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(From the Washington Capital.) Our Rural Artist.

WHAT HE SAW AND DID ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE CAPITAL CITY.

After finding a boardinghouse, I immediately visited the capital building, not only to see the largest building in which I own any interest, (this, you know, belongs to the people) but to meet the senators and members from my own State. I met Senator Hopity-Go-Three, whom I had helped to elect, and who told me at the time how very glad he was to get my help. He now looked blandly on me, failed to remember my name, and when told who I was, took me tenderly by the hand, and, on account of pressing business, asked to be excused. I excused him, and turned on my heel a wiser and a sadder man, and with strange reflections left the door of the Senate and passed through a long hall under the dome, and through another long hall beyond the dome, to the House of Representatives. Here at the door I met a man dressed up in brass buttons, who asked what I wanted. I told him I wished to see Colonel Jackson O.—He kindly asked me to wait until he saw if the Colonel was in the House. He soon returned, said he was, and told me that—since this was Saturday, the day in which no business is done, the day in which the members read long speeches to which nobody listens and get loudly applauded when no one hears—I could go in, and in I went. I saw the several congressmen from my State, who met me kindly, and when told I was to stay some weeks, asked me to call often, and by every mark of kindness and consideration made me feel under many obligations.

I next followed Ben Butler down in the cellar of the Capitol building to a large eating-house. I was not hungry—I never drink—so I stood and looked at Ben until I found it necessary to move on to keep from smiling audibly, at that comical-looking countenance which he carries with him. I now went round into another part of the cellar where is a statue of Tecumseh, the Indian chief, as natural as life and twice as large. I looked at this about five minutes, and passed round to the statue of the kind-hearted philanthropist and statesman, Abraham Lincoln. I looked on this with strange emotions of love for the man, but not with the same delight as on his statue up stairs, which was made by that versatile, irresistible little artist, Vinnie Ream.

I now went out on the portico in the center of the building where are several more pictures and statues, one of which I took to be Victoria C. Tilton, who with one eye not quite as wide open as the other is looking a strong, athletic man, who holds a play ball in his right hand, lovingly in the face, inspiring him to throw the ball over into a woods pasture to George Washington, who with uplifted hand sits ready to catch it on the fly. I now went down the steps, across the road, through a gate and into the field where George is kept. I found him perched up on a wall about six feet high, made of nice speckled stone hewed smooth with a pick. I now had the pleasure of seeing the serene countenance of the Father of his Country. I should have enjoyed it much better had not a man with a smooth plug hat and new store clothes, who seemed to know, said it was not a good statue. He further told me it cost \$40,000; and that it broke a ship all to pieces in bringing it over from Rome.

While standing in front of the statue I saw that George had lost the first joint of the great toe on his left-hand foot. This, the man who wore the store clothes told me, was shot off while acting as aid to General Braddock in the war between the English assisted by the American colonies, against the French aided by the Indians, and which war happened some time before the Revolution.

I now passed round to the north side of the statue, where a man is driving a team of spirited horses hitched to a cart. The man is standing up on the cart and holding the reins in his left hand and a black-snake whip (painted white) in his right. He has just given one of the horses a sharp stroke with the whip and has raised the whip to strike the other horse. The horses see their danger and have reared on their hind feet for a run, and have the appearance of making it lively for the driver unless he sits down and behaves himself.

I next went on the south side of the statue where are two children, one lying on its face, evidently to keep the sun off while it takes a nap; the other, half reclining on its back and holding a large worm in its right hand while another worm is wound around its left arm, getting badly hurt by being pressed between the arm and the stone. I make no doubt this child is intent on going a-fishing, and is holding these worms for bait to be used as soon as the sleepy one will wake up and go with him.

But there was one thing that sorely perplexed me, and concerning which I could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion; and like a wise man who always confides in the better judgment of his wife, I hastened home and found her. I asked her to go with me to the field; I led her around on the south side of the statue and showed her the children and asked her to inform me with regard to the sex. I think she at first failed to get my meaning, when in my most winning tones I asked, "Are they boys or girls?"

Her eye now twinkled; her lips wreathed in pleasant smiles, and she answered without a moment's hesitation that "she thought they were." The sex of the children being definitely settled, my wife, with an entire change of countenance and great concern, felt my head, asked if I had fever, and wanted to know why I wished to know anything definitely about the children. I then told her I proposed to write an article for Don Platt's paper, or write a lecture, and like George Francis Walker or Dr. Mary Train, deliver it at fifty cents ad-

mittance, (children half price.) My wife now said I was tired, and told me to think no more on the subject until had a good sleep. Yours truly, RURAL ARTIST.

