The Morristown Gazette.
PUBLISHED BY
L. P. & G. E. SPECK.
TERMS:
$2 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

VOL. VII—No. 17. MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1873. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

ADVERTISING RATES.
One square, (ten lines, or less,) for first insertion One Dollar, each subsequent insertion Fifty cents.
A liberal discount from the above rate will be made to yearly advertisers.
Obituaries of over ten lines will be charged as advertisements.
All bills due upon first insertion of advertisement, unless otherwise contracted for.
All announcements of candidates must be paid for in advance.
JOB WORK must be paid for on delivery.

Miscellaneous Advertisements

ESTABLISHED 1855.

J. O. MATHEWSON,
PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AUGUSTA, GA.
may18-1y.

C. K. LIDE
WITH
WILSON, BURNS & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants,
30 South Howard Street, corner of Lombard,
BALTIMORE.
WE Keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries, suitable for the Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce, such as Cotton, Feathers, Ginseng, Beeswax, Wool, Dried Fruit, Fur Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention. [ma27.

J. COOTER. W. VAN HUSS. J. VAN HUSS.
COOTER & Co.
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
Chucky Bend, Hamblen County, Tenn.
PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
SALT ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND. [jy8-1y

F. L. DAVIES & BRO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds
AND
Sterling Silver-ware,
CORNER CHURCH AND SUMMER ST.
NASHVILLE, TENN.
nov20-1y.

Mrs. A. P. Flynn,
At the Turley House,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
KEEPS Constantly on hand the Latest and most Fashionable Styles of
Millinery and Straw Goods,
BONNET, TRIMMING AND VELVET RIBBONS,
Bonnet Silks, Satins and Velvets,
Blonds, Netts, Crapes, Ruches, Flowers, Feathers, Ornaments,
Straw Bonnets AND Ladies' Hats
TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED

MRS. A. J. DONALDSON. MRS. E. I. HAYNIE.
DONALDSON & HAYNIE,
Dressmakers & Milliners,
MAIN STREET,
(First door west of the Steam Mill,)
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
WOULD Respectfully announce to the Ladies of Morristown and vicinity that they have opened an establishment for the purpose of carrying on the
Millinery and Dressmaking Business
In all its branches, and solicit a share of their patronage, pledging our best efforts to render entire satisfaction. [oct9.

E. F. ESPERANDIEU. F. ESPERANDIEU.
ESPERANDIEU & CO.,
Cigar Manufacturers,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
Prompt attention paid to Orders, and satisfaction guaranteed as to quality of goods and prices. Our Cigars can be purchased, at manufacturer's prices, from Dr. G. T. Magee, Morristown.

J. H. COULTER. J. W. BROWDER
COULTER & BROWDER,
MAIN STREET, - - - - MORRISTOWN, TENN.
DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Paints,
Oils, Varnishes, Dyestuffs,
Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods
AND, IN FACT,
Everything usually kept in a Retail Drug Store.
Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. sept1,

HENRY WALKER,
THE OLD, RELIABLE AND "PERMANENT"
Barber,
CONTINUES to "hold forth" at his old stand on Cumberland Street, near the Railroad, where he will be pleased to see and wait upon all of his old customers, and as many new ones as may feel inclined to patronize him.

Lewis & Jackson,
[SUCCESSORS TO EVANS & LEWIS,]
DEALERS IN
Boots, Shoes,
HATS, CAPS,
Furs, Trunks, Traveling Bags,
UMBRELLAS,
FURNISHING GOODS, &c.
No 52 Gay Street,
DUFF LEWIS, A. G. JACKSON, } Knoxville, Tenn.

Ben. F. Mitchell,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
Morristown, Tenn.
PROPOSES to the citizens of this community to contract for the work of every description of Buildings, upon the most favorable terms. Parties who contemplate the erection of houses would do well to call on him. He is prepared to furnish all the necessary material for buildings, upon such terms that cannot fail to be to the advantage of the person building. Those who doubt this, can be satisfied of its truth by consulting the undersigned. oct14-1y.] B. F. MITCHELL.

