



Great Things in the Clothes Line.

GREAT is the stock at the Great Brown Hall. Of the finest clothes for the present Fall. **R**OCKHILL & WILSON continue to keep the best of clothing, wonderful cheap. **E**XCELLENT, Elegant, Extra Clothes. As each of our customers thoroughly knows. **A**LL our best clothes at the Great Brown Hall. **T**ELL your relations and neighbors, all, how cheap you buy at the Great Brown Hall. **B**ROWN, and olive, and drab, and green. The richest shades that ever were seen. **R**EADY-MADE Clothing, of style and taste. Or made to measure with prompt haste. **O**VERCOATS, stylish, and strong and stout. That will not bother by weathering out. **W**ESTERLY, and the latest news. **N**ONE in the world so good or so cheap. As the clothes which Rockhill & Wilson keep. **H**ALL filled full of magnificent piles of Fine Fall Clothes, of the richest styles. **A**LL the varieties now in store, And constantly adding more and more. **L**ONG or short though our customers be, We fit them exactly; come and see. **L**OWER than ever the prices, all. (Hall.) Of the Goods we sell at the Great Brown Hall. All Good and True Men Are always invited To buy their clothes at the Great Brown Hall of

ROCKHILL & WILSON,
603 & 605 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Nov. 6-3m

NEW STOVE, TIN, AND HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

THOMAS H. ROTHWELL'S NEW BUILDING,
North Side of Main Street, & Buildings West of Town Hall,
Middletown, Delaware.
Where he has constantly on hand, and is prepared to manufacture
ALL KINDS OF TIN WARE,
At Short Notice.

Particular attention paid to
ROOFING AND SPOUTING.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to.

STOVES.
THE NATIONAL, CONTINENTAL, ORIENTAL, CHARM, GEM, SUN.

LITTLE GIANT, BRILLIANT, Prize and the Victor Cook.
Orders will be received and promptly filled for any kind of Stove that may be ordered.

GALVANIZED RUSSIA AND SHEET IRON, ZINC, COAL HODS, SEIVES, POKERS, SHOVELS, TEA KETTLES, BAKE PANS, WAFFLE IRONS, SAD IRONS, BRASS & ENAMELLED PRESERVING KITTLES, ENAMELLED SAUCE PANS, TEA BELLS, JAPANESE CHAMBER BUCKETS, SPITTOONS, WAITERS, LANTERNS, FLOUR AND PEPPER BOXES, SAND CUPS, MATCH SAFES (Cast Iron), BAKING POWDER, PEACH CANS, (Soldered and Self-Sealing), PATENT CLOTHES FRAMES, &c. &c. &c.

Attention is respectfully called to our new
FAMILY & RESTAURANT STOVE
Which is especially adapted to steaming, frying, and broiling oysters.
No wood, no coal, no gas, no stove pipe, no ashes, no dirt, no wood boxes, no coal scuttles, no kindling wood, but a friction match, and the fire in full blast in half a minute, even hot in two minutes, stick bread in seven minutes, bread baked in thirty minutes, the fire extinguished in a moment. It has no rival in all kinds of cooking, and in economy, convenience, neatness, safety and durability.
Please call and examine it in operation at
Thomas H. Rothwell's Stove Store,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Sole owner of the stove for the State.

Prompt attention to business, moderate prices, competent workmen, and a determination to please, may at all times be expected by those who may favor him with their custom.
Aug. 28-7
OYSTERS! OYSTERS!!
PRIME CRISP OYSTERS will be served throughout the season, in quantities to suit purchasers. Apply to
Oct. 6-3m **Charles Adams.**

Select Poetry.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY M. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of our delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.
Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent;
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
At interest four-fold paid.
Go, then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pay delay;
And on my word it is inferred,
You'll live until you're gray.
An old and quiet neighbor
While dying with a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news
While he was going off.
I took the paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.
I knew two men as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps,
And no philosopher could find
A difference in their bumps.
One takes the paper and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.
The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And killed him;—"very good."
Had he been reading of the news,
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.
Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow from his boy
A paper every week.
For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bill when due;
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

Select Story.

