaints, Colds, &c.,
Sold everywhere.

USE
CASPAR'S FROST LOTION,
Sold everywhere.
BURROUGH BROS.
Wholesale Agent,
Light St. near Pratt, Baltimore, Md.
Oct. 31, 1868—y.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON,
Grain Commission Merchants.

General Agents for
ANDREW COE'S
Super-Phosphate of Lime.

BEST ARTICLE IN USE

Letter from A. L. Carter.

MONASKIN, Lancaster Co., Va., August 10, 1868.

Messrs. HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Baltimore, Md.

Gentlemen:—I purchased two tons Andrew Coe's Phosphate last fall and applied it in comparison with A No. 1 Peruvian Guano, each drilled in with wheat, at the rate of about 150 pounds per acre, on similar land. The growth of straw was greater where the guano was applied, but the yield of wheat greater and quality better where I used the Phosphate. I also purchased two tons last spring to experiment on oats and corn. The growth of oats was very fine, the corn looks well and bids fair to yield heavily. I shall want more to apply to wheat this fall.

Very respectfully, A. L. CARTER.

Letter from Hon. E. J. Henkle.

Anne Arundel County, Aug. 8th, 1868.

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

Gentlemen:—I have used Andrew Coe's Super-Phosphate of Lime on my corn crop for two successive years, and take great pleasure in testifying to its merits. My crop last year was bettter filled in the ear and heavier than I ever raised before. The soil was of inferior quality, and I could only attribute the success of the crop to the effects of the fertilizer. I have used it again this year and it promises equally good results. It is, in my opinion, the most popular and best manufactured fertilizer in use in this community.

Very truly yours, E. J. HENKLE.

Letter from Michael Graybill.

Amsterdam, Va., July 31, 1868.

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

I used Andrew Coe's Phosphate by the side of No. 1 Peruvian, and I could see no difference between the two; both did well. I will want some again this fall. Very respectfully yours, MICHAEL GRAYBILL.

Letter from Jesse Slingluff, Esq., President of the Commercial and Farmers Bank.

Baltimore, August 4th, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I used on my wheat last fall your Super-Phosphate of Lime, and found it to do well. I most cheerfully recommend farmers to use it, as a first-rate fertilizer.

Very respectfully yours,
JESSE SLINGLUFF,
Baltimore county, Md.

Letter from Basil S. Benson.

Anne Arundel Co., Md., July 18, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I have bought twenty-six tons of your Phosphate and used it on my fall and spring crops, and it is the best fertilizer that I have ever used. Yours, truly,
BASIL S. BENSON.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Agents,
No. 10 Camden St., Baltimore, Md.
August 29, 1868.

CORTLAN & CO.,
216 & 218 Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.,
IMPORTERS.

CHINA,
Glass & Earthenware,
TABLE CUTLERY AND FAMILY HARDWARE,
PLATED TEA & COFFEE SERVICES.
Forks, Spoons, Casters And Butter Tubs,
Britannia and Block Tinware,
Fenders, Shovel & Tongs, Standards,
And House Furnishing Goods
OF EVERY VARIETY.

The Goods have all been selected from the most celebrated makers, and are guaranteed to be first class in QUALITY, new in PATTERN, and beautiful in DESIGN. The stock having been bought MUCH UNDER former prices on account of the depression in trade, will be offered to customers at a corresponding reduction.

CORTLAN & CO.
Baltimore, August 29, 1868—y

Wood and Coal.

THE Subscriber has in his yard and is prepared to supply Oak, Hickory and Pine fire wood at regular prices. He also gives notice that he will be prepared in a few months to furnish *Coal of all sizes and quality.* Persons wishing to engage their coal, will be supplied as cheap as it can be furnished in this market.

18-tf. W. H. HAMILTON.

Henry C. Kennard,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR,
27 SAINT PAUL STREET,
apr4-6m BALTIMORE.

Mules, Mules!
One Pair MULES and one Horse, for sale by N. BARNARD,
Sept. 19—tf Still Pond, Md.