A. J. COOLEY,
Carpenter and Builder,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
OWING to Mr. Cook's bad health, and his wish to attend the Springs this summer, Cooley & Cook have dissolved partnership by mutual consent. I wish to say through your paper that the "old man" Cooley is here, has a good run of work, and a considerable amount on hands, and still solicits the patronage of his friends and the public generally. I wish to hire THREE or FOUR
Journeymen Carpenters,
Good workmen—no other kind need apply—but the above can get the best wages paid in Morristown.
A. J. COOLEY.
mch19.

DON'T SEND AWAY FROM HOME TO HAVE Your Job Printing done. The GAZETTE Office is prepared to do any and all kinds at low figures.

New Advertisements.

SPRING
COWAN, McCLUNG & CO.,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
Are now offering to the trade the largest and most desirable stock of
DRY GOODS
—AND—
NOTIONS
Ever brought to the Southern country.

Cowan, McClung & Co.
HAVE RECEIVED
Direct from the Manufacturers an immense stock of
BOOTS & SHOES
MADE TO ORDER,
Of the best material, and as their very large purchases secure to them extremely low figures, they are enabled to guarantee their prices against any market in the United States.

COWAN, M'CLUNG & CO.,
Have the Handsomest line of
HATS,
Including Ladies' Trimmed Goods,
They ever purchased, and at lower prices.

COWAN, M'CLUNG & CO.
HAVE IN STORE A FRESH STOCK OF
ClothinG,
Adapted to the season.

COWAN, McCLUNG & CO.
Are in receipt of full lines of
Hardware and Cutlery.

COWAN, M'CLUNG & CO.
Also have a special department of
QUEENSWARE,
GLASSWARE
AND
GROCERIES.

COWAN, M'CLUNG & CO.
ONLY SELL TO
MERCHANTS.

1873.

The Type Upon Which
THIS PAPER
IS PRINTED
WAS CAST AT THE
RICHMOND TYPE FOUNDRY,
1200 & 1208 Franklin Street.
H. L. Pelouze & Co.
MOULDERS PATTERN LETTERS
Always on Hand.

B. C. JACKSON, Pres't. F. H. McCLUNG, Vice-Pres't. J. W. LILLARD, Cashier.
East Tennessee National Bank
OF KNOXVILLE,
(The only National Bank Between Salem, Va., and Cleveland, Tenn.,)
Designated Depository of the United States
AND SUCCESSORS TO
First National Bank of Knoxville.
Stockholders:
Jos. R. Anderson, Bristol
Rob't Love, Johnson City,
J. H. Earnest, Rheatown.
F. W. Taylor, sr., Russellville.
R. M. Barton, Morristown.
Wm. Brazeilton, New Market,
Wm. Harris, Dandridge.
Geo. A. Fain, "
J. E. Rahl, Cleveland.
H. H. Matlock, Riceville.
N. Bogart, Philadelphia.
J. A. Rayl, Knoxville.
Joseph Jaques, "
F. H. McClung, "
Sam McKinney, "
S. R. Boyd, "
W. W. Woodruff, "
J. W. Lillard, "
Julia Jackson, "
R. C. Jackson, "
RECEIVES Deposits, Buys and Sells Exchange, Foreign and Domestic, deals in Gold, Silver, Uncurrent Bank Notes, United States, State, County and Corporation Bonds and Coupons, and will do a General Collecting and Banking Business throughout the United States. [feb19-1y.

W. M. WILMETH,
MAIN STREET, MORRISTOWN, TENN.
Has opened a complete stock of
Family Groceries,
Which he offers cheap for Cash.
He will pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce.
Also, keeps a good stock of Staple Goods, such as Heavy Domestics, Shoes, Prints, Fancy Goods.
This is the place where you can always find something good to eat. [je19-1y.

H. HUDGINS,
Fashionable Barber,
NEAR THE DEPOT,
Morristown, Tenn.
MY Shop is fitted up in good style, and I offer accommodations equal to the best. I return thanks to my friends and the public for their patronage in the past, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. [feb5-tf.

Wanted.
A GOOD COOPER TO MAKE ONE THOUSAND Barrels, for which we will pay cash; but prefer selling 60 acres of land, well timbered, 1½ miles from Holston river; all tillable, and for which we will take the making of 1000 barrels in payment, and we furnish the hoop iron. Address
E. O. TATE,
may28] Bean's Station, Tenn.

