GROVER & BAKERS



FAMILY SEWING MACHINES New Styles-Prices from 850 to \$135. EXTRA CHARGE OF \$5 FOR HENNERS.

495 Broadway - - New York F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE.

These machines sew from two speeds, as purchased from the store, requiring no rewinding of thread; they Hem; Fell, Gather, and Stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handneedle, as is required by other machines. They will no bet ter and cheaper sewing than a seamstrees can even if she works for one cent on hour, and are, inquestionably, the best Machines, in the market for family sewing, on account of their simplicity durability, case of management, and adaptati to all varieties of family sewing-executing either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their Machines, the GROVER & BARER SEW ING MACHINE COMPANY beg leave to respectfully refer to the following

TESTIMONIALS:

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's Mechines in my family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed —Family Sewing."—Mrs. Joshua Leavitt, wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for daty, requiring no adjustment, and in easily adjustment to every, variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate

"After trying several good machines, I prefer rous, on account of its simplicity, and the perfect case with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After the strength and durability of the seam. After iong experience, I feel competent to speak in this manner, and the confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.

"I have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Ma chine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambric to Broadcloth. Garments have been worn out withent the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—Mrs. A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New York.

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you their testimonials to its perfect daptedness, as well as labor saving qualities in the performance of family and bousehold sew-

-Robert Boorman, New York. Baker's Sewing machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sew-ing beautifully and quickly done, would be most ortunate in possessing one of these reliable and fatigable 'iron needle-women,' whose com bined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity, are invaluable."—J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

[Extract of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt, fisq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12th,

"I had a tent made in Melbourn, in 1852, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Ma ies, and a single seam of that has outstood all the double seams sewed by sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up from his murky hades, he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more benignant miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce midnight skirt-making as the direful spring of woes unnumbered."—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saving, that the Grover & naker Sewing Macaines have more man em-tained my expectation. After trying and return-ing others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond, Sonator

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Fam ly Sewing Machines for some time, and I am astis-fed it is one of the best liber-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommencing it to the public."—J. G. Haris Governor of Tennesse.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an expitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover and

Baker having an eterral holiday in commemora-tion of their good deeds for humanity."—Cassius "I think it by far the best patent in use. This

imagine. If mine could not be replaced, money could not buy it."—Mrs. J. H. Brown, Nashville, "It is speedy, very neaf, and durable in its

work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I carneally recommend this Machine to all myacquaintances and others."-Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."—Deary Broth-

"If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one three score years and ten, and never get out of fix."—John Erskine, Nashville, Tenn.

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly estimated that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was

made."-Maggie Aimison, Nashville, Tenn.

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine lines atticking, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand sewing, or aby other machine I have ever seen." Lucy Thompson, Nashvilla, Tenn.

"I find the work the strongest and most be

thad the work the strongest and stock that it is it is it is a strongest and stock that it is in the strongest and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to carries. Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn. EF SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

For the Montrose Democrat. Summer is Gone.

BY B. B.A. The Summer time has parsed away, And Autumn winds come on: The morning bird will cease her lay,

The Autumn, too, will pass away, It will not linger long; And ere the time has seemed a day, The Winter will come on.

The robin soon her song.

And if the Summers come, and go, And pass us by so fast: How quick will come our time to go!

How quick will come the fast! The days of life, how quick they pass, On earth how short cur stay; The years fly by so quick, and fast, Our life seems but a day.

Has Summer Fled?

And has the beautoous Summer fled? It seemeth but a nay Since to our vale the flowers were brought

By laughing blue-eyed May! Now o'erhead's the Autumn sky, And red no more the rose's dye, And faded is the violet blue; The lilly-that has faded too.

Sweet melody in Summer flurg From off a harp of thousand strings, A harp-alas! that's now postrung. While scarce a single minatrel sings.

The murmur of the rippling stream: More hourse into the air doth seem; The feathered songsters of the grove Have ceased to warble lays of love. The balmy breath of summer-time.

