

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, NO. 39

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1853.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 11, NO. 13

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance...

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DOCTOR I. W. HUGHES, OFFICE on Broadway, near the Episcopal Church, Sunbury.

SLAYMAKER & HASLETT, COLUMBIA HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

N. M. Newnam's, Realty's Row, Northampton street, Pottsville, Penna.

Plumbing Shop, HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A SUPPLY of all sizes of Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Block Tin, Bath Tubs, Showers, Baths, Hydrants, Hose, Dumbbells, Shot, Pistols, and Guns.

IMPORTANT TO PHYSICIANS AND LADIES. CONFIDENCE can be placed in the fullest extent in the use of the Superior Family Pills of Dr. J. C. Ayer.

WM. MCARTY, BOOKSELLER, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale, a fresh supply of EVANGELICAL MUSIC for Singing Schools.

NOTICE, BANK OF NORTHUMBERLAND, Northumberland, June 23, 1853.

LEATHER, FRITZ & HENDRY, Store, 29 N. 3d street, PHILADELPHIA.

FRESH Vanilla Beans of a superior quality just received and for sale by H. B. MASSER.

INK—Bourne's celebrated ink, and also Green Ink for sale, wholesale and retail by H. B. MASSER.

SHOES—All kinds of Boots Shoes and slip-pers for sale by G. ELSBERG & CO.

SELECT POETRY

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.

A fellow near Kentucky's clime, Cries, "Bostonian do not tarry, And I'll give you the silver dime, To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who would cross the Ohio, This dark and stormy water? O, I am this young lady's beau, And she, John Thompson's daughter."

We've fled before her father's spite, With great precipitation, And should he find us here to-night, I'd lose my reputation.

They've missed the girl, and pore beside, His horseman had have pressed me, And who shall cheer my bonny bride, If yet they shall arrest me?

Out spoke the boatman, then in time "You shall not fail, don't fear it; I'll go—not for your silver dime, But for your manly spirit."

And by my word, the bonny bird In danger shall not tarry, For though a storm is coming on, I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more furiously rose, The boat was as the landing place, And with the drenching rain their clothes Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind, And as the night grew weary, Just back a piece, came the policy, Their tampering sounded nearer.

Oh, haste there! haste! the lady cries, "It's any thing but folly; I'll leave the light of loving eyes, But not my father's money!"

And still they hurried in the face Of wind and rain inspiring; John Thompson reached the landing place His wrath was tried to swearing.

For, by the lightning's angry flash, His child he did discover; One lovely hand he all his cash, And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back," he cried in woe, Across the stormy water, But leave my purse, and you may go, My daughter, oh my daughter!

'Twas vain; they reached the other shore, (Such claims they feared to assign us.) The gold he'd piled, went with her child, And he was left there—MISER.

Miscellaneous Matter.

FUN IN CALIFORNIA.

There is a little paper printed at San Diego, California, called the San Diego Herald—an ordinary paper, that went into the support of John Bigler for Governor, and that was not suspected of ever being inclined to fun.

But Mr. Phoenix's great pictorial sheet is the crowning effort of his genius. It is a magnificent "make off" of Yankee pictorials, and though severe and unjust, it is very witty.

Two columns of the paper are devoted to illustrations. The first is the picture of an ox, and called a "Portrait of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the son of a gentleman named Colburn, who is the husband of Queen Victoria of England, and the father of many of her children."

He is the inventor of the celebrated "Albert Hat," which has been lately introduced with great effect in the U. S. Army. The prince is of German extraction, his father being a Dutchman and his mother a Duchess.

KATY COWSLIP'S FANCIES.

Girls, listen to me! You all came into the world for a purpose; that purpose is matrimony, and the sooner all you that are eligible set about getting husbands, the better for yourselves and those who otherwise will continue to be cigar-smoking, lolly-drinking, miserable castaways.

Winter is congenial to wedlock, and it is coming, with its long, cozy, fire-side evenings, its bustling parties and the frolicsome balls, and any girl with her proper wits about her, need not see the spring flowers above ground, without an engagement on her hands; if she but half embrace the chances certain to be offered her, "Look before you leap," is a good old grandmother's saying; but, girls, don't throw the half of a good chance away; it may not offer again.

When your girl is fairly hooked, don't play with him too long, or he may break your line; but wind away on the reel, steadily, with a will; when you have got him nearly to land, let mamma give a slight jerk, then slip your hand net underneath, and flop he finds himself in it. Cook him almost directly. Men are very like fish; they don't keep fresh long after being caught.

