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Poetry

UNHAPPY JOHN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Unhappy John doubts woman's truth,
And vows true love is dead and gone;
Why? He was jilted in his youth;
A false fair maid abandoned John;
Because he found one cankered peach,
All fruit is worthless in his eyes.
Come forth, ye gentle souls, and teach
The selfish craven how he lies:
Come forth, ye ladies, bright and fair,
Fond of him your reproving hands,
And let your eyes your truth declare,
And shame him where he stands.

Unhappy John is sick of schemes;
He doubts the use of striving on;
Why? Something is amiss, it seems,
And failure has disheartened John.
He moans in piteous distress,
Because his projects topple down;
Come forth, ye masters of success,
Ye builders of your own renown,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak;
Show him your hard and blistered hands,
Tell him the worth of stroke on stroke,
And shame him where he stands.

Unhappy John distrusts his kind;
He gives the world his malison;
Why? He was somewhat weak and blind,
And a false rogue defrauded John.
He thinks misanthropy is right,
If he be cheated of his pelf.
Come forth, true souls, and in your light,
Defeat the bigot to himself!
Come forth ye generous and good,
With spotless hearts and liberal hands,
Show him the face of brotherhood,
And shame him where he stands.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY LANDON C. HAYNES.

The discovery of America, in its practical bearings on the destinies of mankind, was equivalent to the creation of another planet beyond the seas for the habitation of man. It brought into activity on the race a new communication of physical causes, which, in their physical operation, shall lead to consequences—political, social, intellectual, and moral—greater than have yet occupied the thoughts or dazzled the minds of men.

North America stands forth on our sphere the centre figure among the continents around which they are all grouped. On the one hand, she lifts her front, set all glittering with cities, in the face of Europe; and on the other, turns her western slope, watered with rivers "dittily turbid with gold," and crowned with eternal spring, in the broad vision of Asia, while between these extremes lies an empire more than six thousand miles in its outline, covered with the richest soils ever visited by the beams of the sun, and intersected by streams which pour their floods through "inland seas" to the great ocean. And already Science, in her azure robe, has taken her stand on the crest of the world, the summit of the Rocky mountains, and gazing with dazzling eyes in the face of Asia, with a globe in one hand and a compass in the other, whose trembling quill, instinct with the pulsations of that wonderful vein of magnetic influence which throbs around the world, is pointing out to the millions of the West the parallel of latitude on which the riches of the earth are to find a highway to the East. And, indeed, she is now beckoning into our Pacific ports the "daring canvas" and flying steamer of every nation, from the wandering seas and distant transits around Cape Horn and Cape of Good Hope. And yet our country is but in the germ of her greatness and the infancy of her years.

In a century to come, at the regular rates of increase, she will contain a population of 500,000,000. It cannot be averted; for the general laws of the moral are as certain in their operation as those of the natural world. The Anglo-American race must eventually pour its wave of population over this continent, its progress in the past is the best augury for the future. Had any one in the time of the confederation said that the handful of men then living, and their descendants, in fifty years, would spread to the Pacific ocean, he would have been regarded as a run-mad enthusiast. But incredulity has been turned into faith and fancy into fact. Is it less probable that this powerful and master race, within the next half century, will have followed our eagles over all Central America? Already the pulse of the *Ardo-Americana* beats in Nicaragua.

And what exists in our system to prevent its extension to the world? It is totally unlike any other which ever existed. In the checks and balances, concord and harmony of its "embodied members," it approaches more nearly to the solar system, planned by God himself, than any other; for, like the planets—each revolving on its axis, while bound by the kindly

law of gravitation to the central luminary—every State, possessing a separate, distinct, and independent government of her own, is, at the same time, bound with her sisters into a perfect union around the Federal Government by the compact of the Constitution of the United States.

The inference of dismemberment from territorial expansion, springs from the error of confounding our representative republic with pure and primitive democracies, and applying the reasonings drawn from one to the other. The true distinction is, as Mr. Madison said, that in a radical democracy the people meet and exercise the government in person—in a representative republic by their agents. It follows, that the territorial limit of a pure democracy will barely allow the most remote citizens, as often public exigencies demand, to come to the seat of government; and that of a representative republic, that distance which will permit the representative of the people to come to the central point as often as necessary without detriment to the public service.

