

Noble County Register

VOL. 1

LIGONIER, IND. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1858.

NO. 33

Noble County Register

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Will promptly attend to all business
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Attorneys at Law, Ligonier, Noble Co. Ind.
Will attend promptly to all Legal Busi-
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RESPECTFULLY offers his professional
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Passengers conveyed to and from the
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business pertaining to that office.
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Ligonier, Noble Co., Ind.

HENRY HOSTETTER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
OFFICE on Main Street, Ligonier, Indi-
ana.

LAND AGENCY.
THE undersigned has established an Agency
for the purchase and sale of Real Estate
in Noble and adjoining counties, and has
affected arrangements which offer superior
inducements for those wishing to buy or sell
the same in this section of the State.
Particular attention will be paid to Renting
Houses, Leasing farms, and other business
which it may be necessary for non-residents
to leave in the hands of an agent.

LAND WARRANTS
Bought, sold, and obtained for those entitled
to the same under the late act of Congress.
JAMES McCONNELL.

L. H. STOCKER, W. C. McCONIGAL,
STOCKER & McCONIGAL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND General Agents for Buying and Sel-
ling Real Estate, Examining Titles,
Making Collections and Paying Taxes.
Auburn, Indiana, Sept. 16, 1858. 2-6m.

J. BARRON,
DEALER IN
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry & Patent Medicines
Kendallville, Indiana.
Any person wishing to purchase any of the
above variety of Goods are invited to call
and look at this stock.
Kendallville, March, 1858.

INTELLECT IN RAGS.

It was a black wintry day. Heavy
snow-drifts lay piled up in the streets
of New York, and the whole appear-
ance of the city was cold and dismal.

Seated upon the steps of one of the
large dwellings on fifth avenue, was a
boy apparently thirteen years of age.
He was literally clothed in rags, and
his hands were blue and his teeth chat-
tered with cold. Lying upon his knee
was a newspaper he had picked up in
the streets, and was trying to read the
words upon it. He had been occupied
thus for some time, when two little
girls, clad in silks and furs came towards
him. The eldest one was about twelve
years old, and so beautiful that the
poor boy raised his eyes and fixed them
upon her in undisguised admiration.

The child of wealth stopped before
him and turning to her companion ex-
claimed,

"Marian, just see this fellow on my
steps! Boy what are you doing here?"
"I am trying to learn to read upon
this little bit of paper," answered the
boy.

The girl laughed derisively and said:
"Well truly! I have heard of intel-
lect in rags, Marian, and here it is per-
sonified."

Marian's soft hazel eyes filled with
tears as she replied:

"Oh, Louise, do not talk so, you
know what Miss Fannie teaches in
school. 'The rich and poor meet to-
gether, and the Lord is the Maker of
them all.'"

Louise laughed again, and said to
the boy:

"Get up from here, you shall not sit
on my steps, you are too ragged and
dirty."

The boy arose and a blush crimsoned
his face. "He was walking away when
Marian said:

"Don't go little boy, you are so cold,
come to my house and get warm. Oh,
do come," she continued, as he hesita-
ted; and he followed her into a large
kitchen, where a bright warm fire was
shedding its genial warmth around.

"Well, Miss Marian, who are you
bringing here now? asked the servant
woman.

"A poor boy, who is almost perished;
you will let him warm, will you not,
Rachel?"

"Oh, he shall warm; sit here little
boy, and Rachel pushed a chair in
front of the stove; she then gave him
a piece of bread and meat.

Marian watched these arrangements
and then glided from the room; when
she returned, she had a primer with the
first rudiments of spelling and reading.
Going to the boy, she said:

"Little boy, here is a book, that you
can learn to read from better than a
piece of paper. Do you know your
letters?"

"Some of them, but not all. I never
had any body to teach me. I just
learned myself; but oh I want to read
so bad."

Marian sat down beside him, and be-
gan to teach him his letters. She was
so busily occupied in this work that
she did not see her mother enter the
room, nor hear Rachel explain about
the boy; and she knew not that her
mother stood some time behind them,
listening to her noble child teaching
the beggar boy his letters.

There were but few that he had not
already learned himself, and it was not
long before Marian had the satisfaction
of hearing him repeat the alphabet.

When he arose to go, he thanked
Rachel for her kindness, and offered
Marian her book.

"No, I don't want it," she said, "I
have given it to you to learn to read
from. Won't you tell me your name?"

"Jimmie," he replied.

"I will not forget you Jimmie, you
must always remember Marian Hayes,"
was the little girl's farewell.

