THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 12, 1854. NUMBER 9.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

One price—and that as low as at any Establishment out of the City.

S. H. BUEHLER

RETURNS his acknowldegments to his friends for the long continued and liberal patronage extended him, and invites attention to his present largely increased stock of goods just received from Philadelphia and New York. He deems it unnecessary to enumerate the assortment, which will be found to embrace every variety of goods in his line, viz:

Classical, Theological, School, Miscellaneous BIBLES BOOKS

and Stationery of all kinds, embracing, as he believes, the largest and best assortment ever opened in Gettysburg.

He also invites attention to his large supply of

FANCY GOODS,

embracing Gold and Silver pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, Plain and Fancy Note Paper and Envelopes, Motto Wafers, Sealing Wax, Portmoneaus, Soaps, Perfumery, &c., &c.—all of which will be sold at the *VERY LOWEST RATES.*

Call and examine for yourselves at the old established BOOK & DRUG store in *Chambersburg street*, a few doors four the diamond.

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 21, 1853.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened a NEW HARDWARE STORE in Baltimore st. adjoining the residence of DAVID ZIEGLER, Gettysburg, in which they are opening a large and general assortment of

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, GROCERIES, CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS, Springs, Axles, Saddlery, *Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings,* Paints, Oils, & Dyestuffs,

in general, including every description of articles in the above line of business—to which they invite the attention of Coach makers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinet-makers, Shoemakers, Saddlers, and the public generally.

Our stock having been selected with great care and purchased for Cash, we guarantee, (for the Ready Money,) to dispose of any part of it on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased any where.

We particularly request a call from our friends, and earnestly solicit a share of public favor, as we are determined to establish a character for selling Goods at low prices and doing business on fair principles.

JOEL B. DANNER, DAVID ZIEGLER.

Gettysburg, June 13, 1851.—tf.

NEW ARRIVAL AND

A GREAT GATHERING!

ALMOST every body is attracted to the Store of J. L. SCHICK, in the Three-Story building, South West corner of the Diamond, to see the large and splendid stock of

NEW GOODS,

he has just brought from the Cities, and he is of course making any number of sales. But "the more the merrier," and the busier the better he likes it. His assortment embraces

Fashionable **Dress Goods,**

of every description, such as Silks, Barege De Laines, Challi Barege, Lawns, Drap de Beige, Alpaca de Beige, Alpacas, Bombazines, Silk Down, Linen Lustre, Calicoes, Ginghams, Chambra Ginghams, Swiss, Jaconet and Cambric Muslins, in every variety; Crape and Cashmere SHAWLS, Laces, Edgings, Gimps, Dress Trimmings and Buttons, &c.

For Gentlemen he has Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmerets, Italian Cloth, Drap de Ete, Vestings, (a large and beautiful variety,) Cottonades, Linen Checks, Gray Linens, (something new and first rate,) Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Suspenders, &c.

He endeavors at all times to sell cheaper than any other Store in town—and that he succeeds in the endeavor will be proven by giving him a call. Small profits and quick sales, and no trouble to show goods.

J. L. SCHICK.

April 7, 1854.

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

ESSENCE OF COFFEE.

S. H. BUEHLER keeps constantly on hand for sale, the Genuine ESSENCE OF COFFEE, of best quality. The use of this article in families will be found a very great saving in the course of the year. For sale, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at the Drug & Book Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.

May 20, 1853.

SPOUTING! SPOUTING!

GEORGE and Henry Wampler will Make House Spouting and put up the same low, for cash or country produce. Farmers and all others wishing their Houses, Barns, &c. spouted, would do well to give them a call.

G. & H. WAMPLER.

April 15—1853.

SUB-SOIL PLOUGHS

OF the best quality—always on hand and for sale in Gettysburg, at the Foundry of

T. WARREN & SON.

BRINGMAN'S

CABINET-WARE ROOM,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

THANKFUL for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him the subscriber would respectfully inform his old customers and the public generally, that he still continues to manufacture every variety of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

at his Old Establishment, in South Baltimore street, second square, a few doors south of the "STAR" printing office Gettysburg. He will have on hand, for sale, and will constantly be prepared to manufacture, from the very best of materials, *Sofas* at the rate of from $20 to $50;

Centre, Card, Pier,

Sofa, Toilet, Dining and Break fast TABLES; Dressing Bureaus of every description; French Bedsteads, Washstands, Wardrobes, Secretaries, Book-Cases; Pedestals or Sideboards, Piano Stools, Ladies' Washstands, Reclining Chairs, Lounges, Toilorette, &c., &c., which for neatness, durability and beauty of finish, cannot be surpassed by any in the country.

