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THE CAROLINA MESSENGER,
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☞ Transient advertisements will be charged $1 00 per square for first insertion and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be allowed on contract by the month or year, and for longer advertisements.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
CHESTNUT STREET,
Opposite Old Independence Hall,
PHILADELPHIA.
S. M. HEULINGS, Proprietor.

THE YARBOROUGH HOUSE,
RALEIGH, N. C.
When you visit Raleigh stop at the "YARBOROUGH," a first-class Hotel on the principal business street, in the centre of the city. DR. G. W. BLACKNALL,
sept29-tf Proprietor.

SWIFT GALLOWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SNOW HILL, GREENE CO., N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of Greene, Wayne, Lenoir, Pitt, &c.
☞ Collections made in all parts of the State. [Nov. 30, '69-tf

W. H. MOORE, M. D.
[*Office in the Cobb Building.*]
DR. W. H. MOORE, having removed his office to the Cobb building, can be consulted at all times when not professionally absent. apr4-tjan1

JARRAT'S HOTEL,
PETERSBURG, VA.,
BISHOP & SEAY, Proprietors.
WM. B. BISHOP, GEO. W. SEAY.
Formerly of Spotswood Hotel, Richmond, Va. *Petersburg, Va.*
oct24-tf

ATLANTIC HOTEL,
NORFOLK, VA.
R. S. DODSON, - - - - PROPRIETOR.
BOARD—first and second floors, $3.00 per day. Third and fourth floors, $2.50 per day. Special terms for permanent boarders. mar14-tf

DR. THOS. A. WOODLEY,
LATE OF KINSTON, N. C.,
Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Goldsboro, N. C., and surrounding country.
Office, at present, at Barham's Hotel, where all orders may be left.
August 22d, 1872. 1m

PETER EPPS,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
GOLDSBORO, N. C.,
Begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he still continues the Painting Business, and solicits patronage in town and country. Orders left at the MESSENGER office will receive prompt attention.
August 2nd, 1872-tf

MALTBY HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, MD.
C. R. HOGAN, Proprietor.
In consideration of the general decline in cost of all necessaries appertaining to Hotel Keeping, the price of Board will be Reduced on and after January 1st, 1871, to $2.50 per day, being determined that nothing shall be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city. [mar20

WALTER CLARK. J. M. MULLEN.
CLARK & MULLEN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practice in all the Courts of Halifax, Martin, Northampton and Edgecombe counties. In the Supreme Court of North Carolina and in the Federal Courts.
☞ Collections made in all parts of North Carolina. mar14-1y

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
GOLDSBORO, N. C.
This is one of the best conducted Hotels in the State, (new and established since the late fire.) At this House you will find the best of Fare, comfortable fires, excellent Lodging Rooms, a well furnished Parlor and accommodations for Ladies.
☞ Polite and attentive servants.
ja18tf JAS. W. MORRIS, *Proprietor.*

HENRY C. PREMPERT'S
FASHIONABLE
Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon,
Opposite Metropolitan Hall, next door to A. W. Fray's Saloon.
RALEIGH, N. C.
The only white Saloon in Town. Shaving, Hair-Cutting, Dyeing, &c., done in the Latest and Best Style.

KINSTON HOTEL,
KINSTON, N. C.
The undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the traveling public that he has recently assumed charge of the Hotel at Kinston and the building has been thoroughly renovated and refitted for the accomodation of the Public.
He is determined to keep a first-class House. G. K. BAGBY.
nov10-tf

JOHN ARMSTRONG,
BOOKBINDER AND BLANKBOOK MANUFACTURER,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Trial, Execution, Minute and Recording Dockets made to order.
North Carolina Reports and other Law Books, bound in superior Law Binding.
Missing numbers of the Reports supplied and odd numbers taken in exchange for binding. [sept16-tf

WILLIAM HAY,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.
The undersigned begs leave to give notice to his friends and the public generally that he still continues the PAINTING BUSINESS, and all orders left with Messrs Clark & Roberts, at Newbern, or Mr. W. F. Kornegay, at Goldsboro will receive prompt attention.
Patronage, from town or country, solicited. WM. HAY.
Goldsboro, Oct. 27, 1870-3m

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Re-opened under new management August 22nd, for the reception of Guests.
The spacious building has been thoroughly renovated, and newly furnished throughout.
The Proprietors have made every exertion to adapt it to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, and have spared neither pains nor expense to secure that end.
TWEED & GARFIELD,
sept8- Proprietors.

Carolina Messenger.

J. A. BONITZ, Editor and Proprietor. "For us, Principle is Principle—Right is Right—Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow, Forever." Published Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

VOL. 9. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1872. NO. 23.

