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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 18. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JUNE 6, 1857. No. 4.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPE
Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, General News
EDWARD MANSFIELD
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged or at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

URIEVILLE.

THE undersigned respectfully begs leave to thank his many customers for their past patronage of his GRIST MILL, of which he has in good repair at present, and has employed Mr. Samuel Gleaves, who is said to be the best miller in the county—we *will* just say to the public if you want good Flour and Meal give us a *call* and we will warrant satisfaction.

A NEW SAW MILL,

in fine order, we will just say to Carriage makers, Cartwrights and Machinist generally, that we are sawing and delivering Lumber, such as hickory, white-oak, red-oak and ash plank, of various sizes, to suit purchasers, and at very reasonable rates. Also sprung fellows, from 1 to 1½ inches thick, and carriage shafts, of the latest styles; bows for carriage tops of three sizes; cart fellows, sawed out ready for use—and various kind of other sawing.

Farmers, your attention if you please—If you have any work in our line bring it along, as you come to Mill We have just fitted up for your accommodation a

Blacksmiths and Wheelwright Shop,

and are ready to do any kind of work in our line. Carriages repaired to order.

In connection with the above I am authorised to inform farmers that A. J. Browne, House Carpenter and architect late of Philadelphia, and D. P. Smith Brick-layer and Plasterer, from same place, are prepared to contract furnish and build any

Dwelling House, Barns, Granaries &c.

on very liberal terms. Any person having any business in our line, please call or address.

EDMUND TOWNSEND.

Urieville, Kent co. Md, April 4, '67—3m

FOR SALE BY

WICKES & BRO.,

BEREGE and Lawn Robes, Tissues, Organdies, and Dress Ginghams.

DOTTED Swiss Plaid and fine Cambric Muslins.

UNDERSLEEVES and Collars, Swiss and Cambric Edgeings and Insertings.

BLEACHED and brown Muslins, Pillow Slip 10-4 and Russian Sheetings.

IRISH Linens, Pongee and fine Cambric Handkerchiefs.

SILK, Kid, Lisle, Thread and other Gloves.

FINE assortment of Mourning Goods.

COTTONADES, Denims and heavy Goods for rough wear.

COMBS, Brushes, Extracts, Katharion, Tricopherous, Elastic Belts, Ul'k and col'd and fancy goods generally.

LADIES and Children's Gaiters, Black and fancy colored.

COATS! PANTALOONS! VESTS!

FINE black Cloth, Drap a' Ete', Cassimere with Duck, Grass, Brown Linen, plaid and other coats.

BLACK and fancy Cassimere, white Drilling Duck and plaid Linen Pantaloons.

VELVET, Embroidered, Silk, Satin. Cassimere, and white and colored Marseilles Vestings.

SILK Shirts, Linen Bosom Shirts, standing and Byron Collars, and Gents' Gaiters.

GROCERIES, Crockery, Tin Ware, Boots, Shoes, Hats & Caps.

The above Goods have all been bought upon the best terms and will of course be sold accordingly. WICKES & BRO.

May 9, '57.

Ratcliffe Mills.

THE subscriber informs the public that the MILL is now in very superior order and in operation.

The cause of complaint that has heretofore existed I have every reason to hope will be at an end. I am determined to have the work done in the best possible manner, and if at any time, the customers have cause to complain, I would like to be apprised of it.

The Plaster Mill and Cob-Crusher will soon be in readiness. I will also grind Guano, at a moderate charge per ton.

JOHN W. WHALAND.

Ratcliffe Mills, April 11, '57

BRICKLAYING! BRICKLAYING!

To the Citizens of Kent County:

B. H. GARDNER having located in Chester Town, he is prepard to do all kinds of

BRICK-WORK,

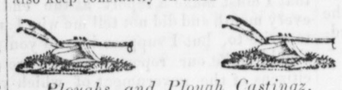
at the shortest notice. All I wish is a share of public patronage. For reference I refer to my work. All orders left at this office will be attended to promptly. april 11, '57.

MAYNARD & NOYE'S *INK.*—just received for sale by (m28) *Price & Fowler.*

FOUNDRY

MACHINE SHOP, &c. &c.