That kissed the dew-drops from the flower With all its sweets has fied afer To sport 'mid softer hours, Far upward in the mellow light. The blue hills rise upon the sight, And 'mid the sunset's golden flush,

The forest leaves in beauty blush. A few-short days and Winter will With hail and anow come striding on ; The woods no longer hull'd in sleep, Sway to the mighty tempost's plume, Thus roll the seasons; varied still. The fallen leaf, the frozen rill,

The budding flower, the brazen sky-Now the smile, anon the sigh. How swiftly flies each passing year! The Summer's ended—harder, past-

And forest leaves of brilliant has Float on the wintry blast. Tis thus when sun-bright youth hath fled: How dark and drear the years ahead! But in vain the sigh that sorrows heaves, When Winter's winds close up Life's leaves,

MY STEP MOTHER

I have but faint recollections of my mother, as she died before I was four years old. leaving my brother Clifton-five years my and myself to the care of an old woman who was much attached to her, and "For several months we have used Grover & tage in the village, that she might be my taker's Sewing machine, and have come to the

zoverness. We called her Granny; and very kind she was to us in her way; nursing us most tenderly when we were sick, preparing little delicacies for us at odd times, joining us in our plays, and telling us stories by the dozen. of ghosts, giants, fairies, and little boys who were eaten up by wolves and bears, for be-

ing naughty. I was a puny, sickly boy, so I did not go

ried my best to follow her advice. Of my father we saw very little. He was grave, stern man; and, very much depressed by my mother's death, he plunged into an absorbing business, and was only at home in the evenings, when we boys generally foreook the rilent sitting room for the kitchen, there to listen with open eyes and mouths, to Granny's marvellous tales.

We lived quietly enough, having few interests beyond our small place of ten or a dozen acres, and an occasional excursion to the neighboring town. But a change was coming. It was in the November of the year when I was nine years old and Clifton fourteen,-the latter exulting in the idea of going to boarding-school in a mouth, and ! half-crying beforehand over my own loneliness-that my father, who had been in the ion with Granny. When this was ended. we heard the front door slam, and saw my father, portmanteau in hand, jump into the of earth. wagon and drive furiously off, while Granny Machine can be adapted from the finest cambric entered our sitting-room, her apron to her to the heaviest granimere. It seems stronger, eyes, and aut down in the arm chair, rock-laster, and more beautifully than ary one can ing to and fro, and sobbing with uncontrollaing to and fro, and sobbing with uncontrolla-

ger necessary, as in a week he would bring home a wife, a young lady from the city, and in the meantime he should not be at home. "That I should ever have lived to see the day," continued the old woman, with a fresh burst of grief, when my own dear Miss Sarah should be so forgotten and cast aside for a pretty faced chit of seventeen, with city airs and graces, to turn the house upside down, and lord it over her darlings. Poor boys, poor boys, what will become of you !" in this way, I cannot tell, but she was just then called away to the kitchen, leaving us ment my father esturned. in a state of indescribable terror, imagining that all the cruel step-mothers in fairy tales are here, are you! Where have you been

febl7fOe134 | onhappy generally.

self that you which would make her our like that name." At length the day arrived. Granny, with and wiping off imaginary dust from the furniture; for, she said, the new mistress should

ing out into the November mist It had been a very dreary day. The wind a thick mist enshrouded averything. It best to find everything wrong in her. She seemed to penetrate our very souls as we sat tried every little lender act to win my affect The sitting room looked very bright in contrast in my plays and occupations, the kind latest in my plays and occupations, the kind latest in my plays and occupations, the sitting wood fire cast a warm glow over the old mahogany furniture.

Time passed on the winter and the summer passed on the winter and the summer passed, and November came again. We have the contrast the situation of the winter and the summer passed, and November came again. We have the contrast the situation of the winter and the summer passed, and November came again. We have the situation of the winter and the summer passed, and November came again. We have the situation of the winter and the summer passed, and November came again. We have the situation of the winter and the summer passed on the winter and the summer passed, and November came again. We have the summer passed on the winter and the summer passed on the summer passed on the winter and the summer passed on the winter and the summer passed on the winter and the summer passed on the summer passed on the winter and the summer p the little round table in front of the chimney,

looked rigidly at the broken branch of the ton for being so easily conquered. linden tree. The sound came nearer, then

ening my beart.

She must have looked a question, for heard my father say-"Well, Edith, what is it !"

es them now !"