Louise Gardner and Marian Hayes
were playmates and friends. Their
dwellings joined, and almost every hour
in the day they were together, for they
attended the same school. These two
children were very differently disposi-
tioned, and very differently brought up.
Louise was proud and haughty. Poverty
in her eyes was a disgrace and a
crime, and she thought nothing too se-
vere for the poor to suffer. These
views she learned from her mother.—
Mrs. Gardner moved in one exclusive
circle—the bon ton of New York.—
Without its limits she never ventured,
for all others were beneath her. Lou-
ise, taught to mingle with no children
excepting her mother's friends, was
growing up believing herself even bet-
ter than they.

The teaching that Marian Hayes re-
ceived was totally different from this.
Mrs. Hayes was acknowledged by Mrs.
Gardner as one of her particular friends
yet though she moved among that circle,
she was far from being one of them.
Her doctrine was the text her little
girl had used. "The rich and the poor
meet together and the Lord is the Ma-
ker of them all." This she taught Ma-
rian, there was no distinction as to
wealth and position; that the distinc-
tion was in worth alone. She taught

her to reverence age, and to pity the
poor and destitute; and that "pleasant
words were as sweet as honey comb,
sweet to the soul," a little kindness was
better than money. Marian learned the
lesson well, and was ever ready to dis-
pense her gentle words to all, whether
wealthy and influential or ragged and
indigent, as the boy she had that cold
morning befriended.

A gay and brilliant throng were as-
sembled in the city of Washington.—
Congress was in session, and the hotels
were crowded with strangers. It was
an evening party. The brilliantly light-
ed rooms were filled with youth and
beauty.

Standing near one of the doors were
two young ladies busily engaged con-
versing together. The elder of the two
suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, Marian, have you seen Mr.
Hamilton the new member from W.?"
"No, but I have heard a great deal
about him."

"Oh, I want to see him so badly.—
Mrs. N. is going to introduce him to us.
I wish she would make haste, I have
no patience."

Don't speak so, Louise, I wish you
would not be so trifling," said Marian.

A singular smile played around the
mouth of a tall, handsome gentleman
who was standing near the girls; and as
he passed them he scrutinized them
both very closely.

In a short time Mrs. N.— came
up with Mr. Hamilton, the new mem-
ber and presented him to Miss Gardner
and Miss Hayes. As they were con-
versing together, Mr. Hamilton said:

"Ladies, we have met before."

But Louise and Marian declared their
ignorance of the fact.

"It has been long years ago, yet I
have not forgotten it, nor a single sen-
tence uttered during that meeting. I
will quote one that may call it to your
memory.—'The rich and the poor meet
together, and the Lord is the Maker of
them all.'"

The rich blood tinged the cheeks of
Marian, but Louise still declared her
self ignorant as before. Mr. Hamilton
glanced for a moment at Marian, then
turning to Louise he said:

"Long years ago a little boy, ragged
and dirty, seated himself upon the
steps of a stately dwelling on Fifth
Avenue, New York, and was there busi-
ly engaged trying to read from a bit
of paper, when his attention was at-
tracted by two little girls, richly dress-
ed. The eldest of the two particularly
attracted him, she was as beautiful as
an angel; but as they came near him,
she raised up her hand and exclaimed:
'Boy, what are you doing here?'"

"The boy answered that he was trying
to read. The child of affluence derided
him, and said she'd heard of intellect
in rags, and he was the very personifi-
cation of it. Her companion's answer
was, that 'the rich and the poor meet
together and the Lord is the Maker of
them all.' The elder girl drove the
boy away from the steps, but the young-
er took him into her dwelling and
warmed and fed him there. When
they parted, the little girl said, 'You
must not forget Marian Hayes.' And
Miss Hayes, he never has forgotten her.
That ragged, dirty boy is now before
you, ladies, as Mr. Hamilton, the mem-
ber of Congress; and allow me, Miss
Gardner, to tender my thanks to
you for your kind treatment of the
boy."

Overwhelmed with confusion, Louise
knew not what to say or do.

In pity for her, Mr. Hamilton rose
and turning to Marian, said:

"I will see you again Miss Hayes, and
he left them.

Louise would not stay in the city,
where she daily met with Mr. Hamil-
ton, and in a few days returned to New
York, leaving Marian, with the con-
sciousness of having done nothing to be
ashamed of, and enjoying the society
of distinguished Congressmen.

Marian and Mr. Hamilton were walk-
ing together one evening, when the
latter drew from his bosom an old and
well worn primer, and handed it to
Marian.

