THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 39. In Preserving Our Union, Let Us be Careful to Preserve also Our Civil Liberties. TERMS—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

WESTMINSTER MD. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1867.

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

JOS. M. PARKE, *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.

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Greatest Tonic OF THE AGE.

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may9-1y

To the People of Carroll County.

THE Subscribers, Corporators and Members of the Carroll Lumber Company, beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have obtained a Charter from the Legislature of this State, authorising them to Manufacture, sell and deal in all kinds of Lumber, and also to purchase and sell Lands in this State and elsewhere. That the capital stock of the Company is $500,000 in shares of $50 each. We propose now to sell seventeen hundred Shares of the Stock at $30 per Share Cash. The Company has already purchased Twenty Seven Hundred and Seventy Five Acres of the finest timber lands in West Virginia, located on Cheat River, on which there is also large quantities of the finest Bituminous Coal. We are now preparing to erect Steam Saw Mills of great power and with all the latest improvements, and will in a very short time be producing large quantities of Lumber. From a careful examination of every matter connected with this business we are quite sure that the Company will make it a decided success, and that the purchasers of the stock at the above named price will realize large dividends.—This is a home institution, and we are fully determined that it shall be conducted with the strictest economy and efficiency—and that the stock shall be a safe, secure and profitable investment.

Books have been opened at the First National Bank, Westminster, and the Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank, Westminster, where our friends are invited to call and subscribe to the stock.

WM. N. HAYDEN,
R. MANNING,
ISAAC WINCHESTER,
EDWARD LYNCH,
JNO. H. BOWERS,
E. F. REESE.

June 13—tf.

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WE wish to inform purchasers of Iron, Hardware and Leather, and the public generally, that we now have a full stock of goods in our line on hand, embracing Cross-cut and Mill Saws, Carpenter's Tools, Blacksmith's Tools, Building Hardware, Grindstones & Grindstone Irons, Hubbs, Spokes and Felloes, also Oil Cloths, Ducks, Domasks, and all goods used in the Coach business.

Woodenware,

Embracing Tubs, Buckets, Churns and Baskets, Traces of all kinds, Breast Chains, Halter and Cow Chains, also Coil & Fifth Chains, Shovels, Spades, Forks and Hoes, a good assortment of Springs, Bellows, Anvils, Vices and Screw-plates at manufacturers' prices.

EDGE TOOLS,

such as Chopping Axes, Hatchets, Broad Axes, Mortising Axes, Hand Axes, and Carpenters' and Cooper's Adzes, Iron of all sizes, Ropes all kinds, also the different kinds of

LEATHER.

Purchasers are invited to call and examine before purchasing, as we offer goods at the lowest market prices for cash.

REIFSNIDER & CO.,
June 27. near Depot.

TYMAN'S Patent Air-Tight Jars, the best in use, for sale at Baltimore prices, by

July 25. Stoufter & Hoffman.

Great Bargains!

New and Cheap

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.

THEODORE DERR,

MAIN STREET, Westminster, (and, Opposite I. E. Crouse's Furniture Rooms,) now offers for sale one of the handsomest Stocks of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

Prints, Ginghams, Alpacas, Brown and Bleached Muslins, Tickings, Casimeres, Cloths, Vestings, Cottonades, Checks, Linens, all kinds of WHITE GOODS, &c. Also a large lot of

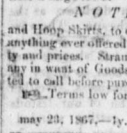
NOTIONS,

and Hoop Skirts, to equal, if not to exceed, anything ever offered to the public in quality and prices. Strangers in this City, and any in want of Goods in my line, are invited to call before purchasing.

☞ Terms low for cash.

THEO. DERR.

may 23, 1867.—1y.



Manhood: How Lost, how Restored.

Just Published a new edition of

DR. CULVERWELL'S Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., also Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.

☞ Price in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.

The celebrated author in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife—pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address *post-paid* on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps.

Address the publishers,

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july18-3m

$300 New $300 MARYLAND STATE BOUNTY.

