Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1868. NO. 30.

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 evenable 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.

13-tf. W. H. HAMILTON.

Henry C. Kennard.
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR,
37 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 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.*

CERTIFICATES.

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 case 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 safe and 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 causes.*

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.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad, yet sweet, to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless field of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose dark soft eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the Spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April,
They followed every tear!
They have passed—like hopes—away,
And their loveliness has fled;
Oh, many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of Summer,
They have fallen with the stem;
Yet, oh, it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love
Grow to each loving breast
Like the tendril of the clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest.

And we can but think of these,
In the soft and gentle Spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming;
And we know that Winter's coming
With this cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!

Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment has been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post mortem* examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close room into the air, especially after speaking, and sudden, depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an evidence of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence, many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

Magnitude of London.

Its houses number more than 350,000, and its streets, if placed in line, would extend from Liverpool to New York, and are lighted at night by 360,000 gas lamps, consuming in every twenty-four hours about 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas. Of the water supply, 44,383,328 gallons per day. The traveling public sustain 5,000 cabs and 1,500 omnibuses, besides all other sorts of vehicles which human needs can require or human wit invent. Its hungry population devour in the course of every year 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, 35,000 pigs, 11,000,000 head of game, 3,000,000 salmon, and innumerable fish of other sorts, and consume 43,200,000 gallons of beer, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000,000 pipes of wine. As a consequence, 2,400 doctors find constant employment. London, finally, supports 852 churches, which are presided over by 930 divines of greater or less note.—*The Nation.*

A COLORED firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassment, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following notice: "De dissolution of copartnships heretofo resting twixt me and Moses Jones in the barber profession, am heretofo resolved. Pussons who ose must pay to the scriber; dem what de firm ose must call on Jones, as de firm is insolved."

MISERY loves company—so does marrageable young women.

From the Southern Home Journal.

Startling Narrative from Real Life.

BY ANNIE ROBERTS.

It was on a visit to Columbus, Mississippi. I had four or five friends there, school-mates of mine; for in those days, we Southerners used to form parties, and a number of us leave our homes, and go together to the far north to be educated. A great mistake I have since thought; for I have had occasion, often, to regret not having received instruction in my own State.

At the time of which I write, I was at the house of my most intimate friend, Sue Long.

She was lovely in disposition, not remarkably beautiful; but I never saw any one with so sweet a face.

Her skin was purely white, and her eyes a dark gray that many mistook for black, because of the long dark lashes veiling them.

She had always a beautiful color and looked healthy; yet, I don't know why, she never seemed strong to me.

At school, I have seen her tremble and grow pale at little incidents that scarcely affected me. That very nervous weakness so opposed to my strength of nerve, endeared her to me, and I came to watch over her as if she were a young sister.

I had been spending the winter with her, and it had been such a happy one.

One evening, she came into my room just as I was getting ready for a party; she held a note in her hand, and her face was so ghastly, that I thought she was ill. She seemed perfectly unnerved, and without a word dropped in a chair, near the bureau, where I was standing.

"Sue what *is* the matter?" I said, at last.

She put her hands to her face, and wept aloud; but calming herself she sobbed,

"Oh, Lucy, poor Lily is dead!"

I uttered an exclamation of horror, "It can't be, it can't be! We only saw her this morning, and she was perfectly well."

"Yes, but a few minutes after we left she was taken ill, and died about an hour ago. Read the note."

I took it an read a short statement of what she had told me.

We wept together, for Lily was our school-mate and dear friend.

She was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest men in Columbus; her disposition so kind and amiable, that was petted and caressed by all.

I had never lost a friend before, nor had Sue; and we felt this bereavement most terribly.

I put off my party dress with the saddest heart I had ever known, and later in the evening we went around to the house of mourning.

She had been laid out in the parlor, and there we went to look at her.

Two evenings before, we had danced on the spot where the still form of the dead now lay.

Sweet flower! cut off while you yet "budded new!"

She was the most life-like corpse I have ever seen. A smile rested on her countenance, and her skin still retained a slight roseate hue.

We sat up with her several nights.—On Friday she was to be buried; but her father's grief was so heart-rending, and she still remained so life-like, that at his earnest request she was kept some days longer.

At first we had many friends to share our nightly vigils; but the last night all were tired out, and only two others beside Sue and myself remained.

We were much fatigued and very sad; for the next day, Lily was to be consigned to the tomb, and we had hoped we hardly knew what.

The hours passed slowly. There were two parlors with folding-doors between them. They were handsomely furnished; the most luxurious velvet carpet, chairs, sofas, and mirrors of rare value. The body was in the front parlor, resting on a bier, in the middle of the room, lengthwise between one of the mirrors and the folding doors. On each side of this mirror were candles. We sat in the adjoining room, and several times during the night, two of us, together, went in and snuffed the candles.