Miscellaneous Advertisements

TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR
For over FORTY YEARS this
PURELY VEGETABLE.
LIVER MEDICINE has proved to be the
GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC
for LIVER COMPLAINT and its painful offspring DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, CHILLS AND FEVER, &c., &c
After years of careful experiments, to meet a great and urgent demand, we now produce from our original GENUINE POWDERS
THE PREPARED.
a Liquid form of SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, containing all its wonderful and valuable properties, and offer it in
ONE DOLLAR BOTTLES.
The Powders, (price as before,) . $1.00 per package.
Sent by mail. 1.04
CAUTION.
Buy no Powders or PREPARED SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR unless in our engraved wrapper, with Trade mark, Stamp and Signature unbroken. None other is genuine.
J. H ZEILIN & CO.,
MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY. DENTISTRY.
THOS. J. SPECK, D. D. S.
OFFICES:
Rogersville, Tenn., from 1st to 15th of each month.
Morristown, from 15th to last of each month.
TERMS--Cash or its equivalent

G. T. MAGEE,
Sugeon and Physician,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
Will give special attention to the
TREATMENT OF DISEASES OF WOMEN.

WILL. S. DICKSON. M'KINNEY BARTON.
DICKSON & BARTON,
Attorneys at Law,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
WILL Practice in all the Courts of upper East Tennessee. Prompt and special attention given to collections.
REFERENCES BY PERMISSION—Rob't McFarland, R. M. Barton, sr., D. Morris, Wm. Fulton, R. J. Kidwell, Earnest & Briscoe, Pence & Lyle, Dr. G. T. Magee, Morristown, Tenn.; J. A. Rayl, Knoxville, Tenn.; Wm. H. Moffett, New Market, Tenn.; H. Baker, Greeneville, Tenn.; Davis & McFarland, Bristol, Tenn. (feb19-1y.

T. T. CARSON,
DENTIST.
HAVING Permanently located in Morristown, respectfully offers his services to the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms liberal.
☞ Office over Folsom & Taylor's Store. [dec11

JAMES P. EVANS,
Attorney at Law,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
Will practice in all the courts of East Tennessee, where the FEE will justify. Prompt attention will be given to collections.

A. H. PETTIBONE,
Attorney at Law,
GREENEVILLE, TENN.
Will practice in the courts of the First Judicial Circuit and the Supreme Court at Knoxville. Will also give prompt attention to the collection of all kinds of claims and debts.

Hotel Cards.

TURLEY HOUSE
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,)
Morristown, Tenn.
T. C. Cain, Proprietor.
THE TURLEY HOUSE IS "FIRST-CLASS" In all departments, with large, comfortable and well-furnished rooms, while the Table is supplied with the best fare of the country.
☞ A well-stocked LIVERY STABLE is kept in connection with the Turley House. [jan8.

STOP AT THE
Virginia House,
Main Street, Morristown, Tenn.,
J. M. DICKINSON, PROPRIETOR.
LOCATED in the Business Centre of town, and but a few steps in rear of the Depot. Connected with the VIRGINIA HOUSE is a good Livery and Sale Stable, and parties can be furnished with horses, buggies, hacks, etc., at reasonable prices.
Low Charges, Good Fare and Careful Attention
DAILY LINE TO TATE'S SPRING.
Baggage carried from and to the Depot free of charge.

Franklin House,
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,
Main Street, Knoxville, Tenn.
WM. SMITH, PROPRIETOR.

Battle House,
(FORMERLY STACEY HOUSE,)
Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.
M. B. WINBOURN, PROPRIETOR.
J. T. BLAND AND W. S. WINBOURN, CLERKS.
THE Battle House is most conveniently located to all the Depots, the Capitol, and to the business portion of the city.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
Corner of 8th and Church Streets,
LYNCHBURG, VA.
L. W. SCOVILLE & CO., PROPRIETORS.
Omnibus to and from Depots, Free

Poetry.

Kiss me Good Night.

A little girl said to her mother, as she gave her a good night kiss, "I wish you would kiss me always, mother, the very last thing at night. I am happier in my sleep when you kiss me, and I think I rest better."

"Dear mother, when my prayer is said,
Before you take the light,
Oh! lean your head so closely down,
And always kiss good night!
For I am happier in my dreams,
And sleep in sweeter rest,
If I have laid my lips to thine,
And thine to mine are pressed.

"One kiss, dear mother, for the love
My heart keeps warm for thee;
And one for all the tenderness
Thy sweet eyes look to me.
Kiss me forgiveness of my wrongs,
Kiss me with hope and prayer,
That I shall be a better child,
And more reward thy care.

