

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 26, 1858.

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VOLUME 53.

NEW SERIES.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE
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The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

DENTIST
WILLIAM SCHELL, DENTIST,
Office on East Third Street, Bedford, Pa.

DR. P. C. REANOR
RESPECTFULLY begs leave to tender his Professional Services to the Citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office in Juliana Street, at the Drug and Book Store. Feb. 17, 1858.

DR. B. F. HARRY
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office and residence on Pitt-Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. John H. Harris. June 24, 1853.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.
JOB MANN, G. H. SPANG.
The undersigned have associated themselves as the Practice of the Law, and will attend promptly all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Office on Juliana Street, three doors east of "Mergel House," opposite the residence of Mr. Mann. JOB MANN, G. H. SPANG.
June 2, 1854.

WM. P. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW
WILL attend faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care in the Counties of Bedford and Fulton.
Bedford, Nov. 1, 1847.

John P. Reed,
Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pennsylvania.
Office second door North of the Market.
Bedford, Feb. 20, 1852.

Cosma & Shannon,
ADVISED a Partnership in the Practice of the Law. Office nearly opposite the Gazette Office, where one or the other may all times be found.
Bedford, Oct. 20, 1849.

LAW NOTICE.
W. JBAER, Attorney at Law:
WILL practice regularly in the Courts of Bedford County hereafter. He may, during Court Week, be consulted at his room at the Washington Hotel.
Nov. 3, 1853.

JOSEPH W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
HAS Sale 10 Farms, and 12,000 acres of Coal and improved Land, in Bedford and Fulton counties, in Lots in the town of Hamilton. Land sold in preference to suit purchasers. Proposals for timber invited from Lumbermen. Terms easy.
Aug. 1857.—5m.

W. J. B. HENFORD, P. F. MEYERS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.
WILL practice at all business entrusted to them. Mr. Henford will be in regular attendance at Court. Office on Juliana Street, same as formerly occupied by Wm. M. Hall, Esq. Jan 28, 1853.

TO BUILDERS.
The subscriber is fully prepared to furnish a quantity or quality of Building Lumber and Plastering Laths. Orders directed to St. Crisville, Bedford County, will be promptly attended to, by giving a reasonable notice.
F. D. BEEGLE.

NOTICE.
Partnership heretofore existing between James B. Reed and J. H. Tharp is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All money due the firm is payable to J. H. Tharp, and all debts owed or contracted by them, will be paid by James B. Reed.
JAMES BURNS, J. H. THARP.
19, 1858.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Indebtedness appointed by the Orphans' Court in the County of Bedford, to report a distribution of the money in the hands of Mrs. C. Harmer, executrix of the last Will of Mrs. C. Harmer, deceased, who was administrator of the Estate of Mrs. B. Miller, deceased, will attend to the duty his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bedford, on Wednesday, the 10th day of March, next, 10 o'clock A.M. of said day, when and where all persons interested can attend.
JNO. F. REED, Auditor.
ST received at Shoemaker's Colonade a large assortment of Boots, Shoes, H. C. [Dec. 4, 1857].
O BE HAD AT DR. HARRY'S.
of Jamaica Ginger, which should have place in every family, for sale at Dr. H.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.
Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree.
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse,
To her whisper:
"Is there for the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one,
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sun-burnt fisher, gaily wooed.
Tall and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he wooed.
May-day skies are all a-glow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
"Mong the apple boughs a pigeon coo,
Hannah shudders;
For the wild southwest mischief brews,
Round the rocks of Marblehead.
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lone-soned,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

"Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she see,
Whispering, hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you, heard of Ben?"
Oid with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleached and tear the rugged shores she views.
Twenty seasons
Never one has brought her any news,
Still her dim eyes shimmer,
Chase the white sails of the sea,
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

**THE MUTILATED TOOTH PICK;
OR
BLOOD TUB OF TILLETUOLUM.**
BY BRAINLESS BOB, JR.

CHAPTER I.
"Now is the winter of my discontent
Made double bitter by the secrecy
Of longer hours."—SHAKESPEARE.
"Lager, more lager!" hoarsely shouted the Count D'Nincompoop to his attendants, as he sat at the banquet table, in the Hall of Nincompoop Castle.

