THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 10. In Preserving Our Union, Let Us be Careful to Preserve also Our Civil Liberties. TERMS—$1.50 IN ADVANCE

WESTMINSTER MD. THURSDAY JANUARY 31 1867.

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE,

Jno. B. Ems, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 3 Carroll Hall.

The Advocate is published every THURSDAY MORNING, and furnished to Subscribers at

$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

If not paid in advance Two Dollars will be charged. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at our own option.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square, 3 insertions, $1; each subsequent insertion 25 cents; 1 square three months $3.50, six months $5. Business Cards of ten lines, or less, per annum, $8. Merchants and other business men, including the paper,

One fourth of a column, per year,	$15.00
Half a column, "	25.00
One column, "	40.00

HAND BILLS.

At the rate of a Sheet, for 25, $1.50, for 100 $2.00.
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Valuable Farm at Private Sale.

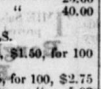
THE subscriber, finding it inconvenient to manage his two farms, offers at Private Sale his FARM, adjoining the one on which he resides, in Taneytown District, Carroll county, Md., about 4 miles S. W. of Taneytown on the road leading from said Town to Frederick by Double Pipe Creek, containing about

190 ACRES OF LAND.

This land is of good quality, and produces well—equal to any in the neighborhood—and has been well limed over, most of it twice within a few years. There are about 40 ACRES OF WOODLAND, of good thriving timber, mostly Oak and Walnut.—Also a sufficient quantity of Meadow.

The Improvements consist of a good substantial STONE DWELLING

HOUSE,



52 by 32 feet, with large fine rooms, and two excellent Cellars; a good BANK BARN 68 by 41 feet; Smoke House, Stone Dairy over a never failing Spring of good water; Carriage House; Wagon Shed; Corn Crib; Granary &c. This farm is under good fencing, has a good bearing

Orchard of the Finest Fruit;

has the advantage of water in every field; and Piney Creek flows through the place.

It is situated in a good neighborhood, near to Mills, Schools and Churches; and about 3 miles from the line of the Western Maryland Railroad, as proposed to be extended.

Terms liberal, and made to suit purchasers.

Address the subscriber, at Taneytown P. O. Carroll county Md.

sep6-tf WILLIAM SHAW.

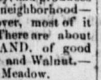
PRIVATE SALE.

I OFFER at private sale, a FARM of

115 ACRES OF LAND

more or less, situated in Carroll county, adjoining J. W. Buchlaugh's Mill property and the lands of Jacob Bankerd and Andrew Reese, and within half a mile of Cranberry Station, Western Md. Railroad. A large proportion of it is first-rate TIMBER LAND, and is well watered and under good fencing. It is improved with a large LOG

Dwelling House



and Back Building, Stabling &c. It will be sold in parcels to suit purchasers, if desired; the parcel including the buildings to have 50 or 60 acres.

Terms moderate.

RICHARD MANNING,
dec13-tf Westminster Md.

SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND Furniture Factory.

SHORB, LEISTER & SHAEFFER,

MAIN Street, West of the Railroad, have on hand and Manufacture to order SASH, DOOR, BLINDS, DOORS, and every article necessary to a Building. ALSO, FURNITURE, in every style and variety.

Having had great experience in our business, we feel satisfied in saying we can sell our goods to a greater advantage than can be had elsewhere.

Give us a call.
nov 30—6m

IMPORTANT TO OIL BURNERS!

THE subscriber having purchased the exclusive right to make and sell in Westminster District, Carroll county Md.,

Mann's Patent American Burning Fluid,

the public that he is prepared to supply the trade at Pleasant Valley. Also at Hesson's Store, any quantity of said Burning Fluid, at 50 cents per gallon, and Lamp Fixtures, on reasonable terms, to any persons in said District to make and use the same, by [illegible] the sup[illegible] plied still at [illegible] with this best and cheapest oil [illegible] A. J. KOONTZ.
nov15-2m

A. D. SCHAEFFER.

FISHER & SCHAEFFER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office, Opposite City Hotel, Westminster.

HAVING formed a copartnership in the practice of Law, we will promptly attend to all business entrusted to our care. Can be consulted in the German language.

HOME DRESS GOODS FOR SALE AT [illegible]—Merinoes, Plaids and Figured Poplins, Ladies Cloth, Shawls, Linseys, Linsey Capes, &c., &c. Great inducements offered at
jan 24 J. L. Reifsnider's.