BY an Act of the last Legislature all persons drafted, who entered the United States Service, and all persons who furnished Substitutes between the 1st of April 1864 and 15th of December 1864, are entitled to THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS State Bounty, if they were credited upon the quota of this State, and have never received any State Bounty heretofore. The Widows and Heirs of deceased soldiers are also entitled.

Application by all interested should be made at my office.

A. D. SCHAEFFER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
aprilt-tf Westminster Md.

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'Consumption'		'can be cured.'
'Consumption'	SWAYNE'S	'can be cured.'
'Consumption'		'can be cured.'
'Consumption'	COMPOUND	'can be cured.'
'Consumption'		'can be cured.'
'Consumption'	SYRUP OF	'can be cured.'
'Consumption'		'can be cured.'
'Consumption'	WILD CHERRY	'can be cured.'
'Consumption'		'can be cured.'
'Consumption'	IS THE	'can be cured.'
'Consumption'		'can be cured.'
'Consumption'	REMEDY.	'can be cured.'

Thirty years' experience, and the great amount of testimony from all parts of the world has proven it a standard and reliable remedy for Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Nervous Debility, Blood Spitting, Liver Complaint, Pains in the Side and Breast all diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs.

Prepared only by DR. SWAYNE & Son, 300 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Sold by WM. REESE,
octl1-1y Westminster.

Itch! Itch!! Scratch! Scratch!!

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT cures Itch in from 12 to 24 hours.

'ITCH'	*Dr. Swayne's Ointment,*	'ITCH'
'ITCH'	*Dr. Swayne's Ointment,*	'ITCH'
'ITCH'		'ITCH'
'ITCH'		'ITCH'
'ITCH'	NEVER KNOWN	'ITCH'
'ITCH'		'ITCH'
'ITCH'	TO FAIL	'ITCH'
'ITCH'		'ITCH'
'ITCH'	IN CURING THIS	'ITCH'
'ITCH'		'ITCH'
'ITCH'	TORMENTING	'ITCH'
'ITCH'		'ITCH'
'ITCH'	COMPLAINT.	'ITCH'

Cures Itching Piles, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Rash, all Skin Diseases.

Prepared only by DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. Sold by WM. REESE,
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DR. SWAYNE'S

BOWEL CORDIAL,

A sure remedy for Asiatic Cholera Cholera Morbus Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera Infantum, or Summer Complaint, pain in the Stomach and Bowels, Sick Stomach, Vomiting, and all relaxed conditions of the Bowels. Let no family be without this medicine, it will give immediate relief.

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WESTMINSTER, MD.

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april25-tf

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WESTMINSTER, MD.

ALL business shall have immediate and prompt attention.

☞ Office, Corner of Court and Main Streets. mar14-1m

Daily Passenger and MAIL LINE,

From Gettysburg and Littlestown. Connects with the Cars at Westminster.

JOHN H. SPALDING.

dec14-tf

HIGHEST Cash price paid for old Wrought and Scrap Iron, at

REIFSNIDER & CO'S.,
June 27. near Depot.

Secure a large Wheat Crop

BY USING

BAUGH'S Raw Bone Phosphate,

WHICH contains by analysis of Prof. A. SNOWDEN PIGOTT, 3.78 per cent of Ammonia and 52.67 per cent of Bone Phosphate of Lime, besides over 14 per cent of Soluble Salts.

This article stands prominent on the list of valuable Fertilizers, years of trial having gained for it an enviable reputation. Being made from Raw Bones, which contain all their original organic matter, it retains the

Durable properties of Bone, and while it produces large crops it renovates and permanently improves the soil.

A Trial of it is all that is needed to convince any one of its great merits.

The public are cautioned against several spurious imitations of this article, called "Raw Bone" "Raw Bone Phosphate" &c., many farmers have been greatly deceived by purchasing them.

☞ "Be sure to specify BAUGHS."

It is packed in Bags and Barrels and is prepared in a fine powder suitable for drilling.

Send for a circular, to me or my Agents,

GEORGE DUGDALE,
Manufacturers Agent,
Nos. 97 & 105 Smith's Wharf,
Baltimore Md.