Persons wishing good and cheap

FURNITURE

would do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Coffins.

He is also prepared to manufacture Coffins of Cloth, Alpaca & Walnut. He has a neat and substantial Hearse, and is prepared to accommodate persons in town and country at the shortest notice. All kinds of work made to order, and warranted to be finished in the best workman like style.

GEO. E. BRINGMAN.

Gettysburg, July 22, 1853.—tf.

GROCERY & LIQUOR STORE.

REMOVAL.

THE undersigned has REMOVED his Store a few doors south of his old stand, to the three-story building of Mr. Wasmus, (next door to the "Star" office,) where he will always keep on hand a large assortment of goods, which he is prepared to offer at prices which cannot be beat. His stock consists of

GROCERIES

of all kinds, Sugars, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Fish, Salt, Crackers, Cheese, Pickeled Cucumbers, &c. Also,

Fruits & Confections,

Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Raisins, Prunes &c.—Also, Powder, Shot, Tobacco, Segars, Gail's celebrated German Smoking Tobacco, and a variety of other articles—Also a first-rate assortment of the best qualities of

LIQUORS,

Wines and Brandies, of different kinds, N. E. Rum, Holland Gin, Old Rye, &c.—all of which can be had on the lowest terms at the Store of the subscriber, in South Baltimore street, next door to the "Star" office.

Also, always on hand a variety of Stone Jugs, &c.—Give us a call.

EMANUEL ZIEGLER, Jr.

Gettysburg, Jan. 27, 1854—tf.

GREAT ATTRACTION!

S. FAHNESTOCK & SONS has just received and are now opening one of the largest and most complete assortment of Spring and Summer Dress Goods ever offered to the public. Our selection having been made with great care, and our stock purchased at reduced prices, we feel prepared to present inducements such as are rarely offered. Our stock of Dry Goods has never been surpassed and with the addition of our last purchase, comprising as it does Cloths of all prices and qualities, Cassimeres, Vestings, Kentucky Jeans, Plaids for Children, Berage De Laines, M. De Laines, Berages, Berage Alpacas, Calicoes, Ginghams, SHAWLS, (Cashmere, Thibet, and White Crape of every variety,) we challenge the county to produce their equal, as regards to quality and price.

Having added largely to our variety of

GROCERIES,

we are prepared to furnish the finest qualities of Syrup, Molasses, Sugar, &c., &c., at reduced rates; our stock of Molasses and Sugar is regarded as the most complete ever offered in the county. We deem it needless to enumerate, as we have always on hand a complete assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

To satisfy you of the truth of our assertion, we only ask you to call and examine for yourself, if you want bargains. Call early at FAHNESTOCKS.

Sign of the Red Front.

March 31, 1854.—tf

Tell it Around,

THAT MARCUS SAMSON has just opened a splendid assortment of Pants of every variety and style which he will sell at prices that will defy competition here or elsewhere. Remember I buy for cash, and under the most favorable circumstances, which enables me to do just what I promise. No humbugging, call and judge for yourselves.

Draw near—Come and See!

J. L. SCHICK would inform the Ladies that he now offers the largest assortment of BONNETS, Bonnet Silks and Velvets, Ribbons, Flowers & Hair Braids, ever before opened in this place. Call and see them—no trouble to show Goods.

FARMS FOR SALE, NEAR GETTYSBURG.

No. 1—160 Acres: good Stone House and Barn, with other out-buildings—plenty of good timber, meadow, and never failing water.

No. 2—175 Acres: large Stone House, large new Barn, Shops, Sheds, Corn-cribs, water in nearly every field; plenty good fruit, sufficient timber and good meadow.

No. 3—125 Acres: first rate House and Barn, and out-buildings, excellent meadow, good running water, choice fruit, timber, &c.; near the turnpike.