About twelve o'clock this night, the other two girls complained of headache and lay down to get a little sleep, so only Sue and I were left.

Some hours afterwards, Sue said to me, weerily:

"I feel a perfect horror creeping over me. The sight of poor Lily inspires me with terror."

"Yes," I replied, "I feel wretchedly, too; but I attribute it to loss of sleep, and our long and tedious watch over our friend."

As Sue passed me to go into the next room to snuff the candles, she hesitated, as if about to ask me to accompany her.

Would that I had! But I was reclining in my chair, and, in a half-dreamy state, watched her as she unfolded the doors and entered the next room.

As I sat I could see everything. There were six candles, I think. She went from one to the other, leaving the two on the mirror-stand, at the head of the dead body, for the last.

She trembled so, that she could scarcely accomplish her task.

I saw her resolutely turn her head away as she approached the mirror; but as she stood in front of it, some feeling prompted her to glance up.

I was wide awake now, and I could see the reflection of her terror-stricken face, and—great God! The corpse was moving!

First one hand was raised, then fell; then the other; then one of the limbs, and the body became so convulsed, that the drapery covering it, fell to the floor.

Sue had seen it all in the glass, without a word, her face stony.

As the pall fell she tottered forward and fell over the body.

I uttered shriek after shriek, and soon the room was filled with friends and neighbors.

We did not think of Sue. I only said, "Lily! Lily! Save her! Save her!—She is alive!"

It was along time before the restoratives were effectual in arousing her from her trance. Her father knelt by her weeping and praying. Just as we were giving up in despair, he suddenly uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Look!"

The eye-lids quivered and opened, and the sweet mouth smiled. There was nothing to fear now; and the room echoed our rejoicing.

"Come, Sue, and see her," said one of the girls, going to the sofa, on which they had laid her when she was taken up so hastily.

"Sue! Sue!" she cried, in alarm, bending over her. "What is the matter?—Oh, come here and see! Look at her!"

Alas! our neglect of her fainting-fit had proved fatal.

In her weak, nervous state the startling fright had been too much for her, and I had regained one friend but to lose another, the most beloved I have ever known.

Lily is a matron now, living in Columbus still; and this incident is well remembered by the older inhabitants of this beautiful Southern town.

From the Cecil Democrat.

A THRILLING ROMANCE.
(In a Horn.)

BY SNOOKS, JR.

Tom Jones was in love!

Nothing singular in that, you say, for we all fall in love sometime during our sojourn in this "vale of tears," and if our love isn't returned, or a ferocious Dad introduces us to a door, we generally walk off and fall in love again.

"But how did Tom Jones come to fall in love?" some one asks. "Did he, whilst riding along a winding road, espy a beauteous maiden, with long golden hair playing upon a guitar beneath a shady grove?"

Not much, he didn't.

He went over to Jones' to borrow a horse-cart, though, and saw lovely Rebecca Jane playing on a wash-board in the back yard.

Did he say beauteous maiden where is thy paternal ancestor," and place his hand upon his heart and heave a sigh that was much suspender straining? and did she cast her eyes to the ground, blush to the roots of her eyebrows, and feebly articulate: "I am unable to state the exact position of my paternal progenitor at the present moment!"

Not a bit of it. But he walked into the back yard took a chew of "pig tail," spit at a cat's eyes, and said:

"Beck, where's the old man?" and she ceased her washing, and wiped her mouth with her apron, and replied in the following manner:

"Darned if I know!"

Thomas parted with his palpitating organ on that day. He had went and gone and done it. Yes, after he had looked upon these female girl, and seen how quick she could wash a pillow case and other things, he threw himself away on her at once. He thought he'd like to kiss her for her Ma', but he was afraid there was too much soap-suds in the vicinity.

Rebecca Jane came to him in his dreams. So he thought, but when he awoke he found his arms around a large sized pillow. Then Thomas said "darn it!" and we don't blame him. We were in the same fix once, and we used more expressive language than that which Thomas used, 'cause we felt bad. Guess we did, now!

This state of things bothered Thomas to a great extent. It went against the grain and like a sensible fellow he concluded to change things a few. In fact he made up his mind to ask Rebecca Jane to wedlock with him. He came to this conclusion one cold night, near the tail of December, whilst lying in bed with nothing visible outside the blankets but his nose, which was a "Grecian—bender!" Thomas felt that a loving companion wouldn't go bad at that time therefore as we have concluded to ask Rebecca Jane to share his joys, his sorrows, and his fine tooth comb.

After making up his mind that he'd do this on the following day, Thomas fell asleep and commenced to snore.

When the next day arrived, did he array himself in gay attire, wend his way to the window of the fair one's "state room," and sing:

"Come forth fair maiden, I'm waiting for thee!"