Riot, Assault and Attempt to Kill.

SICK CHAMBER OF A DYING WOMAN DISREGARDED.

On Sunday, 23d June, one James Maloney, who is reputed to be Assistant United States Marshal, accompanied by Peter Simmons, (a black nigger,) Oscar Cannon, copper-colored, (a penitentiary bird,) and Willis Johnson, ("yaller nigger,") went to my store at Cross Roads, and ordered a lad, Master Wells who slept in the store with my son, a fourteen year old boy, into the store, stating that he should shut himself in, and if he came out, that the guard that he (Maloney) was going to place around the store would shoot him. Mr. Smith, who was paying a visit to Mr. Wells, was then rudely assaulted, and ordered to march to my dwelling house, about half a mile from the store, each of the cowardly fellows single-filed behind him as close as they could walk, lock step. Smith's life was threatened and he was assured that if he made any noise whatever, he would be shot. About half way between the store and dwelling, my son, going from supper to the store (where he and master Wells slept,) was pounced upon by two big niggers, his arms held behind him whilst Maloney stood in front of him with a pistol presented at his breast, swearing that he would shoot him through. After he had kept the boy in this position till after the cowardly, tormenting, evil spirit was satisfied, they turned him loose, telling him to keep in the path to the store, and if he turned to the right or left he would be shot by men stationed in the woods for that purpose.

The file being re-arranged as before, with Smith being forced to lead, the night being dark, and the foliage of the oaks being very dense, they came into my yard near the piazza, where Tr. Sohn J. Barre, Mr. D. M. Ward, Mr. T. T. Perry and myself were sitting—(my wife being in her room at the point of death, having been quite ill for some time)—and they shouted, to our surprise: "Shoot every d—rascal that comes out of the house! Shoot! Shoot!" I did not know what it meant. Robbers, Lowery's gang, everything flitted across my brain. The shouting, shooting, all, all, what does it mean? I advanced to meet them at the steps; Perry was with me; Barre and Ward jumped into the yard. Barre received a severe wound; several attempts were made to shoot Ward, but failed. The alarm to my wife was so sudden, and when Barre said "I am shot," she thought it was the voice of our eldest son, and became so frightened that her recovery is now hopeless.

As soon as I could, I ascertained what was the matter. Maloney said he had a warrant for the arrest of Ward whom he had failed to arrest. What Ward was charged with he did not make known. Said he had had a warrant for Perry. Perry said "If you have, I am ready to go with you." But he (Maloney) apologized to Barre; said "I am very sorry that you got shot, but I have a warrant for you, although it is of little importance; some negro has a charge against you; you can stay here with Mr. Blease, and if you get well, report to me at your convenience." I told my son to go quickly for a physician, that Barre would bleed to death. As he started off, a nigger drew down on him with a pistol, saying: "If you leave de house, I will shoot you." None of us were armed, but were enjoying the quietness of the holy Sabbath evening, and awaiting anxiously on her who appeared almost done with the things of this world, when we were pounced upon by these fiends, who pretended to represent the officers of America. I know nothing of the officials of the county, never having taken any part, whatever in politics; having all my life pursued my peaceful avocation of farmer, artisan and merchant; but, if these be their representatives, "God save the country!"

THOS. W. BLEASE.

How the Deacon Got Caught.

We have no hesitancy in stating that among the able-bodied male adults of this city the very common beverage known as soda water, and which is dealt out so unsparingly at every corner during the heated term, is considered, to use their own language, a "thin drink." But as this ingenious mixture of wind and water is termed "thin," strong liquors, such as whiskies, are altogether too "thick" for a steady warm weather drink, so the imbiber who must "moisten his flues" with some liquid refreshment, seeks a pleasant combination of the two classes of drink, which forms a happy combination that exhilarates, yet is not intoxicating. It is customary among these bibulous go-betweeners to enter a drug store, call for soda water, name their syrup, at the same time giving a wink to the dispenser of "slush," who takes the goblet, in which he places the syrup, then stoops down beneath the counter or retires to a back room, where, by some mysterious chemical change, the contents are colored darkly, and the soda is then let in upon the mixture, which is handed to the customer with a wink from the clerk. So much for the process; now for the sequel.