The application of the agency of steam to transit on land and water, and the employment of the lightning for the transmission of intelligence, have endowed government, man, and the human mind, with a kind of earthly ubiquity, which, in point of time and practical effect, have brought the utmost borders of this whole continent nearer to its common centre than were the limits of the old thirteen States to the seat of government in the days of the confederation. Our double system of government, State and Federal, in the practical influence and expansibility of its machinery, is capable of adjusting itself as well to the whole as to any of its segments. Whether such an extension ought ever to take place, and the time and methods by which it shall be accomplished, it ever, as far as different questions—questions which must be decided by you in your day and generation, under a high sense of national justice, honor, and morality, when they shall arise.

Discarding, however, in nature, all social distinctions springing from the accidents of birth and fortune, and founded on the intrinsic dignity of man as man, our institutions know no aristocracy but that of virtue and of intellect.—The equality of civil and religious privileges and the great diffusion of political power among the people at large, by which every free man of the white race becomes an element in our State and national sovereignties, has brought the patronage of the Government and the capacities of the people into contact and furnished motives for high attainments in science, law, and political economy, unknown to the monarchies and despotisms of the other hemisphere, founded as they are upon the interest of the few. And, in consequence of the indefinite numbers to whom the high honors and dazzling rewards of our free country make their mighty depths of appeal, and whom they stir to mental activity in their preparations for our ever-returning "Olympics," our country is soon to be the "brightest spot" on the planet we inhabit, and in the empire of the mind, of letters, and of eloquence, the first in the civilized world.

Carry forward your minds, then, to that country which rises on the prophetic future.—Consider the immensity of her outline, itself a boundless image of liberty; crowded with a dense and mighty people; belted with every degree of climate, reposing in the midst of the great oceans, and watered by a thousand rivers running to the sea. Behold her fields spotted with flocks and herds, and crowned with purple harvests; checked with electric wires and public parks; studded with towns and cities, and ruled by the wisest government the world ever saw. Turn the radiant eye of contemplation to her beautiful seats of art, where the genius of sculpture "pours life and soul and passion" into the breathing marble, and the painter diffuses the beauty of the "face divine" on the living canvas. Look at her academies, colleges, and universities, thick as the stars, lighting the intellects of millions at their redundant fountains. Gaze on her sacred judicial tribunals, graced with a learned bench and eloquent bar; presenting, in the language of Chancellor Kent, the image of the Sanctity of Temples. Contemplate her parliamentary bodies, in which eloquence,

"All head to counsel, and all heart to feel," rules her "wilderness of free minds" with unbounded authority. Figure to yourselves her countless churches, the beautiful architectural creations of Christian ingenuity and opulent devotion; whose exquisite spires are lifting the hopes of their immortal flocks to the worship of the unseen Shepherd in the realms of immensity, while their choirs and organs are pouring forth, through all her valleys, a tide of choral harmony, which, in the swell of its grand diapason, caught by the "pendent heavens," is echoed through eternity!

In contemplation I behold through the vista of unmeasured years that mighty Republic, lord of the ascendant in the firmament of the nations; the favorite habitation of human liberty, and of the principles of a generous humanity; and by its inherent and renovating influence localizing all faction and fanaticism into specks upon its disk; in the integrity of its federation and the immutability of its sphere above the convulsions of the "rolling ages," it shall ultimately shed the beams of freedom on the darkest regions of the earth, and expand the circle of human beneficence and Christian charity to the horizon of the world.

The young lady who refused to go into the rifle manufactory because some of the guns had no breeches, is spending a few days at Sandy Hook, looking out for a ship that is said to be in stays.

A lady being about to marry a small man was told that he was a very bad fellow. "Well," said the lady, "if he is so bad there is one comfort—there is very little of him."

THE WHEAT HARVEST.

The wheat harvest is far advanced in several States, and the accounts are generally quite as favorable as could have been expected. In Kentucky, according to the *Louisville Courier*, the harvest will be a "splendid one." The yield of grain, that paper remarks, is not only extremely large, but the quality will be unsurpassed by the product of any former harvest. In three weeks from this date the millers will be receiving the new crop of wheat. In the adjoining States, the accounts are good. The Knoxville (Tenn.) *Whig* has information that the wheat crop of some of the counties of lower East Tennessee will be a small one; in the upper counties, except in some cases where it was damaged by the fly, it will be abundant.