Not if he knew himself, he didn't.

He walked straight over to Jones' though, and found the beauteous female scouring knives with brick-dust

Then did he say, "fairest of the fair, extract of thy sex, and radiant star of my existence, here on my knees I implore thee to bid me hope that we may walk down life's sunny stream hand in hand—ah!"

Guess he didn't, now!

But he said, "Beck, less go down to old Stickemtight's and git spliced,"

Yes, that is what the cuss remarked.

Then did she blush, and sigh much hard, fall on his manly bosom, and articulate in a feeble whisper:

"Thomas, I refer thee to my authors."

You bet she didn't.

But she laid down her knife she had been scouring, and said: "if you're on the hitch, young man, you can just count me in!"

Thomas counted her in, and prepared for the occasion. 'Twould be a grand thing Thomas thought, and Thomas was right, rather.

When the wedding day arrived, did he get himself up "regardles expense" and drive forth in a coach and four" to the beauteous girl awaiting him!

Narry coach!

He just dressed himself in a pair of steel mixed" pants, made for the occasion by his grandmother's aunt, a coat with the same disease, and a pair of No. 11 boots. Then he walked to Jones'

Thomas was some on the walk—he'd rather walk than ride—particularly when he had no horse. When he reached his destination Rebecca had put on her best calico, and was "ready." Stickemtight then stood them up together and commenced to wedlock 'em. Reader, if you've ever been married you know how 'tis done, and if you haven't, go get married and learn.

When Stickemtight asked if there was anyone around who didn't wan't these two goslings to wedlock, and if so for them to "come forth and say what they had to say, or else forever hold their tongues," no one come forth. Nobody had any objections.

No, sir; not one ob, had anybody!

So these two loving young cusses were hooked together, and their honeymoon commenced.

"Did they live joyful?" you ask "was their life as happy as a lemon pie?"

Not much, I guess; for those loving bride thrashed those young husband with the broomstick before the first quarter of the honeymoon was over.

Then Thomas concluded that he was too much married. He felt that he had gone and done the wrong thing.

"Did he then hang himself, or put himself outside of much poison, like they do in their novels?" you inquire.

No, he just didn't!

"Did he then throw himself into the 'roaring deep,' with an ox cart tied to his neck, and rise no more?"

No, he didn't do that!

"Then did he cut his throat, or run for Congress on the Republican ticket?"

No, sir; not for Thomas." He wasn't mean enough to do either of these things.

"Then what did he do?" you ask.

Well, he just packed up his carpet-bag and went down South to look at "Virginia lands." He hasn't returned yet; and, reader, betwixt you and I and a gate post, I don't believe he ever will!

Carelessness in Correspondence.

The carlessness of people in business and other correspondence is shown in some facts regarding the dead letter office furnished by a writer in Hours at Home.—Fifteen or twenty men are employed in that establishment opening and disposing of letters. During the past year 35,000 letters, inclosing $182,234, were received, and nearly 28,000 of them, containing $14,620, were restored to their owners. But besides these money letters there were 21,000 dead letters, containing bills of exchange and other valuable matter, appraised at over $5,000,000; over 49,000 containing photographs, jewelry, &c., and 79,000 containing stamps and articles of small value. In every case where proper date and signature were given, letters of value have been returned to their writers; so it will be seen that all that is necessary to secure the safety of such letters, if not called for at the place were sent, is to attend to these apparently minor particulars.

Times Does It.

Time has a wonderful power is taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man first emerges from the school and enters upon the career of life it is painfully amusing to witness his self sufficency—he would have all the world to understand that he has "learned out"—that he is master of all knowledge and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older he grows wiser, he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches to three-score year, he is prepared to adopt as his own the sentiment of John Wesley. "When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things, as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man.

A father with a handsome son and a plain daughter gave them this good advice: "I would have you both look in the glass every day; you; my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonor the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person by the superior lustre of your virtuous and amiable conduct.

☞ Mr. Fuller, a Methodist preacher, found it necessary to eke out a scanty living by selling books. He called on a lady in a parish where he once labored. As he announced his errand, the lady expressed her horrow and surprise.

"What! Mr. Fuller, I thought you labored for souls, and not for money."

"Fuller replied:

A minister cannot live on souls, and if he could he'd soon depopulate such a region at this.

Josh Billings expresses our views on the subject of authographs precisely. He thus replies to an anxious correspondent who asked for his authograph: "We never furnish ortograffs in less quantities than by the pagis. It is a bizness that great men have got into, but it don't strike us az being profitable nor amusing. We furnished a near, a very dear friend, our ortograff, a few days ago, for 90 days, and it kost me $275 tew get it back.—We went out of the bizness then, and have not hankered for it sinse."

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