☞ For Sale by GEOR. ORENDORFF and THOS. E. SELLERS & Co., Westminster.

july25-3m

Notice of Personal Discharge.

ON application by petition in writing of JOHN D. POWDER, of Carroll county, to the Circuit court for Carroll county, for the benefit of the 48th Article of the code of Public General Laws of the State of Maryland, entitled Insolvents, a schedule of his property and a list of the debts due him, with the names of his debtors, and also a list of the debts due from him with the names of his creditors, verified by affidavit, being annexed to his said petition, and being satisfied that the said John D. Powder, has at no time within two years previous to said application been discharged under any Insolvent Law of this State; and the said petitioner having taken the oath prescribed by law, and having also executed to a Trustee by said Court appointed a good and sufficient Deed for his property and estate of every description (the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted,) and delivered the same to said Trustee—and the said Trustee having also executed a bond to the state of Maryland by said court approved, for the faithful discharge of his trust. —It is therefore ordered and directed that the *Second Monday of November, next*, be fixed as the day for the appearance of said John D. Powder, in the circuit court for Carroll county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers, or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that the said petitioner cause notice of said day to be given to his creditors by publication in some newspaper printed in carroll county for three successive months prior to the said second Monday of November, 1866.

Given under my hand this 19th day of July, 1867.

WM. A. McKELLIP, clerk

True copy,—Test:

july25-3m WM A McKELLIP, cl'k

Shoes! Shoes! HATS & CAPS. Wm. H. H. Geatty,

(SUCCESSOR TO JOHN R. BUSBY.)

TAKES pleasure in informing the citizens of Westminster and the country generally, that he designs keeping a large and choice, as well as cheap stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's

BOOTS & SHOES,

of all descriptions, comprising the latest styles; among which are

French Goat Ankletts,
Fine French Kid do.

LADIES & MISSES SHOES,

in great variety, and at prices that cannot fail to please. Also Men's & Boys'

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

of all descriptions and styles. Desirous only of rendering satisfaction to all, he hopes to receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

Remember the place, just opposite the new Catholic Church.

june20 WM. H. H. GEATTY.

Owners of Water Power

Should use the celebrated

LEFEEL TURBINE

WATER WHEEL,

Manufactured by

POOLE & HUNT,

Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for a Circular.

july13m.

WESTERN MD. RAILROAD.

ON and after MONDAY, May 7th, the trains leave Baltimore at 8.20 A. M. and 3.30 P. M. Leave Union Bridge 4.45 and 8.50 A. M., arriving in Baltimore at 8.15 A. M. and 12.30 P. M.

Leave Union Bridge at 2.20 P. M.; arrive at Baltimore at 6.00 P. M. Leave Baltimore at 6.30 P. M.; arrive at Union Bridge at 8.40 P. M.

Stage connections at Glen Morris Station for Hampstead and Manchester on arrival of 8.20 A. M. train, and for Uniontown, Taneytown and Emmitsburg on the arrival of the same train at Linwood Station at 11.35 A. M.

☞ No trains on Sunday.

LEWIS LOGUE,
augl-tf General Superintendent.

☞ Sale Bills of all kinds printed at this Office.

Prayers I Don't Like.

I do not like to hear him pray
Who loans at twenty-five per cent.,
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent,
And in that Book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read
It does not say "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright to day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour;
I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray—
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say—
"If want o'ertakes you come to me."
I hate the prayer so loud and long,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ears and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day!
And then is asked to "work for less.
Such pious shaves I do depise!
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,"
And steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No angel's wing them upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

JEFFERSON'S WEDDING.

The following scene is from the Early Days of Jefferson, in the New York *Century*:

'Belinda,' (Jefferson's first love) had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling; and luxuriant hair of rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the hapsichord very sweetly.

Add still *to* these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for housekeeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the county of Charles City.—It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wales, an eminent lawyer, and had married in her seventeenth year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at nineteen.—As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at 'The Forest' by numerous visitors. Of these three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretentions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the young counsellor, or by the fears of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is, that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control.

