

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JAYSSON.

By Messrs. & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, March 21, 1846. Vol. 6--No. 26--Whole No. 296.

PIECES OF ADVERTISING.

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TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND JOSEPH EISELEY, PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

E. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

Refer to:

P. & A. ROYCOOT, LOWER & BARROW, SOMERS & SNODGRASS, REYNOLDS, McFARLAND & CO. SPRING, GOOD & CO.

ALEXANDER L. HICKEY, TRUNK MAKER, No. 150 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE all kinds of leather trunks, valises and carpet bags, of every style and pattern are manufactured, in the best manner and from the best materials, and sold at the lowest rates. Philadelphia, July 19th, 1845.—ly.

Removal. DR. JOHN W. PEAL.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed to the Brick House, in Market street, formerly occupied by Benjamin Hendricks, east of the store formerly occupied by Miller & Marz, and now by Ira T. Clement, where he will be happy to receive calls in the line of his profession. Sunbury, March 29th 1845.—

NEW CARPETINGS.

The subscribers have received, and are now opening a splendid assortment of the following goods—

Saxony, Wilton and Velvet Carpetings, Brussels and Imperial 3 ply do Extra superior and fine Ingrains do English shaded & Damask Venetian do American twilled and fig'd do English Druggists and Woolen Floor Cloths, Hair and Passage Bookings Embossed Piano and Table Covers London Cheuille and Tufted Rugs Door Mats of every description.

—ALSO—

A large and extensive assortment of Floor Oil Cloths, from one to eight yards wide, cut to fit every description of rooms or passages.

Also, low priced Ingrain Carpetings from 31¢ to 25¢ cents per yard, together with a large and extensive assortment of goods usually kept by carpet merchants.

The above goods will be sold wholesale or retail at the lowest market prices. Country merchants and others are particularly invited to call and examine our stock before making their selections.

CLARKSON, RICH & MULLIGAN, successors to Joseph Blackwood, No. 111 Chestnut, corner of Franklin Place. Philadelphia, Feb. 23d, 1845.—ly

UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS, CHEAP FOR CASH. J. W. SWAIN'S Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory. No. 37 North Third street, two doors below the CITY HOTEL, Philadelphia.

ALWAYS on hand, a large stock of UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the best workmanship and materials, at prices that will make it an object to Country Merchants and others call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. Feb. 22, 1845.—ly

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.

THIS Machine has now been tested by more than thirty families in this neighborhood, and given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its construction, that it cannot get out of order. It turns no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to out of repair. It will do twice as much washing, with less than half the wear and tear of any of the late inventions, and what is of greater importance, it costs but little over half as much as other washing machines.

The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$6.

H. B. MASSER.

The following certificate is from a few of those who have these machines in use.

Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1844.

We, the subscribers, certify that we have now used, in our families, "Shugert's Patent Washing Machine," and do not hesitate saying that it is of excellent invention. That, in washing, it will save more than one half the usual labor, and it does not require more than one third the quantity of soap and water; and that there is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wear or tearing.—That it knocks off no buttons, and the finest clothes, such as collars, laces, tucks, &c., may be washed in a very short time without the least injury, and in fact without any rent wear and tear, whatever. We therefore respectfully recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.

CHARLES W. HEGINS, A. JORDAN, GHS. WEAVER, GHS. PLEASANTS, GIDEON MARKLE, Hon. GEO. G. WELKER, BENJ. HENDRICKS, GIDEON LEISENRING.

W. HERRICK, (formerly Tremont House, No. 6 Chestnut street,) Philadelphia, September 1st, 1844.

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine for upwards of eight months, and do not hesitate to say that I deem it one of the most useful and valuable labor-saving machines ever invented. I formerly kept two women continually occupied in washing, who now do as much in two as they then did in one week. There is no rent or tear in washing, and it requires not more than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have a number of other machines in my family, but no one so decidedly superior to every thing else, and the liable to get out of repair, that I would not without one if they should cost ten times the price they are sold for.

DANIEL HERR.

UPPER Fort wine, Madeira and Lisbon wines. Also superior Brandy and Gin, Lemon Syrup. Also a few barrels of Black Pine, for sale.

HENRY MASSER. Sunbury, July 19th, 1845.

SHOEMAKER OF PORTSMOUTH.

