Democratic Advocate.

$2.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1872. VOL. VII.---NO. 18.

Public Sale
OF THE
Union Agricultural Works,

ADJOINING COURT HOUSE,
Westminster, Carroll Co., Md.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust from Jacob Reese, and a Power of Attorney from the Stockholders in the Union Works, the undersigned will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

Wednesday, the 27th day of March, 1872, at 10 o'clock, A. M., that large and valuable property known as the "Union Works," consisting of MACHINE SHOP, SAW MILL, BLACKSMITH SHOP, FOUNDRY, CASTING HOUSE AND SHEDS, covering

One and a Half Acres of Ground,

together with all the MACHINERY, FIXTURES, AND APPURTENANCES, which are first-class and in complete order.

Also at the same time, and from day to day, will be sold the Stock on hand, consisting in part of the following articles:

58 Wheel Horse Rakes,
7 Pelton Horse Powers,
16 Corn Shellers, 2 Hominy Mills,
15 Iron Clad Mowers,
75 Wrought and Cast Share Ploughs,
1 Four Horse Separator,
1 Four Horse Thresher,
6 Feed Cutters,

and other articles too numerous to mention.

This establishment is fully equipped and eligibly located, has an extensive and profitable trade and is capable of great enlargement. Capitalists are specially invited to a first-class investment.

☞ Offers for Private Sale of the whole concern will be received.

☞ Terms made known on day of sale.

JOHN K. LONGWELL,
JNO. E. SMITH,
Trustee and Attorneys.

John M. Yingling, Auctioneer.
mar 2-ts

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF
DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE.

THE undersigned by virtue of the decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, in Equity, passed in the cause of Geo. W. Lamott, trustee, ag inst Sarah H. Blizzard and others, will offer the Real Estate in said cause decreed to be sold at Public Sale, to the highest bidder, on the premises, on

Saturday, the 23d day of March, 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Said Real Estate is situate about 1½ miles from* Westminster, on the Washington Road, in Carroll county, Md., and contains

9 1-2 ACRES OF LAND

more or less, and is improved with a two story Log weatherboarded Dwelling House, well of excellent water, is under good fencing, has an abundance of fruit trees in a thriving condition, and the Land is in a productive state of cultivation.

This land will be sold entire or in lots to suit purchasers.

The Terms of Sale prescribed by the Decree of the Court, are as follows: One-third part of the purchase money shall be paid by the purchaser or purchasers to the Trustee on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court aforesaid, and the residue shall be paid in two equal payments the one to be paid within one and the other within two years from the day of sale, with interest and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers with security to be approved of by the Trustee.

GEO. W. LAMOTT, Trustee.
J. J. BAUMGARTNER, Solicitor. feb 24 ts

Public Sale.

THE subscriber, having sold his farm, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, 2½ miles from Westminster, on the New Windsor road, immediately opposite Stout's Nursery, on

Tuesday, the 26th day of March, 1872, at 9 o'clock, A. M., his entire stock and farming implements, consisting of 4 Horses, 3 Colts, 1 three years old, 2 two years old: 7 excellent Milch Cows, two fresh the others will be fresh during the summer; 1 Devon Heifer, will be fresh by day of sale; 3 Yearlings, 1 young Bull, 5 Sow, 3 Shoats, 2 four horse wagons, stone bed and side boards, 1 hay carriage, 1 Jersey wagon and spread, 1 cart, 1 rockaway, 1 Excelsior reaper and mower combined, nearly new; 1 spring-tooth horserake, 1 grain drill, Lancaster make; 1 new threshing machine and pelton power, used but one season; 1 winnowing mill, corn sheller, 2 three horse plows, Hagerstown make; 1 two-horse plug plow, 1 large cultivator, 1 harrow, 2 triple shovel plows, 1 single shovel plow, 2 corn forks, 1 double roller, nearly new; 1 grind stone, 1 wheelbarrow, breechbands, front gears, bridles, saddles, shovels, forks, hoes, rakes, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale.—All sums under $5, cash; on all sums of $5 and upwards, a credit of 10 months will be given, on notes, with approved security and bearing interest from day of sale.