"Kiss me for some poor orphan child,
To whom no kiss is given;
And next for all the happy ones,
And then for one in heaven.
Kiss me for everything I love,
The beautiful and bright;
Sweet mother, kiss me for thyself
Once more, and now good night."

Miscellaneous.

The Wrong Picture.

"A pretty face—a very pretty face, indeed!"

I turned the little photograph upside down, held it at arm's length, and scrutinized it closely with my eye-glasses.

Henry Wallis looked pleased, a man naturally likes to have his affianced duly admired and appreciated.

"So this is the Bessie Armitage I have heard so much of; really, Wallis, she does credit to your taste. A blonde, I suppose?"

"Fair as a lilly, with blue eyes and the sunniest golden hair!"

"Ah! well, I must say I prefer the brunette style so far as my taste goes; but then, fancies differ, you know."

It was all very well for Henry Wallis to go into ecstacies about this pallid, fairhaired little Bessie Armitage; he had never met the glance of Cecilia Vernon's magnificent dark eyes. What did he know about the true type of feminine beauty?

"As you say, fancies differ," Wallis returned lightly. "But I wish you would select a handsome frame for it when you go to town next—blue velvet, with a gold rim on the margin, or some such tasteful arrangement."

"I'll see to it," I said, depositing the picture in the envelope and turning it to my inside breast pocket.

"You'll be very careful of it?"

"Careful! Of course I shall."

I smiled a little loftily at Wallis' solicitude, and we parted.

After all, Henry Wallis was better off than I was, for he was securely engaged to the dimpled, yellow tressed little object of his affections; while I was yet, as it were, in outer darkness, uncertain whether my peerless Cecilia returned my devotion, or whether she secretly inclined toward that fellow, Fitzhugh Trefoil. A score of times I had resolved to settle the question; a score of times I had gone to the Vernons' house with the very formula of declaration on my lips, and as often had the words died away unspoken.

If fate had only gifted me with one-thousandth part of Fitzhugh Trefoil's off-hand audacity! I don't think any thing short of the deluge could check that fellow's cool self-possession; an earthquake would not.

However, love inspires the feeblest heart with a sort of courage, and I was a new man since Miss Vernon had smiled upon me. What was the use of doubting? Why not decide my fate at once? Henry Wallis' serene content exercised a stimulating influence upon me. I would fain have been even as he was.

"There is no sense in procrastinating matters any further," I said half aloud, as I walked up and down the limited domains of my law office.—"I have been a doubting fool quite long enough."

I'm afraid I wasn't a very amiable member of the domestic circle that afternoon.

"I think Paul is growing crosser every day," said my sister, shrugging her plump little shoulders.—"Mamma I wish you'd speak to him."

But my mother, bless her wise soul, knew better than that. She only looked at me over the rims of her spectacles, and went on darning stockings.

"Paul is worried with business matters, I suppose," she said, apologetically. "Paul will do well enough, if you only let him alone."

I went up to my room after dinner and made an elaborate toilet; but all the pains I bestowed upon it served only to heighten the general effect of awkwardness.

"I've two minds to wait till to-morrow," quoth I to myself, abruptly stopping, with my cravat half tied.

No, I might be a coward, but I was not such a poltroon as that. I had begun the enterprise, and I would carry it through. Moreover, I had an inspiration. An entirely new and original method of putting the momentous query had occurred to me.

"Hang Fitzhugh Trefoil!" I exclaimed gleefully, half aloud, though there was no ear to hear my ejaculation. "I'll win the dark-eyed treasure yet, in spite of him."

I opened my writing-case, and carefully took out a little carte de visite wrapped in tissue paper, and tenderly laid it away with a pink silk perfumed satchel that Minnie had made for me once. It was Cecilia's picture; she had allowed me to steal it away from her, with scarcely a remonstrance, a week before. Then was the time I ought to have proposed; but, like the timorous doubting moon-calf that I was, I had let the golden tide of opportunity slip away from me.

I drew Bessie Armitage's vacant, doll like face from its envelope, and compared the two with a thrill of triumph in my heart.

