

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Miscellaneous.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN CHINA.

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Hooiland's Column.

YOU ALL HAVE HEARD OF HOOILAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOOILAND'S GERMAN TONIC. Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Philadelphia.

Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in 1825.

THEY CURED YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics.

The greatest known remedies for Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE, Disruptions of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

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It is entirely vegetable and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts, The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made, gathered in Germany.

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SOLLER THOUGHTS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The fear of God is the philosophy of religion; the love of God is the charity of religion.

Hope is a hen that lays more eggs than she can hatch out.

Better leave your child virtuous than money; but this is a secret known only to a few.

I honestly believe it is better to know nothing than to know what ain't so.

About the hardest work a fellow can do is to keep two galls, at once, and preserve a good average.

Prudery is one of virtue's bastards. A nickname will outlive any man or thing; it is like the crook in a dog's tale, you may cut it off, and throw it behind the barn, but the crook is there yet, and the stump is the epitaph.

If you analyze what most men call pleasure, you will find it composed of one part humbug, and two parts pain.

When you ain't got nothing to do, do it at once, this is the way to learn to be busy.

We have bin told that the best way to overcome misfortunes is to fight with them—I have tried both ways, and recommend a successful dodge.

The art of becoming ov important in the eyes of others, is to overrate yourself, but to cause them to do it.

The true way to understand the judgments of heaven is to submit to them.

Method is everything, especially the ordinary man; the few men who can lift a ton, at pleasure, have a divine right to take hold of it and tread it down.

The mind of man is like a piece of land that, to be useful, must be manured with learning, ploughed with energy, sown with virtue, and harvested with economy.

Where religion is a trade, morality is a merchandise.

Conversation should be enlivened with wit, not composed of it.

The less a man knows, the more he will guess at, and guessing is nothing more than suspicion.

Going to law, is like skinning a new mitch cow for the hide, and giving the meat to the lawyers.

Death is the most of us, is kind of "farewell benefit"—"positively our last appearance."

Phoos are quite often like hornets, very bizzzy, but about what, the Lord only knows.

Living on Hope, is like living on wind, a good way to get phull, but a poor way to get phull.

Jealously don't pay, the best it can do is to discover what we don't want to find, nor don't expect to.

Secrets are a mortgage on friendship. I don't think a bad man is as dangerous as a weak one—I don't think a bile that has come to a head, is as risky as a hidden one, that may come to a dozen heads.

The Career of a Guerrilla's Heide.

A Romance of the Late Civil War.

Nearly every pleasant day pedestrians on our principal avenues pass a dark eyed brunette, of medium size, plump figure and richly dressed.

In the early spring of 1861, Sue Kiteridge, a lovely girl just returned from boarding school, lived upon her father's plantation in one of the rural districts of Kentucky, uncertain whether to risk her fate with the new "Confederacy" or hang back.

She was seventeen, and a frequent visitor at the adjoining plantation of Mr. Mundy, an old gentleman, whose wife and son, a young man, composed a happy family.

One day a company of Union cavalry rode down upon the place, plundered the premises, carried off the valuables, burned the residence and finally slaughtered the parents, who were defending their own firesides, laying waste the country in their track, and leaving Mundy and Sue orphans indeed.

Young Mundy was at last aroused, and while being carried off a prisoner no words escaped his lips but "Sue!" When asked his name he repeated "Sue!"—probably the effect of a disordered brain.

His linen examined, the indelible name of "Mundy" was found, and ever after he was known as "Sue Mundy," the constant terror of Union citizens and soldiers in that section.

Released on parole, he immediately returned and interred the charred remains of his own parents, as well as the body of Mr. K. Taking a solemn and fearful oath of vengeance, and accompanied by Sue, who was now with him or friends in the wide world, he started for a neighboring camp of bush-whackers or guerrillas, where he was received with open arms, and was soon promoted to the office of commander of the force, while Sue, disguised, and passing by the name of "Kit," an abbreviation of Kiteridge, proved invaluable as a spy, a fearless rider, and of undoubted bravery.

Kit, after serving nearly two years as spy and general planner for the band, found her health failing. Disguised and armed with the highest testimonials, she succeeded in securing a position on the staff of General Claiborne, the hardest fighting Irishman in the rebel army. This position she held, doing her duty like a man, until the battle of Atlanta, July 12, 1864, in which Gen. Claiborne was killed.

Returning to her youthful hero and his band, she again revelled in the carnival of blood, and her spirit was willing, the flesh was weak, and Kit was again transferred to guard duty at an Ironville. Prisoners who have shared the hospitality of that celebrated camp will perhaps remember a short, stout and muscular young Lieutenant, with flashing black eyes, a face smooth as a maiden's, and cruel, as though a fiend incarnate lurked within.