DR. J. L. BILLINGSLEA.
John T. Diffenbaugh, Auctioneer.
mar 9-ts

TRUSTEES' SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust from Abraham P. Hitshew, the subscribers as Trustees, will offer at Public Sale, on

Saturday, the 23d day of March, A. D 1872, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, situate on the public road leading from Uniontown to Middleburg, about midway between said places, the following described property now in the occupancy of said Abraham Hitshew, and containing

40 1-2 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, and improved with a comfortable LOG DWELLING with Back Building, a good Barn, Wash House, Corn Crib, Wagon Shed, Hog House, and a large and substantial Grain Shed. There is a never-failing well of water near the Dwelling, and there is upon the property some choice Fruit. The land is well fenced and in good condition.

The property will be sold either as above described or in Lots to suit purchasers.

Possession given on the first day of April next, upon the purchaser complying with the terms of sale.

Terms of Sale.—One-half in cash on the 1st day of April next, the balance to be paid on the 1st day of November next, the purchaser to execute his notes with approved security, bearing interest from 1st day of April next.

JOSEPH DAVIS,
WILLIAM N. MARTIN,
mar 9-ts Trustees.

Select Poetry.

GOING HOME.

Where are you going so fast, old man?
Where are you going so fast?
There's a valley to cross and a river to ford;
There's a clasp of the hand and a parting word,
And a tremulous sigh for the past, old man—
The beautiful, vanished past.

The road has been rugged and rough, old man,
To your feet it was rugged and rough;
But you see a dear being with gentle eyes,
Has shared in your labor and sacrifice,
Ah! that has been sunshine enough, old man
For you and me—sunshine enough.

How long since you passed over the hill, old man,
Of life, o'er the top of the hill?
Were there beautiful valleys on the other side?
Were there flowers and trees with their branches wide,
To shut out the heat of the sun, old man,
The heat of the fervid sun?

And how did you cross the waves, old man,
Of sorrow—the fearful waves?
Did you lay your dear treasures up, one by one,
With an aching heart, and "God's will be done,"
Under the wayside dust, old man,
In the grave 'neath the wayside dust?

There are sorrow and labor for all, old man,
Alas! there is sorrow for all,
And you, peradventure, have had your share,
For eighty long winters have whitened your hair;
And they're whitened your heart as well, old man;
Thank God, your heart as well!

You're now at the foot of the hill, old man—
At last at the foot of the hill!
The sun has gone down in a golden glow,
And the heavenly city lies just below;
Go in through the pearly gates, old man,
The beautiful pearly gates!

Select Story.

THE CHALLENGE.

BY LEE TRASK.

"I'll do it," said a merry voice, from the midst of a group of laughing girls to whom a young man was eagerly talking—"I'll do it."

"Will you, Miss Nelly?" he asked "But you must remember that I shall conceal myself somewhere, so as to witness the performance."

"Oh, dear! I should not like that," replied the first speaker.

"What is it?" inquired a young girl, just entering. "You seem to be all in a solemn conclave met—what is it all about?"

"O, Sue, Mr. Willard offers ten dollars to any girl who will go into his brother Arthur's office and kiss him."

"Yes, but I must be present to see the fun," added the young man.

"I'll do it," said the new comer, tossing back her golden curls—"I'll do it!—that is—what is your brother like? what is the matter with him?"

"Why, he's awfully afraid of the girls, Miss Susy, and won't go near them; and I do believe he would faint at the idea of kissing one."

"I don't know," said the merry girl, a little dubiously; "I think these dreadfully shy fellows are somewhat unreliable, they develop in the most startling way sometimes. However, I'd do it—that is, unless I am interfering with prior claims," she added, looking around laughing at the other girls.

"No, no," they answered; we leave you mistress of the field, and wish you all the necessary courage to carry the thing through successfully."

"Well," said Sue, "when shall it be, Mr. Willard?"

"As I know that you will be dying with impatience, Miss Marvin, I appoint to-morrow for the tender ceremony. I will let you know when Arthur is alone in the office, and then I will manage to secrete myself so as to witness it all; and I shall provide myself with a good supply of camphor and sal volatile, for I feel very sure that it will be needed."

She looked very incredulous, but showed no disposition to withdraw from the agreement.

