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Popular Song.

GENTLE ANNIE.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flower thy spirit did depart;
Thou art gone alas! like the many,
That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.

Chorus—

Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again—
When the spring time comes gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain.

We have roamed and loved mid the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom,
Now I stand alone mid the flowers,
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.

Chorus—Shall we never more behold thee, &c.

Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder,
Near the silent spot where thou art laid,
And my heart bows down when I wander,
By the streams and the meadows where we strayed.

Chorus—Shall we never more behold thee, &c.

THE FAMILY OF COMETS.

Here is a very amusing letter from the London *Times*, on the subject of comets:

"A very general feeling exists that astronomers are not behaving well about the comet; to judge from the crumbs they occasionally let fall from their scientific platters, they know all about it, but still suffer a poor ignorant public to wonder and theorise in utter ignorance. At the beginning of the year they volunteered most minute descriptions of the signs and wonders that were to attend the annular eclipse, and, relying on their information, many of us travelled hundreds of miles with pockets full of smoked glass, only to get shunted in a marshy field somewhere in the midland counties, and spend two hours very much like a disappointed crowd at a prize fight. Possibly the melancholy failure of Baily's beads and rose lights on that occasion may deter the learned from attempting any more premature descriptions.—Where everybody is anxious to know something certain about comets, and nobody instructs them, I am inclined to think very little is actually known on the subject. What, for instance has become of the comet that was expected last year? When may we look for the re-appearance of the commet that performed such extraordinary vagaries in 1846; and should return in 1858 or 1859? Did the comet of 1811 really kill the cats, multiply twins, and blind the flies? And is there any danger of a similar infliction on husbands and old maids at present? Last year we were rather frightened about the comet, and ready to attribute every possible phenomenon to its agency; but now it has come upon us so quietly and so free from all alarming reports, that even the most timid can admire it night after night without the dread of losing a favorite tabby, or with being prematurely plagued with babes.—Imagine the consternation that would pervade the comet's admirers if, without any previous warning, he should appear some morning or evening with two heads or half a dozen tails! and yet the history of the comet of 1846 is proof positive that such an event might occur; really philosophers should prepare the public mind for such a possibility.

When Biela's comet was first seen in 1846, it was quite round, without any tail whatever. In about ten days it produced a smaller comet with a short tail, and not to be outdone in that respect, immediately shot out a corresponding tail itself. The growth of the young comet was very rapid; in less than six weeks it equalled its parent in size and brilliancy, and after an unnatural contest for some days it actually eclipsed it in brilliancy, but the exertion was too much; it soon after began to pale, and gradually died out nearly a month before its progenitor. No sooner was it gone than old comet, in an ecstacy of delight, shot out three tails, one of which was triumphantly pointed at the exact spot lately occupied by its undutiful offspring. Comets are innumerable; they appear at times at the rate of two a year, and the orbits of 200 have already been calculated; but this is quite an inappreciable number when compared to those that are believed to traverse our system in all directions, and that Arago puts at from three to seven millions. Their forms are protean. Few, comparatively, have tails; while others have several, producing and casting them off at pleasure. The comet of 1744 had six tails, each curled in the form of a quadrant, while that of 1843, appearing at first without any continuation, supplied that deficiency at the rate of 10,000,000 of miles a day! Their speed is immense, and their bulk inconceivable; the comet of 1843 moved at six times the rate of the earth on its orbit, and that of 1811 was 600,000,000 of times its size; the present one is only 400,000,000 of times the size of the earth. The nucleus is composed of ponderable matter, but in infinitely less proportions than that contained by any of the planets, while the tail is merely attenuated vapor, many thousands of times less dense than our atmosphere. It is possible that the nucleus of a comet should strike a planet, but the odds are 300,000,000 to 1 against it; the chance against the immersion of the tail is much less. The result of collision with the nucleus would be an immediate return to most everlasting chaos, while an immersion in its tail would probably be attended with no visible result. Comets do not affect the seasons. Taking an interval of 16 years, the warmest was 1794, in which there was one comet; the coldest 1759, in which there were two, and therefore it is not probable the comets ever killed cats, wasps, or Julius Cæsar; produced fine vintages or great droughts, or can now be saddled with the plague of daddy-long-legs, steel petticoats, and other monstrosities!