This was Sue Kiteridge, the amiable young boarding school miss, the cheerful companion, the once wealthy heiress, the beautiful maiden and firm friend of young Mundy, whose life to her was dearer than her own.

Sue Mundy and a part of his band were captured, and tried by court martial. Kit was present during the whole trial, and used her greatest influence, but of no avail. Sue Mundy was convicted and hung at Louisville, Kentucky, in March, 1865. The flowing hair still hung about his shoulders, and when his youthful corpse was taken down and laid away in his narrow bed, the bleeding and broken heart of Sue Kiteridge was buried with it; and a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and friendless, she lives without hope of heaven or mercy, forsaken and disordered, and cast away.—Detroit Post.

NICELY CAUGHT. At the masked ball in New Orleans, a few weeks ago, a gay and handsome man who had refused to take his wife to the ball on the plea of business, was struck by a stranger, a lady in mask. On her he exerted all his fascinations.

"Oh, sir, you quite put me out with your flattery! I suspect you are a married man," said the lady.

"No indeed; but I confess a willingness to get married since I had the pleasure of seeing you," was the gallant reply.

"Indeed! but you haven't seen my face yet."

"No, but I know it is beautiful.—The exquisite grace which accompanies every thing you do and say tells me as much."

"Indeed!" "I think so; but you will no longer deny me that satisfaction; for I assure you, lady, I am deeply in love."

"Indeed!" "It is true. Until I met you tonight, women have looked to me homely and common-place."

"Oh, you are jesting."

"Indeed, I am not."

"And you never loved any one before?" "Never! Your sex appeared to me always deceitful, and my heart refused to feel any sympathy, but for you I feel a passionate attraction I have no power or inclination to resist."

"Can this be true?" "It is, indeed."

"And you wish to see my face?" "I am mad with impatience, since it will be the only face my heart will ever mirror. It has upon it now no rival impression!"

"You are so persuasive I can no longer deny you the privilege—look!" and the mask was removed.

"Thy devil!" said the discomfited benedict, indulging in a prolonged whistle.

"Oh, no my dear, only the face that has no rival impression upon your heart."

"Say, Mary, let's call it square and go home."

"I think we'd better."

And they went.

AN OCEAN OF SNAKES.

A Ship Passes Through a Writhing Mass of Reptiles.

The statement published in last Sunday's Times that the steam-ship Mexico, Captain Pittfield, when on her last trip, off the Tortugas, steamed through a tangled mass of snakes of all sizes, has become a subject of much comment.

"Snake stories" are proverbially uncertain, but we are now enabled authoritatively to declare that this particular one may safely be relied upon.

Our original account was incorrect in one particular only. Instead of two hours and a half, as stated, the Mexico was more than one hour and a half in passing through this horrible mass of writhing reptiles.

They were of all sizes, from the ordinary green water snakes of two feet to monsters—genuine sea serpents—of fourteen feet in length. The largest snakes, when the swell produced by the movement of the vessel reached them would, we are informed, partly raise themselves up from the water, as in the attitude of striking, and dart out their tongues wickedly at the waves.

The greatest interest, as was natural, was manifested by those on board the Mexico. Decline was forgotten, and the captain, officers, passengers, crew and ship boys stood in common by the sides looking on a sight that, so far as shown by sea annals, has never yet been witnessed by those who have gone "down to the sea in ships," which may, possibly, never greet human eyes again.

We can think of no valid explanation on the subject unless it be—taking our own inspiration of the "day"—that the shade of that famous snake destroyer, on the approach of his anniversary, has been wandering in Florida, and has shown that he has lost none of his old skill by driving off in one mass its myriads of reptiles from the coast.

Seriously speaking, however, the presence of these snakes in the waters off the Tortugas is a remarkable occurrence, one that may properly claim the attention of the scientific.

One fact at least is proven. That fact is that under some special revulsion of the laws ordinarily controlling them, snakes may live in salt water. After this experience, the existence of the mysterious "sea serpent" becomes again an "open question."

Our authority for this statement is Capt. O. A. Pittfield himself, who expresses himself ready to vouch for every particular as here recorded.—New Orleans Times.

WASN'T ACQUAINTED.—"Why is it," said one of our school-marks to a young scapgrace who had caused her much trouble by her bad conduct, "why is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said Sue Kiteridge, the amiable young boarding school miss, the cheerful companion, the once wealthy heiress, the beautiful maiden and firm friend of young Mundy, whose life to her was dearer than her own.