THE BROKEN HOME.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

In San Francisco, on the north side of Folsom street, overlooking Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence. The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement. The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home. And yet, the moment we look in upon him—one August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of all men the most miserable. He was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco. It was in vain that the broad bay-window at the south end of the room had been opened, giving ingress to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him. He was wretched. He lay on a sofa, in the depths of the great bay-window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His figure was thin and gaunt; his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of woful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy. It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was. By what withering secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? Thus haunted? Thus hunted? He so noble and good? He so wealthy and distinguished? As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions the pretty clock on the mantel-piece struck five, every stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He aroused himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture. "Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass?" he murmured; "nor bring us relief?" Noticing with a nervous start that he was alone, he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called: "Helen, Helen! where are you?" Before the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence. "I left you only for a moment, Morton," she said, advancing to the banker's side. "You were dozing I think. I wished to send for the doctor?" She was a beautiful woman, of some six and thirty years, graceful, with broad white brows, and loving eyes, in which the brightness and sweetness of a sunshiny nature were still perceptible, under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that evinced by her husband. "The doctor?" he echoed, half-prophetically. "Yes, dear," she said, in a calm and cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down, stroking the corrugated forehead of the invalid with a magnetic touch. "He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You may become seriously ill!" Mr. Preble bestowed an affectionate look upon his wife, but said despondently: "The doctor! He cannot minister to a mind diseased!" Oh, if these long

hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for us!" "Look up, Morton!" enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently trustful glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds thence, "Let us appeal from the injustice and wickedness of earth to the goodness and mercy of Heaven!" The banker gave a low, sobbing sigh. "I cannot look up, Helen," he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice—"only down, down at the grave that is open before me!" Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sunlight streaming into the apartment. "Look up, Morton—always look up!" she again enjoined upon the invalid. "During all these fourteen years of agony I have not once doubted either the goodness or the justice of Heaven. 'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.' I believe that we shall yet rejoice more keenly than we have mourned, and that we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!" The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured: "Glorious faith! My wife, you are indeed a blessed comforter! Perhaps, after all, you are right!" A knock resounded on a side-door at this juncture, and the next moment Dr. Hutton, the family physician, for whom Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room. He was an old man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and with an exuberant boyishness of manner that sat well upon him. He had a kind heart and a clear head. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse. "Quite a high fever," he said, after a brief pause. "Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble?" You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you no good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must give you an opiate—"Not now, doctor," interposed the banker. "I cannot—must not—sleep to-day! I need to be broad awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next may bring forth. I am looking for the culmination of all my years of anguish—for the crowning agony of the whole. Perhaps even now—Ah, what was that?" He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again on his cushions, pallid and panting. The doctor looked at Mrs. Preble with an anxious, questioning glance. "It is the anniversary," she replied to his unspoken inquiry—the anniversary of our loss." "Ah, yes," said the doctor. "I remember." "Yes, it's another of those terrible days," cried the banker, in a hollow whisper. "Sit down, doctor, and I will tell you the whole story. I can think of nothing else to-day, and am almost wild with apprehension and anxiety. Sit down." Dr. Hutton drew up a chair and seated himself, his face expressing the double solicitude of a friend and physician. "You knew us fourteen years ago, doctor," said Mr. Preble. "We lived then where we do now, in a cottage on the site of this great mansion. There were but three of us—Helen and I, and our three-year-old Jessie. And it was fourteen years ago to-day that our little Jessie was stolen from us." "I remember it," said the doctor softly. "Yet might she not have been lost, Mr. Preble? I went out to play in the garden, if I remember rightly, and was never seen by you again. She might have strayed away—" "So we thought for a whole year, doctor," interrupted the banker. "We never dreamed that she had been stolen. We searched everywhere for her, and offered immense rewards for her recovery. I employed detectives, but all to no purpose. When our little Jessie ran down the steps into the flower-garden," and he pointed to the front of the house, "as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up, we never saw her again." "She must have found the gate open, and wandered out," suggested Dr. Hutton. "She might have straggled down to the waters and been drowned." The banker fixed his burning eyes upon the physician's face, and whispered: "I said we never saw the poor child again. I did not say we had not heard of her. She was lost on the 9th of August, 1854. For a year we thought her dead. But on the anniversary of our loss we received a written message concerning her." "A message?" cried Dr. Hutton, starting. "A mere scrawl—a single line in a hand entirely disguised," said the banker. "Here it is." He produced a dingy scrap of paper from a draw in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read as follows: "August 9, 1855. Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie!" Dr. Hutton looked, with a puzzled air, from the scrap of paper, which he turned over and over, to the countenance of the banker. "I can make nothing of this," he declared. "It is merely a date, with the name of your lost daughter. It tells me nothing." "Nor did it us, at first," said Mr. Preble. "Then that name and that date,