No. 4—180 Acres: good large Brick House, with out-buildings, plenty never failing water at the house and in the fields; 60 Acres excellent timber, plenty good meadow, first rate Orchard, of all kinds of fruit, good tenant-house, &c.

No. 5—200 Acres: large brick House, with back-buildings, large stone Bank Barn, with sheds and cribs, and all other out-buildings, such as dry-house, smoke-house, &c.; between 50 and 60 Acres in good meadow, plenty good timber, good fencing. Orchard of all kinds of choice fruit, several wells of water, &c.

No. 6—247 Acres: near Pipe creek, Frederick county, Md., large Stone House, Barn, Smoke-house, Spring-house, sheds, pens, cribs, plenty of water and fruit, from 50 to 60 acres good timber—can be bought cheap.

No. 7—105 Acres: adjoining the above, good Stone House, Swiss Barn, out-buildings, good water, &c. [These two Farms are handsomely situated on the public road.]

No. 8—A Mill with 30 Acres of land, good buildings, shops, sheds, other out-buildings, &c.

Any person desirous of buying or selling property will please call upon

F. E. VANDERSLOOT, Agent.

Gettysburg, Pa., Feb. 17—eow

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE *"Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company"* located at Gettysburg, is now in successful operation, are for lowness of rates, economical management of its affairs, and safety in Insurances, challenges comparison with any other similar company. All its operations are conducted under the personal supervision of Managers selected by the Stockholders. The Books of the Company are at all times open to the inspection of those insuring in it. As no travelling agents are employed, persons desiring to insure can make application to either of the Managers, from whom all requisite information can be gained. The Managers are:

Borough—George Swope, D. A. Buehler, D. Wills, A. B. Kurtz, Samuel R. Russell, F. W. Stahle, S. Fahnestock, C. W. Hoffman, D. McConaughy.
Menallen—Wm. B. Wilson,
Cumberland—Robert McCurdy,
Straban—Jacob King,
Franklin—Andrew Heintzelman,
Hamiltonban—Amos W. Maginly,
Liberty—John Musselman, jr.,
Reading—Henry A. Picking,
Latimore—Jacob Griest,
Mountjoy—Joseph Fink,
Berwick—Matthew Eichelberger,
Oxford—John L. Noel, J. R. Hersh,

President—GEORGE SWOPE.
Vice President—SAMUEL R. RUSSELL.
Secretary—D. A. BUEHLER.
Treasurer—SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK.
Executive Committee—ANDREW HEINTZELMAN, ROBERT M'CURDY, JACOB KING.

Sept. 10, 1853—tf.

Ho, for Nebraska!

NEW SPRING GOODS.

J. S. GRAMMER

HAS the pleasure of informing his friends and the public, that he has taken the store room recently occupied by D. MIDDLECOFF, in Chambersburg street, where he has just received from the Eastern cities and is now opening an extensive and splendid assortment of

DRY GOODS,

which have been selected with great care and bought entirely for cash, and which he believes will enable him to offer rare bargains to all who may be pleased to favor him with a share of their patronage, which is hereby very respectfully invited.

Gettysburg, March 31, 1854—tf

A DAGUERREOTYPE FOR 50 CENTS,

CAN be had at Weaver's Gallery in Chambersburg street. Pictures taken in all kinds of weather, and will be put up at this Gallery in all the different styles of the day, at prices varying from 50 cents, to $0 00. So now is the time for obtaining the cheapest likeness ever offered in this place. Persons will find it to their advantage to call soon while the opportunity is before them, and in order to secure a satisfactory likeness, subjects are requested to wear dark apparel.—Gentlemen should wear black, with black vest and cravat, and ladies should avoid dresses of pink and blue. Plaid and contrasting colors are very suitable for children.

I return my sincere thanks to monumerous friends for their past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same, hoping by strict attention to business to satisfy the tastes of all who may visit my gallery.

SAMUEL WEAVER.

April 29—1853.

FANCY ARTICLES.

GO see a fine collection of Fancy articles at very reduced prices, go to Fahnestocks where you can select from a large assortment, inlcuding Sewing Birds, Port Monaies, Cabas, Fans, French worked Swiss, Cambric, Honiton and Bobniett Collars, Top and Side Combs, &c., &c., all of which can be purchased at the lowest rates at the sign of the RED FRONT.

A Large Brave Heart.