LUMBER, LUMBER.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable terms, for sale by
T. W. ELIASON & SON.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS.
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint.
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE *Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are* entirely different *from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.*

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1868.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that* for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a valuable preparation. *In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cause.*

Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Selected Poetry.

L'INFORTUNEE.

No prayers were said, no bells were pealed—
They hurried her corpse to the potter's field!
But my lady's carriage drove so near
(My lady glorious in her charms)
That the hearse wheel scraped, I greatly fear,
The panel which bore her coat-of-arms.

They called her Jenny—the poor young thing—
For whom, if the comfortable creeds be right,
The shadows cast by death's black wing
Were only an earnest of endless light,
They called her Jenny; but far away,
Where the summer winds in the oak trees play,
And the robins sing through the summer day,
And the maple leaves grow red in the frost,
The Puritan farmers a story tell
Of a girl named Alice Lee, who was "lost"—
Lost in the highway that leads to hell.

Jenny or Alice—'tis all the same—
The grave will receive and the earth will hide her,
And the busy world will forget her shame,
Or those who remember will merely deride her;
A thief and a murderer sleep beside her,
But her slumber is sound. My lady will ride,
Rolling in wealth and cloaked in pride,
On the upper wave of the human tide;
She will claim the homage due to her charms.
And the hearse-wheel's marks on her coat-of-arms
Will be skilfully hid by an artist's brush;
But oh! how her delicate cheeks would flush—
Not with her pretty, affable blush—
If she knew the name of the man who led,
In the Puritan village far away,
Down to the haunts of the living dead,
The fallen girl who was buried to-day.

My lady's husband is haughty and cold,
He fight's the endless fight for gold;
Greed is his armor and self his shield,
And over the world rough-shod he goes,
Coining dollars from human woes,
Forcing the luckless ones to yield,
Crowding the poor more near to the wall,
Backing his wits against the field,
Rising higher as others fall,
And mocking the God who is over us all.

Only once, in his passionate days,
Did my lady's husband step aside
From the beaten track of his proper ways,
And then in his heart he felt the blaze
Of the fires of love which few have defied;
Love, which is even greater than pride;
Love, at whose bidding man laughs or grieves;
Love, that possesses the magical phrase
That opens the den of the Forty Thieves,
And unlocks the treasures of earth beside.
But a simple girl, in a country place,
Whose only fortune was in her face,
How could she ever hope to bind,
By her pretty ways and artless grace,
The selfish heart and evil mind
Of one who seldom saw beyond
The region spanned by note and bond?

But a vision rose so pasing sweet,
When heart with holiest heart should beat,
That he could not choose but permit his thought
To wander beyond life's frigid zone
Where everything is sold and bought,
And the gold king sits on his cruel throne,
To that purer realm, that warmer clime,
Where love directs the hand of Time,
And all the music of all the spheres
Falls sweetly soft on the listener's ears.

'Twas a fleeting vision and nothing more;
Avarice rose and Self came back,
And Greed asserted its place as before,
And a purpose was formed as damnably black
As ever the angels in heaven wept o'er.
But women are weak. The game was played,
And then in that village far away,
To her terrible sorrow, alone and betrayed,
He left the girl they have buried to-day.

The dice of the fates are loaded, I think;
The double sixes are not thrown fair;
Were it otherwise, this man would sink
To the deepest depths of the lowest despair,
Instead of standing high in the land,
And winning my lady's beautiful hand.

* * * * * * *

The story is old, and the story is trite,
But if God is God, and right be right,
My lady's husband will find at last,
When life and its hopes are over and past,
And the graves of earth their victims yield,
And the final judgment trumpet is blown,
That she who sleeps in the potter's field,
With her awful shame and her faded charms,
Shall sit more near to the great white throne
Then he, in spite of his coat-of-arms.

AN ENGLISHMAN met with a North American Indian, and in the course of conversation was very anxious to impress him with the greatness of the British Empire. "The sun never sets on English dominion. Do you understand how that is?" "Oh! yes," said the Indian, "that is because God is afraid to trust them in the dark."