THE POET PERCIVAL.

The New York *Times*, in an article on the lamented Percival, gives us an insight into his private life, as follows:

Percival was one of the most remarkable men of his time. As a linguist and as a man of science he was more eminent than as a poet, and yet his poetical faculty was marvelously brilliant and prolific. He was a geologist and a geographer; he understood the structure of the earth we live on, and knew all the highways and by-ways of its surface—roads, rivers and canals—as familiarly as most men know their own domicile or the way to market. His habits of study were peculiar. He would take up a volume at a bookseller's counter, and stand till he had read it through. He never cut the leaves of his books. For many years he occupied rooms at the Hospital at New Haven, and during the whole period those rooms were entered only once by a visitor. He had no food cooked during that time, but lived frugally on dried beef, herring, bread, with apples and other fruits when they were abundant in the market. He read all day and all night—throwing himself on his bed in his clothes, when nature insisted on repose. When his bed-room was opened, after his death, it was covered more than an inch thick with dust, except a path that had been kept free from the door to the bed.

An anecdote is told of him in this connection that serves to illustrate his character. The law contemplating the survey, provided that the geologist should receive his remuneration after he had made his report, and it had been approved by the Governor. Percival waited upon Governor Ellsworth with the report, and was very courteously received. The Governor took the report, and promised to give it his immediate attention, and when he had examined it as the law required, would make the necessary requisition if it were satisfactory. Percival rolled up his report and withdrew. He insisted that neither the Governor nor any one else was competent to pass upon the merits of his report, and he would not submit to the indignity. He was desperately in want of the money that the report would bring him, but he would not take it on such conditions. Some of his friends finally procured the report for him by an innocent stratagem, and it received, of course, the formal approbation of the Governor, who admitted his incompetence to receive a geological work of Dr. Percival, but was too good an officer not to yield due obedience to the law.

We all remember the story told of the pair of new shoes left at Dr. Johnson's door, when he was a young man, and had not a decent pair to his feet. A similar anecdote is related of Dr. Percival. A friend noticed that the cap, which had so long peered above the cloak in which the Doctor enveloped himself, was becoming altogether too shabby, and left word with a hatter on Main street to present him with a more appropriate, though less poetical covering. In the most delicate way possible, the shopman intimated to the poet that any hat on the counter was at his service—but the poet turned on his heel with contempt. He would never accept a pecuniary favor of any description. Being at one time somewhat embarrassed by his expenditures on his books, some of his friends made up a purse of $1,400, which they tendered him to relieve his difficulties. He would only accept it as a loan, and not only insisted upon giving security, but actually gave it in a mortgage on his library, from which his friends were ultimately reimbursed, principal and interest.

Of his poetical reputation, Dr. Percival took no care. If he had managed his productions with a tithe of art possessed by some of his Parnassian brethren he might have acquired money as well as fame from his writings. Had he studied the secrets of the hot-press and embellishment, of cream colored paper laid between drab covers, or been familiar with the effects of blue and gold in giving popularity to inspiration, Percival would have become a favorite, and the favor of the people could have reacted on his selection of topics and familiarized his style. Those few poems of his in which he treated common and domestic subjects, met a universal acceptance with the lovers of poetry, and all of them deserve a far larger popularity than they enjoy. As to his library, we apprehend it will be ascertained not to suit as a city library for Chicago, and that it will be more usefully dispersed among the various institutions of the land, according to their several requirements.

DEBUT AS A CLOWN.