All kinds of Job Work neatly executed at the "Democratic Advocate" Office.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Weekly National Intelligencer
OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

In compliance with numerous solicitations, The Weekly National Intelligencer has been resumed. It will be much enlarged, and will be, in fact, one of the largest Weekly Newspapers published in this country. It will be printed with new and clear type, on strong fine, white paper, and will contain more reading matter than any weekly published south of New York. Its columns will be devoted to News, Literature, Commerce, Agriculture, the Industrial Arts, the Interests of Religion, and Political Affairs.

It will contain regular Reports of Congressional Proceedings and Departmental News, and the latest Foreign and Domestic Markets.

In each of its departments special attention will be given by an able and numerous corps of editors and reporters to provide the *latest, most interesting, and reliable intelligence*, and to make the Weekly National Intelligencer in every respect *a first-class National Newspaper.*

Maintaining the just constitutional powers of the General Government on the one hand and the reserved rights of the States on the other, confident that the Union can be preserved only while the rights of each shall be respected by both and not transcended by either, the Weekly National Intelligencer will advocate the restoration of the Southern States to their places in the Union, on the basis of a just and equal representation in the National Legislature and the electoral college, and will urge social and sectional pacification and reconciliation as the means of restoring harmony and prosperity to all parts of the country, and the proper development of its vast agricultural, mineral and industrial resources. In addition to its value as a miscellaneous newspaper, the Weekly National Intelligencer will in every respect supply the place of a *National Union campaign paper.* It will be *only weekly publication of this character published at the seat of Government.* It rests with the friends of the Union and the Constitution to secure to this paper a circulation that shall enable it to spread the truth and to arouse the patriotic impulses of the people in every State, county, hamlet, and fireside where truth and patriotism are appreciated.

Terms, Invariably in Advance:

One copy, one year	$3 00
Three copies, one year, to one post office	7 50
Five copies, one year	12 00
Ten copies, one year	20 00
For the Daily Intelligencer	10 00
For the Tri-weekly Intelligencer	6 00

Subscribers should forward with their names the Post Office, County, and State to which the paper is to be sent.

Whenever convenient Postal Money Orders will be the safest mode of transmitting money.

All communications should be addressed to
SNOW, COYLE & CO.,
Publishers National Intelligencer,
jan5 Washington, D. C.

NOTICE.

Watches, Clocks, JEWELY, SILVER PLATED WARE,

SPECTACLES,
SILVER, GOLD, PLATED & STEEL WATCH CHAINS,
AT
MOORE'S Jewelry Store,
Near Rail Road, Westminster.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, carefully Repaired and warranted.

WILLIAM MOORE.
June 14.

A. H. HUBER

(Successor to Huber & Royer,)
No. 2 Carroll Hall, Westminster,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS neatly and accurately compounded.

Depot for the manufacture of *HERING'S Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root.*
no30-tf

BOOTS & SHOES.

JUST received and for sale a fresh and large lot of Philadelphia best Custom Made

BOOTS AND SHOES,

consisting in part of Ladies' Polish Kid, Morocco, Lasting, Oil Goat, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at greatly reduced prices, by

T. S. ECKERT,

Remember the place, two doors West of Mrs. Shriner's Millinery Store, Westminster, Md. dec 20

$100 $100 $100

SOLDIERS EXTRA BOUNTIES
COLLECTED BY
A. D. SCHAEFFER,
Westminster, Md.

$100 $100 $100

HEAD QUARTERS FOR
HARDWARE.

BUILDERS and Cabinett Tools, Carpenters and Coopers Tools, Nails, Cross Cut and Mill Saws, Forks, Shovels, Traces, Halter, Cow and Dog Chains. In fact everything kept in a well regulated Hardware Store. My long experience gives me advantages in this line.

JOHN L. REIFSNIDER.
dec13 West End, near the Forks.

Carpets! Carpets!! Oil Cloths! Oil Cloths!!

FIGURED, Striped and Rag Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 Stair Oil Cloths, for sale at Baltimore prices, by
jan. 3. John L. Reifsnider.

Domestic Goods.

UNBLEACHED and Bleached Muslin, Bed Ticking, Ginghams, Calicoes, Canton Flannels, Table Covers, Blue Checks, &c., &c., for sale low at John L. Reifsnider's.

Raisins, Currants, Spices, all kinds, at
nov. 29. E. K. Gernand's.

GLAD NEWS

FOR THE UNFORTUNATE.