This admirable narrative (which we believe is strictly true in all its parts) we earnestly commend to the attention of our readers. It is transferred from Chambers' Edinburgh Journal into that excellent Miscellany, Littell's Living Age. What a different world we should have, if there were but one John Pound in every village hamlet, and a few in every city ward. How the poor cripple shames the learned and the wealthy! The man with the poor fraction of a talent does more for fellow creatures than he who is endowed with ten talents! What a lesson is given to rich and poor, by poor and yet rich John Pound.—Are there none to go and do likewise? We beg every reader, at least to read this story.

One day, in passing along the streets of London, I was arrested by a crowd at a print-shop window. It is perhaps not altogether 'respectable' to be seen forming one of such assemblages; but every man has his failings, and one of mine is, to take a peep at any very nice-looking prints which the sellers of these articles considerately put in their windows for the public amusement. On the present occasion, in taking a survey of the printer's wares, I was much interested in observing a print which differed considerably from anything else in the window. Hanging between an opera dancer and a general—both pets of the public—was the representation of an old cobbler sitting professionally in his booth, with a shoe in one hand and a knife in the other, while with spectacles turned up over his brow and head averted, he was apparently addressing a ragged urchin who stood beside him with a book. In the background was a miscellaneous collection of books, last, old shoes, and bird cages, interspersed with the heads and faces of a crowd of children—the whole forming an unique combination of a school and cobbler. Beneath was the inscription, 'John Pound and his school.' I was, as I have said, interested, and I resolved to know something, if possible, of John Pound and his seminary. On making inquiries accordingly, I discovered through the agency of a little pamphlet, who John Pound was, and what kind of a school he conducted.

John Pound was born of parents in a humble rank of life, in Portsmouth, in the year 1766. In early life, while working with a shipwright in the dockyard, he had the misfortune to have one of his thighs broken, and so put out of joint as to render him a cripple for life. Compelled, from this calamity, to choose a new means of subsistence, he betook himself to the shoemaking craft. The instruction he received in this profession, however did not enable him to make shoes, and in that branch of the art he was difficult in trying his hand. Contenting himself with the more humble department of mending, he became the tenant of a weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary street in his native town.

John was a good natured fellow, and his mind was always running on some scheme of benevolence; and, like all other benevolent 'self-helpful' people, he got enough to do. While still a young man, he was favored with the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother; and, to enhance the value of the gift, the child was a feeble little boy, with his feet overlapping each other, and turned inward. The poor child was an object of much affection with John, as thoroughly to divide his attention with a variety of tame birds which he kept in a stall. Ingenious as well as kind-hearted he did not rest till he had made an apparatus of old shoes and leather, which untwisted the child's feet, and set him fairly on his legs. The next thing was to teach his nephew how to read, and this he undertook also as a labor of love. After a time, he thought the boy would learn much better if he had a companion—in which, no doubt, he was right, for solitary education is not a good thing—and he invited a poor neighbor to send him his children to be taught. This invitation was followed by others: John acquired a passion for gratuitous teaching, which nothing but the limits of his booth could restrain. His humble workshop to follow the language of his memoir, 'was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in length; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master knew where to look for each, and to obtain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared, to the observer from without, to be a mere crowd of children's heads and faces. Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection, from among several subjects or candidates, for his gratuitous teaching, and in such places always preferred, and prized himself with taking in hand what he called 'the little blackguards,' and taming them: He had been seen to follow such to the town

quay, and hold out to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school. When the weather permitted he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front-door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of fresh air. His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from hand-bills, and such remains of old school books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in cyphering, the Rule of Three and Practice were performed with accuracy. With the very young especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, 'what is this? Spell it.' Then clapping it, he would say, 'What do I do? Spell that.' So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent but he invariably pressed the attachment of all. In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had, which has enabled many to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime.

Will the reader credit the fact, that this excellent individual never sought any compensation for these labors, nor did he ever receive any. Of no note or account, his weather-boarded tenement was like a star radiating light around; but of the good he was doing John scarcely appeared conscious. The chief gratification he felt was the occasional visit of some manly soldier or sailor grown up out of all remembrance, who would call to shake hands and return thanks for what he had done for him in his infancy. At times, also, he was encouragingly noticed by local authorities; but we did not hear of any marked testimony of their approbation. Had he been a general, and conquered a province, he would have been honored accordingly; being only an amateur schoolmaster, and a reclainer from vice, John was allowed to find full weight of the proverb, that virtue is its own reward. And thus obscurely, known principally to his humble neighbors, did this here—was he not a hero of the purest order!—spend a long and youthful existence; every selfish gratification being denied, that he might do the more good to others. On the morning of the 1st of January, 1839, at the age of seventy-two years, when looking at the picture of his school, which had been lately executed by Mr. Sheaf, he suddenly fell down and expired. His death was felt severely. 'The shade of contented and peaceful fragility became at once a scene of desolation. He and his nephew had made a provision on that day for what was to be a luxurious feast. On a little mantelpiece remained uncooked a maggot of fresh spits, on which they were to have regaled themselves in honor of the new year. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several succeeding days, the younger ones came two or three together, looking about the room, and not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.' John Pound was, as he had wished, called away, without bodily suffering from his usual labors. He is gone to await the reward of Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.'

