

A TITLE CLEAR.

Maybe it was the Sunday fare;
Maybe the Sunday sermon;
Perhaps 'twas but a plain nightmare—
I never can determine.

THE DUEL AT 'POSSUM BRANCH.

Ananias Pickett, yellow, lived on one side of the branch and Jerusalem Johnson, black, commonly called "Ju," lived on the other side. Miss Sophy Giggles, the color of an underdone buckwheat cake, lived about five miles from the branch and was the cause of an undue secretion of bile in both "Nias" and "Ju."

ly so as to legs, and the suns of twenty-five years had enhanced the dingy yellow of his complexion.
His eyes were of the vintage known as "pop," and the premature removal of three front teeth had given him a weirdly poetical pearance.

and motioned him to a chair. Then I lit a cigar, the brand I particularly affected—O. P.—(other people's), and said "Proceed."
He shuffled awkwardly to the chair, took position on the extreme edge of it, and began his monody:

and placed them in position, ten paces apart, pistol in hand.
The Major won the word, and gave it sonorously:
Fire! one-two-three!

NEW STYLES IN CARRIAGES.
Old Gentlemen and Ladies Specially Cared for—Results of Fresh Designs.
During the last few days of favorable weather the roads have literally been thronged with vehicles of all descriptions, and any number of new styles have been seen out. Hence the carriage-makers have been put to their best to supply the exacting demand for novelties made upon them and a number of attractive turnouts have been produced.

and there is an amazing omission of the domestic arts and sciences and a wonderful attention to things moral, imaginary, fanciful, romantic, and fantastic. Angels, imps, nymphs, large and small deities, dwarfs, giants and ghosts are born out of the fertile human fancy as sparks rise from a shaken fire, but in these thousands of years no thinking mind touches a plow or reaping knife or any implement to make it do more good and with less labor. The ground is plowed with a crooked stick, the harvest is cut with a case-knife; and while women and children are reaping, and thrashing the one-third crop, the ten thousand birds eat up a fourth part of the ripe grain and another fourth part is taken by the tax-farmers who scour the country like jackals at night on a battlefield. Hence great famines and disease came and swept away millions. The so-called thinking men were too busy in the regions of abstraction and fancy to admit of their bestowing any attention upon the study of harvest-fields, production, implements, disease and health.