THE subscribers inform the public that they have their FOUNDRY in full operation, and have now on hand a large quantity of materials which they will manufacture to order in the best manner and shortest notice. They also keep constantly on hand



Ploughs, and Plough Castings,

whiah cannot be surpassed for neatness and durability by any manufactured in the State.

Carts, Wagons, Ploughs, &c., made to order at the shortest notice and low rates.

All kind of machine work done in best manner and with despatch.

Blacksmithing, of every description, done to order.

Having employed some of the best workmen in the State, they will be able to give entire satisfaction.

They would particularly call the attention of the Merchants and Farmers of Ken and the adjoining counties, to their castings which can be purchased as cheap as elsewhere.

All descriptions of old iron will be taken in exchange for work at the highest prices.

HENRY W EARNEST,
DAVID A. BENJAMIN.

Chestertown, april 11, 1857.

MIDDLETOWN ACADEMY,

MIDDLETOWN,

New Castle County, Delaware.

JAMES P. MCDOWELL, PRINCIPAL

Assisted by Thoroughly Qualified Teachers.

THE Winter Session of 21 weeks will commence on Monday, November 3d.

The course of Instruction is very extensive and thorough, including all the usual branches of a English Education, Ancient and Modern Languages, Music, Drawing, &c.

Expenses for Winter Session, $85 or $90, according to branches studied with moderate charges for Modern Languages, Music and Drawing. Students from a distance Board with the Principal. In point of locality healthfulness and morals, it is believed that but few Institutions offer equal advantages. It has been under the charge of the present Principal since the Spring of 1836, and is now receiving an extensive patronage. The inquiries of Parents and Guardians are solicited. For references or particulars address the Principal as above.

april 11, 1857—2m

Read and Believe,

CALL AND BE CONVINCED

THAT A. M. RUSSELL has in store a large assortment of Goods, which he will sell at small profits—the following comprise such articles as are usually kept on hand and for sale.

No 1—*A* general assortment of *GROCERIES.*

No 2—*E* large assortment of *CONFECTIONARY.*

No 3—*A* good assortment of *SEGARS AND TOBACCO.*

No 4—*L* variety of Saddles, Bridles, carriage wagon, cart and plough Harness.

No 5—Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps.

No 6—*And* can't be beat—a fine and varied assortment of *READY-MADE CLOTHING,*

Coats, pants, vests, shirts, collars, neck and pocket handkerchiefs.

No 7—Brooms, Buckets, Tubs, Chairs, Baskets, Matches.

No 8—Clocks, looking glasses, horse-shoe blacking, paint brushes, knives and forks, razors, scissors, pen knives, combs, lamps, watch christles and keys, carriage and riding whips, girths, sursingles, hitch reins, collars, stirrup leathers.

No 9—Etherial, train, linseed, cod-liver Oil; spts Turpentine, copel varnish, lamp black.

No 10—Fresh and corned Beef, mutton, veal and lamb.

april 11 '57

1857. *FARMERS & TRADERS, ATTENTION.*

WE would respectfully call the attention of Farmers and Traders to our improved

Mix Horse Power,

which are unrivalled for strength and working light. Also our improved combined

Threshing and Cleaning Machines,

we are manufacturing and have for sale We have sold a number of each last year, which have given every satisfaction that could be desired, and can produce numerous certificates recommending them to the public. Those winnowing machines may rely upon being supplied after the 15th of May. We invite all to call and examine for themselves.

BOWMAN & ELLIOTT,
Machinists, Commerce st. Smyrna. Del.

May 2, '57.

PRIVATE SALE OF

VALUABLE

WHARF PROPERTY.

In Fredericktown, Cecil Co., Md.

THE undivided one half of the Wharf and Granary of the late Capt. John Allen, and Dwelling House and Lot near the wharf property. It is considered unnecessary to give a further description of said property, as it is the best located wharf property in the town. Any person wishing to purchase can view the property

For further particulars address the subscribers at Smyrna, Delaware.

MARY A. ALLEN,
apr 25, 1857. ALVIN ALLEN.