BELL'S SPECIFIC REMEDIES

Are warranted in all cases, for the Speedy and Permanent Cure of all diseases arising from sexual excesses or

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION,

Seminal Loss, Nightly Emissions, and Sensual Dreams; Genital, Physical and Nervous Debility, Impotence, Gleet, Sexual Diseases, &c.

No Change of Diet is Necessary.

They can be used without detection, and never fail to effect a cure, if used according to instructions.

Bell's Specific Pills,

Price One Dollar per Box; or Six Boxes for Five Dollars; also Large Boxes, containing Four Small, Price Three Dollars.

From four to six boxes are generally required to cure ordinary cases of Seminal Weakness and Emissions, though benefit is derived from using a single box.

In Chronic cases, and particularly when Impotence or Genital Debility with Nervous Prostration has affected the system,

Bell's Tonic Pills

Are recommended as the most Efficacious, Rejuvinating and Invigorating Remedy in the world.

A Package, Price Five Dollars, will last a month, and is generally sufficient.

In extreme cases of Debility and Impotence

BELL'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

Price Two Dollars, sufficient for a month, can be used to good advantage.

It gives Strength to the Organs, and, with the Pills, will restore them to their normal condition.

A Pamphlet of 100 pages, on the ERRORS OF YOUTH, designed as a Lecture and Caution to Young Men, sent free, Ten Cents required to pay postage.

CAUTION!

The above Remedies have now been before the Public many years, and their great success in the alleviation of human misery, has excited the cupidity of several parties, who use the name "Specific Pills," copy my labels, circulars and advertisements, sometimes word for word, and put up worthless compounds that disappoint the just expectations of the purchaser

If you cannot purchase Bell's Specific Remedies of your Druggist, take no other, but send the money direct to

Dr. JAMES BRYAN,
Consulting Physician,
819 Broadway, New York,

and you will receive them by return of mail, post paid, and free from observation.

B. L. P.

More Valuable than Gold!

Bryan's Life Pills

PURIFY THE BLOOD,

Remove Headache, Dizziness, Giddiness, Drowsiness, Unpleasant Dreams, Dimness of Sight, Indigestion, Cleanse the Stomach and Bowels,

Insure NEW LIFE in the debilitated, and *Restore the Sick to Perfect Health.*

Purely Vegetable,

Try them! they only cost 25 cents, and if you cannot get them of your Druggist, send the money to Dr. JAMES BRYAN,
Consulting Physician,
819 Broadway, New York.
And they will be sent by return mail, post paid.

TO LADIES.

If you require a reliable remedy to restore you, and remove Irregularities or Obstructions,

WHY NOT USE THE BEST?

Every Lady knows the slightest irregularity of nature is liable to bring on Headache, Giddiness, Low Spirits, Fainting, Hysterics, &c.; then the bloom of health fades, the appetite fails, and other symptoms more distressing commence, as—Weakness, Spinal Complaint, the Whites, Prolapsus, &c. &c.

A NEVER-FAILING REMEDY will be found in

Dr. Harvey's Female Pills.

The experience of thirty years has proved they have no equal for Removing Obstructions and Irregularities, no matter from what cause they arise. They are Safe and Sure in every case. Upwards of 50,000 Boxes are sold annually, and no complaint of their efficacy is ever heard, for they accomplish what they are represented to do.

Sold in Boxes, *containing Sixty Pills.* Price One Dollar.

Dr. Harvey's Golden Pills

Is a remedy four degrees stronger than the above, and intended for special cases of long standing.

Price Five Dollars per Box.

A PRIVATE CIRCULAR to Ladies, with fine Anatomical Engravings, sent free on receipt of directed envelope and stamp.

Send for DR. HARVEY'S PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER, addressed to Females—62 pages—giving full instructions and information, 10 cents required for postage.

If you cannot purchase the Pills of your Druggist, they will be sent by mail, *post paid,* secure from observation, on receipt of the money, by Dr. JAMES BRYAN,
Consulting Physician,
July 12-1y. 819 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Bryan's Medicines

I Have on hand for sale the following valuable Medicines which are described in Dr. J. Bryan's advertisement in the "Dem. Advocate,"

Dr. Bell's Specific Pills,
Dr. Harvey's Female Pills,
Dr. Bryan's Life Pills.

Dr. B's. other medicines can also be procured through the undersigned when required.

A. H. HUBER,
nov 29.-tf. Druggist, Westminster, Md.

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!!

Cloths,
Casimeres,
Casinets,
Linseys,
Tweeds,
Jeans, &c., &c.

A large supply and very low in price. Call before you purchase, at
nov. 29. E. K. GERNAND'S.