The next day, Arthur Willard sat in his office, busily writing. He was a fine, manly looking fellow, not handsome, but with eyes soft, large and tender as a woman's, although they could flash sometimes, when their owner was irritated or indignant. As his brother said, he was very diffident in the presence of ladies, and for that reason led a very quiet, secluded life, as regarded society, but he devoted himself to his profession, of which he was a brilliant ornament. Yet, although he avoided ever meeting ladies, he had his own romantic dreams in regard to them, and many a bright eyed, frivolous girl would have been astonished, and perhaps a little conscience stricken, had she known with what reverence this young man looked up to, and silently regarded her; for these merry, laughing creatures seemed almost like divinities to his admiring eyes.

On the morning referred to, as he sat busily writing, all at once he heard a light step on the stairs. He raised his head, a little surprised, for his female clients generally came in more ponderous shape than that soft step would indicate.

His astonishment was very much increased when, after quite a long pause, the door was opened in a hesitating manner, and a fair young girl stood before him. Very lovely she looked, too, as she remained transfixed to the spot, rosy as Aurora herself.

Arthur Willard looked so tall and manly as he advanced a step to meet her, his face flushed in pleased surprise, and his usual awe of gentle maidenhood, that she heartily wished the floor would open and let her through. But no such blissful rescue came; the floor remained firm beneath the feet of the lovely girl and the young lawyer, who stood with face scarlet and embarrassed silently regarding each other. He was the first to break the awkward silence.

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" he asked.

"Well, yes," faltered she; "I've got myself into a very silly scrape, and I want you to help me out of it."

"Certainly," replied the young man, recovering his self possession somewhat, as he concluded that his services as attorney were required; "I am entirely at your service."

"I suppose I may as well tell you all about it. A young man here offered me ten dollars if I would kiss a certain gentleman living in this town, and I accepted the challenge without thinking what I was doing, and now I feel very much ashamed, and would like to get out of the business. Will you tell me how I can do it?" she asked, looking up in his face in the most innocent manner.

"I see no other way for you but to fulfill the contract," he replied, trying very hard to preserve his gravity. "It would certainly be an aggravated case of perjury if you withhold the kiss now."

"But you don't know who it is?"

How should I?" he inquired.

"Well," said she, blushing furiously, "it's—it's you!"

"Then I repeat the advice that I gave before," he said, his shyness seeming to disappear very rapidly, she thought, as the undertaking grew more and more formidable.

"But," she said, "I never felt so silly in my life. What will you think of me?"

"I shall consider myself the luckiest fellow in creation," he said.

"Well, I suppose I may as well do it first as last," murmured poor Sue, advancing toward him.

"I think so, certainly," was the encouraging reply.

"They would tease me to death if I didn't do it."

"Of course they would. You would never hear the last of it."

"But you must sit down," she said, almost ready to cry; "you are so tall that I can never reach your face."

"Certainly," he replied, seating himself, with a beaming countenance, and the sweet red lips of the trembling girl lightly touched his forehead. But what's this? To her utter consternation, she felt two strong arms clasped closely around her, and two masculine lips returning her kiss with compound interest.

At that moment a roar of laughter was heard and Sam Willard burst from his hiding place, fairly shrieking with delight.

"Sue, Sue," he exclaimed, "I think it is you who need the hartshorn and camphor.

But that young lady had slipped out of the office, and was going down the street at an alarming pace.

"O, Arthur, you sly fellow! you rogue! who would have thought it! I must go and tell the boys."

"Sam, for the young lady's sake, at least, keep quiet."

"For the young lady's sake! You are wonderful considerate all of a sudden. It's a pity you hadn't been a little more so a minute ago!" and with a threatening gesture, the laughing young man left Arthur to himself.

The latter did not resume his writing for some time. There was an unusual light in his dark eye, and a pleased smile playing around his lips, as he sat idly gazing out of the window. After awhile he took up his pen again, but soon laying it aside, he seized his hat for a long walk, astonishing his brother, upon his return, with the announcement, that he intended going to Mrs Allen's party that evening.

"Why, Arthur," exclaimed Sam, "that kiss deserves to be put on record, like the one given to the sleeping princess. If I were only a poet now, I'd immortalize it. Sue Marvin has accomplished a wonder—produced a revolution. That's true—I must pay her the ten dollars."

"The impudent fellow!" she muttered to herself. But what splendid eyes he has got! Very diffident, to be sure—I'm certain he kissed me a dozen times. I never shall want to look in his face again, and yet I'm glad it wasn't anyone but him. One thing I can comfort myself with, though—I never shall meet him anywhere but on the street, and then I will pretend not to see him. There is some consolation in that."