GUM ARABIC.—In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is, after the season, which begins early in July, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principal branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in the furrow, down which it runs, either in a vermicular (or worm) shape, or more commonly assuming the form of round and oval tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as they belong to the white or red gum tree. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the border of the forest, and the harvest lasts six weeks.—The gum is packed in very large sacks of tanned leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports, where it is sold to the French and English merchants. Gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of the harvest, of the journey, and of the fair, the Moors of the desert live almost entirely upon it; and experience has proved that six ounces of gum are sufficient for the support of a man during twenty-four hours.

'The warm, tepid, cold, or shower bath, as a means of preserving health, ought to be in as common use as change of apparel, for it is equally a measure of necessary cleanliness. If the bath cannot be had at all places, soap and water may be obtained every where, and leave 'the little blackguards,' and taming them: He had been seen to follow such to the town

From the Albany Citizen. A Tale of Woe.

Names and places might be given, were it necessary, in verification of the following facts: A man of standing and property, named Major Wm. W., of Connecticut, was blessed with a family of kind, intelligent, obedient sons. Two of them—the eldest and best beloved—early received each his portion, and took their several ways to distant portions of the country, intent upon establishing themselves in the world, and carving out their own fortunes. They were each possessed of an excellent common school—Connecticut common school—education; and were well calculated to 'make their way in the world.'

They departed with a father's and a mother's blessing resting upon them, and were remembered, with tears, and earnest hopeful supplications before the throne of mercy, ere their first day's journey was ended.

A period of nine years rolled rapidly by, and among the innumerable changes wrought during that time, was the removal of Major W. from the land of steady habits—glorious, fondly remembered, ever loved Connecticut—to the 'far west'—a comprehensive term, which means any locality between Western New York and the Pacific Ocean.

He was a man of sterling character; a true New Englander; intelligent persevering, honest, shrewd, and withal a little ambitious. The major dabbled much in politics, and being a good practical writer and speaker, in a year or two revolutionized the country in which he was settled. Gratitude and political power rewarded him first with a seat in the State Legislature, and second with the sheriffalty.

A better sheriff than Major W. that county had never been favored with. During the first year of his administration the salutary effects of his perseverance and good counsels were seen and felt.

During the second year of his official life, a notorious vogue-bug, known through the country as Bill Winchelsea, alias Caulkins, alias Ford, and half dozen other assumed names, after a course of petty crimes, repeated convictions and escapes, was at length charged with the perpetration of a foul murder. A widow, who resided a mile or two from the county town, who was reported wealthy, was found early one morning in June lying upon the floor of her barn, a few rods from her house, with her throat cut and her body awfully mangled with an axe. It was known that Winchelsea had been at the house late the evening previous, and that he declared he would lodge there that night. Soon as the murder was discovered, search was made for him, and he could nowhere be found. Suspicion naturally settled upon him, and the hue and cry was given.

Sheriff W. sent out his deputies and a strong posse, and accidentally receiving information which led him to believe the murderer had fled down the Mississippi, instantly set out alone in hot pursuit. He traced what he believed to be the 'trail' of the miscreant down as far as St. Louis, and there lost it entirely, and gave up the chase as fruitless. As he was preparing to return, he was taken suddenly ill of a fever, and for many weeks lay in a hall delirious and very critical state. At the end of that time he began to convalesce, and ere long recovered so far as to be able to return home.

During his absence, Winchelsea had been apprehended, tried, convicted, upon proof so positive that the jury found a verdict of 'Guilty of wilful murder' without leaving the box, and sentenced to the ignominious death of the scaffold.

Major W. reached home on the day appointed for the execution. Being yet feeble, he begged to be relieved from the painful duty of hanging the poor wretch, and it accordingly fell upon one of his deputies.