HUSSEY'S IMPROVED

Reaper & Mower.

I have just received Hussey's Improved Reaper and Mower, the best in use and no mistake They run lighter, last longer, and can cut more than any other Mower used.

R. A. STAM, *Agent.*

May 2, 1857.

TAKE NOTICE.

THE undersigned hereby give notice to all those who purchased property at the sale of the personal estate of the late Hiram Jones, deceased, to settle their Vendue notes, on or before the 15th day of May next, as they will, after that date be compelled, in order to close the estate, to collect all such notes according to law.

D. & R. W. JONES,
may 2, 47, Admrs Hiram Jones.

POETRY.

"TAKE ME HOME TO DIE."

This land is very bright, mother,
The flowers are very fair,
There's magic in the orange groves,
And fragrance in the air;
But take me to my dear old home
Where the brook goes babbling by,
Let us go back again mother,
Oh! take me home to die!

Let my father's hand but rest, mother,
In blessings on my head,
Let my brothers and my sisters dear
But throng around my bed;
Oh! let me feel that loved ones nigh,
Will watch my waning breath,
When I bid you all good night, mother,
And sleep the sleep of death.

Then take me to the play-ground
Where I played in childhood's morn,
Oh, lay me on my own dear cot
In the room where I was born;
These southern flowers are fairer
And the birds have gayer tone,
And yet I pine once more to see
My own dear childhood's home.

These flowers their sweetest sweets afford,
I scent their fragrant breath,
But ere they bloom again, mother,
I shall be cold in death;
Then take me to my early home,
No roses are so dear
As those that bloom upon the bush,
To your old room so near.

It will be blooming soon, mother,
Then come, oh! let me go,
Give me once more its roses
Before you lay me low;
You'll lay them on my grave, mother,
Say, mother, will you not?
You'll lay me by the mossey bank—
I've oft told you of the spot.

'Tis close beside the church, mother,
And when you kneel to pray
I'll listen to your words mother;
Though I am far away;
You must not weep for me, mother,
For I shall happy be,
And though I cannot stay with you
Yet you shall come to me,

I care not for these birds, mother,
But there's a bird at home,
It is a wild-wood robin.
How sweet and soft its tone;
It builds its nest upon the tree
That swings before the door—
Mother, oh, I sadly fear
I ne'er shall see it more,

Dear mother, I am weeping,
I cannot stop the tears,
They're swelling at the thought of home,
And of my early years.
But I am getting faint, my mother,
Oh! take me to your breast,
And let me feel your lips, mother,
But on my forehead press.

There's dimness on my sight, mother,
I cannot get my breath;
Is it your sobs I hear, mother?
Oh! tell me, *'is this death?'*
You'll tell my father how I yearned
Once more to see him near;
You'll kiss my sisters each for me,—
They will forget, I fear.

You'll tell my little brothers dear
I have gone up on high.
And if they're good children,
They'll see me when they die.
I feel I'm going now, mother,
On kiss before we part—
I can't go home to die, mother,
But *'my home is in thy heart.'*

WILT THOU LOVE ME?

Wilt thou love me gentle maiden,
When the hours of youth have fled,
Wen the hoary locks of winter
Thinly cluster round my head?
When the form now firm and stately
Shall be bowed by age and care,
And my voice has lost its softness,
Wilt thou love me maiden fair?

Wilt thou greet me with a welcome,
When the busy day is o'er,
When the parting rays of sunlight,
Cast their shadows on the moor?
When our youthful days are over,
When no power can us divide.
Wilt thou still look fondly on me,
And walk softly by my side?

Yes, thou'lt love me when the present
With its halcyon days are passed,
When our bark is gently gliding
Across time's dark waves we're cast;
When each joyous dream has vanished,
When my heart is sad and chill,
And the shades of death hang o'er me,
Thou wilt love me, maiden, still.