Saturday, a venerable gentleman from the country, who is a respectable church deacon, a Justice of the Peace, a member of the "Band of Hope," and a Good Templar in his native village, came to this city to trade a little in dry goods and purchase such agricultural implements as he needed to plant and cultivate his spring crops. The deacon is strictly temperate, and never looks upon the wine when it is red any more than he does when it is any other color. Unfortunately, our old friend suffered from ophthalmia in his early days, which left him with an optical peculiarity which caused his upper eye-lid to drop every few seconds, and to those not familiar with his infirmity, gave

him the appearance of intentionally winking. The "deac" is passionately fond of soda water and such light beverages. He loves to feel the gaseous compound coursing down his throat, and creating internal commotions and typhoons, that, however endurable by older persons, throw babies into agony, and require prompt doses of peppermint; so on Saturday afternoon, after he had bought a few shovels, plows, and a Dolly Varden for his wife, he thought he would fill up with soda water and drive on toward home. He entered a drug store, inquired the price of the desired refreshment, then deposited his scrip and awaited his mixture.

"What syrup do you want?" said the urbane clerk, as he mopped off the marble counter with the same towel he used a moment before to remove the honest sweat from his brow. "Oh! give me sasaparilly; that's about as healthy as anything, I guess." (Here the deacon's eye-lid went back on him and dropped quickly.) "All right," replied the fountain tender, as he disappeared below the counter and came up a moment later with the drinking glass containing about three fingers of "sasaparilly," to which he added the other ingredients, and handed it to the deacon. The latter drained the contents to his mouth, snatched his lips, and said: "That syrup is a leetle stronger than they generally make it, but my blood is out of order, and I guess I'll take another glass;" at the same time his eye-lid fluttered meaningly as before.

The dose was repeated, and the soda-water bibber left the shop. About half an hour later he entered another establishment where a sign announced "Soda and Mineral Water on Draught." It was noticed that the deacon walked as if he had the string-halt as he entered the door, and his spectacles were upside down on his nose. He called for "Congress water" at that place, saying he "did not feel quite right, and was afraid he had used too much syrup in his soda-water at the other store, or else he was bilious." His optical weakness exhibited itself as he spoke, and returning the wink, the clerk retired to a dark closet, then returning, filled up the glass with plain "Congress," and gave it to our now "tightly-lyght" friend, who swallowed it without a murmur.

How many "sodas" the deacon stored away before he left the city, we are unable to say, but he was found late in the day, asleep in his wagon, with a pillow point for a pillow and several yards of Dolly Varden calico gracefully draped about his person for a covering. He revived sufficiently to inform a stranger that he had been "drugged," and a subsequent visit to the localities where he had taken soda water developed the fact that his unfortunate habit of winking—a defect over which he had no control—was the cause of all his trouble. The soda water dispensers supposed him to be "one of the boys," and every time his eye-lid dropped, took the hint. The deacon escaped the "jim-jams," but says hereafter he will wear a blinder over that eye when he purchases summer drinks, or else write his order on a slate.—Cleveland Leader.

Poking Fun at a Railroad.

Mr. Derrick Dodd writes as follows to the Washington Capital about the branch railroad between Baltimore and the Capital: But about this railroad. Of course I want it abolished, as every one does. The reckless velocity with which the trains are run between here and Baltimore is absolutely frightful. I was delighted years ago when this road was established because I thought we had got rid of the old rickety and dangerously fast stage coaches, but the speed they are beginning to run the trains at now on this road is worse yet. Now, every one knows that Baltimore is forty miles from Washington if it is an inch, and three days and a half is plenty quick enough for the trip, but the managers have already reduced the schedule time to three days and four hours, and what with making the engine fires too hot, and racing with cows along the road, and all that, the conductors are even cutting that time down.

Why, it was only the other day on the down trip we happened to spy Sims' old mule about two miles out of town. What should the reckless wretch of an engineer do but clap on full steam and race every foot of the way into the district? We didn't exactly pass the mule, but caught with him twice, and came into the depot neck and neck—and which was puffing the most, the mule or the engine, you couldn't have told to save your life. Now, it was all very exciting, and all that, I know, but I hadn't purchased an accident ticket, and I don't believe the other four passengers had either. This is all wrong, Mr. Editor, all wrong.