with the demon laugh connecting them, set us to thinking. A whole year we agonized over the dreadful problem, and then we received another message, which you shall see." He thrust a second slip of paper, identical in shape and appearance with the first, before the gaze of Dr. Hutton, who read it aloud: "August 9, 1856. Your Jessie still lives." The physician started as if electrified. "Ah! this is something definite—something decisive," he muttered. "It convinced you that your daughter was still living." "Yes, doctor," said Mr. Preble, "and every anniversary of that day has brought us some message. The disappearance of the child, mysterious as it is, does not seem to me half so strange as that the villain who took her away could contrive to communicate with us every year since, and always on a particular day—the anniversary of that on which she was stolen—without our being able to discover who he is. And a still greater wonder to me is that he should have been so long in coming. If it was stated in a novel many people would not believe it. But, truth is stranger than fiction." Mrs. Preble drew from her husband's breast-pocket his note-book, opened it to the proper page, and presented it to the physician. Dr. Hutton adjusted his spectacles, glanced over the page, and then slowly read the group of entries as follows: "August 9, 1855. Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie!" And the next— "August 9, 1856. Your Jessie still lives!" And the next— "August 9, 1857. She is in good hands!" And the next— "August 9, 1858. She is well as ever!" And the next— "August 9, 1859. I saw her yesterday!" And the next— "August 9, 1860. She is growing rapidly!" And the next— "August 9, 1861. She continues to do well!" And the next— "August 9, 1862. I've seen her again!" And the next— "August 9, 1863. She's becoming a woman!" And the next— "August 9, 1864. Your child is thirteen!" And the next— "August 9, 1865. She's lovelier than ever!" And the next— "August 9, 1866. She's really charming!" And the next— "August 9, 1867. My reward is at hand!" And what shall we get to-day! The physician looked up and fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the bereaved husband and wife. "How did these messages come to you?" he demanded. "Invariably by post," replied Mr. Preble. "Usually to the house, but sometimes to the office." "And you have never seen their author?" "Never!" "The last of them is dated, I see, a year ago to-day!" "Yes, yes," faltered the banker, "and the time has come for another message. This is the 9th of August, 1868!" "I see," said Dr. Hutton. "And this is the secret of your terrible excitement! You are expecting to receive to-day another of these strange messages!" There was a brief silence. Mrs. Preble's hand fluttered in its task, and her face grew very pale. The banker breathed gaspingly. The physician regarded them both in friendly sympathy. "We shall hear of her again to-day," said Mr. Preble; "and what will the message be?" The mother averted her face. Her brave heart faltered at that question echoed in her soul. "The writer of these letters is unquestionably the abductor of your child!" said Dr. Hutton. "Have you any suspicion as to his identity?" "Not the slightest," said Mr. Preble. "We have puzzled over the problem for many years, but we cannot guess who he is." "Think," said the doctor. "Have you no enemy? I do not mean people with whom you are not friendly—every stirring man has plenty of these—but a downright enemy! Is there no man whom you knew in the East who hated you? No one against whom you were called upon to testify—no one whom you possibly injured?" The banker shook his head. He had asked himself these questions repeatedly. "I have no such enemy, doctor," he answered with sincerity of voice and manner. "And Mrs. Preble?" suggested the doctor, turning to her. "Have you no rejected suitor who might be revengeful enough to demolish your home?" "No," said the lady. "I was married early. Morton was my first lover!" "This is strange—very strange!" muttered the doctor. "You are not conscious of having an enemy in the world, and yet you have an enemy—a hidden foe—a fiend in human form—who is working out against you a fearful hatred! And you have not the slightest suspicion as to whom he is?" "Not the slightest," declared the banker. "Not the slightest," echoed Mrs. Preble. "My husband had a step-brother who might have been capable of this infamy—but he is dead!" "No, it is merely a rude guess, as you see," said the banker. "It suggests nothing—except that it is evidently disguised." Again there was a profound silence. "Our child is seventeen years old now,"