L. Salusbury,
NORFOLK, VA.
DEALER IN
The Finest and most Fashionable
BLACK WALNUT
Parlor,
Library,
and Chamber
FURNITURE,
of new and original designs,
and of the most superb
style and finish.
Also, a choice assortment of
Tables, Wardrobes,
DRESSING CASES, ETAGERES,
SIDEBOARDS,
Library & Book Cases,
HAT TREES AND WHATNOTS.
Also, a complete line of
Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Mattings,
Window Shades
and
Wall Paper.
Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. All goods warranted as represented. Office and Salesrooms—new Nos. 207 and 209 Main street, old Nos. 58 and 60.
sept23-3m

Wanted!
ONE OR MORE good solicitors for the counties of Wayne, Greene, Lenoir and Onslow. Liberal commissions will be paid. Address
JNO. W. BLOUNT,
Gen'l Ag't Life Ass. of America,
sept23-2m Raleigh, N. C.

A CARD.
MRS. EINSTEIN begs leave to inform all of her friends and patrons, that she is now prepared to furnish anything in the line of MILLINERY, at the shortest possible notice. She has established her millinery up-stairs over the store of Messrs. Z. Einstein & Bro., and secured the services of competent milliners, who will be found in constant attendance.
oct21-tf MRS. M. EINSTEIN.

STRICTLY A COMMISSION HOUSE
ROBINSON, McLEOD & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND
PURCHASING AGENTS,
No. 15 Cheapside,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Our experience in the market enables us to handle consignments of COTTON AND OTHER PRODUCE, and to fill TRADE ORDERS FOR FLOUR, PORK, GROCERIES AND MERCHANDISE generally, to the best possible advantage. Our correspondents in Goldsboro, B. M. PRIVETT & Co., will receive orders for our House.
We confine ourselves strictly to a Commission business.

MARKET NOTICE!
I hereby inform the citizens of Goldsboro and vicinity, that I have taken charge of the Market, recently occupied by Mr. T. J. Johnston, and am now prepared to furnish, at living rates, the very best meats that the country affords.
Those having stock to sell will find it to their interest to give me a call
nov4-1m JESSE BIZZELL.

B. M. PRIVETT & CO.
will, for the present, occupy an
Office in J. H. Privett's Store,
opposite their former warehouse, lately destroyed by fire.
☞ *Their regular business will be continued without interruption.*
Goldsboro, Aug. 12th, 1872.

Fresh Norfolk Oysters!
AT FREEMAN'S.
I WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Goldsboro, and of Wayne and adjoining counties, that I have opened in connection with Mr. Freeman's Confectionary, a first-class OYSTER SALOON, and am prepared to furnish Norfolk Oysters in every conceivable style.
The ladies are invited.
Families supplied, by the quart or gallon, with fresh Oysters, daily.
By strict attention to the Oyster business I hope to merit a share of the public patronage. S. O. WILBORNE,
sept30-tf *late of Norfolk, Va.*

WM. G. MORISEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GOLDSBORO, N. C.
Having resumed the Practice, I can be found at the Court House.
☞ Office first door on the right hand.
nov14-tf

Carolina Messenger.

SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

AN AIM.

Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be,
Whether it's wealth or whether it's fame,
It matters not to me;
Let him walk in the path of right,
And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith alway,
With his eye on the glittering hight.

Give me a man who says:
"I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days,
A story of labor tell."
Though the aim he has be small,
It is better than none at all;
With something to do the whole year through,
He will not stumble or fall.

But satan weaves a snare,
For the feet of those who stray,
With never a thought or a care
Where the path may lead away.
The man who has no aim,
Not only leaves no name,
When his life is done, but ten to one,
He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start,
And keeps moving higher and higher,
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream.

Better to strive and climb
And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time—
An aimless, worthless soul;
Ay, better to climb and fall.
Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day,
And never strive at all.

Divorced.

"He'll go to the dogs now."

"Of course he will."

"By all means. Only see how he acted when his wife lived with him! Now that she's left him, and all restraint removed, he'll go the rest of the downward way in no time.—Poor Nettie! I wonder she stood it so long!"

"I'll give him just one year to be buried."

"Well, I pity him, too; but I pity her more. He brought misery on both."

Such was the gossip of half a dozen villagers, who stood in front of one of the principal stories, one summer evening, while the subject of their remarks went staggering along on the opposite side.

It is evident he was trying to walk straight, and not to appear intoxicated, but such endeavors always seem to make a drunken man walk more crooked. Well, it proved one thing; that he was not yet lost to all sense of shame—that he still retained a little pride, and a lingering aversion to be ridiculed and despised.