In the evening she attended Mrs. Allen's party, dressed in blue and silver; her lovely curls fastened back with glittering butterflies that looked light and airy as if wrought from sea foam. She was very beautiful, with the rich bloom on her cheeks that had not left them since the morning's escapade.

"Ah, Sue!" exclaimed the girls, as she entered Mrs. Allen's parlor, how pretty you look! Did you win your bet?"

"O, girls!" pleaded Sue, "don't say anything more about it! I never was so ashamed in all my life."

"Why, there he is!" exclaimed one of the group. "As sure as the world, Sue Marvin, he has come to see you, I know. Here's a romance in our humdrum village!"

She looked rosier and prettier than ever as she met the admiring gaze of the gentleman, and turning quickly from the girls, she stole off into another room, but there she was quickly joined by Sam Willard, who handed her the ten dollars.

"Now Sue," said a young lady, joining them, "you must treat with that."

"No, Mary," she answered, "I am going to buy Mrs. Bond a nice, warm blanket shawl, and tell her it is a present from Mr. Willard. I mean that some good shall result from this ridiculous performance, and hope that a little charity may restore my peace of mind in a measure."

"Why, Miss Susy," said the gentleman, "you mustn't take this matter so seriously to heart, you have done a great thing, you have waked my brother up, and I, for one, feel very grateful. He would never have come here to-night but for that kiss. You didn't expect that he would pay you back so generously, did you, now?"

"Now, Mr. Willard," she replied, "if you say another word to me about this affair, I will never forgive you."

Seeing that she was really in earnest he commenced an animated conversation about something else.

His brother tried hard to get a chance to speak to Sue during the evening, but seeing at last that she studiously avoided giving him any such opportunity, he concluded that he had incurred her dislike, and so turned his attention to another young girl, who was evidently very much pleased to receive him.

Our heroine went home feeling very low spirited, she could not tell why, although she had reigned all the evening as the belle *par excellence*, still that consciousness afforded her no happiness whatever.

"I don't see what he found so attractive in Sarah Elliott," she said to herself. "I wish I had let him speak to me. He was dreadfully impudent, and yet if he hadn't kiss me back, I should have thought him a perfect sheep."

The next morning, at the breakfast table, her father suddenly turned toward her, saying:

"Sue, what is all this, I hear, about your kissing Mr. Willard, is it true?"

"What did you hear, papa?" asked the poor girl, in a faint voice.

"Oh, it is true, then? You do not deny it. Perhaps I had better send you back to school again, but I should suppose that a girl nearly twenty years old might conduct herself with a little more propriety. I wish to know all about it."

Striving hard to keep back her tears, Sue told her story, her father trying to look very stern, but finally he burst into a laugh, and saying:—"Sue, never do anything of the kind again," he left the room.

Then her mother commenced, and gave her a long and severe lecture, and poor Sue felt very unhappy, but all these things together only made her think the more about Arthur Willard—in fact, that gentleman occupied her mind pretty much all the time, and that day as she sat at the window she saw him pass by, talking in a most animated manner to Sarah Elliott.

Somehow the sun did not seem to shine brightly after that, and in the evening when a friend came to escort her to a party she pleaded a severe headache, and excused herself from going.

Arthur went purposely to see her, and was sadly disappointed when the evening passed away, and she did not appear.

"I believe she avoids me," he thought. "Well, it was a happy dream," but soon past. I will not trouble her any more. I will go back to my office, and not drive her from the scenes where she shines so brightly." And sad and discouraged, he went home that night, determined to keep his resolution, hard as it might be.

Thus several weeks passed and they did not meet, although each had watched, and longed to see the other. She went to several parties hoping that he would be present, but she was always disappointed. One evening, Sam Willard said to her:

"Miss Susy, I wish you would kiss my brother again, he has retired into his shell again, and, I am afraid, never will come out any more, unless you repeat that tender little ceremony of which I was a delighted spectator."

"You had better get Miss Elliott to do it," answered Sue, quickly.

"Oh, no," he said, "I do not think it'll produce the same effect. But, Sue, I hope Arthur did not offend you."

"I wish you would not say anything more about it," Sue replied, looking very much as if she were going to cry. Sam saw her, much to his dismay, and began to tell a funny story that soon chased the tears from her lovely eyes.