"From this," he said, "the man who
is so distinguished here first learned
to read. Do you recognize the book?"

Marian trembled and did not raise
her eyes when she saw that well remem-
bered book. Mr. Hamilton took her
hand and said:

"Marian, Jimmie has never forgotten
you. Since the day you were so kind
to him and gave him this book, his life
has been one great aim, and that was
to attain to greatness, and after years to
meet that ministering angel who was
the sweeter of his days of poverty. When
I left your house with this book I re-
turned to my humble home ten
times happier, and went assiduously to
work to learn to read. My mother was
an invalid, and ere long I learned well
enough to read to her.

"When my mother died, I found good
friends and was adopted by a gentleman
in W.—. As his son I have been
educated. A year ago he died and left
his property to me. Of all the pleas-

ant memories of my boyhood, the one
connected with you is the dearest. I
have kept this primer next to my heart
and dwelt upon the hope of again meet-
ing the giver. I have met her. I see
all that my imagination pictured, and I
ask if the deaf hand that gave this
book cannot be mine forever?"

Louise felt deeper grief than ever
when Marian told her she was to become
the wife of Mr. Hamilton, the poor boy
whom she spurned from her door, and
derisively called 'intellect in rags.' But
it she learned a severe lesson, and one
that soon changed the whole current of
her life. For a while she shunned Mr.
Hamilton; but by persevering kindness
he made her feel easy in his presence,
and she was the acknowledged friend
of the Congressman and his noble
wife.

Years have passed since then, and
Louise is training up a family of little
ones; but is teaching them not to de-
spise intellect in rags, but to be guided
by Marian's text.—'The rich and the
poor meet together and the Lord is the
Maker of them all.'"

Perpetual Sunshine

Bayard Taylor, who last summer
made a journey to the North Cape,
writes from Hammerfest, Finnmark, to
the New York Tribune, his impressions
of the continuous polar daylight of the
Arctic latitudes, from which we extract
the following:

"I am tired of this unending light,
and would willingly exchange the pomp
of the Arctic midnight for the starlit
darkness of home. We are confused
by the loss of night; we lose the per-
ception of time. One is never sleepy,
but simply tired, and after a sleep of
eight hours by sun-shine, wake up as
tired as ever. His sleep at last is broken
and irregular; he substitutes a
number of short naps, distributed thro-
ugh the day, and finally gets into a state of
uneasiness and discomfort. A Ham-
merfest merchant, who has made fre-
quent voyages to Spitzbergen, told me
that in the latitude of 80°, he never
knew certainly whether it was day or
night, and the cook was the only person
on board who could tell him.

At first the nocturnal sunshine strikes
you as being wonderful convenient.—
You lose nothing of the scenery; you
can read and write as usual; you never
need be in a hurry, because there is
time enough for everything. It is not
necessary to do your days work in the
day time, for no night cometh.

You are never belated; somewhat of
the stress of life is lifted from your
shoulders. But, after a time, you would
be glad of an excuse to stop seeing,
and observing, and thinking, and even
enjoying. There is no compulsive rest,
such as darkness brings—no sweet iso-
lation which is the best refreshment of
sleep. You lie down in the broad day,
and the summons 'arise!' attends on re-
opening your eyes. I never went be-
low and saw my fellow-passengers all
asleep around me, without a sudden
feeling that something was wrong, that
they were drugged, or under some un-
natural influence, they thus slept so
fast while the sunshine streamed in
through the port-holes.

There are some advantages in this
northern summer which have presented
themselves to me in rather grotesque
light. Think, what an aid and shelter
is removed from crime—how many vic-
es which can only flourish in the de-
ceptive atmosphere of night, must be
checked by the sober realities of day-
light! No assassin can dog the steps
of his victim; no burglar can work in
sunshine—All concealment is removed,
for the sun, like the eye of God, sees
everything and the secret vices of the
earth must be bold indeed if they can
bear his gaze. Morally, as well as
physically, there is safety in light, and
danger in darkness—and yet give me
the darkness and the danger! Let the
patroling sun go off his beat for awhile
and show a little confidence in my abili-
ty to behave properly, rather than
worry me with sleepless vigilance.

How the Democrats Changed Front.