The newspapers chronical the fact, that the son of a highly respectable gentleman in Kentucky has taken to the ring as a clown. The piebald adornements of the horse-harlequin have more attraction for him than the guise of respectability. The applause of the witless crowd, who are convulsed with thread-bare and miserable jokes, is of more value than the good opinion of friends. And the rough, unrefined and low-life associations by which he is surrounded, are more to his taste than the company of the polished and educated. The odor of stale tan, and the flicker of tallow dips, are pleasanter in his nostrils than the atmosphere of the drawing room. Bar room mirth, and coarse, dirty fun, are henceforth his enjoyments. Such are the bright features of his future. The shadows of his distinguished course will be "professional jealousy" and hearty hatreds, dissolute attachments and rum riots infuriated spectators and mob onslaughts, broken heads and broken hearts; broken fortunes, broken health, and general bankruptcy, mental, bodily and pecuniar. The papers say his family are "inexpressibly mortified." We might have guessed that, without the help of the journals. Such a rewarp for the care and anxieties of early training may well make parents mortified—even to the death.

But there are other clowns besides those in the ring. Thousands of ungrateful sons "make their debut" in rowdyism, without receiving the distinguishing honor of a newspaper announcement. Thousands of parental hearts are wounded, upon whose unhappiness the public prints are silent. Sisters weep with vexation, and conceal their tears. It is some palliation to misery when it is not public, though it were hard to say what is public and what not.—Family and friends are our dearest world, and when in the cherished circle our grief and shame are known, it matters not so much, who beyond that, learns our sorrow. Boys will make their debut as clowns, sisters and mothers blush for them, and fathers almost hate them, just so long as the incipent steps towards the customs of barbarism are not merely winked at in youth, but encouraged.

The boy who, for any reason, makes a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and prefers places where his sisters and their companions cannot accompany him, is in training for his debut as clown. His laurels may be worn in the lager saloon, or the engine house, or on the street corners; but wherever first worn they soon "cluster thick upon him," and the "inexpressible mortification" of his family is a certain consequence. Cigars and tobacco, which mothers and sisters cannot abide, are found to be no bar to his welcome in less fastidious company; and many a young man makes his debut as clown and married man, by a misalliance which disgusts his friends.

The lad whose taste inclines him to read of "smiling matches," and who knows the slang names of the fighting men—who affects rat killing dogs, and studies the lower description of newspapers—who is neither interested in home pursuits, nor able to get the sympathy of his friends in his own amusements, is a promising candidate for the questionable fame which has the honor of the ring clown, without his emoluments. He is the glory of his own audience, and the arbiter in their disputes. And if he has only reached the favor of the underlings of the theatres and the worshipful fraternity of bar tenders, so that he can presume familiarly to say, "How are you Bill?" to them, his graduation as a clown may be considered as fixed.—He is to use the elegant phraseology current in those distinguished circles, "one of 'em."

Circus companies, and many other matters of the sort are, we suppose, "institutions." With all their disadvantages, they are things that cannot be abolished without a stretch of authority, which would produce worse evils. Man has need of relaxation and amusement; and with every individual rests the discretion and responsibility of selecting his own. The current too closely checked in one place, will force for itself outlets in others. But admitting all that can be said in favor of these doubtful things there should still be, in young men, that decent pride which would keep low company at a distace. We may laugh at a monkey, without taking him to bed with us; if we could not, it were better never to laugh at all. The man is known by the company he keeps. Not only is he known, but made what he is, by his chosen associates. If there are classes—and they may be necessary—who wilfully make Bohemians of themselves for a living, it is no part of wisdom, certainly, to envy them. Still less should youth wittingly come in contact with "fast people," or find amusement in doubtful company. He who does it elects to himself the same character, and is clown without the perquisites and without the paint.—*Phil'a N. American*

An Indignant Woman.—A lady thus expatiates upon a delicate topic:—

"A woman who loves unsought, deserves the scorn of the man she loves.

Heaven forgive me! but may the man who penned that paragraph never see another bonnet! May no white dimpled arms encircle his cravat, or buttons vegetate on his shirts. May no rosy lips ever press his moustache, and the fates grant that his dickey strings break short off every morning. May no womans heart learn to beat faster—except with indignation—at the mention of his name, and may his stockings always need darning. And when his nerves are all unstrung by desease, and his head throbs with pain as though an earthquake were brewing in it, may he have nothing in his sick chamber but boot heels, and see not one inch of muslin or calico.

☞In Philadelphia, on Saturday week, a countryman was victimized out of a gold watch by a sharper, who paid for the watch with a lot of five dollar bill on banks that never existed. The fools are not all dead yet.