After several weeks, and even months had dragged by, Sue thought one day that she would go to a neighboring town to procure some things of which she was in want.

Just as she was fairly ensconced in the car, who should enter it but Arthur Willard, his eyes meeting hers almost instantly.

From some unaccountable impulse she turned her head quickly away, and he, looking offended and hurt, seated himself, some distance from her.

She felt uncomfortable enough during her short ride, and when the car stopped, she started off at a rapid pace for the store to which she intended going. But it happened to be very slippery, and she had not proceeded very far, before her foot slipped, and she lay a helpless mass of femininity, upon the ice.

Looking quickly around she saw Arthur Willard advancing towards her to render his assistance; but just as he was about to raise her, he also slipped, and fell equally helpless by her side.

This was too much for Sue's gravity, and she burst in a ringing, merry laugh, that was quickly re-echoed by her companion.

They could not move for a moment, but finally Arthur regained his footing, and lifting Sue from the ice, he drew her arm through his.

"Miss Marvin," he said, "you must let me help you over the ice, or you will fall again."

"Suppose you should fall, too," she replied, looking up saucily into his face.

"I shall try my best to keep from it, and now, Miss Marvin," he continued, "as I may not have another opportunity, I want to apologize to you for my rudeness the day that you——"

"Kissed," he was going to say, but suddenly stopped, saying:

"The day that you came to my office. I know that I was very impertinent, but still—I really could not help it, and," he continued, giving her a look that made her drop her eyelids very quickly, "I am afraid, with the same charming provocation, that I should do it again."

Here they reached the store where Sue intended to stop, and much to the regret of both parties, they parted, not, however, before she had summoned sufficient courage to invite her escort to call and see her—which invitation he eagerly accepted, giving her hand a tender pressure which brought the roses quickly to her cheeks.

She was in wonderful spirits when she went home, so her father advised her to go to——more frequently.

"Did you see any one that you knew?" he inquired.

She hesitated a moment, and then tried to answer carelessly.

"No—that is, no one with whom I am very much acquainted. Mr. Arthur Willard was on the cars."

"From the acknowledgment you made to me, a few weeks ago, I should consider him a pretty familiar acquaintance," said her father, looking at her somewhat suspiciously. "I hear that he and Sarah Elliott are going to make a match. Is it true?"

"I don't know," said the young girl, and she rose quickly from the table and left the room.

"I am afraid, Mary," said Mr. Marvin, to his wife, "that Sue is fond of Mr. Willard. The match would please me very much, for he is a most excellent young man, but if this story about him and Sarah Elliott is true, our darling is doomed to disappointment. It may all be village gossip, but I think perhaps it would be as well for Sue to go away for a while. Change of air is as good for disordered hearts, as for disordered livers and stomachs."

The next day, a young friend of Sue's called to see her, and in the midst of their merry gossip, she said;

"Do you really believe it's true, that Mr. Willard and Sarah Elliott are going to be married?

"I don't know, I'm sure," she answered, feeling very cold.

"I teased her the other day about him," continued her unconscious friend, "and she blushed and laughed, and didn't deny it, but it seems a little queer that he should have retired into obscurity again."

When the young lady left, Sue went up to her room, and indulged in a good cry after which she made up her mind that she would go away, as her father had proposed.

"I cannot stay here," she murmured, "and see him devoting himself to that silly girl; it is more than I can bear. I believe he is a flirt, notwithstanding his terrible shyness. How he did look at me. I hope he did not see how much I cared for him. I will get ready and go to-morrow."

So she began her preparations immediately, and the next day left the village, with a young house, in the shape of a Saratoga, sufficiently filled for the necessities of a long visit, and that very evening, Arthur called for the first time, to see her, and much to his surprise and dismay, heard, that she had gone away for a long visit.

His brother found him that evening with his face buried in his hands, so lost in thought that he did not hear his approach.

"Arthur," inquired Sam, "is this all true about you and Miss Elliott?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the reply.

"Why, it is reported all over town that you are engaged to that young lady."

"Nonsense, Sam. I have spoken to her three times, I believe."

"Three times! That is enough, then to make an engagement. You know my dear boy, in a town like this, you cannot speak to the same young lady three times with impunity. Twice, perhaps, is admissable, but *three* times—that is enough to compromise you seriously. But Arthur, what in the world is the matter with you? You seem to be dreadfully down in the mouth."