" Yes, certainly,"-his tone had a sort of vexation in 11—"they ought to have been bed quietly out of the house to the barn; then, bere to welcome you; it is very wrong, but as there was nothing to interest me there, they must be somewhere near; I will find and my purpose was accomplished, I returned There was too much calmness in that chamthem and bring them to you."
The door closed after him. And now be

ing sure that we could not be seen, concealed as we were by the window curtains, I turned to school, but with Granny's aid, learned to round a little so as to see her. There sat my read and write; and she prophesied that I step mother in my mother's chair, the red step mother in my mother's chair, the sed would make a great man some day, if I fire light playing upon the young, sweet face, would only have spirit enough, and hold up which had a shade of gravity, almost sadness my head. All this I firmly believed, and about it. I can see it now. Years have passed, but I cannot forget that picture. 1 know now that I never shall. With two other scenes, it will be painted in never-fading colors before my eyes, till they close in death.

She was wondrously beautiful. Tall, and perfectly graceful, with the tiniest hands and her forehead. The dark maroon-colored merency of the delicate complexion. Her eyes now she had taken an entirely different course; That she is not fit to be seen. That people were large and grey, with long lashes—mois—she had exerted an authority over me which tened, I fancied, by a tear. It may have I had forgotten she could claim, and shown a been. The face was almost childish in its spirit for which I was totally unprepared.

A face I was a specific for which I was totally unprepared.

A face I was a specific for which I was totally unprepared. was determination in the setting of the mouth and womanly dignity in the open brow; and withal a holy light seemed to beam incored.

At first, I was very angret visions of the her. If he says "yes," she proceeds to—cruel step-mother came floating back again over my mind, but fainter than at first. I consists more of gesture than appear than appear to the proceeds to—withal a holy light seemed to beam incored. habit lately of spending a great part of his withal a holy light seemed to beam upon her time in Philadelphia, held a long conversacountenance—a calm and holy light, as wing of her guardian angel, for it seemed not

She sat a little forward on her chair, one playing with the folds of her dress looking ust crossed its threshold, was to leap upward, warming our bearts for a little while, and then leaving them cold and dark forever ! How much longer I might have gazed at

me after him to her side; then in a low, awkward abrupt tone, he said ; "I am Clifton, ma'am; I'm glad to see

I had never before seen my brother who terribly embarrassed. But just at that mo-

that all the cruel step-mothers in fairy tales were to be united in ours. Then a long conversation ensued, in which we debated whether she would attempt to beat us, starrs us, or turn us out of doors to seek our fortune with a piece of dry bread, and a bottle of sour wine. I remember nerfectly the ninture I wine. I remember perfectly the picture I soon Granny's prophecy seemed coming true, ing for it all the time. I did not think of er, and many uphysidings that he brought formed of her, in which she figured as a that our father should not love as any more my pride, now. I only know that I longed her away from the joys of her own home to about the prophecy of the prophecy of the prophecy seemed coming true. large, stont woman, with a haughty air and load voice, who would fly about the hose, who would fly about the hose, abanging everything and making every one lifted upon me before—one to say, "I love you; Haroid—tell me what it now, no man was ever able to stand all unhappy generally.

I that our father abould not love as any more my pride, now. Long man that I longed per away now to unjoyed their own more was abuse and make her miserable.

I that our father abould not love as any more my pride, now. Long man that I longed per away now to unjoyed their own more was abuse and make her miserable.

I had never been lifted upon me before—one to say, "I love you; Haroid—tell me what it. Now, no man was ever able to stand all troubles you; and then, with that falling of these place. He generally falls at No. I, and up with a frightened cry. "Malcolm!" And desolateness which it is painful to witness in only in extreme ones reaches No. 6.

feelings rather encouraged them by her undispuised pity and regret; so that, short as said, affectionately smoothing back the hair was the time, we were fully prepared—not only to thwart, and in every possible way dispuised by but absolutely to hate the young come, hasn't be! and be must be my pet, for creature who was so soon to take upon here. Clifton is so that and manly that he will not self that yow which would make her one like that now."