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

At a late school examination in Oxford, Alabama, Miss Emma H. Spencer read a composition with this title which says the Selma *Sentinel*, "was conceived by the fancy gents present rather a 'tight paper,' and consequently Miss Emma's name was used in unmeasured terms." The offensive article which has made an Alabama girl so suddenly famous ought to have a run, for it castigates as severely as justly a class of young men who are becoming quite too numerous all over the country. Here is the missile alluded to:

"It is the quality of that precious metal which men worship, to glitter, but it does not therefore follow that everything possessed of a shining exterior is to be true; that we often see the basest metal luminous with the most precious and so frequent is the case, that a counterfeit may often be detected by its very lustre! There is a significant moral in this, and copious illustrations of its truth may be found in almost every community. Look at our own village town, or neighborhood; look at our gentlemen of the nice sort. See that fellow with an enormous moustache and bloated self-importance! He carries a gilded walking cane and he smokes cigars; he speaks great swelling words of vanity, and domineers before respectable men like a Goliah of Gath. He is a blustering idiot, a noisy braggart. In short he has the 'foss and feathers,' all the 'glitter' of superabundant gentility. He may be a merchant, or a doctor, or a splendid loafer; but he is, nevtheless—in the eyes of all sober people—a pitiful fool, a miserable leather-head, a mere animal in broadcloth! These gilded specimens of the *genus homo*—these perfumed dandies, and we may say beautiful fools are as plenty in the world as the toads were in Egypt, and like Pharoh's vermin, they often come into our houses. I said they glitter, and so they do; just look at their finger-rings, their watch-chains, etc.—And so showy are they that they often show more than they bargain for—their ignorance, and all else that is abominable. The old adage is very appropriate here;

"A beautiful fool dressed up in fine clothes,
Is like an old hog with a gold ring in his nose"

They sometimes go to church, walk in, take their seats, and behave with forced dignity, looking cunning like so many foxes; but spit rivers of amber on the floor, and curse the preacher when they leave. Tis amusing to notice their excessive vanity among the ladies, the way they fling 'sheep's eyes' at the fair sex and count the number of their sweet-hearts on their soft fingers. Of course, when we speak of beaux and gallants, they are the acknowledged 'lions' of the day. The most presumptuous one is generally the biggest fool; nevertheless, he leads the balance wherever he goes, and thus the whole herd of these contemptible simpletons are a pest to the female community.

"All is not gold that glitters"—nothing is plainer than this declaration. Yet, how many are they who mistake a mere *pretender* for a gentleman! When I was a child, I thought every man who had a broadcloth coat and a pair of boots was a finished gentleman; but now I have done with childish things, it is real, and that "all is not gold that glitters."

A MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Professor of Anatomy—How many bones are there in the human body?

Student—That depends upon what one has for dinner. In shad times there are generally more or less.

Professor—Where is the heart situated?

Student—Commonly in the left side of the thorax; but the majority of the students lose theirs altogether before leaving college.

Professor—Where are the carotid arteries?

Student—They arise on each side of the neck and pass as high as the shirt collar then down the insensate canal, and terminate in both boots.

Professor of Chemistry—Of what is the atmosphere composed?

Student—Oxygen, nitrogen and other foul gases, depending somewhat upon the inhabitants and the filth of the streets.

Professor—Give an example of the non-electrics.

Student—Rosin, feathers, hoops, old bachelors and lightning rods.

Professor of Materia Medica—Name some of the emetic agents.

Student—Ipecac, warm water, too much liquor and sea sickness.

Professor—What is considered the maximum dose of opium?

Student—One drop of the millionth dilution of one-half of the smallest possible quantity, is a powerful dose for a homœopathic; but we have been advised to give it as long as the patient can swallow and repeat the dose.

Professor of Surgery—How would you distinguish a dislocation from a sprain?

Student—The safest way is to twist the injured limb until we are sure that it is dislocated, then set it. All concerned are better satisfied.

Professor—What is the treatment for enlargement of the tonsils?

Student—That must depend upon circumstances. If I had a tonsil imstrument I should remove them, but otherwise treat them rationally.