How they "get round it" in California.—The municipal authorities of San Francisco recently ordered that all the bar-rooms should be closed at midnight. They were closed; and, in five minutes, opened *for the next day.*

Mr. Editor:

Having seen, lately, several pieces in the newspapers with regard to Comets, and thinking that it would not be uninteresting to many of your readers, I have determined to enclose you for publication the following piece (taken from a work published many years ago,) which will go to show that foolish and superstitious opinions were entertained in former days, by many persons, respecting those anomolous bodies.

Yours, &c., H.

Aristotle held Comets to be fiery exhalations, rising from the lower atmosphere to the upper or fiery region, condensing during their rapid descent, kindling on their near approach to the empyreum, and burning until exhausted.—Leonard Digges, an Almanac maker of the fonrteenth century, affirmed of comets, "that they signify conception of the ayre; they are signs of earthquake, of warres, changing of kingdoms, great dearth of corne, yea a common death of man and beast." Bodin supposed them spirits, which having lived on the earth innumerable ages, and having at last completed their term of existence, celebrate their last triumph, or are recalled to heaven, in the form of shining stars. In the records of former ages, we read of a comet "coming out from an opening in the heavens, like a dragon with blue feet, and a head covered with snakes," and we are told that "in the year 1527, about four in the morning, not only in the palatinate of the Rhine, but nearly over all Europe, appeared for an hour and a quarter a most horrible Comet, of this sort: in its length it was of a bloody colour, inclining to saffron. From the top of its train appeared a bended arm, in the hand whereof was a huge sword, in the instant posture of striking At the point of the sword was a star. From the star proceeded dusky rays, like a hairy tail; on the side of them other rays like javelins, or lesser swords, as if imbrued in blood; between which appeared human faces of the colour of blackish clouds, with rough hair and beard. All these moved with such terrible sparkling and brightness, that many spectators swooned with fear."—Rosenburge, "Exempla Cometarum."

The Comet of 1454, seen at Constantinople, seemed there to be moving in the firmament from West to East, and to present the aspect of a flaming sword. From its great magnitude, it is said even to have eclipsed the moon, and created among the Turks the utmost consternation, as it was thought to prognosticate nothing less than a crusade from all the kingdoms of Christendom, and forebode the certain overthrow of the crescent. Only two years afterward, when, notwithstanding these direful omens, the Turkish arms had proved eminently victorious, and were spreading dismay all over Europe. Hallets Comet, in 1456, with a long tail turned towards the east, created reciprocal and still greater alarms on the part of the Christians. Pope Calixtus believed it to be at once the sign and instrument of divine wrath; he ordered public prayers to be offered up, and decreed that in every town the bells should be tolled at midday, to warn the people to supplicate the mercy and forgiveness of Heaven: "ut omnes de precibus contra Turcarum tyranidum fandendis admonerentum." See Milne's Essay on Comets.

Even in modern times many foolish and preposterous opinions have been entertained respecting these anomalous bodies. In a late periodical publication the writer of an article on Comets, when alluding to the comet of 1811, proceeds to state, "some singular changes and circumstances" which its influence occasioned. "The winter," says he, "was very mild, the spring was wet, the summer cool, and very little appearance of the sun to ripen the produce of the earth; yet the harvest was not deficient, and some fruits were not only abundent, but deliciously ripe—such as figs, melons and wall fruit. Very few wasps appeared, and the flies became blind and disappeared early in the season. No violent storms of lightning and thunder, and little or no frost and snow the ensuing winter. Venison, which has been supposed to be indebted for its flavour to a dry and parched summer, was by no means deficient in fat or flavour.—But what is very remarkable" continues the sage observer, "in the metropolis and about it, was the number of females, who produced twins, some had more; and a shoemakers wife, in white chapel, produced four at one birth, all of whom &c.,&c. And all such "singular changes and circumstances" it would appear, according to the fancy of the sapient essayist, "were occasioned by the influence of the comet which appeared in the autumn of 1811!"

The poets likewise, by their bombastic descriptions, have tended to perpetrate superstitious feelings. The following is Dee Barta's description of one of the visiters:

"Here, in the night, appears a flaming spire;
There, a fierce dragon, folded all in fire;
Here, with long bloody hairs, a blazing star
Threatens the world with famine, plague, and war;
To princes death, to kingdoms many crosses;
To all estates inevitable losses;
To herdsmen rot, to ploughmen hapless seasons;
To sailors storms, to cities civil treasons."