At length the day arrived. Granny, with table, growing redder every moment, until, eyes, and the words which she uttered with tarrivon, as he often neard the chief swear ting the finishing touches to the preparations, and said, in a low tone—

"Harold, love me! only love me! Love seemed to have a special hatred toward him.

soon, Harold." way went to the depot, she drove away.

Others, I stood before her again as I had done that evening, with her soft white hands on my

my throat and choking me; thus we both My step-mother treated him with a deference sat silent in the recess of the window, look that fixtered his boyish vanity; and, complately forgetting his vow of a week before.

It was a cold, wet day in January. I had stopped, we knew, at the gate; then, after a not been well, and as my father went out of between us, and was pushing me away. moment, commenced again, and the carriage
the door, my step-mother said, pleasantly—
That night there was strange footfalls about
the door. I saw my father hand
We must find amy smeat in doors, the house, doors opening and shutting, and
they came into the house, and I heard the

Only the day before the hove had taunted
the moment of the morning and stole instinctively hall-foor shut, and the sitting-room door me with being ruled by her, because I quoted to my mother's door. It was ajar, and

conquered, for the November mist was dark. were full of tears, but the lines about her she saw sweet visions. There was not a shade nouth were fix

morning; I have forbidden it." The boys, Malcom, our boys; may I not the first time she had spoken so decidedly; its hands were clasped in one of hers—its now was the time to show that she was short life had gone upward with her loving nothing to me. I whistled a tune, and walk-

> slowly to the house. hand was firm, and there was a resolution the brightness of our hearthstone had gone in every movement that I did not dream of out forever.

resisting. You will come with me Harold," she said, and I followed, mechanically.

She took me to my room, placed me in chair, and then with the same calm, dignified step, she went out and locked the door.

I was so overcome with astonishment that I made no resistance. That she, so young him how she loves him-smoothes his hair, and beautiful, almost timid in her gentleness, sect I ever saw, and a small, well-formed should have taken such decisive measures, head, with soft brown curls looped back from was to me perfectly unaccountable. She had never before directly commanded or forbidrino that she wore, relieved only by plain den me to do anything. She had seemed to to wear, and says that a man is a brute who white collar and cuff, heightend the transpatry to win my love; not my obedience; but would not give his wife something to wear. she had exerted an authority over me which will cry shame on him. In vain he save that

go through the world alone. On the floor toble grief. Fearing we knew not what, we clong to her side, begging ber to tell us what had happened. But it was some time beat think—that young wife, only a few hours a to dear Mother," although he had no property when they were married.

Sam was petrified with astorishment, but presently said; counts of his dislike of school, and longings. All her worldly goods consisted of a few for a sailor life; saying, is strict confidence, worsteds and knitting-pins; but these knitif it were not that he was to come back to her at the end of a year, he would run away and lass she conquers him before she gets to plea go to see. I was angry with him. He, too, No. 4. Should this fail she proceeds to—had turned from me I thought; so I turn up.

Plea No. 5—the Comparative Plea.—All ber I do not know; but Clifton, who had sad turned from me I thought; so I zers up Ples No. 5—the Comparative Ples.—All started up, strode across the floor, dragging the letter, throw it away, and sitting down on the departed lovers are made to pass before

The hours passed slowly away, and I be them, one by one. If she had married Mr. gan to feel very miserable. Clifton would Snooks—i. e. the coachman—she would have come home next winter—perhaps before for had a livery. If she had married Mr. Swizzle, might not she, now that she had ceased to she would have lived in style on Broad street. How much longer she might have gone on was rather celebrated for cool affrontery—so love me, persuade my father to send for him. If she had married—in fact, anybody but her and let me go in his place? My father would husband—she would have been treated like do it, I was sure, if she suggested it. The patment my fainer, sturned.

"I cannot find them anywhere. Oh! you tering rain and dreary prospect were not dain the angry, and anggests if she had married are here, are you! Where have you been culated to implie me with more cheerful.

al'il tell you what," said Clifton, drawing she was between me and the blow. His hand a grown person, but fearful to see in a child, a long breath, and plunging his hands man-dropped at his side, the stern look passed in fully into his pockets, "I'll tell you what Harmough from his features.

a mount from his features.

and uttered one moaning cry, "Oh, mother,"

most gone, "Ob, mother I mother I"
"Harold !" I started in a moment to my feet. My her knees before me, and grasped my bands baving been a prisoner seventeen days, and That individual stood with his back to the and the pale face, with dark rims around the thinks that Tecumseh thought Johnson was

"We will know and love each other better me, Harold!"