Of Maryland and Virginia, the Baltimore *American* of Saturday says:—"Our letters and exchanges speak most encouragingly of the growing crops, and in our own States and Virginia all agree on the point that the prospect never was better." The farmers of lower Virginia are now engaged in cutting their wheat. Generally the crop is regarded as a good one. The Fredericksburg (Va.) *News* says the harvest is progressing finely in that neighborhood.

Alabama papers speak very flatteringly of the harvest in that State. The same is true of North Carolina. In Texas, the yield of wheat is remarkably good.

The wheat harvest is in progress in Southern Indiana. The yield is reported "more than ordinary," and "as possible." The *Bellefonte Democrat* says:—"Harvesting in this country is going on this week in good earnest, and we are pleased to learn that the yield is very heavy,—no rust." Other quotations might be made, of similar purport. It is safe to say that the Northwestern States, as a whole, will yield a fair average.

Respecting the crops in Ohio and Illinois, the following extract from the Cincinnati *Price Current* will be sufficiently definite.—The *Cleveland Herald*, remarking more particularly with reference to the late frost, states that Mr. J. H. Klippart, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, has been over the most of the wheat belt of the State, through Guernsey, Licking, Knox, Fairfield, Delaware, Richland, Crawford, and Ashland counties. He has examined wheat fields personally, wherever he has been, conversed with farmers, made the subject his study, and concludes that there will be three-fourths of what there could have been harvested under any circumstances.

From Cincinnati *Price Current*, 22d.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—The weather during the past week has been quite favorable to the growing crops generally. Sunday and Monday were rather hard days upon wheat, being showery and close, and in some sections we learn there are appearances of rust upon late crops; but yesterday was clear and pleasant.

As regards corn, it may be said to have recovered almost entirely from the effects of the frost of the 5th inst., and it is growing rapidly, presenting a most vigorous appearance. The prospect at present is that this crop will be unusually large.

The damage to wheat, from the frost, turns out to have been comparatively trifling in the aggregate. Fields that were supposed to have been ruined, now promise a fair average yield, while the injury appears to have been confined to a few localities, chiefly in Northeast Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

Potatoes are doing well, and the prospects are favorable for a large crop.

Fruit, such as apples, peaches, and pears, will be short—one-half an average crop would be an out side estimate for the central west.

From Northern Illinois the accounts regarding fall wheat are unfavorable, and the prospects for a good yield of spring wheat are not encouraging; while in Southern Illinois the crop is yielding handsomely. Everywhere, in Illinois, as in Ohio and Indiana, corn looks well.

GEN. SHIELDS ON BARRELS.

A short time since, Gen. Shields, landing at Hastings, on the Mississippi, compared his freight and bill of lading, one item calling for seven barrels. Strange to say, however, the General could only find on the landing, six of his barrels. He was heard counting them over several times with the same unsatisfactory result each time. Moving the index finger of his right hand up and down in a pointed manner at each barrel, thus he soliloquized aloud, with deliberate military emphasis: "One, two, three, four, five six." And shaking his head, with dignified gravity, saying, "Something wrong here," he recommended his account:—"One—two—three—four—five—six; where the — is the other barrel!" Full of wrath, he was proceeding to demand the production of the missing cask from the officers of the boat, when, lo! on his getting up for this purpose from where he was surveying, with characteristic dignity and gravity, his goods and sundries, it was discovered to his infinite amusement and that of the bystanders, that he had been sitting on the seventh barrel.

At Pittsfield, while a young lady and gentleman were playfully contending about a gold locket the former accidentally swallowed it.

The young gentleman immediately asked for the casket containing the jewel.

The Emperor of Russia has presented her diamond bracelet, valued at \$5000, to the wife of Captain Hudson, in acknowledgment for the storm. And then in a moment I turned and courtiers extended by him to some Russian, and called her my angel and all, she officers, while engaged in hying the *Atlantid* in my arms like a weary-one child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this fall."