Mary Ann's Wedding.

AS RELATED BY MRS. JONES.

"We are all preparing," said Mrs. Jones, "to go to the wedding. I was going, father was going, and we were going to take the baby, but come to dress the baby, couldn't find the baby's shirt. I'd laid a clean one out of the drawers on purpose. I know'd just where I had put it; but come to look for't was gone."

"For mercy's sake!" says I, "gals," says I, "has any on ye seen that baby's shirt?"

Of course, none of 'em had seen it; and I looked, and looked, and looked again but twant nowhere to be found.—It's the strangest thing in all nature," said I, "here I had the shirt in my hand not mor'n ten minutes ago, and now it's gone and nobody can tell where, I never seed the beat. Gals," says I, "do look around can't ye?" But fretting wouldn't find it, so I gave it up, and went to the bureau, and fished up another shirt, and put it on to the baby, and at last we were ready for a start.

Father harnessed up a double team—we drove the old white mare then, and the gals and all wass having a good time, going to see Mary Ann married; but somehow I couldn't git over that shirt! Twant the shirt so much, but to have anything spirited away from under my face and eyes so, 'twas provokin'!

"What ye thinking about, mother?" says Sophrony, "what makes you look so sober?" says she.

"I'm pestered to death, thinkig about that ere shirt One of you must have took it, I am sartin," says I.

"Now, ma," says Sophrony, "you needn't say that,"—and as I'd laid onto her a good many times, she was begining to get vexed, and so we had it back and forth, and all about that baby's shirt, till we got to the wedding.

"Seeing company, kinder put it out of mind, and I was getting good natured again, though I could not help saying to myself every few minutes, "what could have become of that shirt?" till at last they stood up to be married, and I forgot all about it.

Mary Anne was a real modest creature and was mor'n half frightened to death when she came into the room with Stephen, and the minister told them to jine hands. She first gave her left hand to Stephen. "Your other hand," says the minister, and poor Steve, he was so bashful, too, he didn't know what he was about; he thought 'twas his mistake, and that the minister meant him, so he gave Mary Ann his left hand. That wouldn't do, any way, a left hand marriage all around, but by this time they didn't know what they were about, and Mary Ann joined her right hand to his left, then her left hand to his right, then both their left hands again, till I was all in a fidget, and thought they never would get fixed.

Mary Ann looked as red as a turkey, and to make matters worse, she began to cough, to turn it off, I suppose, and called for a glass of water The minister had just been drinking, and the tumbler stood right there, and I was so nervous, and in such a hurry to see it all over with, I keeched up the tumbler and run with it to her, for I thought to goodness she was going to faint. She undertook to drink I don't know how it happened, but the tumbler slopped, and gracious me if between us we didn't spill the water all over the collar and dress.

I was dreadfully flustered, for thought it was my fault, and the first thing I did was to out with my handkerchief and give it to Mary Ann; it was nicely done up, and she took it. The folks had held it pretty well up to this time, but then such a giggle and laugh as there was. I didn't know what had given them such a start, till I looked and see that *I'd give Mary Ann that baby's shirt!!"*

Here Mrs. Jones who is a very fleshy woman undulated, and shook like a mighty jelly, with her mirth, and it was some time before she could proceed with her narrative.

"Why," said she, with tears of laughter running down her cheeks, "I'd tucked it into my dress for a 'kerchief. That came from being absent minded and in a fidget."

"And Mary Ann and Stephen—were they married after all?"

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs. Jones, "and it turned out to be the gayest wedding that I ever attended."

"And the baby's shirt, Mrs. Jones?"

"La me," said Mrs. Jones, "how young folks do ask questions. Everybody agreed I ought to make Mary Ann a present on't."

"Well, Mrs. Jones?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, "twant long 'fore she had use for it." And that's the end of the story.

WORTH TEN DOLLARS.