I was stunned—I could not speak—and ind it in as much order as her own dear mistress Sarah had always kept it, even if it should never be so again. She said she would not stay to see a attanger at the head of her mistress' table. So when the rocks and misty, and I could not tell where to go; at way went to the depot, she drove away.

Clifton felt too manife to own and as trial. she not gone further, further into the mist pistol ready for use. He simed at the chief

> "Say it again, Harold—say it again!" she fast to the ground." said, eagerly, as though I had brought her a message of life, "Mother, dear mother !"

idolized her. I believe, indeed, I know, that at any moment I could have laid down my accosted him in English, and proposed that life for her. A smile from her was my great be should enlist. The idea of a military life in equito bites, he declared to the landlord. life for ber. A smile from ber was my greatthere, looking into the gathering darkness, the gentle nursing when I was sick, est reward; a look of sadness my greatest and a large bounty, so delighted Pat that he

the little round table in front of the chimney, and reating lovingly, as I thought, on my mother's arm chair that stood on the opposite side of the fire place. My feelings did not agree with its cheerines, and I turned to the window again.

Now we plantly beard wheels upon the little and with a mounful tenderness that allowed in one short year ago. We talked about cellors timed and these you can learn in a brating the wedding day—my father and the Guard; as soon as he sees you he will risely and tell her that I did love her, but my pride and roared in the chimney, and then fell; her that I did love her, but my pride and roared in the chimney, and then fell; her that I did love her, but my pride and roared in the chimney, and then fell; her that I did love her, and would never call her mother? I turned to the window again.

Now we plainly beard wheels upon the love her, and would not I said I would n ken, grew brighter on her face, and as if the atmosphere that surrounded her grew thicker

open. I would not look around, but gazed steadily into the mist. I heard my father good time to show my independence; so I talking to her. His voice was different from what I had ever heard it before, so deep and tender; and here, when she answered, was so exquisitely soft and gentle, that it startled me into half-tanning round; but the cold, listen to me."

I was going, when she called me back:

Harold! listen to me."

I was going, when she called me back:

Harold! listen to me."

I take that it startled me into half-tanning round; but the cold, listen to me."

I take that it startled me into half-tanning round; but the cold listen to me." into half-turning round; but the evil spirit I turned and looked at her. Her eyes cheeks, the lips bearing a smile, as though her face: it was childlike in its Now, Harold, you must not go out this expression of perfect peace; and, nestled close to her bosom, supported lovingly on one arm. My spirit was roused in a moment; it was lay a tiny babe; its head was upon her breast,

owly to the house.

My step-mother was sewing when I entered. I went softly down to the cold, desolate sit-Her face was very pale, and it grew poler as ting-toom. The bright flames no longer light-I came in. She rose immediately and took ed up the black chimney; the once glowing my hand in hers. The grasp of that little embers were white and cold; the light and

> The Six Pleas for a New Dress. Tittlewinks wants a new dress, and her lord protests. Now observe how she manages;

be approaches with— Plea No. 1-namely, the Persuasive Plea. Ob, how hard he has to fight! She tells calls him king-asks if he has the heart to deny her. If he says he has, she proceeds to-Plea No. 2-or the Destitute Plea - She informs him of the fact that she has nothing

over my mind, but fainter than at first. I consists more of gesture than speech. She would brave her, I said to myself. I would site at the table with her little nose turned countenance—a calm and holy light, as never have it said that I was conquered by n up, and her little eyes turned down. She eats though it might be the reflection from the girl of eighteen; because she came into my little, (till he goes to business,) sights often, fathor's house, because she sat. down in my and walks about the house like a bad-tempered mother's place, I owed her no obedience, she ghost. She speaks only to say "she knew it owed no love to me. I wanted no love, no would be so," and "it served her just right." hand resting on its crimson arm, the other sympathy; I was enough for myself; I could Should be date to say "it did," she proceeds

the window-seat, looked out into the garden, the unhappy man, and he is compared with

ing for it all the time. I did not think of er, and many uphysidings that he brought lars to help pay the funeral expenses of the my pride, now. Lealy knew that I longed her away from the joys of her own home to child's father, whose coffin stood in the cor-