I love the glad and merry heart,
Whose tones shed joy around;
Where'er there is a merry heart
To echo back the sound;
I love the gentle, trusting heart,
That ever will confide
Its secret thoughts and feelings to
Some object at its side:
I love the bold and manly heart,
That dares assert a cause,
Regardless of the world's reproach
And of the world's applause;
But most I love the large brave heart,
Where'er such heart I find,
That throbs with love for home, for friend,
For country and mankind.

The heart whose love is boundless as
The waters of the deep,
Is spotless as an infant's heart,
Calm as an infant's sleep;
Whose changeless faith will still love on,
Whatever may befile,
Will honor humble virtue and
Protect the weaker side;
Will cheer the fainting spirit up,
And ne'er so happy feel
As when with some poor wanderer
It shares the scanty meal—
Such is the large brave heart I love,
Where'er such heart I find,
That throbs with love for home, for friend,
For country, and mankind.

"Let me Sleep."

"Let me sleep," said my companion, half pettishly turning from my couch.—"Let me sleep." The words haunted my memory for hours. How often has the wish been uttered in this weary world.—Oh! let me sleep.

The man whose conscience lashes him for misdeeds—evils committed and repented of—cries, as he drops his head on his thorny pillow, "let me sleep—with sleep comes oblivion." The mourner, who has seen some bright and beautiful one faded from his embrace, like a beautiful summer flower nipt by a too early frost, bows his head above the prostrate form below him, and sighs in the agony of his mind, "Let me sleep! sleep with the loved one whose smile shall never welcome my footsteps more."

"Let me sleep," says the traveller, who, footsore and weary, has toiled along in the world, and seen hopes perish unfulfilled—joys wither ere they are tasted—friendship, which he thought enduring, changing hue like chameleons, and rainbow promises fading and melting into colorless air—"Oh! let me sleep, for I am weary."

The rosy-cheeked child—the bright-eyed maiden—the thoughtful matron—those for whom life has put on its fairest aspect, its most endearing smiles—all have periods in which they long for sleep—for the oblivion of all care—hours in which the waters of Lethe may flow darkly and deeply over them.

There cometh a sleep unto all!—a deep sleep, hushed and breathless. The roar of the cannon, the deep-toned thunderbolt, the shock of an earthquake, or the shouts of ten thousand armies, cannot break up its still repose. With mute lips and folded arms, one after another, the ephemeral of earth sink down into darkness and nothingness. No intruding footsteps shall jar upon their rest—no disturbing touch shall wring from them the exclamation,—"Let me sleep!"

Finger Marks.

A mason was employed to thin-whiten the walls of a chamber. The fluid used was colorless till dried. Being alone in the room, he opened a drawer, examined a pocket book and handled the papers, but finding no money placed all things as they were forgetting that twelve hours' drying would show the marks of his wet fingers. But the tell-tale finger marks, which he little thought any one would ever see, exposed his guilt.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and evil deeds! They have all finger marks which will be revealed at some time. If you disobey your parents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad finger marks on your character. And so it is with any and all sin. It defiles the character. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks on them. The marks may be almost, if not quite colorless at first. But even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth, which is not at all likely, yet there is a day coming in which all finger marks or sin stains on the character will be made manifest.

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a stain on your character. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, injure your own self. If you disregard the law of God, the injury is sadly your own. Think of it. Ever bear it in mind, children, that every sin you commit, leaves a mark upon yourselves.

Your character should be a coating of pure truth. Let truthfulness ever be manifest. Beware of sin; "and be sure your sin will find you out," for it makes finger marks which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will be seen to your condemnation at the bar of God.

Three warnings from the grave—"thou knowest what I was; thou seest what I am; remember what thou art to be."

The Boston *Herald* says:—Rev. Dr. Todd has asserted there are three sorts of people in the world—saints, sinners and the *Beecher* family.

Infidelity.

A celebrated officer of the American revolution, a Virginia gentleman, had unfortunately been tinctured with infidel principles. The efforts of Paine to promote American liberty—the effusions of his pen and zeal of his life tended to make his infidel sentiment popular with many of our countrymen, at the era of the revolution. The officer had often introduced this subject, strange as it may appear, to his daughter, and urged her to embrace its tenets.