The following receipts are worth ten dollars to any housekeeper. Preserve the paper, or cut the receipts out and put them away carefully until you need them for use. We are indebted to *Godey* for them:

To Preserve Goosberries.—Take full-grown goosberries before they are ripe, pick them, and put them into widemouthed bottles; cork them gently with new, soft corks, and put them in an oven from which the bread has been drawn, let them stand till they have shrunk nearly a quarter; then take them out and beat the corks in tight; cut them off level with the bottle, and rosin them down close. Keep them in a dry place.

To Make Pure Wine of Apples.—Take pure cider made from sound ripe apples as it runs from the press; put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider, and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out for forty-eight hours; then put in the bung, with a small vent, until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight; and in one year the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees, the better.

Tomato Meat Pie.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with bread-crumbs, then make a layer of cold roasted mutton cut in small pieces, then a layer of bread-crumbs, another of meat, another of tomatoes, and then cover with bread-crumbs and bake till the crust is brown; season with salt and pepper to your taste. It will bear high seasoning. Serve hot; and a better dish is not often met with.

How to Eat Strawberries.—The following, which has been furnished us, is reccommended as being *the* way—indeed, the only way—in which to enjoy this fruit in all its richness: Place as many berries as will form one layer at the bottom of a dish, and sift some fine loaf-sugar over them; then place another layer, and sift again. When there are five or six layers, cut a fresh lemon, and squeeze all over them. Before helping, let them be gently disturbed, that they may have the benefit of the lemon-juice and sugar.

How to Pickle Cucumbers.—Make a brine by putting one pint of rock-salt into a pail of boiling water, and pour it over the cucumbers; cover tight to keep in the steam, and let them remain all night and part of a day; make a second brine as above, and let them remain in it the same length of of time: then scald and skim the brine, as it will answer for the third brine, and let them remain in it as above; then rinse and wipe them dry, and add boiling hot vinegar; throw in a lump of alum as large as an o'lnut to every pail of pickles, and you will have a fine, hard, and green pickle; add spices, if you like, and keep the pickles under the vinegar. A brick on the top of the cover, which keeps the pickles under, has a tendency to collect the scum to itself which may arise.

Self-Sealing Fruit Cans.—Take a common fruit jar, with a tin cover, make like a shoe-black box. The jar and the cover will probably cost a dime, and hold a quart. Any of the cements that are used for sealing cans or jars will do for this. Heat your fruit, either in the jars or in some other vessels, and pour it in the jars (previously warming them) now pour enough cement in the cover to give the bottom and side a thin coat; when the cement becomes slightly stiff, apply the cover over the jar, the jar having been well filled, and turn the jar *upside down; and here is the invention.* As fruit jars have a lip, you now have a little trough to fill with cement, and the work is done. Let your jars get cold *standing on the covers, and put them away in the same position.* It is the steam escaping in the common way of sealing or soldering cans that leaves so many of them imperfect.—My plan entirely obviates this difficulty, as the steam or vapor is always on top of the fruit. This arrangement, you perceive is really a chemist's *pneumatic trough;* and there is no danger, when your fruit has cooled down and created a vacuum, that the extended atmospheric pressure will *force the corks in*

Mr. Brown Treats all his Customers.—Some years ago Ben Brown opened a store in Swoptown, and in order to hook everybody into trade, he offered to treat every one that bought anything at his store. Money being scarce there was a good deal of barter going on in those days. So Sam Jones called into the grocery and dry goods store of Mr. Brown and asked for a darning needle, offering in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle Jones said:

"Come ain't you going to treat?"

"What on that trade?"

"Certainly; a trade's a trade let it be big or little."

"Well, what'll you take?"

"A glass of wine."

The wine was poured out, when Jones said:

"Would it be asking too much to request you to put an egg in it? I am very fond of wine and egg."

Appalled by the man's meanness, the storekeeper took the identical egg which he had received for the darning needle, and handed it to his customer, who, on breaking it in his wine discovered that it contained a double yolk.

"Look here!" said he, 'don't you think you ought to give me another needle?—This you see is a double yolk."

"Fellow sinners,' said a preacher, "if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church) you might secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try. But let any man proclaim that there were one hundred dollars up there for you, and I'll be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see."