at length murmured Mrs. Preble, her voice trembling. "She is on the threshold of womanhood. No doubt, during all these years, she has yearned for us, wherever she may be, as we have yearned for her!" "But where is she?" asked the physician—and now his voice was broken by his deep sympathy with the agonized parents. "Where can she be?" "Heaven only knows," answered the mother. "Perhaps in San Francisco—perhaps in some rude hut in the interior, with some obscure farmer, and under a name that is not hers! I think her abductor would have carried her to some lonely region of the interior, among the valleys and mountains. Yet I never see a young girl in the streets without turning to look at her. I never hear a girlish voice without listening eagerly, half fancying that it may prove the voice of my lost Jessie!" "Oh, pitying heaven!" sighed Dr. Hutton, dashing a flood of tears from his eyes. "Will this long agony never be over?" "We hope so, and even believe so," answered Mrs. Preble, with the firmness of an unfaltering trust in God's mercy. "The last message we received from our enemy seems to point to some kind of a change." "True," assented Dr. Hutton, looking at the message in question. "It is unlike the others. It says that his 'reward is at hand.' He means either that he intends to marry your daughter, or that he intends to demand money of you for bringing her back—or both." "We shall soon know," said Mrs. Preble, with forced calmness. "To-day we shall have another message, no doubt. What will it be?" The banker turned restlessly on his sofa, and his face grew even paler. "Whatever it is, let it come!" he murmured. "Anything can be borne better than this awful suspense. Let it come!" As if his impatient words had precipitated a crisis, a step was heard on the walk at this moment, and a ring at the front door followed. "Another message!" breathed the banker. A servant soon entered, bearing a letter, which he extended to Mr. Preble, saying: "The bearer is in the hall." With an eager gaze, the banker glanced at the superscription of the missive. "It is from him!" He tore the envelope open. It contained a slip of paper, of well-known shape and appearance, upon which was scrawled a single line, in an equally well-known handwriting, which the banker exhibited to his wife and the physician. "This line was at six!" "August 9, 1868. At six I will call!" A shock of wonder and horror shook the three simultaneously. "Will call!" cried Mr. Preble, starting to his feet, and glaring wildly around. "Is coming here?" cried Mrs. Preble, also arising. "It seems so," said Dr. Hutton, his eyes again reverting to the message. "He will be here at six o'clock, and see! it is six already!" Even as he spoke, the clock on the mantel-piece commenced striking the appointed hour, and at that instant heavy footsteps resounded in the hall, approaching the library. "Is he?" "As the last stroke of the hour resounded, the door leading from the hall again opened. One long and horrified glance cast the banker and his wife in that direction, and then she fell to the floor. Her senses had left her. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated December 4th, which can be had at any news office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 182 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Every body who takes it is happier for having it. Leon Lewis, Mrs. Harriet Lewis, Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Cobb, Professor Peck, Mary Kyle Dallas, Fanny Fern and Miss Dupuy will write only for the Ledger hereafter. Mr. Bonner, like other leading publishers, might issue three or five papers and magazines; but he prefers to concentrate all his energies upon one, and in that way to make it the best. One Dexter is worth more than three or five ordinary horses. One science only can gain genius fit. So vast is art, so narrow human wit. TRAINING DOGS.—In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Governor Anderson, of Ohio, related a Texas practice in training dogs with sheep. "A pup is taken from his mother before its eyes are opened, and put with an ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or strange dog can come near the sheep, and the dog will bring the flock to the fold regularly at 7 o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour." What are the three degrees of comparison for a lawyer? First, he has to get on, then to get honor, then to get honest.