THE N. Y. Young Men's Christian Association are to erect a $500,000 building.

JOHN PUTMAN, THE SPY.

Two horsemen of King George rode furiously into a village of a half a dozen rude dwellings, in the Northern part of New York, and hailing the decrepit-looking inn-keeper, cried out, simultaneously, with many barbaric oaths, "Hallo! old wine-biber! hast noted any cheating, lying and sneaking pedlar at thy door today?"

"By my spurs!" pompously added Captain Dick, the elder of the two, "we have ridden these last thirty miles in vain, if the scoundrel be not caught lurking in this hamlet. Hast seen him, Boniface? Speak, man, we be in haste. I bid thee answer, by the King's command!"

The hesitating landlord held on to the horse-post, and replied, "Sirs, I be half deaf, yet methinks I guess your meaning. Be ye gallant troopers of his majesty after a strap pedlar, eh? What would ye with him?"

"'S'death! the rascally gray-beard questioneth us!" interrupted the younger horseman, braggadocical prive, and wheeling his steed around, he touched the tavern-keeper rather roughly with his gloved hand, and continued, "We desire no questioning, old dotard. Hast seen the pedlar? We would know this, and the right quickly, too!"

"O be not rough, I pr'thee. A pedlar, sayest thou? Had he a pack?"

"Pack or no pack, hast seen him?"—fiercely cried Dick.

"Patience, masters, but my memory is treacherous, and I must reflect. A pedlar? With a staff, did ye say?"

"I'll break thy skull with a staff, if thou befool us!" said the bully, striking at the old man, who rather nimbly for his looks, leaped out of the trooper's reach.

The captain then seriously threatened violence, and sternly demanded a reply. As if frightened into submission, he then hesitatingly said, "O—yea—yea—now I bethink myself. I did observe a 'sneaking pedlar' pass here this morning on foot, and in extreme haste."

"Which way?—which road took he?" exclaimed both the others.

"That deliberately answered the man, pointing to a travelled lane, that led from the one in which they stood.

"Art sure? If thou lie to us, by St. George, thou shalt be hung, at thine own door, like a sign!"

"Ay, an' that be not the road, thou mayest hang me," observed Boniface.

"To horse, then; he is six hours in advance; to horse—and a brevert to the one of us that catches the first sight of the spy!" shouted Captain Dick; and rapidly they dashed away, leaving clouds of dust behind them. But ere they had gone twenty yards, the innkeeper shook his frame like a strong man, and muttered. "Ay when they catch me they may hang me!" He then glanced around cautiously, and quickly entered the house.

Meanwhile, Captain Dick and his companion spurred their beasts to a race that would have injured animals unused to their hardy life. Mile after mile was left behind, until in three hours they had covered every step that a man could have walked in a whole day. Then, unsuccessful, they thought of returning.

"The infernal rebel hath eluded us. We calculated that he would hasten directly to the camp of Washington. We are misled, or have passed him, secreted in the forest."

"Perhaps that inn-keeper deceived us. Methought he was not so imbecile as he pretended."

"By my soul's salvation! thou hast hit it! Dolts—asses that we are! Didst not note the nimbleness of his leap when thy hand was lifted against him? Ride back—for thy life, ride like the lightning!"

"Nay! not back—if he be the spy, he hath taken the other road, and sent us a fool's errand on this. A league hence, we passed a by-path that doubtless intersects the highway, some distance to the west, along the river."

"Well, that be our direction. 'Eod! how we have idled; nor would I have credited the clown with such wit."

"Ay, an' now that I suspect him, I recollect the quietude of the village. The place was solitary. Nor even proferred the man a taste of his wine."

"Ugh! didst note his keen eye?"

"True—like the spy's own, black as jet; 'twas he himself, curse him! But surely our beasts need baiting, after so long a ride, and a' faith, I feel like tasting of my flask."

"Mind it now, Wolf—we must capture that fellow, an' we starve ourselves and stall our steeds. On, on! five hundred pounds and a brevet! Thine be——"

"The gold for me, Captain!"