SUGAR! SUGAR!!

A FINE lot of Brown and White Sugars, Just received at
july 5 A. M. Warner's.

A LARGE Stock of fashionable Bonnets on hand of every description, and more are being constantly manufactured, which must and will be sold at very reduced prices.
dec13 Mrs. E. J. Shriner.

FALLEN SNOWFLAKES.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss some fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by!
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,
And the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals that eddy around—
The town is alive and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, pass by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye,
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure that it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was as pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow flakes, from Heaven to hell;
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die.
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living, and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low!
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like the crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sisters, all,
God and myself, I've lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide swoop, lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on, or above me, I know,
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To be, and to die, in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow?

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

"Will you be at home to-night, Hetty?" and the speaker, a tall, muscular, well-looking gay young farmer reddened to the roots of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act, instead of asking a simple question.

He was bashful, extremely so, was Josiah Hawley, at least in the presence of young ladies, most of all in the presence of the girl he loved. No young farmer in all the country possessed a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence among his compeers of stock and on kindred subjects. But the glimpse of some pretty face or foot, coming in his direction affected him like a flash of lightning. On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands and eyes, and always felt like screwing himself into a mouse hole.—How he ever contrived to approach Hester Thomas on the subject of his preference for her, probably remains to this day as much a mystery to himself as it is to others.

But that young lady had quite an amount of tact and cleverness stowed away somewhere in her pretty little head, albeit it was set on the dimpled, inexperienced shoulders of seventeen. Josiah was worth in a worldly way, much more than any of her suitors, good looking and intelligent enough to satisfy any but an over-fastidious person; unexceptionable, in short, barring his excessive bashfulness, which was a fruitful source of merriment among the young people in their little circle. And so when Josiah in his awkward blundering way, began to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as waiting on her to and from the singing school, constituting himself her escort when she rode on horseback to the solitary church in the woods, and singling her out at quilting parties.

Hetty took it all in the easiest, pleasantest manner possible. The girls laughed, and the young men cracked sly jokes at the expense of her timid suitor; but Hetty stood up for him so dependently—encouraged him out of his shyness; never noticed any unfortunate blunder—and very likely helped him along considerably when his feeling reached the "culminating point," one moonlight autumn evening, as they were walking home together from prayer meeting. That was a week ago. Hetty had said, "Yes," and had agreed to "bring father and mother around on the subject."

Josiah had not been to the house since—probably feeling very much like a dog venturing upon the premises of a person whose sheepfold he had just plundered. As yet neither had the courage to speak to the "reigning powers" on the subject; and Hetty, feeling as if she wanted to put the ordeal off as long as possible, at any rate to have one more confidential talk with him on the subject, said:

"Mother is going to Aunt Ruth's to spend the evening, and wants me to go. But I guess I won't. I've been working on father's shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work, and I'm as tired as I can be. So I guess they will have to go without me. Do not come until eight o'clock. I shall be putting things to rights then, and will let you in.

Of course Josiah was not too obtuse to understand that, and forgot his bashfulness so far as to petition for a good-bye kiss, which was peremptorily refused of course.

"No, I shan't. Do take yourself off. Think I didn't see you fidgeting around Sarah Jones, at Deacon Badger's last evening? I've not forgotten that sir!"

"Now Hetty—"

But the appeal was broken off by a tantalizing little laugh, and as he sprang forward to take a pleasant revenge on his tormentress, she slipped away and ran up the path to the house, where he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared within the kitchen porch; and then he turned from the gate and took the road homeward.

The tea things had been carried out, the table set back against the wall, the crumbs brushed from the clean homemade carpet and Hetty's work stand drawn up in front of the blazing fire.—A bountifully piled waiter of great apples and a plate of cracked walnuts were on it in close proximity to Hetty's work basket.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas fat and fair, and at peace with all the world, rocking and knitting, and refreshing herself at sundry intervals with a bite from a half eaten apple that lay on the corner of the table, and touching every now and then in a caressing manner with her foot, a lazy looking cat that purred and winked on the rug before her. Hetty sat on the other side, sewing and busy in thinking how she would tell her mother that she expected Mr. Hawley to drop in about eight.—But she recollected with a twinge of conscience, how hard she had tried to get the old lady to accompany her husband to Aunt Ruth's in spite of her forewarnings of neuralgia; how she had also plead headache as an excuse for not going herself. And she knew that her mother was quite sharp enough to draw her own inferences from these facts, and from her being dressed with unusual care to spend an evening at home.