Have nothing to do with erratic bipeds with no fixed intentions. Such fellows there are who will loiter on sofas, turn the leaves of your music books and your heads with silly nothingness, at the same time monopolize you for all the fancy dances, play water behind your chairs at supper, be your humble servant at theatres and concert rooms, and serenade you through a two or three year's campaign—have nothing to do with him. Whistle such a danger off. Cut them dead after taking them on trial for a winter and a summer, and being fresh on a novelty. If a man does not come to the "peppering" point after a winter's dancing, and a summer's riding, and ice-creaming, he won't do it at all.

He is not a marrying-man, and you had better, for your own sake, hand such over to your younger sisters, just out of short dresses and patalettas, smelling nice and fresh of bread and butter, who have the time to waste on trifles. You have none.

Mind, I don't say, don't wait for a man if you are sure of him. Never care if he is poor, poor and worthy. Your father was a poor man, ten to one, when he married your mother. If you love the fellow,

democracy and rampant radicalism, and I now close the series with an entirely literary number, in which I have carefully abstained from the mention of Baldo and Wigler, I mean Wagler and Baldo, no—never mind—so Toodles says, I haven't mentioned any of 'em, but be careful to preserve a strict neutrality.

The description of the arrival of Judge Amos after all the trouble Phoenix had caused him, is very rich. He says—"Coolly we gazed from the window of the office upon the new town road, we described a cloud of dust in the distance, high above it waved a whip-lash, and we said 'Boston' cometh, and this driving is like that of Jehu the son of Mithai, far he driveth furiously."

Calmly we sat in our arm chair, and continued our labors. Anon a step, a heavy step, was heard upon the stairs, and 'Boston' stood before us. In shape and gesture proudly eminent, stood like a tower... but his face deep scars of thunder had inter-niched, and care on his faded cheek; but under brows of dauntless courage and considerate pride, waiting revenge. We rose, and with an unfeeling voice, said, "Well, Judge, how do you do?" He made no reply, but commenced taking off his coat. We removed ours, also our cravat.

The sixth and last number is described by the pressman and compositors as having been fearfully scientific. We held 'Boston' down over the press by our nose (which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose), and while our hair was employed in holding one of his hands, we held the other in our left, and with the sheep's foot brandished above our head, shouted to him, "say Waldo." Never! he gasped—

Oh! my big—er, he would have uttered, But that he did not see the word was interred.

At this moment we discovered that we had been laboring under a 'misunderstanding,' and through the amicable intervention of the pressman, who threw a roller between our faces, (which gave the whole affair a very different complexion,) the matter was finally settled on the most friendly terms, and without prejudice to the honor of either party. We write this while sitting without any clothing, except our left stocking, and the rim of our hat encircling our neck like a ruff of the Elizabethan era,—that article of dress having been knocked over our head at an early stage of the proceedings, and the crown subsequently torn off, while the judge is sopping his eyes with cold water in the next room, a small boy standing beside the sufferer with a basin, and glancing with interest over the advertisements in the second page of the San Diego Herald, a fair copy of which was struck off upon the back of his shirt at the time we held him over the press.

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THE BEAUTIES OF THE ORDER.

We copy the following extract from a letter from California, published last week in the Carbon Democrat, in order to show the beauties of the working of that heaven ordained association, known as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

An incident occurred here a day or two ago which seemed to illustrate most beautifully the beauties of societies to a stranger far from home and relatives. A miser, by name J. G. Ganett, homeward bound, put up one night at the Stockton House. He had travelled some forty miles (nearly the scorching sun on foot which seem to have had the effect of deranging his mind. Before retiring he made himself known to the host as an Odd Fellow, appeared rational, and stated that he had made some little at the mines, and believing that he would not live many days, and that there were Mexicans following him for the purpose of robbing him, he desired the proprietor to take care of what he had, and then retired. In the night he committed suicide, by cutting his throat with a pen-knife. In view of these facts, the N. G. of the Lodge of this city, appointed a committee to prepare his body for the grave, and watch over it during the night. Next morning a large number of the members of the order marched in procession from the lodge to the Stockton House, where a hearse was in waiting. Thence they proceeded to the grave yard; there the ceremony was performed, and a short pathetic sermon was delivered by the Chaplain. After this and a prayer, the Brothers advanced one by one, and in passing, each one broke a sprig of evergreen from his regalia, and cast it into the grave. This is the first funeral of an Odd Fellow in Stockton City. I do not give it to you in detail, nor dwell upon the solemnities of the scene, more than to show how the unfortunate wanderer in a land far off from home, with an alienated reason, remembering in the last hour of anguish and despair, the Mystic sign, summons a host of friends to perform the last rites—friends who had never seen him before, and whom he had never seen, but friends who knew he was an Odd Fellow, and who mourn over his melancholy end, and who will see that his widow's wife, and lone mother will be cared for.