And then on another occasion, I remember, we came within a hair's breadth of having a very serious accident. The engineer had gotten off to snowball a chipmunk, and the conductor was minding a young widow's baby for her—the result was that the train happened to get on a down grade and we started off at a terrific rate, every bit of four miles an hour, I should think. We were just half a mile above Annapolis junction, and the first thing we knew there being no one to whistle and wake up the switch-tender, we were turned off into the Annapolis road and went down the wrong track at full speed. Imagine our consternation when just at this moment we heard the whistle, not a half mile ahead of us, of the Annapolis up train. We were paralyzed with terror. Here were two trains approaching each other on the same track at the dizzy speed above mentioned. Evidently our time had come! In a few short hours the engines would meet, and then—destruction! With great presence of mind a minister on board organized a prayer-meeting.—Pale but calm, the doomed band of passengers sat, and though with the very shadow of death upon them, raised their voices in a Parting hymn.

"Send for the baggage-master," said a young man with a sad smile.

"Why?" was asked. "Because we are all about to pass in our checks." Everybody wept. From the rear platform we could see the miserable engineer straining every nerve to catch up, but he had tight boots on and didn't gain anything to speak of. At this moment a ray of hope dawned upon us. I had just finished writing my will on the back of a visiting card when I observed a young lady in the act of detaching her bustle. Placing the article—which was composed of 800 Capitals and a hair mattress—under her arm, the heroine marched through the car. We followed her anxiously.

She climbed upon the tender and then over the engine. It was very interesting and thrilling to see her climbing over the wheels and brass things on the way to the cowcatcher. It reminded me of a country girl getting over a wire fence. But never mind about that now. Let me see where I was. Oh! yes—on the cow-catcher. Holding on by the cross-bars with one hand, the noble maiden tied the bustle on the sharp prow with the other.

You can guess the result. In the course of the afternoon the collision came on. Protected thus the engine received a gentle bump and we were saved! I took up a collection for the woman on the spot. I always take up collections on such occasions. And what's more, I never forget to give the object interested something nice out of it, never. There is nothing mean about me. I suppose you have noticed my clothes?

The Hair-pins and Garters, etc., that are Picked up After the Audience Leaves. [From the New York World.] I don't know which is the more curious study, the little world before or the little world behind the scenes. Perhaps you think there is nothing interesting in the conduct of an audience; and yet the man in the box-office of a theatre will tell you, if you get hold of him sometime when he has a dull night, a very curious story about the pleasure-seekers. I was in the little chubbyside at Wallack's not long ago, with my friend Livingston, and Mr. Moss pointed out to us the box-office museum. It was a collection of articles picked up in the theatre after the audience left it. Now, you will immediately guess what some of these articles were. Hair-pins and garters and pennies, you know, abound wherever men and women congregate, and handkerchiefs are always picked up in churches and meetings. But the collection included night keys, gold rings, furo checks, playing cards, false curls, reticules, card cases and tooth-picks. We can even understand how these things may be dropped occasionally. But how are we to understand the absence of mind which covers the loss of false teeth, and indispensable underclothing? There is a fine pair of low patent-leather shoes, taken off during the performance, because they hurt the owner's feet, evidently. But it is incomprehensible that he should forget to put them on again and walk out in his stocking feet. There is a beautiful set of false teeth on a gold plate. Can it be that they fell to the floor unobserved during the open mouthed wonderment and abstraction of the spectator, or were they too, taken out for comfort's sake, and slipped into the folds of a dress instead of a pocket, and then left behind when their owner got up? A dog-collar, too, by all that's odd with "Fido" on its brass plate, and a bottle of "cold cream" and a paper of brass-headed tacks. But even this should not astonish us, when we ascertain that the lap-dog themselves are sometimes left behind, and Mr. Moss has to send out the box-office into a nursery until a waiting-maid comes, as she inevitably does the next day, with a warm blanket, over her arm, and claims the darling with tears in her eyes. Then we have a safe-key. Ha! what a tale of carelessness and reprimand and suspicion that tells; and a bank-book, and a Colt's revolver with all the barrels loaded except one, and that one smoky and begrimed. It is fanciful to suppose that some cunning miscreant, whose victim was duly reported among the killed, came with the crowd to the theatre to escape detection, and left his instrument behind him. Why there's a bunch of skeleton keys! How do we know that they were not left by the same person?