Select Poetry.

NEEDLES AND PINS.

Ye are trivial things,
With invisible wings,
Needles and pins;
Common and mean,
Of pointed and keen,
Useful alike to the cock and the queen,
Bright needles and pins.
Men have waxed with
For the want of ye both,
Needles and pins;
Women have railed,
Reddened and paled,
Hunted and scolded till language has failed,
For needles and pins.
Heads rounded and bright,
Eyes single and light,
Needles and pins;
Ye have witnessed strange scenes.
Rivers blunder and between;
Working for angels and working for fiends,
Bright needles and pins.
The set of that fell
Is due to your skill,
Needles and pins;
The droop and the grace
Of you satin and lace,
And look of content on that young husband's face,
Oh! needles and pins.
Ye have hidden the rent
In the beggar's garment,
Needles and pins;
As ye've mended his tears,
So ye've lightened his cares,
Till again he has need of your aid and repairs,
Bright needles and pins.
But where do you go,
When your work's done, we'd know,
Needles and pins;
What nook do you find,
So secret and kind,
That a mortal no trace of your brightness can find,
Lost needles and pins?

Wit and Humor.

A celebrated comedian arranged with his green grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the green-grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the green-grocer, and, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said: "I say, here's a mull, Berry; you have sent in your bill, Berry; before it is due, Berry. Your father, the elder, Berry; would not have been such a goose, Berry; but you need not look black, Berry; for I don't care a straw, Berry; and I shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry." A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at night or rather early next morning, and said: "Why, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark." "Then you had a deuce of a father, you had," sneered the young prodigal. Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated: "I had a confounded sight better one than you, you young rascal." "Parson, I had rather hear you preach," said a baffled, swindling horsejockey, "than see you interfere in bargains between man and man." "Well," said the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you would have heard me preach." "Where was that?" said the jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman. Washington seldom indulged in a joke or sarcasm, but when he did he made a decided hit. During the debate on the establishment of the Federal Army, a member of Congress offered a resolution limiting it to three thousand men; to which Washington suggested an amendment, providing no enemy should ever invade the country with more than three thousand men. The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution. An Irishman once said to another, "Ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" "Indade I have, and I'm not ashamed of it, either." "Sure and didn't Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach." An eminent electrician was travelling lately in the cars, when a man came up and asked him for his fare. "Who are you?" said B. "I'm a name is Wood; I am the conductor." "Oh," said the professor, very quietly, "that can't be, for wood is a non-conductor." An old offender was lately introduced to a negro Justice of the Peace, in one of the reconstructed States, as John Simmons, alias Jones, alias Smith. "I'll try the two men first," said the thick-headed Justice. "Bring in Alice Jones." Two Irishmen were put in prison—one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Mike," said the cow-stealer, one day, "what o'clock is it?" "Och, Pat, I haven't a watch handy, but I think it's about milkin' time." Why is a dull and plausible man like an unfired gun? Ans.—Because he is a smooth bore. Men of mark—Those who can't write their own names. Well "posted"—The telegraph.