CHIEF JUSTICE TAYLOR has recently decided in admirably, in the United States Circuit Court, that lumber rafts wrecked on the Susquehanna or any public navigable river, while being floated down or anchored in the river, is not the subject of salvage; that they are not subject to admiralty jurisdiction, as they are not intended for the navigation of the sea or arms of the sea; and that any assistance rendered to such rafts, and in danger of being broken or swept down by the current, is not a salvage service, and makes no liability to a recompense, that all inter-meddling with such property in such cases is at the risk of those intermeddling.

A dealer in ready made linen advertises his shirts and chemises, under the following appellation of "male" and "female envelopes."

It is a common practice, when a congregation is dismissed, to see a long line of young gentlemen, ranged along the curbstone, staring impudently at every female that comes out, and often indulging in impertinent remarks that cannot be heard by those who are the subject of them. Very rarely there may be found among a mob of dandies and dunces, a husband, father, or brother, whom unavoidable circumstances have prevented attending church, and who is wanting to accompany a wife, daughter or a sister home.

Such, of course, we do not "ensure." But as a matter of course, we shall speak of those who indulge in this custom, without reference to such. It is the middle-headed lady, with high-shit collars and canes, averaging about seventeen, or eighteen years of age, who form the great mass of these spectators, that we would hold up to public reprobation. Where are the fathers of those young dandies? Where is the whole'some rod which Solomon recommended?—Where is the police?

Only a refined female knows how annoying it is to run the gauntlet of these immature boys. Nor do they spare anybody. The matter is just as much at their mercy as the maiden; the plain face as subject to remark as the beautiful one; the poorly dressed as open to impertinence as the more richly attired. One female meets a saucer as she passes because she does not happen to please the fancy of some young fool; while the cheeks of another are made to tingle by his loud and insolent admiration. Even where the lady escapes without verbal insult, she is started out of countenance, and has no resource, except to drop her veil, hurry on, and escape into a more respectful atmosphere, as fast as possible.

About half these children, for they are little better, should be soundly thrashed by their parents, or at least taught, in some other way, how to behave themselves for the future. The other half who are older, ought to receive the attention of the police. At many churches, the number of these young insolents is really enormous, and amounts positively, not figuratively merely, to an obstruction of the sidewalk.

KID GLOVES AND MONKEYS.—It will probably offend the tender sensibilities of our fashionable fair ones, to tell them that the soft, pliant, and nicely perfumed kid gloves, which wear upon their delicate white hands,—and which come all the way from Paris, elegantly done up in fancy boxes—are made of monkey skins. But the truth must be told, however unpalatable. A certain Oliver Scott (a genuine Yankee, we'll wager "a pair of gloves") writes to the *Arkansas Independent* that he is in South America hunting monkeys. He kills about 3000 a year, and sells the skins at Bonanza. They are bought by Frenchmen, and tanned for the manufacturing of kid gloves, whose articles being now made, it is said, wholly of monkey skins—He gets from 20 to 40 cents for each skin.

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THE LADY'S MAN.

He is described as follows in the *New Orleans Delta*: His face is eternally wreathed with unmeaning smiles, and when he addresses a lady, it is always in such a strain of absurd nonsense that we have often been surprised that a lady armed with a fan, and so dressed, did not brain the animal on the spot.

If the lady's man does, by any possibility, possess the least degree of common sense, he takes especial pains to conceal it, for some how or other he has taken it into his wise head that empty sentimentality and absurd notions are the only offerings fit for the female mind.

In order to be true to what he conceives to be the entertainment and amusement of the ladies, he turns traitor to mankind, and so becomes epine himself without a just claim to be classed with the male or female sex.—His best qualities are those which he possesses in common with certain kinds of dogs—fetch and carry. Ladies who laugh in their sleeves at the fool, may not object to the attentions of the servant, and so out of mere consideration allow him to carry a fan, or escort them to the opera, when the men of their acquaintance are not accessible.

The lady's man is sufficiently rewarded for attending them through a whole evening's entertainment, if they will only drop a smile into the poor fellow's hat at parting. With this substantial blessing he is encouraged to future exertions in this wide field of masculine ambition.

If a man's duty to a lady consisted in picking up dropped pocket handkerchiefs and fans, or twirling her round to the point of giddiness and exhaustion in the waltz, we should, perhaps, not envy the accomplishments of the mere lady's man.

THE DEER AND THE TURTLE.

