

THE CORNER.

THE LANDLORD WHO COULDN'T KEEP PEOPLE ALL NIGHT.

A short distance from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage roads running from that city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter, stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before daybreak, he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocking at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as far, and as he looked it was no one, he cried out: "Who are you there?"

"Burd and Yancy, and Elmore, from Montgomery," was the answer, "on our way to attend court. We are benighted, and want to stay all night." "Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible. The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and all ready to drop down with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses, and give us chairs and a good fire till morning?" "Oh, yes, gentlemen, can do that!" "Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience as they waited till daylight did appear. The longest night came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said Burd. "I don't say so," replied Ford. "You didn't?" "What in the name of thunder then, did you say?" "You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said that would be impossible for I was unto two-thirds gone when you came. If you really wanted beds, why on earth did you not say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up—Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beaten them all. "A FATHER ACCIDENTALLY SHOTS HIS DAUGHTER.—A most heart-rending accident occurred at Norfolk, Va., on Wednesday evening. Mr. Jesse T. Newell went home from business about sunset, and finding his little son playing in the yard with a pistol, not supposed to be loaded, took it from him, and while examining it, it was accidentally discharged. Laura, (Mr. Newell's daughter), a beautiful and interesting little girl of nine summers, was seated on the step getting her lesson, when the pistol went off, and instantly jumping up, she exclaimed, "Oh, pa, you have killed me!" As she said this, the blood burst from her nose and mouth. She fell forward and instantly expired. The pistol had been charged with two buckshot, both of which had entered her right breast and perforated her right lung. The great shock, together with the instant hemorrhage, produced almost instant death. Drs. Galt and Bright were almost instantly called, and reached the scene of casualty in a very short time, but too late. The little girl breathed her last, and a worthy family were overwhelmed with grief. The unhappy father, almost bereft of reason by the distressing and heart-rending accident, sought, in his frenzy, to take his own life. He seized a knife, and made a desperate effort to cut his throat, but was prevented from stepping his family in still deeper grief by some of his friends.

A fellow on the race course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo! what is the matter now?" said a chap, when the inebriated individual had just run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

PULPIT VERBOSECITY.—The other Sunday an eminent divine was preaching upon the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and when he arrived at the point where, in great heat, Dives lifted up his eyes and asked Abraham to allow Lazarus to come to him with a drop of water, he said, "To this apparently reasonable, but under the circumstances, totally inadmissible request, a negative answer was returned."

TO KEEP POTATOES IN THE CELLAR.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer says: Put them in a pile as deep as you can conveniently. He has for three or four years noticed that they kept the best. Last autumn he put out 125 bushels in one bin, and filled them 23 or 3 feet deep. They have decayed but little, and he found more rotten ones near the top than anywhere else.

TERRIBLE LYONING AFFAIR.—The Navarro (Texas) Express, of the 5th, has the following remarkable paragraph: "On Thursday morning, the 22nd inst., four respectable citizens of this county, all members of our County Court, were found hung in the public square of this town. Various are the conjectures as to the causes of this unfortunate affair. We presume, however, that it was owing to the fact that they were members of the County Court. In saying this, we must have meant our declaration that they were members of the County Court, and not of the State Court. It is thought the presence of the Chief Justice could have saved them from such a fate. As we will henceforth speak of this matter, we wish to state that we are in possession of all the facts connected with this terrible affair."

Merchant Tailoring.

S. RAMSEY HAS REMOVED... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

Fashionable Tailoring... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

Spring and Summer Fashions... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

Philip F. McCarty... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

Boot and Shoe Store... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

THE LATEST RETURNS... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

THE PEOPLE'S Hat and Cap Store... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

SAVING FUND... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

JOSEPH REINHARD'S NEW LIQUOR STORE... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

THE SAVINGS BANK... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

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Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Annapolis.

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INSURANCE COMPANY... FASHIONABLE TAILOR... FITS! FITS! FITS!!!

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Geo. B. Sloan & Co's FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

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EMBERGER'S DRUG STORE.

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AMERICAN LIFE Insurance Company... CAPITAL STOCK \$500,000