The butler hastened to obey the order, and soon returned with the just-lygiance that the lager was all gone!
"No lager!" exclaimed the Count in a voice of thunder.
"Nary glass!" replied the trembling menial.
"Fool, why dost thou not provide more of that Teutonic beverage? But go, depart, separate! ere in my rage I strike out from the shoulder like an artist, and give you justice!"

The butler and the other attendants left, and the Count was alone.
With rapid strides he paced the Hall, anon he speaks, while his manly face is distorted with fearful passion.
"Isabella D'Fitzsimkins, thou shalt be mine; eye, haughty beauty, never shall Rodrigo call you wife. My plans are laid, and unlike the Wall street brokers, I know no such thing as fail."

"Rodrigo, the Blood Tub is on thy track; beware, beware!"
With the smile of a demon, he drew from its sheath a glittering dagger, and sharpened it on his boot.

CHAPTER II.
"Cassia—Dost know him, Iago?"
"I do, he is a lead of bricks."—OTHELLO.
Rodrigo D'Polliwog was an orphan.—This melancholy circumstance, it is generally believed, was caused by the death of his parents. He loved with all the fiery ardor of his impetuous nature, the beautiful Lady Isabella D'Fitzsimkins. To him she owed her life: for one day she walked forth in all the pride of her maiden loveliness to purchase a pair of pea-nuts, a pair of flight-and-horses dashed madly down the street. All except Isabella, fled; but she seemed rooted to the spot.

Nearer they approached—a piercing shriek rends the air; they are almost upon her, when a youth rushes from a lager beer saloon, seizes the foaming steeds by the tails, and with superhuman effort throw them into the middle of next week! Having accomplished this herculean feat, he bears Isabella into a shotery pop, where she soon recovers, and is escorted home by the gallant Rodrigo. 'Twas thus they met.

That night Lady Isabella slept not, tho'ts of Rodrigo filled her mind, and conjured up visions of the future, brighter than Fernando Wood's before election day. And Rodrigo, too, wooed the God of Sleep in vain.

CHAPTER III.
"Her nose is like the snow drift,
And bunged up in her eye."—BYRON.
"That's so!"—BYRON.
In a magnificently furnished apartment sat the Lady Isabella and Rodrigo knit at her feet.
"Rise, Rodrigo," she murmured in dulcet tones.
"I'll rise no more than fancy stocks have since the financial crisis, until you decide my more questions."

fate. In your hand rests my happiness, will thou be mine? Sp-ak, Lady Isabella, speak.
She answered not, but turned aside her head and wiped her nose.
"Are those pearly drops from that bright nose—no, excuse me; from those bright eyes assurance of your favor?" he asked in a voice of mingled joy and apprehension.
She dried her tears and spoke.
"Rodrigo, to you I owe the preservation of my life, I love thee, ay, as the politician loves the spoils, but—but, I can never wed with thee!"

"What fearful mystery is here compared with which the assault on William Patterson sinks into insignificance!" ejaculated Rodrigo.
"Listen!" she exclaimed. "There is an insurmountable barrier to our union, and that is—"
"What?" interrupted Rodrigo.
"I am the wife of Count D'Nincompoop the Blood Tub of Tilletuolum!" she gasped, and fainting fell to the floor.

CHAPTER IV.
"If the red slayer thinks he stays,
Or if the slain thinks he is slain,
It makes slight difference either way.
I let 'em up and go in again!"—BYRON.
The Count D'Nincompoop left his castle, his noble form closely enveloped in a cloak, which he used to advantage, and pursued his way to the mansion of Lady Isabella. With cautious steps he ascends the stairs, until he reaches the room where he has introduced her in the last chapter, and opening the door, beholds Rodrigo endeavoring to restore Lady Isabella to consciousness.