The other story is, that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest."—Friends and kindred assembled from far and near—there was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion—and we find from the bridegroom's note-book that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket.

It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his patrimonial house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced toward the mountains, the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage and proceed upon their way on horseback.

Stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Col. Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly-wedded bride at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape, as she passed along the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered, and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or discontented by the reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was merry and light-hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavillion as gaily as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest." Thus the long hours of the winter night fled away winged with laughter, merriment and song. The vigil was a mirthful incident rather than a trial of their equanimity. They were young, and they had just been married. When hands are clasped, and hearts beat close together, there is very little gloom in darkness, and winter nights are not cold. This little moral sentiment will not I hope, be criticised as too romantic for the "dignity of history." It doubtless explains how a young lady and gentleman, both used to every comfort and luxury, found the gloomy little pavillion in the midst of three feet of snow, neither dark nor cold, in that January night long ago.

A Skillful Swordsman.

Some out of the way author tells an amusing anecdote about three foreigners, an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American, who were officers in the Turkish army. One day they got into a friendly disdute with each other in the presence of a Pacha of high rank as to their respective dexterity in the use of the sword, each claiming superior skill. The Pacha, after hearing their discussion, gravely informed them that he wished to put their pretensions to the test, and that as there were three criminals to be beheaded on the following morning, in pursuance of a sentence of the court, he would request that each of the officers should demonstrate what he could do with his sword by beheading one of the condemned. Accordingly on the morrow at an early hour they repaired to the place of execution, where they found the Pacha and his staff waiting for them. The first criminal was brought forward with his arms pinioned and made to kneel. The Englishman was notified it was his time to display his skill. He advanced, drew his sabre, and with an exhibition of great strength, cut off the head of the victim. The Pacha, duly commending the Englishman's feat, ordered the second criminal to be brought forward in the same manner, and informed the Frenchman that there was his man. The Frenchman first went up to the kneeling culprit and tied a piece of blue ribbon around his neck, then, stepping back and bowing gracefully to the Pacha and his suit, he drew his sword, and after sundry elegant flourishes in the air, executed a most beautiful cut, severing the head from the body of the victim and splitting the ribbon precisely in the middle. The delighted Pacha, after complimenting the superior grace and dexterity of the Frenchman, ordered the third criminal to be brought out, and ordered the American to proceed.—The American, after requesting that the culprit might be allowed to stand on his feet, stepped forward, and making a single quick but apparently careless cut, returned his sabre to the scabbard, and turning about resumed his place, leaving his victim apparently unharmed. Observing, however, that his competitors and even the dignified Moslems were laughing at his supposed failure, he remarked in a quiet tone to the culprit: "Spit, if you please." And when the criminal leaned forward to comply with this request, to the surprise of the spectators, his head tumbled off.

☞ In Texas, where negro juries are in fashion, three men were recently convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged within a month, unless the murdered man turned up alive. The victim "turned up," and the men were discharged.

The Navajoe Indians, a very warlike tribe, are about to make war on the white population of New Mexico.

A young lady, while on her way to be married, was run over and killed.—A confirmed old maid savagely comments: "She avoided a more lingering and horrible destiny!"

A very good man, whose life I have read, so feared idleness, and valued time, that he used to bid his servant read to him while he was engaged in dressing himself.

Eighteen hundred chickens are consumed at breakfast in one of the Saratoga hotels, says a correspondent.

A promising young man may do well, perhaps—a paying one much better.

The lady who had a "spark" in her eye, has kindled a "match" without trouble.

A New York lady has discovered seventeen different ways of trimming a dress.

A CHARM.—Whisper ice cream in a girl's ear and she is with you.

What word is always pronounced wrong? Wrong of course.

An Alligator Adventure.