"Colorless water beside crimson, sparkling champagne! a pale violet in the shadow of a royal rose! pearls eclipsed by the fiery flash of diamonds!" I exclaimed. "Henry Wallis' taste may be correct and classical but give me my radiant brunette! These bleached-out beauties don't correspond with my ideal of perfection."

It was a lovely spring evening as I entered the white graveled path that led up to the broad porch of the old-fashioned Vernon mansion. Squire Vernon sat there smoking his meerschaum.

"Won't you sit down and have a smoke?" he demanded hospitably. "Its a real luxury to be able to take a whiff out of doors, after being shut up in the house all winter. Or may be you'd prefer going in to see Cecil?"

Sensible old gentleman! he had not forgotten his own young days. I intimated that the special object of my visit had been to "see Cecil."

"Well, she is in the parlor, all by herself," said the Squire, good humoredly. "Walk in—walk in."

Cecilia Vernon was sitting in the parlor alone, as her father had said, the bright center of a cheerful circle of lamp light. A bit of crochet work was lying in her lap, and an open volume of poems—poems I had sent her—was on the table.

Cecilia Vernon was always fair to look upon in my sight; to-night, however, she seemed more than ordinarily beautiful.

I sat down, and began hesitatingly upon the never failing topic of the weather. A proposal had seemed the easiest thing in the world as I walked along the dewy edges of the peaceful, star-lighted road, contemplating it from afar-off; but now that I was facing it, Alps upon Alps of difficulty and perplexity seemed to surround its accomplishment. I would have given all that I was worth to postpone the evil day but twenty-four hours—all but my self respect, and that was imperiled now.

Cecilia tried to keep the ball of conversation in motion; she introduced her subjects, asked leading questions, and feigned deep interest in the most abstruse of topics. But even Cecilia couldn't talk on forever, and presently with a little sigh of despair, she subsided into silence.

Now was the eventful moment of my destiny.

"Cecilia!" I said softly.

She raised the liquid brown eyes to mine.

"I want to confide in you to-night—have I your permission to speak?"

"Certainly, Mr. Markham."

"I am very much in love, Cecilia; in fact, my heart has long ago gone out of my own possession into that of—"

I stopped with the fatal husky feeling in my throat. Cecilia was blushing divinely! I drew my chair close to her's with the sensation of a man who has just pulled the string of a cold shower bath.

"Who is the lady?" faltered Cecilia; as if she did not know perfectly well already.

"Shall I show you her picture, Cecilia?"

Miss Vernon inclined her head almost to the level of my shoulder, to look at the little carte de visite I drew from my pocket. I skillfully stole one arm around her waist.

"See, dearest!"

But, to my horror and dismay, she snatched her hand from my clasp, sprang up, and started away, like some fair evening goddess!

"How dare you insult me thus, Mr. Markham?"

"Cecilia! how—what?"

"Don't presume to call me Cecilia, sir?" sobbed the indignant girl, bursting into tears, and sweeping from the room.

I sat like one palsied. What had I done? Why was the gracious mood of my enchantress thus suddenly transformed to gall and bitterness? Surely she would presently return and apologize for her capricious exit? But she did not return; and after waiting long in vain, I sneaked out of a side door, and crept dejectedly home, my heart, burning with wonder and resentment. I had no mind to meet the assembled family group; so I admitted myself with the latch key, and stole noiselessly up stairs, where my lamp still burned—the lamp I had lighted with such high and bounding hopes!

I threw off my coat viciously; as I did so the forgotton carte de visite dropped from my pocket. I stopped to pick it up. It was the portrait of Bessie Armitage! And there on the mantle, where in my heedless haste I had left it, was the divine countenance of my queen, Cecilia!

I had shown her the wrong photograph!

All was clear now! Her indignation and resentment—the whole tangled web of mystery—was unraveled now; I caught up my hat to rush back to her, but at that moment the clock struck eleven!

It was too late now. All apology and explanation must be deferred until the morrow. And with a discontented spirit I sought my couch.

Early the next morning I walked over to the old Vernon mansion; but, expeditious as I was, Trefoil had been there before me. I met him coming whistling down the walk as self-possessed as ever.

"Good-morning!" I said briefly, endeavoring to pass him; but he detained me.

"Congratulate me, my dear fellow! I am the happiest man in the world. Cecilia Vernon has just promised to be my wife!"

I stared blankly at him, and with one or two unintelligible murmurs, turned round short and walked home again. My rival had improved the propitious opportunity, and caught Cecilia's heart in the rebound!