At Vandalia, on the 18th inst., Cap-
tain Post, a prominent Douglas candi-
date for nomination to Congress from
the 7th District, discourses on the sub-
ject after the following fashion—Times:

"I know, I once preached the doc-
trine that the people of a Territory had
the right by the passage of a territorial
law to exclude or establish slavery. I
know that was the doctrine formerly
maintained by the Democratic party, but
I have become satisfied that we were
wrong. If I own a horse in Kentucky
I am at liberty to take that horse into
any territory of the United States.—
Why? Because he is my property.—
The case is precisely the same with my
nigger. The Constitution of the United
States protects me in the enjoyment
of my property anywhere in the Terri-
tories.

Honor the good that they may love
theo,

Dan Marble and the English Traveler

We were once, on a steamer along
with the late excellent comedian, Dan
Marble. Of course there was some big
story telling during that trip. Among
Dan's auditors was an English gentle-
man on the tour of America. He
seemed particularly wide-awake to all
Dan said, for the tourists note book was
in frequent use to catch the good things
which fell from the "Live Yankee's"
lips. Observing this, Dan 'spotted' his
man, and began the relation of a se-
ries of adventures and experiences
which literally astonished the natives,
though these latter gentlemen, seeing
the drift of the joke, preserved serious
faces. There were tales of horror, and
real tragedies, in which the narrator
had 'played' a leading part; there were
deeds and hair-breath 'escapes by sea
and land; there was the mother who had
devoured her own child, all of which
the astonished traveller seemed to cred-
it with implicit faith. At length Dan,
apparently tired of rehearsing his ad-
ventures, descended to topics of the
day. He adverted to the fact that al-
ligators had been found to be very
useful animals, and stated that they
were, at that time, actually employed
as mail carriers between St. Louis and
New Orleans. He said a passenger
would occasionally see a negro, with a
mail-bag across his shoulders going up
or down the river, at a speed of sixty
or seventy miles an hour—an
alligator being the 'horse.' So docile
had the animals become, that it was
probable they would be introduced as
mail carriers in all the rivers of this
country! All this the audience heard
with every muscle of the face strained
to subjection. The tourist beckoned
to Dan at the end of this narration, and
the two went out together. All were
now on the qui vive as to 'what was
up.' Dan returned, after awhile, with
a face of radiating smiles. It was evi-
dent he had 'won.'

He finally explained: The English-
man asked if what he had related was
a solemn fact? Yankee replied, 'pon
honor it was! Englishman then said,
if Yankee would write down the particu-
lars of the circumstance, for his use
in a work he was preparing on Ameri-
can features under English scrutiny,
that he would pay five pounds for the
accommodation. Yankee replied, an
American gentleman would disdain to
accept money for such a service; but said
it was customary, when a courtesy was
to be returned, for the party to stand
the champagne suppers. Whereupon
the Englishman had gone to the stew-
ard, and ordered such a repast!

Oh, that ovation of Briton to Yankee!

It cost about eighty dollars; the Queen
and her children were toasted—"Rule
Britannia" was sung—and the English-
man was put to bed drunk, to wake up
in port next morning and find his
guests all departed. We have looked
in vain for that promised book, and
hope it may be forthcoming.

R. J. Dawson, we learn by notice
in the Dekalb County Democrat
is following after Charles Case, and
making speeches in Steuben County. He
refused to speak at the same meetings
with Mr. Case, in that county, and oth-
ers in the district, preferring as he said
at Auburn, to go alone, "that being the
best way for him to lecture." He
hopes, we suppose, that by holding
meetings soon after Mr. Case has spoken
he can do away with the effects of Mr.
Case's speeches on the minds of the
people. We know enough of the vot-
ers of Steuben county to be able to as-
sure him that all such efforts there will
be in vain. The republican majority
in that county will be largely increased.
— Ft. Wayne Republican.

Popular Sovereignty.

The Scallwags who prate about Popu-
lar Sovereignty, are the very men
who despise the people, and who would
wrest from them every shadow of po-
litical power.

Mark for instance the language of
Jesse D. Bright.

"So strong, Mr. President, is my con-
viction of the viciousness of the prin-
ciple of submitting to a direct vote of
the people the propriety of the enact-
ment or rejection of laws, that for one
I am prepared to extend the same ob-
ject to the submission of entire constitutions
to the same tribunal!"

Mr. Vice President Breckenridge,
in his late stump speech, in Kentucky,
said:

"The startling doctrine has been
started in this country that a constitu-
tion has no validity until submitted to
the vote of the people.
As an abstract proposition I will never
submit to it. I will never consent that
Congress shall have the right to reject
a constitution because the convention
of a territory choose not to submit it to
the people."

The Providence Transcript tells of
a lady who is so aristocratic that she re-
fuses to take a newspaper because it is
made of rags.