"Ha! ha! Rodrigo, I have thee at last!" and ere the brave Rodrigo could speak, he plunged the dagger in his bosom.
Rodrigo D'Polliwog fell mortally wounded, the blood running in a crimson stream upon the carpet.

D'Nincompoop gazed a moment at the body, and then endeavored to arouse the Lady Isabella.
She opened her eyes, and shuddered when she beheld the Count.
"Where is Rodrigo?" she asked in agitation.
"Perfidious female! woman, behold!" he exclaimed as he pointed to the corpse. "My vengeance is complete; the Blood Tub has wiped out his wrongs with blood!"

Isabella gazed with an idiotic look upon the form of him she loved.
"Let me have a relic of the glorious dead," Rodrigo a broken tooth pick. It was only stained with blood from the wound.

CHAPTER V.
"Dry up and suspend!—ANONYMOUS.
The news of the murder of Rodrigo spread with rapidity throughout the city. The Metropolitan were on the alert, and by the orders of Coroner Conroy the Count was arrested, and the mutilated tooth pick was found upon his person.

Isabella was summoned as a witness, but alas! she could give no evidence, she had become an idiot. The Count endeavored to prove that the blood upon the tooth pick was not arterial, but he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

But hark! what cry is it that breaks on the startled ear, "Ere's the Express, third Edition; get the recovery of Rodrigo!"
The news was, Rodrigo was not mortally wounded, and with the aid of the retired physician, whose sands of life had nearly run out, recovered his usual health.

But little remains for us to relate. The Count D'Nincompoop was released by the intercession of Rodrigo, and left the United States to spend the balance of his miserable life in New Jersey.

In a fit of diabolical passion at hearing of the marriage of Rodrigo D'Polliwog to the Lady Isabella D'Fitzsimkins, he dashed his brains out with a bar of soap.

Rodrigo and Isabella, who, after the murder had procured a divorce from the Count, lived happily together, and many little Polliwog squirmed around their feet.

BADGERING WITNESSES.
Some lawyers have a very reprehensible practice of badgering witnesses while on the stand, in order to render their evidence useless by reason of contradictory statements which they may make while in a state of temporary embarrassment. They sometimes meet with their match, and a very notable instance is an anecdote related of Cook, the actor and musician, who on being summoned as a witness in a case which was tried in London in 1833 between some music publishers, the matter in dispute being an alleged piracy of "The Old English Gentleman"—was cross-examined pretty fiercely by Sir James Scarlett, (afterwards Lord Abinger) who appeared for one of the parties. His Lordship said, "Now Mr. Cook, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different: what do you mean by that, sir?" To this Cook replied: "I said that the notes in the two copies were the same but with different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes was different." But Mr. Cook, both Sir James, don't beat about the bush, but explain to the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, what do you mean when you speak of accent?" Cook replied: "Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner, as you would lay stress upon any given word—for the purpose of giving better understood. Thus, if I were to say 'you are an ass,' it rests on ass, but if I were to say 'you are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James. Shouts of laughter, it is said, followed this repartee, in which it was difficult for the stute judges to keep from joining. Sir James was satisfied with Cook's elucidation of the matter, and permitted him to retire without asking any more questions."

SONG.
ELLEN BAYNE.
Soft be thy slumbers, ride cares depart,
Visions in numbers cheer thy young heart.
Dream on while bright hours and fond hopes remain,
Blooming like smiling bowers for thee Ellen Bayne.
CHORUS.
Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide,
Dreams of beauty, round thee bide,
While I linger by thy side,
Sweet Ellen Bayne.