Well—so goes the world, and I am a bachelor yet. There is but one Cecilia, and she, alas! is married to Fitzhugh Trefoil!

Served Right.

A man in La Crosse, Wis., has been married only six months, has applied for a divorce on the ground of the cruel and inhuman treatment which he receives from his wife. He evidently does not understand the situation. A husband who persists in keeping his wife in a frozen region, where there is winter thirteen months in the year, must not become discouraged if she kicks him once or twice a day to keep her blood in circulation.

When that military commission hangs Captain Jack, they ought to string up at least one of his squaws in order to carry out the parallel suggested by Attorney-General Williams. A government officer who would refer to the commission that hung Mrs. Surratt as authority, ought to be presented with a rope and commended to retire.

A young man in Lancaster sent off his first postal card last week. After writing a message on the card, he enclosed it in an envelope, put on a three cent stamp and dropped it in the postoffice, remarking that it was a very handy arrangement, and should have been introduced years ago.

"You ought to let me pass here free of charge, considering the benvolent nature of my profession," said a physician to a toll-gate keeper. "Not so," was the reply, "you send too many *dead heads* through here now." The doctor didn't stop to argue the point, but paid his toll and passed on.

The murderer Lusignani, lately hung in New Jersey, had some native wit, if he did part his hair in the middle. Just before he was led out to execution one of the priests said: "I would willingly be in your place, you will be in heaven soon." "Well, take my place," said the prisoner; "I will get under the bed."

A tin wedding was lately observed after a rather unusual manner. The wife eloped with a young fellow, taking with her all the "tin" she had saved in ten years. The discovery of her absence closed the festivites.

A chap given to statistics estimated that over two thousand toes were frozen during the last winter by young ladies keeping their beaux lingering at the gate, instead of asking them into the parlor.

The soil in Nebraska froze to the depth of eight feet. The potato bug—oh! where was he? He was nine feet down, and is now coming out gay and lively.

Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are principally remembered for the mischief they have done.

Too Much Dosing.

Unless the directions of the doctor are aided by the prudence of the patient, the doctor is simply required to perform miracles. This is the burden of a recent essay giving attention to the old subject of overdosing. If the medicine he gives is counteracted by the carelessness of the patient, he may try the whole round of remedies, and consult the skill of a host of doctors, and, at the end, reach the experience of the unfortunate mentioned in the good book, who "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse." Of all professions the doctors are the least "masters of the situation."—So much depends on the persons prescribed for, and so much blame is thrown on the practitioner for what is simply the fault of the person he is vainly endeavoring to relieve, that the more patients the doctor has the more he stands in need of patience. And not unfrequently the doctor is summoned to give "a dose of something," when he finds that "abstinence," air, exercise, either or all three, answers a great deal better.—The consolation to the faculty is, that fancied invalids furnish the most lucrative practice. Even that consideration does not always compensate the doctor. "How are you?" said a friend to an eminent physician of this city, as he stepped from his carriage. "Half crazed with neuralgia," said the brusque doctor, "and wholly sick with listening to the whims and whinings of people who are in better health than I am!" "Why don't you prescribe for yourself, then!" "Pshaw!" growled the doctor, as he ran up his steps. He knew that he really needed rest more than any physic, but he could not take it. Yet, if he had prescribed so simple a thing to some of his patients, he would have run the risk of offending their sensibilities.

Common sense is abating in some degree the evil of overdosing.—Within the memory of men not old, the physician's precriptions were as wholesale then compared to retail now. For centuries from the time of the tyrant Nero down to that of the Venitian Doges, a nostrum was compounded of some seventy ingredients, and considered to be "the sovereignest" thing on earth. During the present century even it has been prepared and prescribed as "Venice Treacle," or Theriaca, and some old-time pharmaceutists will now put it up to order. It was but an exaggerated type of certain features of old practice. Happily it has gone out of date; but unhappily there are some hypochondriacs who will, on their own responsibility, toss the full tale of seventy irritants into their stomachs, and let the compounding be done there in the dark, which was once done in the presence of magistrates with all form and ceremony.