An alligator is dealt with rather unceremoniously by the Indians of Central America; for when dragging the large pools of a river for fish, if one of these creatures gets into the net, a man walks coolly into the water, throws a noose round the foreleg & he is straightway drawn on shore and killed with the axes of the party. Sometimes, however, these lords of the pool give more trouble, as the adventure we allude to will show. One of them was a perfect dragon among the calves, and even cattle that came to drink at the river, pulling them every now and then under water, till the farmer, a dusky acquaintance of our author, became livid with rage.

One day, when riding, the farmer had the fortune to fall in with his enemy in shallow water, at a distance from his accustomed pool; and having, as usual, his lasso with him, attached to the pommel of his saddle, he at once gave chase, and as the beast was making for his haunt, threw the noose around his neck and tried to drag him to a tree on the bank. But he had entirely miscalculated his means; the horse was no match in strength for the alligator, and he was brought upon his knees. The avenger, therefore, was compelled to follow where he thought to have led, and in an instant man and horse were spinning through the river to the opposite bank.

The predicament was serious, and the farmer tried to sever the lasso with his ax. But the instrument was blunt; the hard thongs resisted its edge, and on dashed the alligator, with his prisoners in his wake. Down thundered the three through shallow and deep water, rattling over stones, plunging in pools, till a voice of terror came upon the farmer's ear—the roar of a fall of the river as high as a house! On hearing this, the first thought that darted through the man's mind was that he was about to die unconfessed! He now remembered, all on a sudden, that there must be a knife in the pocket of the sheep-skin mantle; and succeeding after some trouble in getting at it, he at length severed his tow-rope.

"For nights after," said the farmer, "I could not sleep; or if I did for a moment, awoke fancying myself going again on my *maldito* voyage down the river—sometime soused to the bottom of the pool, and sometimes tumbling and rolling about among the big stones—until at last I took such a violent hatred to this particular alligator that I used to lie awake all night thinking how to be revenged. I used to go to the pool every morning to try and get a sight of him, and one morning I did see him; but what made me still more angry was to see the loop of the lasso still around his neck, for all the world like a necklace; he must have gnawed off the remainder about a yard from the noose. I then went home, loaded my long Spanish gun very carefully with two balls, and taking with me a cur of a dog who could do nothing but yell and howl, I returned to the pool and tied the dog to a tree close to one of the alligator's paths. I then took a long string, and making it fast to the cur's leg, hid myself behind another tree and began to pull at the string, and the dog began to howl lustily. In a short time the *lagarto's* nose appeared above the water, and then his eyes and head; both dog and alligator must have seen each other pretty clearly, which made the dog howl more than ever. The beast, after looking around to see if the coast was clear, made straight for the shore, and was just creeping up the steep bank to seize the dog, when I fired my long barrel at him not five paces distant, and sent a ball into his eye. He was dead before he could say 'Ave Maria!' and 'Dos Jorge.' I slept soundly that night, and gave the cur dog a good supper."

Popular Names of States.

Virginia, the Old Dominion.
Massachusetts, the Bay State.
Maine, the Border State.
Rhode Island, the Little Rhody.
New York, the Empire State.
New Hampshire, the Granite State.
Vermont, the Green Mountain State.
Connecticut, the Land of steady habits.
Pennsylvania, the Keystone State.
North Carolina, the Old North State.
Ohio, the Buckeye State.
South Carolina, the Palmetto State.
Michigan, the Wolverine State.
Kentucky, the Corn Cracker.
Delaware, the Blue Hen's Chicken.
Missouri, the Pike State.
Indiana, the Hoosier State.
Illinois, the Sucker State.
Iowa, the Hawkeye State.
Wisconsin, the Badger State.
Florida, the Peninsular State.
Texas the Lone Star State.

NOT GONE TO GLORY.—Some amusing things occur sometimes in very solemn places. A Methodist class meeting was being held lately, when a brother who had not been present for a considerable time arose to speak. "Glad to see you here, my brother, said the Leader of the class; "how is it with you?" "Oh," said he, "since I met with you last my wife has gone. At this point he broke down, when the Leader to encourage him said, "Gone to Glory, has she? Hallelujah!" and commenced singing: "We have some friends before us gone," &c., when the brother interrupted him with "No, that's not it—she's gone and run off with another man!"