The hour fixed upon for the dreadful murder which the law has legalized came around. At that moment a messenger arrived to inform Major W. that the deputy had fallen upon the scaffold in an apoplectic fit, and that the execution stayed his arrival. There was no alternative. The Sheriff, though weak, and totally unfit for the terrible task, felt it to be his duty to promptly obey the summons.

In a few minutes a rolling, heavy hum, and an unusual commotion in the ranks of the thousands gathered to behold the shameful death of a fellow creature, gave evidence of the arrival of the sheriff. The culprit was dressed for the grave, the fatal rope encircled his neck, the cap, drawn over his face by the deputy before the fit took him, at his request, remained as it had been adjusted. A brief prayer was offered up to God in behalf of the poor wretch, whose last minute had come. The clergyman and the sheriff then took him by the hand and bade him farewell. All things were hushed to breathless silence. With a sudden movement the sheriff cut the cord, the drop fell, and the murderer was hanging by the neck between the heavens and the earth.

A few convulsive struggles, and all was over—justice was satisfied. The multitude dispersed to their homes.

But the tragedy had not yet reached its close.

After hanging the usual length of time, the body was 'cut down,' to be delivered to the physicians—for friends the dead man had none—not one. The Sheriff remained to assist in this last ceremony. One removed the shoes, and another the long gown, and the sheriff himself pulled off the cap. The body was then lying face downward. A moment after it was turned over, and in the livid, distorted, ghastly features presented to view, Sheriff W. recognized the countenance of his own son! his eldest, his best beloved, his long lost son!

One long minute he stood with straining eyes and uplifted hands, speechless as the clay he gazed upon. Then, with a groan of utter agony, he fell upon the body, crying out, 'My son! oh! my son! my son!

He never spoke again. Death came to his relief.

The son was indeed the murderer. Bad company led him astray soon after he left his home in Connecticut. He soon squandered his money, and with that went his friends. Want stared him in the face.—Hunger pinched him sorely. Shame and pride stifled the half expressed desire to return, like the prodigal son, to his father's house, confess and repent. Temptation took him captive, and he became a petty larceny thief, then robber, burglar, counterfeiter and finally, after a long course of crime, closed the catalogue of his misdeeds with the capital crime of murder—murder committed for the sake of a few hundred dollars—and as we have related.

The other son lived long to bless and comfort his grief stricken mother; but she never recovered entirely from the dread shock.

Water Cure—Important facts.

Carefully observed, collected and arranged facts constitute the basis of all science. Such facts are rapidly establishing the scientific treatment of diseases by water. Such facts are demonstrating the vastly important truth, that water, used with a discreet, boldness and persevering energy, in accordance with the true principles of physiology and judicious discrimination in varying conditions, is a UNIVERSAL CURE. Some of those facts have been witnessed by the writer.

More than fifteen years ago he commenced the following treatment in cases of fever: The patient stood or sat in a large tub; two persons, one before, the other behind,—each armed with a bucket of cold water, made a simultaneous dash upon his breast and shoulders. Without drying the surface, he was wrapped in blankets, put into bed and sweated. When the fever returned, the dash was repeated, or resort was had to cold ablutions. Frequent and very copious injections of tepid water were found of much efficacy in the relief of those distressing and oppressive feelings which constitute so much of a fever patient's misery. The patient was enjoined to drink largely of cold water, and cold wet cloths were kept applied to the burning feet, instead of stimulating them with mustard poultices. But little medicine was used, yet the practice was far more successful than any the writer had ever witnessed.

In 1833 the wife of the undersigned was so violently attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, that she was soon unable to move either of the lower extremities, and the pain was excruciating to an almost intolerable degree. The writer had then immersed in a tub of cold spring water, and a stream of the same was kept pouring on them for hours. In two days, without a particle of medicine, the disease was cured.

In the person of his son, the undersigned has recently cured, by the same means and the additional use of the wet bandage, one of the most dangerous and obstinate local diseases known to physicians, viz: inflammation of the knee joint.

As a general conclusion, he is happy in being afforded the opportunity and privilege of giving this testimony to the public through the reforming columns of a WATER CURE JOURNAL: that in the treatment of various diseases he has been far more successful with water as his medicine than the most consummate skill can be with the whole armament of medicines known to the learned or the unlearned world.