"Nothing, Sam, nothing."

But I know there is something, and you have got to tell me at once. I believe that kiss was too much for you. Are you in love with the charming Sue?"

"Yes, Sam," replied Arthur, in desperation.

"Well, what is the use of being unhappy about it? Why don't you tell her that you love her?"

"I went there, last evening, expressly for that purpose, but they told me she had gone to———for a long visit."

"Write to her, then; or go and see her."

"Do you suppose, if she cared for me that she would have gone off in this way?"

"I think, probably, that it was for that very reason she went away. She has, of course, heard this story of your engagement to Miss Elliott."

"Hang Miss Elliott," exclaimed the young man, impatiently.

"Well, my advice is, that you fellow Miss Marvin, immediately, and I firmly believe that you will find I was right!"

Sue Marvin was standing before a long mirror, just completing her toilette for the evening, when a servant came and said that a gentleman in the parlor wished to see her.

"Didn't he give you a card?"

"No, miss; he said he wouldn't detain you but a moment."

"Who can it be?" she asked herself, as she descended the stairs. Her surprise and embarrassment increased when she opened the door, and saw Arthur Willard standing, eager and impatient for her appearance.

"I have followed you, Miss Marvin," he said. "I called to see you last evening, and they told me you were here."

"How is Miss Elliott?" inquired Sue, with a little toss of her head.

"O, Sue," replied the young man, "do you believe that silly story?"

"I saw you walking together," she stammered.

"A mere accident."

"But you seemed to like her very much at Mrs. Allen's party."

"Because the one I went there purposely to see, would not look at, or speak to me. You were very cruel, Miss Marvin. I thought you disliked me."

"I do not think I gave you much reason to think that in the morning," said she, blushing deeply, and yet looking most charmingly mischievous.

"Sue, if you look at me in that way, I shall be tempted to do as I did then," said Arthur, impetuously.

"Be careful, sir," replied the young girl, laughing like a happy child.

But his arms were round her, and there seemed a fair prospect of the office scene being renewed.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin were both surprised and pleased to see their daughter returning the next day to her home, accompanied by Mr. Arthur Willard, and preparation for their nuptials was commenced forthwith.

So much for a kiss.

A Good Story.

The late foolish attempt of one O'Conner to scare Queen Victoria into pardoning some of the imprisoned Fenians has been magnified into an attempt to assassinate her Majesty. The boy is supposed to have been crazy or drunk. It seems that he is the son of Fergus O'Conner, who some thirty years ago figured largely as leader of the Chartists in England. Said Fergus was the son of Arthur O'Conner, Esq., a gentleman of ancient lineage, and at the breaking out of the Irish rebellion of the year 1798, was suspected of being implicated in an attempt to rob the mail coaches on their way from and to Dublin and Cork, with a view of getting possession of Government dispatches and Government funds. He was arrested, tried and acquitted of the alleged attempt, crime it was not considered to be at that time of day in Ireland. Some years (15 or 20) after the occasion, Fergus O'Conner, Esq., Barrister at law, son of the aforesaid Arthur and father of the foolish youth, was engaged as counsel in a disputed will case, and was against the will being considered valid. The subscribing witness to the will was an astute and wide awake "broth of a boy," named Pat McKeon. "Well, Pat," asked Fergus O'Conner, "You swear on the virtue of your oath that you distinctly remember having signed this will as witness in the presence of the deceased, and that he acknowledged this will and signature to be his act and deed." "True, for you, your honor," replied Pat. "I signed it and 'seed' him sign it." What time of day was it, asked Fergus, when this will was executed (it dated back some 10 or 15 years.) It was no time of day at all, be dad, said McKeon. It was 10½ past ten of the night, and the moon, barring a passing and fleecy cloud, was shining beautifully, God bless it, all the time. Your memory is over exact Pat, as to the moon and other particulars connected with this will, remarked the counsel. What causes you to be so very mindful of all the circumstances and events of that night. Well, to be sure, your honor, you would not be over pleased if I were to answer that question *exactly*, said Pat. I am pleased to ask the question, said the counsel, and will be more pleased to hear your answer. Well, said Pat, giving his waistband a twitch, I remember all these things, and all about the moon and the beautiful clouds flying over its face, because on that blessed night I helped your father to rob the mail coach, and a clane job we made of it.