Dream not in anguish—dream not in fear—
Love will not languish—fond ones are near,
Sleeping or waking, in pleasure, or pain,
Warm hearts will beat for thee, sweet Ellen Bayne.
CHORUS.
Scenes that have vanished smile on thee now,
Pleasures once banished, play round thy brow,
Forms long departed, greet thee again,
Soothing thy dreaming heart, sweet Ellen Bayne.
CHORUS.

"DARK DEEDS" OF INDIA.
A recent writer gives the following account of something that fell under his personal notice in India:
"Our conversation was here interrupted by a gardener, who presented the Rajah and myself, respectively, with a musgray; and who volunteered the information, that some workmen, in digging the foundation of a vine-trellis, had come upon an old house under the earth, and in it had been found several gold and silver coins."

"Where?" said the Rajah.
"There?" said the gardener, pointing in the direction.
We hurried to the spot and found that the workmen had gone; but sure enough, there were the walls of an apartment, formed of red stone and white marble.

"This quarter of Agra," said the Rajah to me, "was formerly inhabited by persons of the highest rank. Where we are now standing, and was, no doubt, once the site of a palace; and these walls are those of the ty-khana—a vault beneath the dwelling from which the light is excluded. In these dark places are usually perpetrated what you English call 'dark deeds.'"

I expressed a desire to explore this newly discovered apartment of former days; but the Rajah told me that it was then too late as the workmen had gone; but he promised me that if I would come to him at daylight on the following morning, he would have great pleasure in gratifying my curiosity.

On the following morning, having spent a very dreamy night, I was carried in my palanquin to the spot. Such was the name of the place. The Maharajah was dressed in a white robe, and wore a turban of a peculiar knot on the top of his head, and who politely inquired if I would take coffee. Ere long the Rajah made his appearance, and we went together to the newly discovered ty-khana, which was now guarded, since gold and silver had been found there. The workmen, some twenty in number, came and commenced their labor of clearing away the earth in all directions, in order to get to the bottom of the apartment in the ty-khana. This was accomplished in about two hours, and we then stood upon a stone floor in the centre of a room about sixteen feet square. In several of the niches were little lamps, such as are burnt on the tombs of Moslems, and a hootah and a pair of marble chairs were found in this subterranean apartment, of which the sky is now the roof. Whilst examining the walls, I observed that upon one side, there was a ledge about six feet high from the floor, and carried up therefrom and about a foot in width. This ledge, which was made of brick and plaster, resembled a huge mantelpiece, and was continued from one end of the apartment to the other. I asked the Rajah the reason of such structure in the apartment. He replied that he did not know, nor could any of the workmen account for it: one of them however took a pick-axe and dug out a portion, when to my surprise and horror, I discovered that in this wall a human being had been huddled up. The skin was still being on the bones, which were covered with a costly dress of white muslin, spangled all over with gold; around the neck was a string of pearls; on the wrists and ankles were gold bangles, and on the feet were a pair of slippers, embroidered all over with silver wire or thread: such as only Mohammedan women of rank or wealth could afford to wear. The body resembled a well-preserved mummy. The features were very distinct, and were those of a woman whose age could not, at the time of her death, have exceeded eighteen or nineteen years. The head was partially covered with the white dress. Long black hair was still clinging to the scalp, and was parted across the forehead and carried behind the ears. It was the most horrible and ghastly figure that I ever beheld.

The workmen appeared to take it as a matter of course; or rather to regard it only with reference to the gold and silver ornaments upon the skeleton; and it was with great difficulty that I could prevent their stripping it forthwith. As for the Rajah, he simply smiled, and coolly remarked:

"A case of jealousy. Her husband was jealous of her, and thought her guilty, and punished her thus,—bricked her up alive in this wall, with no room to move about, only standing room. Perhaps she deserved it,—perhaps she was plotting against his life: perhaps she was innocent. Who can say? Hindoos as well as Mohammedans punish their wives in this way."

"You mean that they used to do so in former times, previous to British rule in India. But such a thing could not occur in our time." "It does not occur as often as it did: but it does occur, sometimes, even in these days. How do you know what happens in the establishment of the wealthy native?—Let us look a little further into the wall.—It strikes me that we shall find some more of them."