"How Trongers was Kriten - The Western Christian Advocate of this week con-

ner in which Tecumseb was killed:

He says be was standing but a few feet from Col. Johnson when he fell, and in full view, and say the whole of that part of the step-mother had entered the room unnoticed, battle. He was well acquainted with Teand as I rose, she florg herself at my feet, on cumseh, having seen him before the war, and n both of hers. They were very, very cold, received many a cursing from him. He Johnson's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded; in the fall he lost Glifton felt too manly to cry, and so tried to whistle, but the sound would not come; so he stopped, put his hands in his pockets, and looked out of the window. I tried to cemulate his composure; to dash back the totars that kept blinding my eyes, and to swallow down the lump that kept rising in my throat and choking me; thus we hath

A Hibernian Recruit.

It had been a very dreary day. The wind moning as only a November wind can—moning as only a November wind can—had drifted piles of dead leaves to and fro, for the rain to patter beaselessly upon. But now, as the night shut in, the wind had fulls ed to a calm, and the rain coased to fall, and a thick mist enshroused averything. It is to find everything when it is the same of the call to find everything when it is the same of the call to find everything when it is the same of the call to find everything when it is the same of the call to find everything when it is the same of life. "Mother, dear mother is message of life. In a moment her at message of life. "Mother, dear mother is message of life." Mother, dear mother is message of life. "Mother, dear mother is message of life." Mother, dear mother is message of life. In a mother is message

weeks-finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations!—you answer, both."

Patrick soon learned to pronunce them but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the King to review. His Majesty rode up to him, and Paddy stepped forward to " present arms."

How old are you!" asked the King.

"Three weeks," answered Pat.
"How long have you been in the service?"

asked His Majesty. "Twenty-seven vears."

"Am I, or you a fool !" "Both," returned Pat, who was instantly taken to the guard house.

Observe the Rules. Gentlemen travelling, and all others who would do well to pocket this scrap, as it might be useful to all concerned. It has 'Editors' Banquet," and it is expected that the RULES" will be universally observed:

Enter softly.
 Sit down quietly.
 Subscribe for the paper.

4. Don't touch the poker.

5. Say nothing interesting,

6. Engage in no controversy. 7. Don't smoke.

Keep six feet from the table. 9. Don't talk to the printers.

10. Hands off the the papers. 11. Eves off the manusc Gentlemen observing these rules, when en-

ening a printing office; will greatly oblige the printers, and need not fear the devil-The ladies, who sometimes bless us with their presence for a few moments, are not expected to keep the rules very strictly, and, ndeed, it will be agreeable to us to have them break the fifth, eight and ninth rules as often

as convenient. Boys, unless accompanied by their fathers. are particularly requested to keep their hands in their pockets.

Two darkies had bought a mess of pork in partnership; but Sam baving no place to put his portion in, consented to entrust the whole to Julius' keeping.

The next morning they met, when Sam says:
"Good mornin, Julis, anything happen strange or mysterious down in your wicinity

"Yans, Sam, most strange thing happened at my house resterlast night. All mystery, all mystery to me." "Ab, Julis, what was dat ?"

"Well, Sam, I tole you now. Dis mornin' I went down into de celler to get a piece of hog for dis darkey's breakfust, and I put my hog for dis dargey s orezettens, and a pure my hand down in the brine and felt all ground but no pork dar—all gone. Couldn't tell what bewent with it, so I turned up be barl,

Why didn't de brine run out of de same

"Ab, Satt, dat's de mystery-dat's de mystery." A member of the Mississippi Legislature

at one of its late sessions, introduced a bill to hange the name of a certain county in that State to Casa county. One of the opposition moved as an amendment, that the letter C be stricken out of the proposed name. This motion created some laughter at the expense of the member offering. Nothing danmed, however, he arose in reply and said : "Mr. Speaker, this is the first instance that has ev-

lead man had poviced, and was scratinizing thou hast done while in the world to entitle the bill to make sure that it was a good one. thee to a seat among the blest."