And I the brevet!—Done. This ride shall cost the pedlar dear."

"Here we go! Huzza! Tally-ho! Five hundred pounds!"

"Silence, Wolf; once upon his scent, we must surprise the fugitive."

"Ay, quiet will I be, out, five hundred pounds! Jove! 'tis enough to reward the taking of two spies. Up, my gallant nag," he continued, slapping his horse's neck, "thou shalt be stabled a fortnight, if thou dost thy duty."

However, the path was much longer than they imagined. Darkness came on, and long after nightfall, they were compelled to rest themselves and their beasts at a log house and barn that opportunely lay in their way. After a couple of hours they pursued their object, and at length emerged on the high road upon which, as they conjectured, the fugitive was a league in advance of them, hastening toward the American rendezvous.

II

John Putman, who had so easily duped his pursuers, at the deserted hotel, deserted because of a late furary and murderous attack upon it by the British, was [illegible] Captain Dick, or rather Capt. Richard Moles, a man superior in some respects to his companion.

"Shall I be deaf, or stupid, or Dutch?" queried the pedlar to himself. "Open defiance is a last resource." But he quickly decided, as Wolf called out, "Halt! thou base, low, peddling coward! or I'll crop thine ears with my sabre." Nerving his arm, he suddenly stopped and turned to meet them.

"The same by the gods!" exclaimed Dick, on observing the pedlar's brave face.

"Huzza! five hundred pounds! down on thy marrow-bones, and beg for thy life!"

"What want ye with me?" demanded the American.

"Want? Ask our colonel—ask the gibbet on to-morrow's dawn! Want? why, down, spy, on thy knees, and surrender!"

"That will I not! shouted the other, with a sudden energy that started both the soldiers. Flinging off his burden, by a quick motion he caught up his club, and with the first blow shivered to pieces the sword uplifted by the captain to arrest him.

"Thy steel, Wolf! he's broken mine. Traitor! by Heaven thou shalt die!"

"Nay, nay, it taketh two to make a bargain," coolly said Putman, and while the captain was grasping his his pistols, another blow from the staff discharged one of them in the air, and so discomfited him that for a moment he remained inactive.

Wolf struck the spy's shoulder with his weapon, but made no dangerous wound, and boldly seizing him, the latter by main strength, dragged the burly fellow from his saddle. "A thousand furies!" shrieked he, "I believe thou art Satan."

"Let this convince thee!" cried the facetious pedlar, grasping the rascal's long sword, and by a powerful exertion, wrenching it from him and dropping his stick.—But by this time Dick had recovered, and firing his remaining pistol, its ball entered the pedlar's leg, causing him for an instant to tremble with pain.

"Help!" screamed the conquered bully, as he fell under a severe blow from his own sword; and then, as the captain leaped from his horse to assist, the scene became thrilling to excess

The sword proving useless in this close conflict, Putman dexteriously broke it in pieces with his foot, and kicking the prostrate soldier at the same time, grappled with Dick, who was equal to him in strength and courage.

"St. George for me!" cried the latter.

"God and liberty for me!" shouted the [illegible]

Her stature is [illegible] be the admiration of [illegible] happiness of one. She has not the [illegible] ness that does not exclude delicacy—all of the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage, you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describe her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts upon. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige than any rules on that subject, and therefore, never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

A lady who had refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church.—On making the discovery she said: "God could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."

Irritable Schoolmaster—'Now, then, stupid, what's that next word? What comes after cheese?' Dull Boy—'A mouse, sir.'

Two old soakers, named Thompson and Rogers, wandered home late one night, stopping at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house Thompson rung the bell lustily, when a window was opened, and a lady inquired what was wanted.

"Madame," inquired Mr. T., "isn't this Mr. T-Thompson's house?"

"No," replied the lady: "this is the residence of Mr. Rogers."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, "Mrs T-Thompson—ceg you pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door and pick out Rogers, for Thompson wants to go home?"

A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that "one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin; and that, no doubt, the child had gone to heaven." Ah, sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy, and they are all strangers there."

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