If infidelity succeeds with man, it cannot often master the heart of a woman, for above all other, the law of her nature is trust of Heaven. The young lady resisted the entreaties of her father. She clung to the principles of her Saviour's religion. Disease afterwards wasted her fair form and she drew near the closing scene. Friends loved her for her loveliness, and the father wept, that early beauty should languish into the tomb. The work of disease was almost consummate; the light was passing from her eyes, and the pulse from her heart—it was a fearful moment—the dividing moment between time and eternity. She called the father to her bed-side—and she gently pressed his hand, and looking tenderly up into his sad countenance, she said:

"Father, would you have me be an infidel now?"

There was a pause! there was a sigh—and the heart-stricken man answered—

"No, my daughter, no!"

Getting on too Fast.

A pious old slave had a wicked master. This master, however, had much confidence in his slave's piety. He believed he was a Christian. Sometimes the master would be serious and thoughtful about religion. One day he came to the old slave with the New Testament in his hand, and asked if he could explain a passage to him. The slave, willing to try, asked what it was.

"It is in Romans," said the master.

"Have you done all it tells you to do in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John?" inquired the slave seriously, fixing his eyes upon his master.

"No, I haven't," said he.

"Then you are getting on too fast, too fast, master. Go back to the beginning of the book. Do all it tells you, till you get to Romans, and you will understand it easy enough then, for the good book says, "If any man will do my will he will know my doctrines."

If any of our readers hear anybody arguing about a hard text in Romans, or somewhere else, and worrying to know what it means, just tell them this story about getting on too fast.

There is something very grotesque in the annexed *"Invitation to Mont Blanc,"* by a Yankee traveller in Italy:

How do du, Mont Blanc! I vow I'm glad to meet ye;
A thousd'rin' grist o' miles I've come to greet ye!
I'm from America, where we've got a fountain,
Niagara it's called, where you might have
Your mighty phiz; then you could shift and shave
In old Kentucky—in our Mammoth Cave;
Or take a snooze, when you're in want of rest,
On our big prairies in the far Far West;
Or, when you're dry, might cool your heated liver
By sipping up the Mississippi river.
As for companions, should you wish for any
Why, we've the Kaatskill and the Alleghany:
You may accept them with impunity;
They both stand high in our community.
Give us a call. You'd almost step from hence;
Our folks all long to see Your Eminence.
Come over, Blanc!—don't make the least ado;
Bring Madame Jura with you, and the little glaciers too!"

The *Louisville Journal* delivers this admirable homily: "When one looks through publications contemporary with mortal names, and sees with what familiar contempt they were referred to, and how cavalierly they were sneered at and belittled by the ephemeral notabilities of their day—precisely as our numerous poetasters and neophytes and pseudo-philosophers are being treated—it startles one for a moment, lest he may be treading on the toes of some of posterity's worshipful wrong. Horace Walpole's correspondence, recently published, ought to make some of our arrogant critics and flippant editors rub their eyes and look again before renewing their merciless flagellations among the minor fry. He deals with Goldsmith, Johnson, Gibbon, etc., as if they were moths whizzing about the blaze of his genius, and doomed to a very speedy extinguishment in the ordinary course of events, if they even survived his own fascinating and destructive flashes. Now they are shining with the calm splendour of acknowledged genius, and *he*—feebly and fitfully lights himself to ridicule, and will soon "go out" in the gusts of time, and be remembered no more forever."

OFFSPRING OF A CHEMICAL WEDDING.—As a sample of the poetry of science, take the following:—

Messrs. Water and Oil
One day had a broil,
As down in the glass they were dropping;
And would not unite,
But continued to fight,
Without any prospect of stopping.
Mr. Pearlash o'erheard,
And quick as a word,
He jumped in the midst of the clashing;
When all three agreed,
And united with speed,
And Soap came out ready for washing.

More persons fall out concerning the right road to heaven than ever get to the end of their journey.

An Incident for Boys.

Charles T—— was the son of a poor widow in the city of N. B. He and a younger brother were her only earthly comfort and care. But when about ten years of age, he began to go with wicked companions, and yield to their wishes in disobedience to his mother's commands. Charles loved her, yet when tempted to do wrong forgot her kindness, and the grief he would occasion. Like all habits, good and evil, *disobedience* became stronger every time he was guilty of it; and sins which were once thought of with dread, Charles, before he was twelve years old, committed boldly.