WHY DON'T YOU LEARN A TRADE!-This doestion was propounded in our hearing, a few days since to a young man who had been for several months tinsuccessfully seekand slave, we must show her whether she isn't mistaken inher notions,—there now!"

I fully concurred in my brother's opinion.

Old Granny, far from trying to subdue these feelings, rather encouraged them by her understands in hers, looked up in my face.

"And this is Harold, my youngest," abe desired to the waster of the waster gives the following as his statement in regard to the many him which Tecumseh was killed:

"And this is Harold, my youngest," abe most gone, "Oh, mother!"

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"And this is Harold, my youngest," abe most gone, "Oh, mother!" him which we have placed as the caption of this article. The reply was "that it was not so respectable as a iffercantile occupation." Under this delusive idea, our stores are crowded with young med who have no capacity for business, and who, because of the fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste

their minority upon salaries which cannot possibly liquidate their expenditures.

Late, too late in life, they discover their error, and before they reach the age of thirty, many of them look with envy upon the thrif-ty mechanic, whom, in the days of their boygood, they were accustomed to deride

Couldn't Manage Ir .- "What is that ?" said a greeny, from Illinois, as he was conducted to a bed-room for the night, at Baranum's famous hotel in St. Louis. "Why I a skeeter net, sar," said the servant. "A 'skeer ter net ! hey !" soliloquized the greeny, eyetrap." Accordingly, he tucked up one cor-ner of the net and commenced to drive the mosquitos into it; after he thought he had his conviction that his "skeeter net" was # humbug; and when he went on to relate the experiences of the night, he came very near occasioning a dozen cases for the Coroner; by choking his auditors with laughter at his

A Good Story.-An anecdote worth laughing over, is told of a man who had an infirmity, as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal, and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a codfish under his coat tail. But the garment was to short to cover the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

ludicrous mistake.

"Now," said the customer, auxious to infprove all opportunities to call attention to his virtues. "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up

"O, yea," said the merchant, "I make no complaint,"
"Well, said the customer, "I always incited that honesty was the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," returned the merchant: And the customer to "Hold on, friend," cried the merchant, speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to been adopted by the "craft" and also at the give you. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat, of steal a shorter codfish.

WESTERN DENTISTRY .- A freight driver with a "tied up" check stopped at a tavern to lodge over night. The man of all work

saw him coming, and thus addressed him-"Neighbor, what sils you ?" "I have got the toothache," was the reply; "Have you got a bad tooth I where is it'! "Yes—here in my lower jaw."

"What will you give if I pull it as well s any dentist f "I will treat you to a pint of whiskey."

"It is a bargain. Come along." They went up into the hay-loft, where the nodern dentist placed his patient near the opening through which the bay and straw was reached to the upper floor. Here, tieing one end of a shoemaker's war end to a beam over head and the other to the touth-of bis patient, and telling him to keep his mouth open to its widest extent, he gave the driver kick which sent him into a pile of manner

"Here my friend, hangs your tooth." " It is gone; but I would not like to get nother one pulled by you?" cried the driver holding his cheek.

A New York mercantile house beld an unsettled claim of long standing against a lame duck "ont West," and hearing that he was becoming "well to do" sent their claim to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply, which effectually crushed any hopes they might have colorizated of receiving their money. It ran in this wise:-"Gents—you will never get any spondulier from Bill Johnson. I called upon him year terday, and found him with nary tile, his feet upon the naked earth, and not clothes enough upon him to wad a gun!" An expressive

simile. A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "it is expressive of the nature of receiving an action; as Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do f' I don't know," answered the boy, pussing a moment, with the gravest constanting possible, " without he hollowed!"

The Rev. Mr. A. was more eminent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "the Ministry of Angels," and in the percration he suddenly observed, "I hear a wherer!" The change of tone startled the deacon who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and apringing to his feat, he spoke I guess it is the boys in the gallery.

Proify nearly all men are benevolent when it dosen't cost them much. Tom never sees poor John suffer but he thinks Sam ought to help him.

ner of the room; but coming back unawares tion thee as to the amount of money thou to get her handkerchief, she found that the has left behind thee, but what good deeris