But Harry Rogers had carried on at a fearful rate for a year or two past. He had just one vice—drink—but that was enough. He had married a worthy farmer's daughter, Nettie Ray, only a few years previously and such has been his conduct during more than a year past that she seeing no hope of his reform, had been obliged to cut him loose to pursue his profligate course alone; and in a legal separation had just been effected. It was said, indeed, but no other course seemed to be left her.

Harry's home was on a little farm, a mile from town. He owned it, but then it was heavily mortgaged, and in another year foreclosures was certain. It was not likely his creditors would spare him when he made no effort to meet his obligations, and spent his time in riotous and disgraceful conduct.

A week passed after that summer evening on which all agreed in predicting his early ruin—two weeks—a month or two. What strange misery is here? To the utter bewilderment of the prophesying sages. Harry discontinued visiting the tavern, and was rarely ever seen in the village. When he did come in the store, he spedily transacted business and then went home—sober.

But wonders never cease when they get a start. He was next reported as actually at work on his farm.—Had but one man seen this, and told it in the village, he would have been as a man lacking veracity; but a number of ladies saw it and told it, and their combined testimony was worthy of all credence.

The little farm began to look healthier as the Summer wore on. The fences straightened up, the weeds disappeared; the corn grew marvelously; the briars and elders were rooted up by the fields and fence rows; the animals looked fatter, sleeker, and happier, and the little cottage looked neater.

Time wore on, and the great change was the more strangely remarkable each day Harry's creditors called on him and told him they would not be hard on him, and he might have his own time about paying his debts and clearing his farm of the mortgage.

The Fall came, and the farm yielded an abundance of golden corn and fruits; such a crop indeed as it had never produced before, and Harry found himself beginning to drift along with the tide of prosperity.

And Nettie Ray had begun to live her young girlhood over again, as it were under her father's roof, but somehow, it was not like a happy joyous girlhood of memory. It was sober and quiet now, and Nettie fell into trains of musing; every mind a certain thought,—she was neither maid nor wife.

She avoided the vicinity of her late home, nor had she once seen Harry since the separation, but she heard of him occasionally; knew that he was a change man. Still this knowledge brought her but a melancholy satisfaction. The reform had become too late—too late! There was a wide gulf between them now.

But one evening in the golden October Nettie found herself rather obliged to pass Harry's farm. It lay between her fathers house and the village, but she had heretofore taken a round about road in going to and from the village. On the evening in question, however she had been detained in the village unconsciously till it was dark, and determined to hazard the nearest road home. It would be fully dark when she would pass his house and the chances were that he would not see her. She wouldn't have him see her for the world.

When she arrived opposite to the house she perceived a light in the sitting room. Her first impulse was to hurry by; but some powerful influence prompted her to stop. She did so, and stood timidly at the further side of the road, gazing longingly at the house that had been a home for her—first of happiness, then, of misery. By-and-by, she felt an irresistible yearning to look at the interior of the room once more. He was evidently within, and there was no danger that he would see her. So she walked hurriedly across the road, opened the gate, and softly stepped into the lawn. Another moment and she was at the window, looking in.—What singular behavior! But she could not help it.

The little room was as neat as when she herself watched over it. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, although it was not very cold; and a lighted lamp stood on the table. It was there that Harry was sitting. How her heart bounded as she caught sight of him! He held in his right hand a book from his scanty library.

She recognized it at once; but he was not reading now. He had allowed it to drop, with its open pages looking mutely to the ceiling—and his face was supported half concealed the left hand, the elbow resting on the table. Was he asleep—or was he buried in sad reverie!—Nettie thought that the latter was the case and her heart was touched.

"I wish I had borne with him,' she said.

But a moment later her heart was touched when she saw a tear roll down his cheek, and drop upon the book. The lonely man was not asleep—he was crying.

She could not help it. All that was womanly in her heart was aroused, and she was at the door in a moment. No ceremony—she burst into the sitting room and was at his side.

"Oh, Harry!"

Her voice quivered with emotion.

"Why, Nettie!" he exclaimed, trying to hide his tears—men are ashamed of them—"Is it you?"

"Yes Harry," holding her face in her hands, "I was passing—I looked in—I saw you sitting here so lonely, and could not help coming in. I thought of the time when we were happy here and—"

Then her womanly tears could be repressed no longer. There was no use trying to hide them. Besides, her voice broke down and she could say no more just then.

"Nettie," he arose, and took both hands from her face and held them in his own, I thought you had blotted me out of your memory.

"No, no, Harry," she sobbed. "I could not do that. I could not help leaving you; and I left you loving you more than ever. Oh! I have been unhappy."