Another Terrible Railroad Disaster— A Train of Cars Through a Bridge— Many Persons Injured.

Cincinnati, Sept. 10, midnight.—A
terrible accident occurred to-night on
the Steubenville & Indiana Railroad.—
A passenger train went through a bridge
near Steubenville, and a great many per-
sons were killed. It is impossible to
learn the particulars to-night.

A train has been dispatched to the
scene of the disaster, to render all pos-
sible assistance.

LATER—THE PARTICULARS

Steubenville, O., Sept. 11.—The
express train going West yesterday eve-
ning on the Steubenville & Indiana
Railroad, met with a severe accident,
thirteen miles west of this place. In
crossing a bridge the express car and
rear of the engine jumped the track and
knocked out some of the main timbers
which caused the bridge suddenly to
give way. The baggage master's and
front passenger car went down with the
bridge, some ten or twelve feet, while
the rear end of the hind car remained
on the abutment. The first car was
almost completely broken from its fast-
enings on the rear car.

The following are the persons injur-
ed:—J. Mooney, conductor, head severely
cut; Byron Roach of Louisville,
both legs broken; E. J. Cornell, bag-
gage master, wrist sprained and badly
bruised; Rev. Mr. Watson of Amster-
dam, ankle sprained; James Jacobs of
Mayville Ky., slightly bruised; An-
drew Anderson of Harrison county,
slightly bruised; Mrs. Wainright of
New Jersey, slightly injured; D. C.
Gill of Dayton, Mrs. Meredith of Ke-
nia, Miss Lyons of Elizabethtown, N.
Y.; Dr. Allen of Belleville, Ark.; Rev.
S. J. Humphrey and lady, of Newark,
Ohio, W. H. Moore of Milton, Ind.,
John P. Draper of Danville Ill., Capt.
W. T. Barr of Pittsburg, Oliver Orms-
by of Vevay Ind., and many others,
who declined giving their names, were
severely bruised and otherwise injur-
ed.

James Flemming of Zanesville was
fatally injured.

A Mormon Cemetery.

The Salt Lake City correspondent of
the N. Y. Tribune writes:

I am told that a funeral procession
of Mormons is rarely seen. There is
a hearse in the city, but it is seldom
used. The dead are usually conveyed
to the burial in a carriage, though
sometimes on a bier. A gentleman
tells me that while loitering there, he
observed a grave dug in one of the
swells of ground, and shortly after saw
a man enter the cemetery alone carry-
ing a little coffin on his shoulders, which
he proceeded to lay in it. It was the
body of one of the man's own children
and the father was too poor to afford
any funeral rites.

I rode out yesterday to the cemetery.
It is situated just outside the city wall
on the slope of the mountain, about
a mile north east from Brigham's house.
A cobble-stone wall surrounds it, like
the wall of Fort Bridger, or those
around Brigham's or Heber's squires.
The ground is undulating, and is trav-
ersed by one or two deep gullies. The
soil is parched and friable, and the only
vegetable is a melancholy crop of weeds,
conspicuous among which are a few
stunted sunflowers, whose leaves were
drooping languidly in the heat of the
forenoon. There is not a tree, and
hardly a shrub to enliven the enclav-
ure, which embraces ten acres.

The disproportion of deaths of adults
to those of children, which is made a
subject of comment by almost every
writer on mormonism, is especially no-
ticeable. Considerably more than half
the inscriptions seems to be to the mem-
ory of children under four years of
age. Many of them are marked by
headstones cut from the same rock
from which is quarried the stone used
for building the Temple; but four-fifths
of them are indicated only by a rough
board, on which is scrawled rudely
with a pencil or paint, the name and
age of the deceased, and a line of poet-
ry or a verse from the Bible. Among
the inscriptions I did not notice a sin-
gle quotation from the Book of Mor-
mons.

An invalid New Yorker, lying on his
sick bed in New Orleans, was 'greatly
relieved' by one dose of Pax, adminis-
tered by a fellow Gothamite on this
wise:

He had been reading to him the last
number of the Knickerbocker, and had
taken up the Herald; from which sheet
he read among other things, the account
of the conversion of 'Awful Gardner',
the pugiest, and of his having 'exhort-
ed the multitude' at the St. John St.
Church. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, Gardner
has become an ex-pounder, eh? I was
too weak for this; it prostrated me at
the time; but the shock did me good.

A man advertises for a competent
person to undertake the sale of a new
medicine, and adds that "it will be profit-
able to the undertaker."