Professor of Theory and Practice—Give us the best treatment for intermittent fever.

Student—Give quinine until the patient is blind and then send him an eye surgeon.

Professor Would not the warm bath be good in connection with the quinine?

Student—Certainly and the warmer the better.

Professor—How long would you keep the patient in it?

Student—Until the skin slips, then sweat him off with hot stuff.

Professor of Obstetricks—Have you had any experience in the lying in department?

Student—Certainly, sir; I was noted for *lying* in our town, and came near being laid out for it.

The student was allowed a degree.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Franklin's Only Son.—As the name of Franklin is ever prominently before the public, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of his only son, William, about whom we think little is known by the community at large. Unlike his father, whose chief claim is for the invaluable services he rendered his country in her greatest need, the son was from the first a devoted loyalist. Before the Revolutionary War he held the office of Governor of New Jersey, which appointment he received in 1773. When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies were coming to a crisis, he threw his whole influence in favor of loyalty, and endeavored to prevent the Legislative Assembly of New Jersey from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress of Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did but little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favor of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in difficulty. He was deposed from office by the Whigs, to give place to William Livingston and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained two years in East-Pindor, in the house of Captain Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exchanged, and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he had sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1813 at the age of eighty-two.

As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty, so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercourse. When, in 1784, the son wrote to his father, in his reply Dr. Franklin says:

"Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and effected me with such sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age, by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune and life were all at stake."

In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making him some bequest, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavored to deprive me of."

The patriotism of the father stands forth all the brighter when contrasted with the desertion of his son.

Caught on the Jury.—The following which we heard told as a fact some time ago, is too good to be lost, and may be beneficial to some gentleman who has a young and unsuspecting wife.

A certain man, who lived about ten miles from K——, was in the habit of going to town about once a week and getting on a regular spree, and would not return until he had time to "cool off," which was generally two or three days. His wife was ignorant of the cause of his staying out so long, and suffered greatly from anxiety about his welfare. When he would return, of course his confiding wife would inquire what had been the matter with him, and the invariable reply was "that he was caught on the jury and couldn't get off."

Having gathered his corn and placed it in a large heap, he, according to custom, determined to call in his neighbors and have a real corn-shucking frolick. So he gave Ned, a faithful servant, a jug and an order to go to town and get a gallon of whiskey—a very necessary article on such occasions. Ned mounted a mule and was soon in town, and equipped with the whiskey, and remounted to set out for home, all buoyant with the prospect of fun at the "shucking."

When he had proceeded a few hundred yards from the town he concluded to try the "stuff," and, not satisfied with once, kept trying until the world turned round so fast that he turned off the mule, and there he went to sleep and the mule to grazing. It was nearly night, and when Ned awoke it was just before the break of day, and so dark that he was unable to make any start towards home until light. As soon as his bewilderment had subsided so that he could get the "point," he started with an empty jug, the whiskey having run out, and afoot, for the mule had gone home. Of course he was contemplating the application of a "two year old hickory," or a piece of twisted cowhide, as he went on at the rate of two-forty.

Ned reached home about breakfast time, and "fetched up" at the back door with a decidedly guilty countenance.

"What in the thunder have you been at, you black rascal," said his master.

Ned, knowing his master's excuse to his wife when he got on a spree, determined to tell the truth if he died for it, and said:

"Well, master, to tell the truth, *I was kotch on the jury and couldn't get off.*

SLIGHT MISTAKES.

Hon. Wm. L. Dayton once made a very long speech to prove that California never would be of any use to the United States, and says the Baltimore Exchange:

"In 1823, Major Long, standing on the South-western shores of Lake Michigan, described Chicago as a wretched village, composed of a few filthy log huts and bark houses, inhabited by a degenerate race of Indians and half breeds. After making an official reconnoisance of the village and its surroundings, with a view to ascertain its advantages as a port of entry, he expressed the opinion that the danger attending the navigation of the Lake, the scarcity of harbors along the coast, and the sand banks which were in continual process of formation on the Eastern and Southern shores, would prevent any works of consequence from being undertaken to improve that frontier trading post, and must ever prove a serious obstacle to the increase of its commercial importance."