A roar of laughter convulsed Bench, Bar and Jury, and when his Lordship inquired of Mr. F. O'Conner whether he wished to question the witness any further, he said, "No, certainly not, he may go down."

Preserving Shingles.

A correspondent writes:—Some paint roof shingles after they are laid. This makes them rot sooner than they otherwise would. Some paint the courses as they are laid; this is a great preservative, if each shingle is painted the length of three courses. But about as sure a way to preserve shingles, and that with little or no expense, is the following:—There is one thing more that nearly all people know, if they would only attend to it; that is, to sprinkle slacked lime on the roofs of their buildings in rainy days. Put it on thick, so as to make the roof look white, and you never will be troubled with moss; and if the shingles are covered so thick with moss, by putting the lime on twice, it will take all the moss off and leave the roof white and clean, and will look almost as well as if it had been painted. It ought to be done once a year, and, in my opinion, the shingles will last almost twice as long as they will to let the roof all grow over to moss. I tried it on my house, ten years ago, when the shingles were all covered over with moss, and they appeared to be nearly rotten. I gave the roof a heavy coat of lime, and have followed it nearly every year since then, and the roof is better now than it was then; and, to all appearances, if I follow my plan, it will last ten or fifteen years longer. The shingles have been on the roof over thirty years.

In building new houses it would be better to steep the shingles well in lime-water, drying them thoroughly before use. And for the roofs of houses already built, a simple coat of white-wash would be preferable to the lime, as the first dash of rain would wash it nearly all off. Shingles well white washed are not so liable to take fire from sparks.

Over six thousand million pins are used in the United States each year.

Poetic Trifles.

NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who loses the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak;
For prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid;
Who had them last but he?
There's no one loses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots! they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

Wit and Humor.

Mule Artillery.

Out in a certain Western fort, some time ago, the major conceived the idea that artillery might be used effectively in fighting with the Indians, by dispensing with gun carriages and fastening the cannon upon the backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointed toward the tail. When they had secured the gun and loaded it with ball cartridge, they led the calm and steadfast mule out on the bluff, and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood around in a semi circle, while the major went up and inserted a time-fuse in the touch-hole of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back there on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head around to ascertain what was going on, and, as he did so, his body turned and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity grew more and more intense, and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer, understand, threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the lieutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; the sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet, and the major rolled over the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, a dull thud, and the mule—oh! where was he? A solitary jackass might have been seen turning successive back somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor, finally, with the howitzer, at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattled the adobe bricks down into the parlor, and frightened the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the result of the experiment was ever sent to Washington.

The Deacon and His Ram.

A short distance from the line which divides Massachusetts and New Hampshire, lives a pious old deacon, who fears the Lord and detests levity. The deacon owns a ram, a savage fellow, always ready for a fight, and this belligerent spirit the old gentleman's two sons took advantage of.

The deacon's farm has a stream of water running through it, on the bank of which there is a rock, extending close to the water for some distance, and about ten feet above it, and which cannot be seen from the house.

The boys were in the habit of driving their father's sheep to this spot, and then vexing the old ram until he would pitch at them, with all his might, when they would drop flat down and let the ram go headlong over them, from the top of the rock, into the deep water below.

This was rare sport for the boys, but one day the deacon caught them in the very act of giving old "Thumper" a bath, and dealt with them as he felt in duty bound to do for such wicked-mindedness. Some time afterwards, the deacon chanced to go to the aforesaid rock and seeing the sheep feeding near it, he felt a strong inclination to see his ram make another plunge into the water.

After looking about to make sure that no one was in sight to witness his folly, he crouched down on the edge of the rock, and made a show of fight against old "Thumper," who accepted the challenge, and charged with all his force so rapidly that the deacon, being rather slow, failing to drop in time, went over the rock headlong into the water along with him.

Here was a fix for a deacon to be caught in, sure enough; and to add to his mortification, by the time he and his ram got out of the water, the boys were standing on the rock above him, laughing boisterously.

A man out West was offered a dish of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they "couldn't play off any biled pipe-stems on him."

The Devil on Wheels.