"I shall not dare to tell now. She'll be sure to think I wanted to get her out of the way, so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I should never hear the last of it." And so like a wise little puss she kept silent.

I will venture my word on it, you would not have wondered at our young farmer's desperate enthrallment if you could have seen Hetty Thomas as she was sewing by the fireside, on that cold November evening.

Under pretext of being ready to go to her Uncle's (a thing she had no idea of doing,) she had, just before tea, indulged in an indiscriminate "fixing up." A neatly fitting dark calicoe, with a store look upon it a fresh linen collar, and a tasteful black silk apron—these were the chief items of Hetty's toilet; but she looked as sweet and dainty in her plain dress as if hours had been spent in donning lace and jewels. Her rich hair of the darkest auburn tinge fell in shining folds close to her warm red cheeks, and was caught up in a cunning net behind.

Eight o'clock and past! Mrs. Thomas was dozing in her chair—her shadow on the opposite wall bobbing about in grotesque mimicry, as she nodded to and fro—now almost falling forward, and her fat hands listlessly in her lap, and her ball of yarn had rolled out upon the hearth, and puss was busy converting it into gordion knots.

And just then came a double rap at the door—so loud, sudden and self-assured that Hetty started up, with a little shriek, and set her foot on puss' tail, who in turn gave voice to her amazement and displeasure.

The combined noise aroused Mrs. Thomas, and starting to an erect position, she rubbed her eyes, settled the cap border, and exclaimed,

"Bless my soul, Hetty, what was that?—somebody at the door? Who can be coming here at this time o' night?"

"It's not late mother—only a little past eight o'clock. I'll go and see who it is," says Hettie, demurely, taking the candle from the table.

"No. Here, you wind up my ball and sweep up the hearth, while I go to the door," says the old lady, whose feet were struggling in the meshes of the unraveled yarn. "Drat that cat!"

And all this time Josiah was standing on one foot out on the cold porch, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, wondering if Hettie had fallen asleep, and every now and then giving the door a smart rap by way of variety.

In her hurry, Mrs. Thomas forgot to take the candle, and as she stepped out into the little front entry, the sitting-room door slammed after her. She had her hand on the handle of the door at the moment, and opening it she suddenly found herself in the embrace of a stout pair of arms; a whiskered face in close proximity to her own; and before she could think about the strangeness of her situation, she received a prolonged kiss—a hearty smack—full upon her virtuous matron lips.

She had by this time divested herself of the impression that it was her usually sober spouse who must have come home in an unusually excited condition thus to indulge in such an unwonted expression of affection.

"Get out! Get out, I say! Who are you, anyhow? Murder! thieves! Hetty! come here! Here's a man kissing me like mad!"

But the intruder had by this time discovered his mistake—it did not need the indignant pummeling and scratching of the old lady's fists to cause him to relinquish his hold and fly as if pursued by some indignant ghost.

Hetty, nearly choking with smothered laughter, in spite of trepidation, now came to the rescue.

"I was never so frightened in all my life!—the mean scamp! Who can it be, Hettie?"

But that dutiful daughter was, to all appearances, as innocent as a turtle dove. She soothed the old lady by representing that it might have been one of the neighbors, who, having drank too much, had mistaken the house and the housewife.

She searched the entry for the missing spectacles, dropped in the scuffle; re-arranged the rumpled cap border; wound up the tangled yarn; stirred the fire—all in the most amiable manner possible, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing her mother subside into her chair and her customary tranquility.

Mrs. Thomas was now fully awake. She had a new idea in her head, and instead of settling herself for another nap, she pursued the train of thought and her knitting at the same time with wonderful rapidity. At length stopping and looking keenly at Hetty, she said—

"I suppose it's a queer idea of mine, Hetty, but I've a notion that that man was 'Siah Hawley."

My! but if Hetty's face did not fire up then. You might have lit a candle by it. These incipient symptoms did not escape the wary inquisitor.

"Pears so to me. Because those big whiskers were so much like his'n, and the awkward way he grappled me with his great paws!"

Hetty was wonderfully busy. She bent over her work and drew the needle through so quickly that the thread snapped, and then she was so much engaged in threading her needle again that she didn't have time to answer.

"I don't believe that kiss was meant for me after all. Wonder who it was intended for? and I wonder if you don't know something about it, Hetty?"

"Me! mother?"