For the Middletown Transcript.
THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.
A Lecture read before the Warwick Lyceum.
The beauties of Nature are beautiful and sublime to the eye, and the many curiosities which are formed in Nature are so astonishing to the human mind that it is almost an impossibility to illustrate, or even to imagine them. The beautiful landscapes present to the eye so lovely an appearance that the mind cannot conceive nor comprehend them; and the flowers which so beautifully decorate and garnish the earth, and send forth their sweet and delicious odors, impress our thoughts more powerfully with the wisdom and goodness of their Creator. Nature is lovely through all her works, and the appreciative mind never tires of their contemplation. Who can describe the unrevealed secrets of nature, whose visions are so sublime that they may envelop all hearts; the pureness is undefiled and brilliant as the moon beams that send forth rays of light, to illumine the dark and weary hours of the silent night. Nature has endowed us with her exhaustless riches, which are manifest through all her mysterious works. I could refer you to other wonders of nature, but, for the present will only cite you to the magnificent structures of the mammoth cave in Kentucky, and the cave in Asia, which have been explored for miles, and the neat architecture which has been displayed upon their arches and the beautiful streams of water flowing through their channels and the variegated stories and stalactites glittering with dazzling brightness and sending forth picturesque features which for centuries have witnessed and set forth the mysterious works of nature. Now let us pass to the consideration of the dead sea, in Asia, that mysterious body of water which is constantly receiving streams of flowing water, and its depth never varies one inch. Where this ever flowing stream of water passes off to is a great mystery that cannot be comprehended by the most learned men of our day. I could refer you to many other mysteries in nature if time would admit, but I am admonished to close, which I do with the following lines:
Fair scenes of Nature!
Gentle and sweet as thou art,
Gentle as the glories that bloom
In their grassy little cells,
Oh see their glittering blossoms,
How sweetly does their foliage look!
How sweetly has nature adorned them,
How sweetly has she wrapped them
With a bright and heavenly hue,
In brightness she has clothed them
And watered with pearly dew.
Dr. Pump-maker, would state that his celebrated remedy has never failed to give satisfaction in curing old pumps of their maladies; that is, simply by pulling out the old ones and placing new ones in their stead. If this remedy is properly applied it will undoubtedly avoid all snatching, jerking and squeaking, completely. Here wash-day comes, then he knows that the devil's at it. Here comes the woman stinging him like hornets on every side, quarreling, fussing, and driving the dogs out of the kitchen, children hallowing and crying; so this is the way that wash-day goes on by neglecting the doctor's celebrated remedy, which if properly applied would unhesitatingly put a stop to all such affairs. And here the wife comes, she is in a terrible uproar! "Oh dear," she says, "every preparation has been made to wash to-day, and there is no water in the pump, and you have been lounging about all the week, chewing tobacco and making your clothes dirty like a hog, and have neglected to have the pump put in order, and when Sunday comes you expect us to have clean clothes for you to attend church." All this is caused by neglecting the Doctor's remedy. If it was properly applied it would no doubt have proven satisfactory in both cases, not only in the pump, but it would have put a stop to the devil's play also. Oh the ladies! I have nearly forgotten them! How pleasing are they in their youthful beauty, with their rosy cheeks and charming eyes, which attract us at every turn, when they appear in our presence. I would also like to state that we had an old bachelors wedding a few nights ago in this town of Warwick. I never had my hopes raised so high in my life as I had on this occasion. I really imagined that they were flying like the transitory stars that dart through the heavens and disappear in the horizon. I still cast a lingering hope To future days to come, When old bachelors get married, I think there's hope for me. Don't forget the remedy. All he asks is a trial, and he is confident that he will give satisfaction, at reasonable rates. The public's friend.
Dr. J. W. PUMP-MAKER,
Nearly opposite J. S. Hays's store,
Main Street, Warwick.
For a Cold.—As the season of colds and coughs is at hand we publish the following: Take a heaped dessert spoonful of flax seed, put in a pint of water, cover it, and let it boil to a half pint. If the seeds do not settle to the bottom pour in a little more hot water, and stir well. Put in a tablespoonful of genuine vinegar, and as much brown sugar as you like, and take after getting into bed. It is a powerful sudorific, and cuts the phlegm. Avoid exposure next day.
In Cork, the crier of the court, anxious to disperse the crowd around the bar, exclaimed: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court!"