The Columbia *Courant* is responsible for the story that the devil has commenced running trains on the Pennsylvania railroad. Our little contemporary says:

"He is seen at various places along the road, and in different shapes. One night last week, after the Philadelphia express left Tyrone station, his Satanic Majesty got on the engine with Sol. Hoffmaster. He looked around for a moment, then taking the poker from the fireman opened the fire door and stirred the fire, at the same time sticking his feet in. He then sat down, stretching out his immense legs and bringing his tail around laid it between his cloven hoofs. Sometimes wings could be seen about his shoulder. He was very particular about the fire; some times he would put his head in the fire box and look around, then throw in his tail, stirring the fire at a rapid rate. By this time he had got warmed up, and so had the engineer and fireman, who were nearly scared to death. The engine was making about thirty five miles an hour, when the devil picked up the oil-can, went around and oiled the locomotive in all its parts. He then turned and requested Mr. Hoffmaster to slack up and let him off at bridge No. 5; but Mr. H. told him he might get off the same way he got on. The engine was then running at a fearful rate of speed, and Mr. Devil stepped to one side and disappeared.

We learn since that a phantom train was seen in the vicinity of the Gap. Some nights ago David Wayne, engineer of 477, had stopped for some purpose, when a train was heard approaching at a rapid rate. Knowing there was no train due at that hour, schedules were examined carefully; but the stranger could not be made out. At length it came thundering around the curve with an immense headlight and other equipments. The conductor, H. Bell, engineer, fireman and breakesmen, all saw and heard the train coming. The flagman, John K. Newell, immediately went back with a light and placed signal cabs upon the rails. The phantom train came, making the usual noise, and lighting up the whole track with its huge, lurid glare, when in a twinkling the whole thing disappeared. Some say that it was old Amos Clemson's train—the notorious leader of the Gap gang, who died several years ago—and that he was aboard swinging a red light furiously.

John Filbert, engineer of the Lancaster train informs us that when approaching Paduca bridge, some nights ago, he saw the devil on the cow-catcher of his engine. He was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He quickly shut off the steam and slacked up, but could not see anything of the strange object. These stories are creating a great deal of comment among railroad men. We give them as told to us and leave the readers to draw their own conclusion."

The Railroad Under London.

The underground railroad in London is a wonderful work, and the enterprise is peculiarly successful, but the mode of travel is to a decree unpleasant. The cars used are similar in style and build to other steam carriages, but they are dimly lighted. Then the atmosphere is foul. It has a bad effect on the lungs and brain, and you generally emerge from the depths with a stifling sensation and a severe headache. The better classes nearly altogether avoid the road, but it is liberally supported by the laboring men who travel long distances to and from their work, at a rapid rate and a mere nominal charge.

This London underground railway is not, as many suppose, placed in a continuous tunnel, but has a series of open cuts alternating with tunnels. The engines, we believe, make steam in the cuts, while combustion is shut off in the tunnels. They are worked with coke as fuel, which costs 28 shillings per ton, though it has been sought to substitute Welsh anthracite coal, which may be had at 17 shillings per ton.

The railway is 7½ miles long. Its course is circuitous through the city; it thus accommodates a larger proportion of travellers than would be served by a railway straight through any part of the metropolis. The number of passengers carried over the road in a year is about 40,000,000, and the earnings about $500,000.

Foxes as Sheep-Herders.

The Stockton (Cal.) *Republican* vouches for the following story: "People often wonder at the remarkable instinct displayed by well trained shepherd dogs, but what will they say when we tell them of a band of sheep that is guarded by foxes alone. The story seems improbable, but of its truth we have the most undoubted proof. On Whiskey hill, four miles from Milton, may be seen, almost any day, a large flock of sheep herded by foxes. These guardians of the little lambs are three in number—one a gray fox and the other two of the species known as the red fox. In point of intelligence these novel shepherds are said to greatly surpass the best trained shepherd dogs. They perform their work well, and from morning till night are ever on the alert. The gray one seems to control, and in a great measure direct, the actions of the other two. A gentleman informs us that he yesterday saw the gray fox pursue and attack a hog that had seized a lamb and was making off with it. The contest was short and sharp, and resulted in the hog dropping the lamb and beating a hasty retreat. The fox picked up the apparently uninjured lamb and carried it back to the flock."

Every column of a newspaper contains from ten to twenty thousand distinct pieces of type. The displacement of a single one makes an error. Is it strange that errors occur?