T. N. CAULKINS, M. D.

A bachelor up Penn-street, Pittsburg, Pa., picked up a thimble. He stood awhile meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying, 'Oh that it were the fairy cheek of the wearer.' Just as he had finished, a big wench looked out of an upper window and said: 'Boss, jist please to frow dat fumble of mine in de entry; I jis now drapt it.' The man is said to have fainted.

A MAN IN TROUBLE is doing a smashing business, by letting post-coaches run over him, and then commencing suits for damages. He has cleared \$1,720 in the last nine months—\$300 on an ankle alone.

From the Water-Cure Journal. To Doct. JOHN SHEW:

Although I am no more interested in the success of the water cure than any other individual, I am willing to pay ten cents to make mankind acquainted with the wonderful cure of Eliza Ann Delong, formerly of Oswego, and now of Palermo, in this county. The account I had from her and her physician a few days ago. She was an smart active woman of my twenty-five, with three children, when by over-doing she fell into an extreme state of weakness and was bedrid two years; the last year she was unable to turn herself in her bed, or speak a loud word; she had the best physicians, both botanic and mineral, but all did no good; her most esteemed physician told her, 'it is evident medicine can do you no good, but perhaps good nursing may.' She employed a nurse of extraordinary intelligence and firmness, who told her in the outset, 'you are doing no good here, I will 'kill or cure you.' 'That is what I want,' said Eliza. Her feet had been so cold that she had hot bricks put to them almost the whole year. About April 1st, 1845, the nurse commenced by brushing her all over and giving her eggs and wine, but it produced but little effect; she then took her in her arms and placed her in a tub of cold water from a well, and kept her there five minutes, and poured water over her; she then put her to bed, covered her up warm, and made her keep her hands and feet straight for a few minutes; her sufferings were so great that it seemed as if she could not survive it, but after a time her feet became warm. She was put in the water three days in succession and then missed three; on the fourth morning of showering in the tub, she jumped out of the tub and ran to her bed of her own accord; in three weeks she dismissed her nurse, her husband showering after that time; since August she has done her own work, and has a good health as people in general. As soon as her blood began to circulate in her limbs, her voice returned, and she now speaks as loud and clear as anybody. I might have mentioned before, to the praise of the nurse, that she persevered amidst the most dismal cries of the neighbors, who kept continually saying 'she will certainly kill Mrs. Delong!' but she cheered her on with the watchword 'kill or cure,' and to the heroism and skill of her intrepid nurse she owes her present good health. One strange thing, however, remains to be told. Eliza now makes no use of the cold bath; it had scarcely occurred to her mind that cold water was as good to prevent sickness as to cure it. Once she stayed in the tub fifteen minutes, but it was too long. In conclusion, allow me to say that I am convinced that a firm reliance upon the power of God in souls, will produce an entire change eventually in law, physic and divinity, and that mankind will become far more peaceful and healthier and happier than they now are; and I cannot but think that the Cold Water Journal will contribute its mite to produce this desirable event.

Thine respectfully,
ALFRED WELLS.
Oswego, Oswego, 12th month 20th 1845.

REMARKS.—In publishing the above we wish not to be understood as admitting that the use of water is in any case necessarily a 'kill or cure' treatment. While it is susceptible of being made a most powerful means in one way, in another it may be made the mildest that can be; and by observing a few plain common sense rules, the treatment may be carried on in powerful applications without the least danger.—[Ed. Jour.]

WOULD'ST MARRY A SCHOOLMASTER.—

When the present King of the French was in Philadelphia, teaching school, he fell in love with a young lady, the daughter of a highly respectable citizen of that place. The daughter was favorable to his advances, but was compelled to yield to the authority of her father, who declared that no daughter of his should demean herself by marrying a Schoolmaster!

CONVERSATION.

Bill—'Have you a dollar, Sam?'

Sam—'No I hasn't, Bill, that's a fact—if it would save your life.'

Bill—'Cause Jim Thorn wanted me to pay you one, and I've got nothin' smaller than a two.'

Sam—'O, ah—Well, perhaps I can find just one, come to think of it, that I didn't spend for wool.'

Sam searched his wallet, found his dollar, and handed it to Bill.

Bill—(putting his hand in his pocket)—'Well, now that's a clever—I'll hand you the two the very next time we meet, if I happen to have so much on hand—I've got one towards it, any how.'—*Providence Gaz.*

OUR WOMAN.—Woman was made out of a rib from the side of Adam—not out of his head to top him—not out of his feet to be trampled down by him—but out of his side to be equal to him; under his arm, to be protected; and near his heart to be loved.