When is a storm like a fish after a book? When it is going to shell.

When is a lawyer like a donkey?—When he's drawing a conveyance.

The proudest man, as well as the greatest, will stoop to a flower.

Mark Twain and the Musket.

Mark Twain tells the following story of a fellow passenger, who, being bantered about his timidity, said he had never been scared since he had loaded an old Queen Anne's musket for his father once, whereupon he related the following:

You see the old man was trying to learn me to shoot blackbirds and beasts that tore up the young corn, and such things, so that I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a little single-barrel shot gun, and the old man carried an old Queen Anne's musket that weighed a ton, and made a report like a thunder-clap, and kicked like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the old musket some times, but I was afraid. One day, though, I got her down and so I took her to the hired man and asked him how to load her, because the old man was out in the fields. Hiram said.

"Do you see the marks on the stock—an X and a V on the Queen's crown? Well, that means 10 balls and 5 slugs—that's her load."

"But how much powder?"

"Oh," he says, "it don't matter; put in three or four handsfull."

So I loaded her up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that—and started out.—I levelled her on a good many blackbirds, but every time I went to pull the trigger I shut my eyes and winked. I was afraid of her kick. Towards sundown I fetched her up at the house, and there was the old man resting on the porch.

"Been out hunting, have ye?"

"Yes, sir," says I.

"What did you kill?"

"Didn't kill anything, sir—didn't shoot her off—I was afraid she'd kick." (I knew blamed well she would.)

"Gimmus that gun!" the old man says, mad as sin.

And he took aim at a sapling on the other side of the road, and I began to drop back out of danger. And the next minute I heard an earthquake, and the Queen Anne whirling end over end in the air, and the old man spinning around on one heel, with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and the bark flying from the sapling! the old man's shoulder was set back some inches, and his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up for three days. Cholera nor nothing else can ever scare me the way I was scared that time.

Blarney.

About four miles northwest of the city of Cork, in Ireland, is the small village of Blarney, celebrated for the beauty of its environs, and still more for the remains of an ancient castle, in which is a wondrous stone, thought to possess the power of imparting to any one who kisses it a fluent, persuasive, and not over-honest tongue. The exact position of the stone in the ruins is a matter of dispute. Some say that it is lying loose on the ground; others allege that it is at the summit of the large square tower which was originally the donjon or keep of the castle; while there are yet others who maintain that it is inserted in the wall at such a height that he who would kiss it must consent to be suspended by his heels from the top.—When or how it first got its singular reputation is not known; but the superstition concerning it is firmly fixed in the minds of the Irish peasantry, hundreds of whom resort to the castle every year for the purpose of kissing a stone endued with a property so marvelous. It is said that, in the early part of the seventeenth century, the lord of Castle Blarney, having been taken prisoner by the English, made repeated promises that he would surrender the fortress; but whenever the fulfilment of his pledge was demanded, he invented some smooth and plausible excuse for delay and thus the term *blarney* became a by-word, and was used to denote a soft, insinuating, and deceitful manner of speech.

☞ A clergyman was reproving an old Indian for his cruel conduct toward them that had offended him.

"You should love your enemies," observed he minister.

"I do love my enemies," retorted the son of nature.

"No such a thing," returned the clergyman, "you don't love your enemies."

"I do."

"Who are the enemies you love?"

"Rum and cider."

☞ "Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?"

"Oh, I's a carp'ner and jiner."

"Ha! I guess yer is. What department do you perform?"

"What department? Why I does de circular work."

"What's dat?"

"Why, I turns de grind stone."

It is related that a nervous old gentleman recently attempted to remove a large bug from the bonnet of a lady who sat in front of him at a theatre in New York. The result was, he unroofed all her back hair, the bug's office being to hold head and hair together.

☞ Teacher—Tommy, what does hair spell? A pupil—"Dunno, sir. Teacher—Why, you numskull, what have you got on your head? A pupil—I dunno sir, but I think it spells a hat!

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