"Yes, you, Hetty. You was mighty anxious to get me and pap off to Aunt Martha's this evening, but I noticed you were slicked up extraordinary, for all you warn't going. Now, Hetty, I am getting old; I know it; but haven't quite lost my sight yet. I've heard something about this between you and 'Siah Hawley. Now what are you playing possum for? Out with it, I say!"

Our little schemer, thus adjured, made a clean breast of it, much relieved to find that "mother had nothin agin him," and would "give father a talk about it, and bring him round."

"But, Hettie, I want you to tell 'Siah I'd rather he'd not make such a mistake again. I don't like to feel his big whiskers about my face and I don't approve of promiscuous kissing."

'Siah never heard the last of that blunder. Old 'Squire Thomas used to delight to rehearse the story whenever all parties interested happened to be present. He would shake his fat sides at Josiah's discomfiture and his wife's tart replies, and Hetty would join him, and both would laugh until the tears ran down their cheeks.

"Never mind, 'Siah," Mrs. Thomas would say, consolingly, "let him laugh. He had been only too glad to have been in your place twenty years ago. He had hard work to get a kiss from me then. And I hope it will be a lesson to you and Hetty agin the impolicy of concealment and underhand doings of all sorts.

Curing Lamb Skins.

A correspondent in the *Country Gentleman* recommends the following method:

As soon as the skin is taken from the animal, stretch it tightly on a board; then before it begins to dry, I apply an equal mixture of fine salt and alum, thoroughly pulverized together, until the skin is slightly whitened by the mixture. I then take no further notice of the skin, until I want them for use, (which is always a few weeks from the time of applying the mixture.) I then take them and thoroughly wash them in warm soap-suds, let them dry moderately, and just before they are fully dry, rub them soft with my hands. After rubbing, they are soft and pliable as a kid glove, and will continue so.

"Do you think raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician.

"Yes," he replied, "I never know one to be out of health in my life."

Donati's great comet will be visible to mortal eyes again in the year 3858. Cut this paragraph out for reference!

If you let trouble set upon your soul like a hen upon her nest, you may expect the hatching of a large brood.

Smart Butter.

The following little story is going the rounds of the press without any credit:

Why is it, my son, asked a mother of a ten year old, one day, why is it, that when you let your bread and butter drop, that it is always the butter side down?

I don't know; it hadn't oughter, had it? The strongest side out to be uppermost, hadn't it ma! and this is the strongest butter I ever seed in my life.

Hush up! It is some of your aunt's churning.

Did she churn it! Why, the great lazy thing.

What, your aunt?

No, this yere butter. To make that poor woman churn it; it's strong and rank enough to churn itself.

Be still, Ziba; it only wants working over.

Well, marm, if I was you, when I did it, I'd put in lots of "lasses."

"You good-for-nothing fellow, I have ate a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding houses.

Well, all great people of rank ought to eat it.

Why people of rank?

Cause it is rank butter.

You varmint, you. What makes you talk so smart?

The butter is taking the skin off my tongue, mother.

Ziba, don't lie. I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify.

I'll tell you what I'll do with it, marm; I'll keep it to draw blisters.—You ought to see the flies keel over and die as soon as they touch it.

Ziba, don't exaggerate; go to the store and buy a pound of fresh.

Exit Ziba.

Curious Facts About Water.

The extent to which water mingles with bodies, apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every 1,200 tons of earth which a landlord has in his estate, 400 are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowden and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent. and the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water. In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales, in 172 days, about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France, is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water and sprinkled over the root of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

Unraveling.

A man coming home late one night, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so, he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted, at the top of his voice "Wife! wife! I say, wife! come here! I am unraveling.

In Trouble. A little boy, on a cold wintry day, crossing a field, saw a hand, was crying at the top of his voice when a man was passing along the road on horseback interrogated him: "Sonney what's the matter?" The boy blubbered out as best he could: "Matter enough! Dad's drunk, Mem's sick, Sal's reading a novel, the baby's near froze, the wood is a mile off, and I'd like to know who in thunder wouldn't cry.

Since 1852, George Peabody has given away $4,000,000, or about $1,000 a day for about fourteen years, omitting Sundays and holidays.

Michael Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., was choked to death on Tuesday while eating a sausage. Look out for the scratch claws!

There are ties which should never be severed," as the ill-used wife said when she found her brute of a husband hanging in the bayloft.

Go to strangers for charity, acquaintances for advice, and relatives for nothing—and you will always have a supply.

The boy who was caught looking into the future, has been arrested for trying to see the show without payment.

The preserve dealer's motto—"I am." The hypocrite's motto—"I can't."