The *Cornwall (Canada) Freeholder* relates the following hunting incident as an absolute fact. There are some curious things that happen in the ordinary route of life.

As two hunters were hunting on the banks of the river Niolen, near Cryster's mill, their dogs pressed close on a deer, which took to the river, where the hunters pursued it with a canoe. On approaching the animal they were surprised to see it struggling desperately, being every now and then jerked suddenly under water. The hunters immediately approached, and with the aid of others at hand, dragged the deer into the canoe, when, to the astonishment of all present, a large turtle, weighing forty pounds, was found firmly fastened to the tail of the deer, which would have undoubtedly been shortly drowned by its amphibious assailant.

The turtle retained its grip upwards of two hours after the deer was killed. This extraordinary circumstance was attested by several witnesses.

MARRIAGE OF LAMARTINE.—The story of the marriage of Lamartine is one of romantic interest. The lady, whose maiden name was Birch, was possessed of considerable property, and when passed the bloom of her youth she became passionately enamored of the poet, from the perusal of his "Meditations."

For sometime she nursed this sentiment in secret, and being apprised of the embarrassed state of his affairs, she wrote him, tendering him the bulk of her fortune. Touched with this remarkable proof of her generosity, and supposing it could only be caused by a preference for himself, he at once made an offer of his hand and heart. He judged rightly, and the poet was promptly accepted.

THE PLOUGH SUPERSEDED.—The English papers speak of a new machine, the "Rotary Digger," which threatens to supersede the plough as an instrument of culture. Even with six or eight horses it is said to be infinitely cheaper and more effective than the plough. The machine is the invention of Mr. Sampson, of the Britania Works, Banbury, and is very simple in its construction, according to a wood-cut representation which we have seen. It consists of a simple frame, running on a couple of wheels, resembling an ordinary field-roller. The weight and traction combined, as the apparatus is traversed over the land, causes a series of digging forks, or prongs, to dig into the earth; and thus, with five or six horses, according to the state of the soil under operation, two men are enabled to work down something like eight or ten acres over a width of three feet, thoroughly pulverizing the soil, to the extent of five or six inches a dig.—*Ledger.*

An ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but, by mistake, he committed the office of baptism for those of viper years; so, when the clergyman asked him in the church, "With whom have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone, "I renounce them all." The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool!" to which he replied, "All this I steal fastly believe."

LEGACY TO PRESIDENT PIERCE.—The late Hon. C. G. Atherton, U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, in his last Will devised to President Pierce a legacy of \$2,000. His estate amounting to upwards of \$150,000 goes principally to his wife and cousins.

MISS TUCKER says it is hard to get them started, but when they take flame, the burn prodigiously.

Railroads have done much for merchants, but advertising has done more.

A WIDEN GUY WEDDING.

The *Boston Herald* relates this romantic incident which occurred in that city, last week: A young and talented Episcopal clergyman of Montreal was waiting in Boston for the arrival of his betrothed from England, in the steamer Niagara, and had made arrangements to have the matrimonial knot tied without delay. The steamer did not come until eleven o'clock in the evening, and the lover, who had not seen each other for three years, repaired to the Advent in Green street, as soon as practicable. The sexton in a couple of papers, the bishop, dressed in his canonicals came in, and the ceremony was performed in the presence of the sexton and the superintendent of the Revere House, who gave away the bride. The train were made up in fresh just as the clock struck 12—It was an impressive scene—the dimly-lighted church, the trooping bride, who had a few minutes before arrived alone in a stage land, at midnight, was pronouncing these solemn vows which were to place her under the protection of her only friend on this side of the Atlantic.

THE FOLLOWING are the regulations of the British army upon this subject. They were prepared by a mixed commission of officers and eminent and experienced professional men, and have recently been issued. "1. The shoe is to be bevelled off so as to leave a space and prevent pressure to the sole. 2. It is not to be grooved or fettered, but simply punched, and the nails counter-sunk. 3. Calkin is to be applied to the hind shoe only, and is to be confined to the inside heel. The inside heel is to be thickened in proportion. 4. The weight of the shoe is to be from 12 to 15 ounces, according to the size of the horse. 5. Horses are to be shod with less than six nails in the fore, and seven in the hind shoe; nor is the shoe to be attached with less than three nails on each side. 6. In preparing the foot for the shoe, as little as possible should be pared off; and the operation should be confined to the removal of the exfoliating parts of the foot only. 7. Both the fore and hind shoes are to be made with a single clip at the toes." These rules may be of some value to blacksmiths, liverymen and horse owners.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.—It is a dear delight for a soul to have trust in the faith of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with tears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm into the very source of sorrow. It is a hope undimmed—a flowery