One morning a police officer, whose business it is to arrest criminals, called at his humble home and took him away, to be tried for stealing. The little fellow cried, and so did his lonely mother. After he was found guilty, it was decided to send him to the "Reform-school" in a distant city. The next news Charles' mother had from him, he was very sick. An epidemic prevailed in the institution, and he was among those most dangerously ill. A benevolent man gave Mrs. F—— money to pay the expenses of a visit to her sick boy. When she arrived at the large building in which he was confined, she entered a room where several lads were lying on their small beds, in pain, with no mother to watch over them. She looked around for the familiar locks of hair above the pale face of her son. But she sought in vain for the one for whom her heart was yearning. Then an attendant came and told her that he was *too ill* to be there; he was in another room.

The weeping mother hastened to the apartment, and in a moment she saw the emaciated features of her Charles. It was a sad and affecting meeting. After she had talked with him until her tears fell on his feverish forehead, she unfolded a little handkerchief, and said it was his brother's at home.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Charles, "lay it on my breast; I want it near my heart." And soon he added, "Does brother mind you, mother?" "*Sometimes,*" she replied. "Oh, tell him to obey you *always, always! If I had done so, I should not be here.*" And he buried his tearful face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed.

Mrs. T—— saw that Charles must die, and begged permission to stay all night in the room, and sleep on the floor, or watch by his side. But this was contrary to the rules of the institution, and she left him with a breaking heart. In the morning he was *delirious*, and soon after died, the same kind gentleman who helped the widow when she went to see Charles, sent for the body; and last autumn the leaves were dying, it was laid in the grave upon which for the first time the snows of winter have fallen.

Think of Charles, and of what God said amid the thunderings and flames of Sinai; "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which thy Lord thy God giveth thee."—*American Messenger.*

Perhaps the briefest personal memoirs ever written were the *"Memoirs of Count Rostopckin,"* written in ten minutes.—We subjoin a few paragraphs, each of which constitute a "chapter."

"MY BIRTH: On the twelfth day of March, 1765, I was emerged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptized. I was born without knowing wherefore, and my parents thanked heaven, without knowing for what.

"MY EDUCATION: I was taught all sorts of things, and learned all kinds of languages. By dint of impudence and quackery I sometimes passed for a *savant*. My head has become a library of odd volumes, of which I keep the key.

"MY SUFFERINGS: I was tormented by masters; by tailors who made tight dresses for me; by women, by ambition, by self-love, by useless regrets, and by remembrances.

"MEMORABLE EPOCHS: At the age of thirty, I gave up dancing; at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard of public opinion; at sixty, the trouble of thinking; and I have now become a true sage, or an egotist—which is just the same.

"RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES: I have never meddled in any marriages or scandal. I have never recommended a cook or a physician; and consequently have never attempted the life of any one.

"MY DISLIKES: I had a dislike to sots and fops, and to intriguing women, who make game of virtue; a disgust for affectation; pity for made-up men and painted women; an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics, and rhubarb; and a terror of justice and wild beasts.

"ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE: I await death without fear and without impatience.—My life has been a bad melodrama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, the nobleman, but never the valet.

MY EPITAPH: Here lies, in hope of repose, an old deceased man, with a worn out spirit, and exhausted heart, and a used-up body. Ladies and gentlemen, pass on!"

LOVE.—Here is a pretty extract from a letter of a young Californian to his betrothed:

"And when I look forth upon the clear sky and the silent moon I feel that it sheds for you and me its pale and gentle light, and that it looks down upon you in your far-off eastern home as guardian angels over the loved ones in sleep. It is at such times that I think of you, with thoughts worthy of such pure and holy love as yours."

We find the above in an exchange paper. It is pretty, and to complete it we give the thought in the words of the poet, who wrote thus:

I gaze upon the moon's bright face
And wish I owned the sage's art,
Who knew on her the thoughts to trace
He would to distant friends impart.
Perchance even now we turned to her,
The eyes of one who thinks of me—
Then she should be a messenger,
Dear one, to-day, *I think of thee.*

Making Butter.