"Nettie you have heard that I—"

"Yes I have heard that you have changed—that you do not drink any more—that you are again manly and industrious as you used to be; but how lonely you must be here?" and the tears gushed forth anew, as her heart felt that her lips spoke.

"Yes, I'm lonely, Nettie—more so than you may think; but I deserve this punishment for the way I have acted. I had no discouragements, I had nothing to make me do so. It was only passion for drink, that it seemed impossible for me to overcome. You were all a wife should be or could be. When you left me, I thought I should become more reckless than ever. Only a day or two after I knew you had left me for good. I was in town drunk, and I heard some village people—they thought I couldn't hear them across the street—passing all sorts of remarks about me, saying that now I was a doomed man certain; that my destruction was near. Although intoxicated it startled me, and for the first time I felt the full force of our separation, and realized that ruin stared me in the face. I had a bottle of whisky in my pocket at the roadside, and resolved never to touch whisky again. I had tried it long enough to know that I could not drink and be temperate. It was hard to keep my resolution for the first week or two, but I stood it, and soon my taste for drink disappeared. I care nothing for it now, and would not touch it if it ran in streams. Now, Nettie, if you love me as well as ever—and God knows that I love you the same, let us get married over again, and the bitter experience of the last two years will only enhance your happiness. Nettie; dear, what do you say?"

She could not answer; she was crying as if her heart would break, and her head was pillowed upon his breast. It was a more eloquent 'Yes,' than she could have spoken with the tongue.

The moon was rising, and it had never looked so happy as it did while he walked home with Nettie to her father's.

So Harry Rogers and Nettie Ray were married again and there is no divorce that will seperate them now.

Relapse in the Maladay.

The Horse Malady has taken a form in many parts of the country which we should be careful to heed. In New York and New England and as near us as Maryland it has been very generally found incautious use of the animals, before their convalescence is assured, is followed by a relrpse which rarely fails to be more dangerous than the original disease. This tendency seems in many cases wholly due to the premature exposure of horses to cold and fatigue and results in the form of dropsy which is tedious and uncertain of cure Among ourselves the malady has not been greatly fatal and in many instances seems to be losing its hold, but cannot be too often repeated that great care is necessary in keeping the animal affected warm and quiet until his care has been confirmed by time.

Putting aside all questions of the morality involved, it is surely poor economy to risk the death of horses for the small gain to be made by working them a day or a week too soon.

When dropsical symptoms appear, the practice at the North has been to use a liniment of camphor, ammonia and swee oil, rubbing the parts affected, giving gentle exercise to the animal is good weather and giving him light but digestible food. Whether this treatment be efficacious, experience has not demonstrated, but it is the accepted method thus far.

It is to be hoped, however, that prevention will make heedless any test of this cure in Virginia. For there is every reason to believe that the disease has been milder amongst us than at the North, and we have the experience of our neighbors to guide us in avoiding its worst consequences.

Mixed.

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Sam, who am I?"

"Why, you are yourself, Bob Harrison ain't you?"

"No, far from it."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, sir, I'm so mixed up, I don't know who I am."

"Don't take it so hard to heart."

"I ain't; I'm taking it in my handkerchief."

"Well, sir, what's the matter?"

"Why, I'm married."

"Married? Why, sir, you should be happy."

"Yes, but I aint."

"Why, all married men are supposed to be happy.

"Yes, but how many are so."

"Well, tell us all about it."

"You see I married a widder, and this widder had a daughter."

"O yes, I see how it is. You have been making love to this daughter."

"No! worse than that. You see my father was a widower, and married this daughter, so that makes my father my son in-law, don't it? Well, don't you see how I am mixed up?"

"Is that all?"

"I only wish it was. My stepdaughter is my stepmother, ain't she? Well, then her mother is my grandmother, ain't she? Well, I am married to her, ain't I? So that makes me my own grandfather, don't it?

Two Causes and one Effect.

When Doctor Dodge, an eccentric physician, was lecturing in the States on the evils of tea and coffee, he happened to meet at the breakfast table a witty son of Erin of the better class. Conversation turned upon the Doctor's favorite subject, and he addressed our friend as follows:

"Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use."

"Sure I will, sir."

"How often do you use tea and coffee?"

"Morning and night, sir."

"Well," said the doctor, "do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?"

"I do—indeed I do," replied the son of Erin."

"And a sharp pain through the temples in the morning?,'

"Very often I do, sir."

"Well," said the doctor, with an air of confidence and assurance, "that is the tea and coffee."

"It is, indeed! Faith, and I always thought it was the whiskey I drank;"

The company roared with laughter, and the doctor quietly retired.