Orders were given accordingly to the workmen to remove, with great care, the whole of the ledge, in short to pull away its entire face. This was done; and how shall I describe the awful spectacle then presented? In that wall there were no less than five bodies—four besides that already alluded to. One of the number was a young man, who from his dress and the jewels on his finger-bones, must have been a person of high rank; perhaps the lover of one or both of the young women; for he had been bricked up between two of them. The others were evidently those of confidential servants; old women for they had grey hair. They possibly had been cognizant, or were supposed to be cognizant, of whatever offence the others had been deemed guilty.

The sun was now shining brightly on these ghastly remains, covered with garments embroidered in gold and silver. The air had a speedy effect on them, and one by one, they fell; each forming a heap of bones, hair, shrivelled skin, dust, jewels and finery. The latter were now gathered up, placed in a small basket, and sent to the Lallah. Their value, possibly, was upward of a thousand pounds. How many years had passed since that horrible sentence had been put into execution? Not less than one hundred and seventy, or perhaps two hundred.

MY FIRST LESSON IN GAMBLING.
Wherever there are great collections of people, there are always bad and foolish people among them. It was so at Bridgeport, where the State Fair was held, a few weeks ago. Outside the grounds, behind or within tents or booths, were many who gambled, and led others to do so. Now, it is a very simple thing to gamble, so simple, and often it appears so fair, that many a boy is led to take the first step before he knows it.

There was behind one of the oyster stands a circle of men and boys; on the ground sat a poor, degraded, dissipated man, poorly clothed and looking sick and weak. He held in his hand several iron rings, and before him was a board with large nails driven in it, which stood upright. A clear-faced, bright-eyed, handsome little fellow, stepped up to him. He was just such a boy as is prompt at day school, and always has his lesson at Sunday school. He showed this in his face as he stepped up to the man and said, "What's that for?"

"Give me a cent, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents."

The boy tried it; and two three cent pieces were put into his hand, and he stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

him, and now, before he had time to look about and regain his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.
"My lad, that is your first lesson in gambling. Gambling, sir?"
"You staked your penny, and won six. Did you not?"
"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you: you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end.—Now I advise you to go and give him his six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not be forgotten.—He ran back and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades. That was an honest boy.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.
We do not wonder that leaves and trees and boughs have ever been the material whereof poets have manufactured comparisons in imagery.
One of the most beautiful we ever remember to have seen was by Dr. Cheever. "That tree," said he, "fell lavishly, and swelling up into the calm, blue summer air. Not a branch is stirring and yet how it waves and rocks in the sunshine. Its shadows are flung lavishly around it; birds sit and sing in its branches, and children seek refuge beneath them. Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being; they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unlighty is human nature! Like that same tree it stands with bare and shivering arms, tossing spittingly to heaven—glorious fluttering of life and warmth below; an iron harp for the minstrelsy of the wildest winds now."—Chicago Journal.

ONE OF SPURGEON'S PARABLES.
That was a dreadful dream which a pious mother once had, and told to her children. She thought the judgment day was come. The great Books were opened. They all stood before God. And Jesus said, "Separate the chaff from the wheat, put the goats on the left hand, and the sheep on the right." The mother dreamed that the middle of the great assembly.—And the angel came and said, "I must take the mother, she is a sheep; she must go to the right hand. The children are goats; they must go on the left." She thought as she went, her children clutched her, and said, "Mother, can we part? Must we be separated?" She then put her arms around them, and seemed to say, "My children, if possible, I would take you with me." But in a moment the angel touched her: her cheeks were dried; and now overcame her natural affection, being rendered super-natural affection, being resigned to God's will, she said, "My children, I taught you well. I trained you up and you forsok the ways of God, and now all I have to say is, Amen to your condemnation." Thereupon, they were snatched away, and she saw them in perpetual torment, while she was in heaven!—Spurgeon.