A Watch in a Man's Body. A few days since, we published an extract from one of the Northern papers in which it was stated that a man was shot during the war, and that a portion of a silver pencil case and a gold pencil were driven into his body. A portion of the latter has just worked out through his neck. The case appears singular, and may be doubted by some, but there is on the records of surgery a more singular case, and one in which the recovery of the patient may be deemed miraculous. It was that of a gold watch being entirely shattered and driven into a man's body through the ribs and lungs, and of the pieces being afterwards extracted or ejected, and the recovery of the patient. The gentleman who survived this terrible injury is our townsman, R. Q. Drummond, Esq., and he is now alive, and except the disqualification from physical labor, he is apparently well. On the 5th of January, 1841, he accidentally shot himself in the left side with a gun loaded with shot, the whole charge striking a gold watch in his pocket, and driving it into his body, through the lungs, breaking in its passage several of his ribs. The watch was of course torn to pieces, and the fragments scattered through the body, fortunately missing the heart. In two weeks from the accident some of the pieces were taken out, and at intervals from that time, for fifteen years afterwards, when the last piece was ejected from the mouth, after having caused one hundred hemorrhages by the violent fits of coughing. In this manner several pieces had previously been removed, and with the last Mr. Drummond's health began to improve, and he is now, as we have stated, apparently quite well. The wound in his side has never healed entirely up, and there still remains an orifice of about half an inch, through which the breath can be inhaled or expelled. A number of the fragments of the broken watch have been shown us by a friend, and are still mute witnesses of this terrible accident.—Norfolk Virginian.

The Dead Sea. A NEW PICTURE—NOT SO DEAD AND DESOLATE AS IT HAS BEEN PAINTED. We descended the steep hills to the wild, sandy plain that stretches to the Dead Sea, and are soon cantering across the burning sand. Suddenly our guard motions us to stop. They profess to see robbers lurking behind some bushes near the shore, though we can see nothing, and believe it only a ruse on their part to get from us some backshish. While they go forward to reconnoitre, we move on slowly. Learning that the coast is clear, we gallop on and dismount on the shores of a lake whose waters look as clear and ripple as beautifully as do the waters of any other lake we have yet seen, all testimony to the contrary notwithstanding.

Guide books speak extravagantly of death everywhere abounding in the waters and along the shores. "Not a flower, not a green willow nor a shrub anywhere to be seen; its waters are rarely ruffled by a breeze. All is silence, gloom and death." The Dead Sea, as seen by us bore quite a different aspect. For miles along the shore, we rode through a thicket of shrubby and willows as green as we ever found anywhere, and among the prettiest flowers which we carry with us are some which we plucked on the shores of the Dead Sea. That the waters are heavy and bitter, is true, for we tested them in bathing, but that they are rarely ruffled, we can not believe, as at the time of our visit there was, but little breeze, yet the waves splashed on the pebbly beach, and in the distance their white crests looked like so many white swans.—Boston Traveller.

THE WIDOW'S WILES.—They tell about a blooming young widow who used to live next door to Mr. Smith, who was a widower and a timid man, whose mild eyes beamed blandly through his spectacles. The widow had a kindness for Smith, and he reciprocated it; although he had barely sufficient courage to carry on the campaign. So at last the widow pretended to be terrifiedly afraid of thunder and lightning and whenever she saw a gust coming up she used to smooth her hair and rush into Smith's house. Then, when she heard a peal of thunder, she would scream, rush up and throw her arms around the mild eyed Smith's neck and implore him to protect her. Mr. Smith always looked embarrassed and anxious and said he would. Then she would faint, and Smith would feel half glad and half sorry.—About six thunder storms settled the business; and now she is Mrs. Smith. He is only sorry that her apprehensions of thunder and lightning were not realized. He says that if ever there was a woman who deserved to be torn to pieces by electricity, it is that widow. She has thunderstorms every day now in Smith's house, and it is lively and vigorous for Smith around there since the widow took possession.

THE ACCURATE BOY.—There was a young man once in the office of a Western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in the city would have wished to get. It was honorable and it "paid well," besides being in a line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand boy and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied upon what he did, because he was just right. And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the look-out, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow, to be sure that his work is done right, or if a cashier must run over his book keeper's columns he might as well do the work himself as to employ another to do it that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman just as soon as he can.