A ten-year old, boasting to a schoolmate of his father's accomplishments, put it thus: "My father can do almost anything. He's a notary public, and he's a 'pothecary, and he can pull teeth, and he's a horse doctor, and he can mend wagons and things, and he can play the fiddle and he's a jackass at all trades."

Just as a traveller was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth Hotel, a bedbug sallied out and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked: "I've been bled by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas city spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scot graybacks, but I'll be cussed if I was ever in a place before where the bedbugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was."

"Give me some cold rice," said a guest at a hotel to a black waiter. "There ain't none, sah." "Why, what's that on the sideboard, in that dish there?" "Dat' sah, am cole b'iled rice. You asked simply for cole rice, sah. Please be exact in your language, sah. Shall I gib you some ob de b'iled rice, sah?"

A Kansas paper, in reporting a trial, concludes with "the jury returned a verdict of not guilty! but if the prisoner is sharp, he will leave town without loss of time."

"I don't much about the bugs," said Warmly to the head of a genteel house, but the fact is, madam, I havn't the blood to spare; you see that yourself."

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose—large variety—cheap—at Swanson's.

Sunbeams.

Heavily fell the rain, and wildly swept the winds through a narrow street in the "business part of the town," as a merchant, closing the door of his counting room, prepared for his homeward walk. It was not alone his usual daily toil which now had the effect of so depressing his spirits, and saddening his views of life; he had met that day with deep disappointment and base ingratitude, involving heavy pecuniary loss.—His plans, his prospects, his future career, which but the day before had seemed all glowing with sunshine, now looked dark and dreary: "the trail of the serpent was over them all." And as in his homeward path he drew near a church surrounded by its green burial-place, he felt that weariness of spirit and distaste of life with which most persons who have passed the spring-time of existence are familiar; and leaning on the low wall, as the headstones gleamed through the darkness of the night, he murmured, "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Heavy was his footstep as he left the spot, and proceeded to his own dwelling; there, too, all looked dark and cheerless—the windows were closed, and no warm ray of light found its way through them to welcome his approach. "Like the rest of the world!" he exclaimed; "like the rest of the world! Nothing to brighten or gladden me." Drawing the passe-key from his pocket, he turned the lock and entered. As the sound of his footstep was heard within, a bright girl opened the parlor door, and came forward to greet him. "Father, dear father!" she exclaimed; "how wet you are! I have been so troubled about you!" and pressing her warm cheek to his, she drew him into the apartment. Everything there told of thoughtful affection. An arm-chair was placed ready for him by the side of the blazing hearth; the hissing urn stood in its place upon the table, where a nicely prepared meal awaited him, and the tender tones of a daughter's voice sank to the depths of his weary heart.

"Mary, darling," he said, as a tear dimmed his eye, and he leaned his aching head upon her shoulder, "I have had a sad and a weary day of it: but there is something to live for yet, while I have such a daughter's love to gladden me!"

"Dear father," she replied; "heed not the storm and tempest without; our own fireside is bright and warm; our own hearts honest and true." And *sunbeams*—bright *sunbeams* poured from Mary's eyes causing sweet flowers of cheerful hope and trust to spring up in her father's bosom—a soil which but a few hours before he had thought would never again produce such blooming treasures.

Seeing the Point.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average, "Well," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if his son did not.—He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house; but he had not thought it worth his while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor and he said:

"Empty those apples and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said:

"Father they roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold more than so much. And here you've been filling it up with cheap dirt—*cheap novels!*"

The boy turned on his heel, and whistled, and said, "I hew, I see the point."

Not a cheap novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.

Very much confounded was Dr. Doang a few years since, by a remark of one of his patients. The day previous, the doctor had prescribed that safe and palatable remedy, the syrup of buckthorn, and left his prescription duly written—"Syr. Rham. Cath." On inquiring if the patient had taken the medicine, a thunder cloud darkened her face, lightning darted from her eye, as she roared out: "No! I can read your doctor writing, and ain't a going to take the *Syrup of Ram Cats* for anybody under heaven!"

"Lewis," said a father the other day to his delinquent son, "I'm busy now, but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry yourself pa, replied the lad, "I can wait.

"I say, Pat; what are you writing there in such a large hand?" "Arrah, honey, and isn't it to my poor mother, who is very deaf, and sure, I'm writing her a loud letter."

"Margary, what did you do with that tallow Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?" "Please, marm, I baked the griddle cakes with it." "Lucky you did Miss, I thought you had wasted it."

Mrs. M. E. Bonitz has just received new specimens of Embroidery patterns.—Pinking and Stamping done at her Establishment in the neatest style.