SUM VERSES TO A SNAIK, BY BINKS.

Prodigious reptile! long and skaly kuss!
You are the dadrattedest biggest thing I ever
Seed, that and ty itself into a double bo
Not, and cum all strate again in a
Minnit or so, without winkin or seemin
To experience any particular pane
In the diafram.

Stopenjus inseck! marvelous annimile!
You are no doubt seven thousand yeres
Old, and have considerable of a
Family sneekin round thru the tall
Grass in Afriky, a etin up little greasy
Niggers, and a wishing they was bigger.
You are the saim miserable devvle,
I'll bet, that put redickus noshuns
Into the head of Eve, or his unkile, I
Don't no wotch.

I wonder how big you was when you
Was an inphabant about 2 fete long? I
Lived you was a purty good size, and
Lived on phrogs, and lizzards, and polly-
Wogs and satch things.

You are having a nice time row, ennyhow—
Don't hav nothin to do but lay oph
And eat kats and rabbits, and stic
Out yur tung, and twist yure tale.

I wonder if you ever swallered a man
Without takin oph his butes. If that was
Blass butins on his kote, I spose
Ya had to swaller a lot of buttin-
Wholes, and a shu hamer-to nock
The sools oph the boots and kryve in
The tax, so they wouldn't tute yur
Shumnick. I wonder if vittles taste
Good all the way down. I expect so—
At least, fur 6 or 7 fete.

You are so almighty long, I shud thnk
If yure tale was kold yure head,
Woodent no till the next day,
Bit it's hard to tell; snaik is snatks.

—Golden Era.

THE ZOUAVES IN WAR.

From the Paris Journal des Debats.

VERCELLI, June 1.

The telegraph will have informed you of the glorious feat of arms accomplished by the 3d Zouaves beyond Palestro. This brave regiment made a beginning by capturing the cannon that were playing upon them. Balls and grape were thrown overboard; that was all; the artillery men were dead.

Let me give you the recital of a wounded Zouave whom I met yesterday at Torrione, two or three hours after the fight:

"We were very quiet there before a brook, when we saw five or six horsemen on a height not far off; we said they were Austrian hussars reconnoitering, and made ready to have a little conversation with them. But suddenly a pack of grape came upon us, accompanied with a shower of balls. The rascals had put guns on the hill, and hid their riflemen in the wheat where we could not see a sign of them. While we were looking about, grape mingled with the conversation. The colonel sees from where the shot comes by the smoke. The officers turn to us: 'Zouaves! they shout, to the guns!' We all leap into the brook. The water was up to our necks; our cartridge boxes take a bath; and we can't fire a single shot. It was a good 300 yards to the Batteries. But didn't we go over the ground like gymnasts? How they fell! The grape mowed the grass around us. In a twinkling we are on the hill, hitting, striking, stabbing. A shell falls and five of my comrades are blown into the air. Look! my case is full of their blood. I had my arm open, but the guns were ours."

This story affected me, I confess; I grasped the end of the arm that was bound in red ribbon. A little tremulously I asked the names of the officers who were wounded. Thank God, none whom we knew have fallen. I will not speak of others; I should fear to be inexact and to throw mourning into many families. Alas! there was one whom Commandant Bocher prested to me only the evening before. Never was a face more gay and laughing than his was when his head had been taken off by a ball.

"He was as good as he was big," said the Zouave.

He gave up making the acquaintance of officers. These shocks injure me. They say it because I am used to not to it.

The evening or next morning after these mercurious frays, at the table d'hote, or at the camp when the officers meet to get the news, the we see how, in some of its features, grief is ingled with carelessness. The news comes questioned; a name is spoken; a countenance contracts; a clenched fist comes down on the table; a hand is passed quickly over the eyes. One comrade bites his moustache, another gets up and steps aside to cough, turning his head; his neighbor lights a cigar, his hand trembling a little. An ejaculation, an exclamation, a "Such a good fellow!" They swallow a cup of coffee and separate.

He funeral oration of the departed is finished.