Here is a paragraph from the Ohio Cultivator, worth, in itself, the price of a year's subscription to our paper, to every individual having charge of a dairy:

"I have for several years had the entire care of the milk department in my father's family. I therefore read with great interest whatever related to making butter and cheese, and I found much that was different from what I had been in the habit of practicing. One case of this kind was directions for making butter in winter, according to what is called the Russian method, by which it was said butter could be made in winter as well as in summer, and with as little churning. So, I set about trying the experiment, and the result exceeds my expectations. My new practice is as follows: Before I go to milk I put a kettle, say one third full of water, and large enough to set the milk pail in it, on the stove, where it will get boiling hot by the time I come in with the milk. Then I strain the milk into another vessel and wash the pail, (which should always be of tin)—then pour the milk back into the pail, and set it into the kettle of boiling water till the milk becomes scalding hot, taking care not to let it boil, then pour it into crocks or pans, and set it away in the cellar for the cream to rise in the usual way. Cream procured in this way will seldom require 20 minutes to churn, while by the common practice the poor dairy maid may often churn for hours, and then perhaps have to throw all away, as I did on two occasions, before I happened to gain this valuable information."

HOW TO MANAGE A STUBBORN HORSE.—In India, when a horse can but will not draw, instead of whipping, spurring or *burning* him, as is frequently practiced in more civilized countries, they quietly get a rope, and attach it to one of his fore feet, and then one or two men taking hold of it, advance a few steps ahead of the horse and pull their best. No matter how stubborn the animal may be, a few doses of such treatment effect a perfect cure.—*Exchange.*

BURNED BOOT OR SHOES.—On one of the coldest days of the present month, I pulled off my boots and set them close to a stove which was very hot. The room was filled with a smell as if something was burning. Turning around I saw my boots smoking at a great rate. I seized them and immediately besmeared them with soft soap, much of which, owing to their highly heated condition quickly disappeared in the leather. When the boots became cold the leather was soft and pliable, and, after several days of subsequent wear, no evidence remained of their having been burned.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CURE FOR BONE FELON.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper says, that a thimble full of soft soap and quicksilver mixed, and bound tightly over the felon, will draw it to a head in the course of ten or twelve hours. The curative can then be removed, and by the application of the usual poultices, the sore will soon be healed. This remedy is said to be a very severe one, but altogether preferable to the disease. Bone felons of late years are quite common, and the remedy if effectual, will prove a real blessing to the sufferers.

FOR COUGH AND PAIN IN THE BREAST.—Equal parts of hoarhound tops, elecampane roots, and Young William roots and tops. Boil until the strength is extracted, adding boiling water as it decreases, then strain and put in sufficient sugar to make it very sweet; boil down to a thick syrup. For a tight cough, the addition of a teaspoonful of tincture of lobelia to each pint, when cold, enhances its value. It is tonic, diaphoretic, diuretic, expectorant and emmenagogue.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

FOR HEMORRHAGE OR PILES.—White or black oak bark, and alum, make a tea, wash the parts frequently. Never known to fail—often gives immediate relief, and when persevered in, has cured where other means have failed.

TO KINDLE A FIRE.—To start a fire in the morning, take a piece or two of rosin, the size of an ounce ball or chestnut, wrap it loosely in paper, and set the paper on fire. About one cent's worth a week kindles my fire.

AN OIL FOR SPRAINS.—Take of olive oil two ounces; of camphor, rubbed well with a little oil, and then added to the whole one drachm. Very little of this should be used at a time, and to be rubbed gently on the parts, before the fire.

COSTIVENESS IN SHEEP.—This is removed by giving two table-spoonsful of castor oil every twelve hours, till the difficulty is removed; or give one ounce of Epsom salts. This may be assisted by an injection of warm, weak suds and molasses.

REMEDY FOR LICE ON COLTS AND CATTLE.—Take white oak bark, boil in water, making a strong decoction, and wash the animal on the back and sides. In twenty-four hours the lice will be completely tanned.

According to Lindley Murray's Grammar, a substantive is the name of any anything that exists, or of which we have any notion. Now we invite attention to the following piece of logic—

"A substantive is something,
But nothing is a substantive—
Therefore a substantive is nothing!"

Henry ward Beecher says that "dress does not make the man, but when the man is made he looks better dressed up."

The soldiers, on their way to Malta, invariably called the General on the Dardanelles Got-such-a-cough.