Good physicians are among the benefactors of mankind, and the evil complained of is, not that they are consulted but that their advice and directions are not properly heeded. They are as ready to suggest prevention as to attempt cures and where their sensible warnings are heeded, the need of drugs is prevented. They recognize, moreover, the valuable services of woman in the nursery and the sick chamber; for woman is by her very nature a physician of the best order, understanding the wonderful value of quiet and cheerfulness. She seems to have an intuitive knowledge of what is helpful and hopeful, and the education of those who "feel their vocation" as physicians, and especially as nurses, is among the most desirable of methods to relieve humanity of its sorrows.

Hurrying Matters Through.

A man and woman were married down in Georgia the other day, who got drunk before dinner, fought in the afternoon and slept in the guard-house at night. Can this be regarded as a bridal trip?

Richmond, Va., boasts of a stove in the hall of its capitol, which was made in England, sent to Richmond in 1770, and warmed the house of burgesses for sixty years before it was removed to its present location, where it has been for thirty years.

When a wife in Turkey forgets to keep the suspender buttons sewed on her husband's trowsers, she is patted on the back for half an hour with a pine board half an inch thick.

A Montana paper reports that the servant girls of Helena have struck for sixty-six dollars a month, two silk dresses and the privilege of the parlor every Sunday.

We see it stated that Hon. Jefferson Davis is engaged in writing a book on the war of the "Rebellion."

A drunken Toledo man wrote on the wall of his cell: "Jug not, that ye be not jugged."

A Parting, a Meeting, and a Wedding.

Ten years ago Maurice H. Christie journeyed from England to America, and found employment in Lord & Taylor's. After five years' faithful service, on recommendation of that firm, he began travelling for White, Ross & Co.; with whom he remains. Before he visited this country he fell in love with a blue-eyed maid of tewlve years, and on parting, the two bound themselves with solemn vows to become man and wife. Maurice did not hear from her during the ten years' absence. He worked hard and laid up a snug little fortune. Last Saturday a friend told him that a young English woman was in the Stacy House whose name was Carrie Linyard. Maurice hastened, and found his betrothed of ten years ago a beautiful, accomplished young lady. Her aged father was with her. The old vows were repeated. Each had written to the other, but the letters did not reach their destination. With the father's approval they were married that night, and they now live in Montgomery street, Jersey city, as happy as two bees in a tube rose.

Reorganizing His Wife.

"I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once," confessed Artemus Ward. "I shall never attempt to do it again. I'd been to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's health; and wishing to make 'em as robust as possible, I continued drinkin' their health until my own was affected. Consekence I presented myself to Betsy's bedchamber late at night with considerable liquor concealed about my person. I had somehow got possession of a hoss-whip on my way home, and rememberin' some cranky observation of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin,' I snapped the whip putty lively and in a very loud voice I said: 'Betsy, you need reorganizin;' I continued, crackin' the whip over the bed, 'I have come to reorganize you.' I dreamed that nite somebody had laid a hoss-whip across me several times—and when I woke up I found she had. I haint drank much of anything since, and if I ever have another reorganizing job on hand, I shall let it out."

The spring of 1873, says the New York *Bulletin*, will be remembered by the importers of dry goods as one in which they did their business for little less than nothing. Although the importations have been less than last year, yet a very large amount of goods were carried over from 1872, so that, on the whole, the stocks were quite large; and, in the absence of any healthy demand, the importers have had to sell a large portion of their goods at ruinous losses, while the proportion on which they have made extra profits has been too small to constitute any offset of importance. Take, for instance, the article of silks. The importations, for the first five months of the year, amounted to only $14,000,000 against $18,400,000 for the same time of 1872; yet so depressed has the market been, that it has been found impossible to fully market this comparatively moderate importation, and now, at the close of the season, we find a large jobbing house buying out the stocks of importers and re-exporting them to Europe at at profit.

The Secret of Life.

I owe my success in life to one fact: At the age of twenty-seven I commenced and continued for years, the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulse that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let no day pass without exercising the power of speech. There is no power like oratory. Cæsar controled men by exciting their tears. Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one died with the author; that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*

Jedediah Burchard, once preaching a revival sermon, was interrupted by the entrance of Aaron Burr. "Here comes one," said the revivalist "against whom even I will testify in the day of judgment." "Yes sir," said Burr, "in fifty years of criminal practice, I have always found that the greatest rascals turn State's evidence."

A San Francisco girl washed all day, made a supper off twelve boiled eggs, and then danced all night. The funeral procession was brief, on account of the epizootic.