GUMOROUS.
Phragmont of an Owed to a Phreemont Pull what was been Cut Dann fur stove wood.—
Woodman, spare them pull!
"Touch not a single wan.
Last fall they cheered our souls,
Just let them stand for plan.

It was our Phreemont Club,
That first did place them there;
Oh! please, sur, let 'em stand,
Or else you'll here us swear!
Boston Post.

SPARE THAT GIRL!
Youngster, spare that girl!
Kiss not those lips so meek!
Unrolled let the fair locks curl
Upon the maiden's cheek!
Believe her quite a saint;
Her looks are all divine,
Her rosy hue is paint!
Her form is—erminine.

How He Strengthened Him.—We believe we have got hold of an original anecdote that never was printed before. A student of one of our State Colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary of course to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:
"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."
"Well, what explanation can you make?"
"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"
"Ah, yes, sir. When the barrel was taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

We believe the witty student was discharged without special reprimand.
ONE OF THE WATCHMEN.—A "feller" coming home from California had a monster rattlesnake, in a wicker cage, which he deposited with his other plunder under his bed at Chagres. The room contained fifty beds—half full of drunken and sick "fellers." During a temporary absence of the owner, the snake got loose, and the owner coming in and finding the critter gone, yelled out:
"Everlasting misery! who's seen my watch-snake?"

"Many news-poppers," replied the watchmen, "but nobody had seen the missing article."
"What was he, old feller, you're inquiring for?" says a bald-headed man.
"Why my watchman, all my dust is under my bed here, and I left a guard with it, but he's gone!"

"Guard! was he a nigger or a white feller?"
"No! he was a California rattlesnake—nine feet long, and fifty-two rattles on his tail. How any of you fellers sees the tassel critter crawl in round here?"
They hadn't, but all who were able to get out of bed and mizzle, did so in a bunch.

I GETS TE PEER ANXIOUS.—The Sacramento (Cal.) Age tells of an inveterate lager beer consumer, who is in the habit of hanging around the bar-rooms for the "stungs" and pickings." "Yesterday, the old fellow was waiting in a saloon on K street, expecting the receipt of a free glass. The bar-keeper at length saw a dead mouse under the counter. "Good," he exclaimed, "I'll fix old Lager with this 'ere'!" so he takes the mouse, puts its decaying body into a glass, (ugh!) covers it with malt liquor, and, passing to the counter, calls out: "Ere old chap, 'ere's a drink." Lager tottered to the counter, around which several cute ones were standing, seized the beverage, and swallowed it, choking slightly as the vermin descended his throat. "Ah, ah, now you're fixed," yelled the crowd. "Was ish fixed?" inquired old Lager, startled by the sudden exclamations of the roun squad. "Oh; you've swallowed a mouse, that'll use you up," answered the bar-keeper. "Schlawled a nice one, mit the beer!" said Lager as coolly and carelessly as though he had only taken down a fly. "A nice, wot, I tot it was a hop as goes in me, but I don't care, tis a nice, I gets te peer anxious!"

DEAN SWIFT MAKES THE BARBER'S FORTUNE.—Dean Swift's barber took it into his head to unite the profession of publican to his more regular one, "for the better maintenance of his family," of which he daily informed his distinguished patron, one morning while lathering one.
"Indeed," said the Dean, "and what can I do to promote this happy union?"
"And please you," said razor, "some of our customers have heard much about your reverence's poetry, so that if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine forever."

"What do you intend for your sign?" says the dean.
"The jolly barber, if it please your reverence with a razor in one hand, and a full pot in the other."

"Well," rejoined the dean, "in that you can be no great difficulty in supplying his pen, as instantly scratched them, but set in here, where you cut from pocket shaving kit the beer."

Where might you see the sign, where it remained was a sign, and made the barber's fortune.
If your means suit not with your pen, but where those ends which suit with your