"WE'LL MARRY THIS FALL."—I gave her a ring and gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me, but she sent them all back, insensitively, and said she had no notion of men.—old bet I'd oceans of money and goods, tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered he wasn't brought up in the woods to be frightened by the screech of an owl. I called her a beggar and everything bad. I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a sea in the Emperor's beach, and called her my angel and all, she officers, while engaged in hying the *Atlantid* in my arms like a weary-one child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this fall."

THE TALKING FISH.—This extraordinary phenomenon is being exhibited at 191 Piccadilly. It has been generally thought that this was one the clever humbugs of the day, but we must say that on witnessing its performance, we came to the conclusion that it is one of the greatest curiosities of the age. In the centre of the exhibition room, in Piccadilly, is a huge tub or oval shape, containing about three feet of water, and in this water is to be seen a creature apparently of the seal species, disporting itself in a most peculiar manner. It is amphibious. It measures about 12 feet in length; and weighs 8 cwt. It appears that it was caught with much trouble, and at great personal hazard, by "Signor Cavanna and crew," off the coast of Africa, on the 4th of May, 1854. It is the only individual of the species that has ever been exhibited. "In offering this curious animal to public view, the proprietor wishes to inform his visitors that they are not to confound it with the marine wolf, as it is of quite a different species. The female, which he has the honor to present to the public, obeys the word of command, and executes various performances, which have caused great admiration to the first naturalists of England, France and Portugal. The creature, notwithstanding its great ferocity, has with difficulty been tamed, and in a sense domesticated. Such is its present docility and obedience, that it has left its locality at night in search of its keeper, and has laid down to sleep by his side. It is of enormous bulk, has two rows of teeth, and is covered with fine hair. It only feeds on fish, of which it daily eats the immense quantity of 45 lbs. It is ferocious and dangerous to its enemy, but docile to its keeper, whose orders and expressions it comprehends, and whose face and hands it kisses. Its intelligence is so active that it pronounces several words distinctly." Such is the description of the animal which we received on entering the room, and as far as our personal observation went, we can bear testimony to the truth of this statement. The animal utters the words, "mamma," and "papa," distinctly, it rolls over in the water repeatedly, obeys the orders of its keeper like a dog; when commanded, it raises its body in an upright position, sits upon its tail end, kisses both hands of its guardian, follows with its beautiful and intelligent eyes, his motions round the room, and stretches its feet over the side of the tub to kiss his mouth. It also extends its fins, or paws, to shake his hands, and we have little doubt it could be taught to leave its tub altogether, and to move up and down the room as it were arm in arm with its master. Its eyes are larger than those of an ox, its mouth is most capacious, and it has two rows of teeth as sharp and as strong as those of a tiger. At night the animal sleeps on damp boards with a blanket or two. The fins or paws have each five fingers, though the whole are covered with a thick skin. It has two tails, which are constantly in motion to guide its evolutions around the tub. It has no visible ears, and yet it appears to understand every order given.—*Bell's Life in London*.

A LARGE FISH.—Old Joe Phillips was an awful story-teller. When a stranger came to his tavern, if he appeared at all credulous, old Joe would tell a long yarn to his village acquaintances, but talk at the stranger. A short time since a stranger came into his bar-room, with rod, line, and other fishing paraphernalia, when Joe seized a friend and startled him by the question:

"Did you hear about the big fish Col. Potter caught to-day in the river?"

The stranger pricked up his ears. Joe and his friend sat on after this style:

"No," said the friend, in answer to Joe's question.

"Biggest sturgeon that ever was caught anywhere."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, when I came away he hadn't caught all of him, though he had about six feet of him ashore."

"Gracious, how much did it weigh?"

"Three hundred pounds; and he made nine barrels of oil!"

"Nine barrels of oil?" inquired the stranger, advancing, "did you say nine barrels?"

"Yes," said Joe fiercely, "I said nine barrels. Is there anything strange, sir?"

"Oh no, pardon," said the stranger, musingly; "only I was thinking it a little singular that you could extract twenty-seven hundred pounds of oil from three hundred pounds of fish!" and gathering up his fishing utensils he left.

Two Irishmen were one evening engaged in the highly interesting task of stealing peaches.

Pat being the more nimble of the two had climbed the tree, and was busily engaged in shaking fruit therefrom, when he was stopped by Jamie with the exclamation—

"Arrah, Pat, and shure and have payches legs?"