CAPITAL SERMON

A writer in the Sierra (Cal.) *Citizen*, under the title of "Young Men and Tree Frogs," gives a better sermon, better lecture on morality, and a better essay on mental philosophy, all in a few lines, than are sometimes found in as many volumes of standard authors:

"The tree frog acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time; if it is found on the oak, it will bear the color of that tree; if on the sycamore, or cypress, it will be a whitish brown; and when it is found on growing corn, it is sure to be green. Just so it is with young men, their companions tell us what their character is, if they associate with the vulgar, the licentious and the profane, then their hearts are already stained with their guilt and shame; and they will themselves become like the vicious. The study of bad books, or the love of wicked companions is the broadest and most certain road to ruin that young men can travel, and a few well directed lessons in either will lead them on step by step to the gate of destruction. Our moral and physical laws show how important it is to have proper associations of every kind, especially in youth. How dangerous it is to gaze on a picture or scene that pollutes the immagination or blunts the moral perceptions or has a tendency to weaken a sense of our duty to God and man."

SINGULAR INFATUATION.

The Philadelphia *Press* mentions a curious circumstance connected with the loss of the Austria. The wife of Mr. Theodore Gerok, of Baltimore, is now visiting her relatives in Philadelphia, and while they have no doubt of his loss, *she* alone has a deep conviction that he is not dead; either he was not on board the Austria (though he wrote to her that he had actually paid for his passage) or if he was, that he *must* have been among the few that were rescued. But here is something still more strange:

It may be within the knowledge of many of our readers that a clergyman of this city was among those who left for Europe on the ill-fated President, and was never again heard of. His wife, who remained in Philadelphia, and was deeply attached to him, never did, because she never could believe that he was lost to her.—*eighteen years* have passed away, and yet that trusting lady—we cannot speak of her as *wife*, and she repudiates the name of *widow—continues to expect his return. Every day a cover is placed for him at the table where still stands his accustomed chair*—Every ring at the bell, we are informed, awakens the cherished conviction of her heart that the loved one will return.

A STRICT TEMPERANCE MAN.

We were accosted the other evening, says the editor of a Boston paper, by a gentlemanly looking man, evidently balancing a clever sized brick in his castor.

"I say, mis-mister, will you be kind enough to tell me the way to Broadway?"

"No Broadway here, sir; this is not New York."

"Oh! ah! yes, that's a fact. Well, I beg your pardon—your pardon—pardon; show me to Fourth street—Mil—Miller's Hotel."

"Now you're in Philadelphia, old boy.—Wrong again."

"Ha! ha! well, I'm darn'd confused, that's a fact. All right. Please to tell me whe—whether it's left or right I take to Holliday street?"

"That's a street that ain't got this way yet. Perhaps you are thinking of the city of Baltimore?"

"Well, where the deuce am I, stranger, anyhow?"

We told him in Boston.

He jammed his fists into his pockets, after hitting his hat a smash, and stepped out, observing:

"Well, I'm darn'd if I follow this temperance caravan any longer."

☞When we see a lady looking at us through an opera glass, we are apt to suppose she might think it very indelicate to look with her naked eye.—*Prentice.*

Very likely she does think so in the case alluded to. A dirty object is always an "indelicate" one.—*Boston Post.*

☞A colored man, from the vicinity of Urbana, has been spenbing a few days in Springfield, Ohio, who is one hundred and twelve years of age! His hair is as white as snow.—Strange as it may seem, he does not claim to have been a body-searvant of Washington.

☞There is said to be more Lager Beer drank in Philadelphia, than in any city in Germany.

☞The yellow fever has abated in New Orleans to such an extent as to be no longer epidemic.

☞At Lancaster, Pa, an apple tree is in bloom again, and in New Jersey is farmer a selling his second crop of raspberries at $1 25 a quart.

☞A popular writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through the salt water will be fresh.

☞Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his gait is broken, and his slocks are few.

☞Two Chicago Ladies went to a ball the other evening in a furniture wagon; no ordinary carriage could contain the dresses they wore.

☞Be civil to the woman who bites the end of her gloves.