JOTTINGS.

England has 32,623 breweries.

Of the seventy-four United States Senators, fifty are lawyers.

Old Maids are fond of pairs, but cannot bear any reference to dates.

A North Carolina woman was buried in a feather bed, according to her desire.

Out West they call a bride a "pecuniary compliment," and say no more about it.

An Illinois newspaper has suffered from three libel suits to the amount of 35 cents.

The sleeveless jackets take precedence of all other styles of out-door garments this season.

"Playing Texas on 'em" is the Alabama vernacular for the final disposition of horse thieves.

When should a dairy-man use the letter o in place of a? When he wants to make butter better.

A popular doctor in Owego gives prescriptions with directions to "take one teaspoonful every three years."

A rural New York father has named one hapless child Ajax Telamon, and another Agamemnon Achilles.

A shrewd old lady compares her husband to a tallow candle, he always sputters and smokes when he's put out.

An undertaker in Mount Vernon advertises: Coffins made and repaired on short notice.

In Manila 25,000 women and girls work at cigar making at average wages of seven cents per day.

Why is a new born babe like the relief of Lucknow? Because it's the long expected sucker.

Conceit is said to be a better capital to start with in life than money. Is it? Give us capital.

Get your sweetheart a new set of teeth as a Christmas present, is the invitation of an advertising dentist.

Chicago is not likely to have its gift library "from modern British authors," and no one will be sorry for it.

Lecturing is at a very low ebb in England. Only noblemen or very distinguished parties can draw an audience.

It is surmised that Dickens, as a reporter, did his reporting on 'Change—he has furnished so many stock quotations.

Some of the iron columns of the Boston new post-office building are thirty-three feet high, and weigh over twelve thousand pounds each.

A paper, in puffing a certain soap, says it is the "best ever made for a dirty man's face. We have tried it, and therefore we ought to know."

A policeman asked a drunken athiop whom he could scarcely see in the dim light of a cell, "Are you colored?" "Colored, no; dis yer chile born so."

"Is civilization a failure?" asks the chief organ of the Democracy in Montana. Will contemporaries be kind enough to answer the momentous question?

A Western editor, in writing the obituary of a respectable citizen, says "that he has gone to that undiscussed burn."

Mary had a little lamb, She had it in the garden, And every time it wagged its tail, It spoilt her Dolly Varden.

An epitaph on a North Carolina mule is as follows: Here lies a mule, blind as a bat, The more corn you'd give him, the less he'd grow fat; He belonged to the bummers of old Bill Sherman, And mules like this we all say, darn 'em.

An exchange has found out when Adam was married. Of course it was on his wedding Eve; most every body knew it before.

Several people who have answered an advertisement promising a "correct likeness of yourself, and your fortune told, for fifty cents, have received a three-cent mirror, and informed that they can tell their own fortunes by counting their money.

The State Superintendent of Maine sent out this question: "Can you suggest any amendments to the school law of the State?" The School Committee of Mariaville answered: "We recommend the establishment of a reform school for meddlesome parents."

"Hello, Ben!" "Hello, back again! What d'ye want?" "How's yer folks this morning?" "Purty well. Mother's smart as usual—Jim and Tom well—an' father died last night."

"Your father died?" "Yes; he kicked the bucket 'bout 12 o'clock, and I've got his watch! Say, just going up to prison to see cousin Joe hung, will ye go?"

There is a Methodist church which stands on the boundary line between Ohio and Pennsylvania, in such a way that the pulpit is in the former State and the pews in the latter. A Pennsylvania paper thereupon takes occasion to state that while the hearers are in one State their preacher is in another State discoursing on the future State.

A Detroit black bear got loose the other day, and cautiously approaching a man leaning against a hitching post, rose up and gave him a hug. Thinking it to be a man, he cried out: "What are you doing there? Get off my back, or I'll knock you into the middle of next week!" He was greatly "moved" when he found out who the man was, and stood not upon the order of his going.

Table with 6 columns: SPACE, 1 M., 2 M., 3 M., 6 M., 1 Y. Rows include 1 square, 2 squares, 3 squares, 4 squares, 1 column, 2 columns, 3 columns.

All Transient Advertisements will be charged ONE DOLLAR per Square for the first and SEVEN FIVE CENTS per Square for each subsequent insertion.