"No, you fool, why do you ask that question ye blatherhead, don't be makin' a noise but pick up the payches," replied Pat.

"But, Pat, are ye sure that payches haven't any legs?" continued Jamie.

"Didn't I tell ya they hadn't, ye bloody spalpeen," rejoined Pat.

"Well then," said Jamie, "if payches hain't got legs, be the mortal gob I've swallowed a shradde bug."

Jamie had swallowed a tree-load.

An exchange paper says that there are three candidates in one of the counties in Wisconsin for the legislature: Mr. J. M. Root is the Democratic candidate, Robert Hogg is the Free Soil candidate, and T. H. Dye is the Whig candidate. So with the voters we suppose it will be Root, Hogg or Dye—and no mistake.

"Tom, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?"

"I'm mourning over departed spirits," was the reply.

AN ANOROUS AERONAUT.—A French journal relates the following story, which it will be seen is French all over, besides being immensely funny:

While Mons. Godard was filling an immense balloon in the *Champ d Mars*, he amused the spectators by sending up a small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of M. Thiers without the spectacles. The little man being filled with gas rose majestically into the air, and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known the next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favoring gale which impelled him on his course, the little balloonman arrived the same afternoon in the sight of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bievoro. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mystery of her toilet. It was a warm day, and she opened one of the windows which looked out upon the park, and was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of a corset-lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a noise; and immediately the casement was thrown open, and our little balloonman entered her chamber unannounced. The lady uttered a cry of terror, and throws a shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who, screaming louder than ever, dashes him off, and he conceals himself under the bed.

Just as the wife, in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Don Juan: "Ah! Monsieur, go away, you will ruin me!" the husband furiously rushed in, crying: "Ah! wretch, I have him now!" and goes in search of his sword to run him through the body.

The wife more dead than alive, reiterates, in the midst of her sobs: "Fly! fly! Monsieur, save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy."

The husband arrives armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger.

While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who for good cause, utters not a word, and catching him by the leg draws him forth from his concealment, when, lo! Monsieu Ballon, no longer held down by the bedstead, raises himself erect, swells out, and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the amusement of the spectators, while the poor jealous husband sinks away, sword and all, heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.

"WHAT IN thunder makes you look so glum, Tom?"

"Oh, I've had to endure a sad trial to my feelings."

"To your pheelinx! Why what on earth was it?"

"Why, ahem!—I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on!"

"Sad trial indeed, Tom. Wonder you didn't faint?"

"Boy, you seem to be quite smart—altogether too smart for this school. Can you tell me how many six black beans are?"

"Yes sir—half a dozen."

"Well, how many are half a dozen white beans?"

"Six, sir."

"Tremendous smart boy. Now tell me how many white beans there are in six black ones?"

"Half a dozen, if you skin 'em!"

A TRIFLER.—A young lady recently applied to a city lawyer of Richmond, Va., for advice as to how she would proceed to obtain damages against any individual who trifles with her feelings. The following note was submitted in proof of the gentlemen's endeavors to win the affections of Juliet:

"Dear —, I send w/bi the boy a bucket of flour. This is like my love for you. The nite shad men's kepe dark. The dog fenit men's I am slave. Rosised and possis peif Mi luv for u shall never fail."

Teacher—"Boy at the foot, spell admittance."

Boy—"A-d, se, m-i-t, mit, t-a-n-c-e, fance, admittance."

Teacher—"Give the definition."

Boy—"Twenty-five cents—children half price."

The latest and most wonderful cure effected by patent medicine, recorded, is the following:

A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. An hour afterwards the boy threw up the dollar all in small change, principally in five cent pieces.

The women of Blissfield, Michigan, have organized a lodge of the "Daughters of Malta," and are holding their mysterious meetings two or three evenings in each week. The men have thus far failed to ascertain the object and manners of the new society.

A man having hurt his forehead, was advised to rub it with brandy. Some days after, being asked if he had done so, he promptly answered: "Well, I have tried several times, but can never get the brandy higher than my mouth!"

An exchange says that it is just as sensible a move to undertake to get married without courting as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising. True as preaching. Our business folks can "stick a pin there."

Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.