Sue Mundy and a part of his band were captured, and tried by court martial. Kit was present during the whole trial, and used her greatest influence, but of no avail. Sue Mundy was convicted and hung at Louisville, Kentucky, in March, 1865. The flowing hair still hung about his shoulders, and when his youthful corpse was taken down and laid away in his narrow bed, the bleeding and broken heart of Sue Kiteridge was buried with it; and a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and friendless, she lives without hope of heaven or mercy, forsaken and disordered, and cast away.—Detroit Post.

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HOUSE AND FARM.

Taste in Furnishing Houses.—Mr. Eastlake, a very cultivated English writer, has been giving his views on the decoration of houses, and pointing out the follies and extravagances of modern upholstery.

The London Spectator commenting on Mr. Eastlake's book on "Household Taste," says: "Let every man or woman who is furnishing decide for himself or herself what he wants, arrange his room as he please, take no counsel except from artists and books and his own sense of convenience, snub every seller who ventures to mutter 'They are not now used,' and above all, give time to search for the precise thing he wants.

With time and a little money anything can be accomplished, even the furnishing of a modern house, so that it shall be a pleasant habitation, shall not require renewal more than once in a lifetime, and shall not bear the most distant resemblance to an upholsterer's showroom." The ridiculous custom of turning one's house into a mere imitation of every one else's, and utterly destroying its individuality by the resemblance to every other one in town, is too absurd, and is equalled by keeping a large, dreary, freshly-furnished parlor, shut up and seldom used because other people do. Every room in a house should have an occupied, habitable air, and not look like the show room of an upholsterer and thus serve as a mere advertisement of some shop instead of showing the taste of the occupants of the house.

To Revive Faded Black Cloths.—Boil two or three ounces of logwood in vinegar, and when the color is extracted, drop in a piece of carbonate of iron, as large as a chestnut; let it boil. Have the coat or pantaloons well sponged with soap and hot water laying them on a table, and brushing the nap down with a sponge. Then take the dye upon the table and sponge them all over with it, taking care to keep them smooth and brush down with dye, dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in warm water, and sponge all over with this, and it sets the color so completely that nothing rubs off. They must not be wrung or wrinkled, but carefully hung up to drain. The brownest cloth may be made a perfect black in this simple manner.

Shade in Pastures.—Certain trees, like elms, maples, basswood or lindens, willows, etc., interfere with the growth of the grass or crops, their roots being near the surface. Hickories, oaks, popperidges and beeches, send their roots deep, and grass grows well in their shade. Still we would not cut down the former class. Cows give milk better the more still and quiet they are, and cool shade contributes essentially to their comfort. Cattle will soon fill themselves if the pasturage is good; then they want shade to chew their cud under, and do proportionally better for it.

To Keep the Bugs Away.—Protect your melon, squash, and cucumber vines thus: Take sticks four inches long and one half inch in diameter—pine is the best. Wrap one inch of one end in a piece of cotton or linen. Dip this in turpentine, and stick one or two in each hill, leaving only the wrapped part above ground. The odor of the turpentine does the business. "I have tried this for four years," says a correspondent of an exchange paper, "with uniform success."

Strawberry Wine.—According to the Practical Farmer, three quarts of strawberries make one quart of juice. Add three quarts of water and three pounds of the best sugar. Use a clean, sweet cask, and leave the bung out for fermentation. When this subsides, close tight, and the wine is ready for use. "It will keep ten years and more if it can be secured from depreciation, which, on account of its attractive qualities, has been found a very difficult undertaking."

Cabbage Pests.—A correspondent writes to ask if we cannot suggest something which will destroy "the flies" that have eaten off nearly all the leaves of his cabbages just set out. The insects complained of are without doubt cabbage-flies, and if the leaves are dusted with ashes or Scotch snuff in the morning, when the dew is on them, these pests will be destroyed.

Hogs in Orchards.—If you are not particular about the looks, turn your hogs into the orchard. But keep the wire out of their snouts. Let them root to their heart's content; mellow the soil; they are equivalent to a cultivator—better in a sod; they are content workers. They will meet three important things: they will work the soil, manure it, and destroy the insect-fruit. This remedy, for at least two years, is advisable. Then grow sod, if you like, and your soil is rich enough. In olden times hogs were in orchards, and there was fruit.

Ants' Nests in Gardens.—A correspondent informs us that by burying a few sliced onions in ants' nests he has caused them to abandon their quarters. We learn from an experienced horticulturist, that two or three tablespoonsful of kerosene poured into the holes in their nests will produce the same effect.—American Etomologist.

A New Wrinkle.—A writer in the Ohio Farmer says that after the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eye-lid, and every year thereafter he has an additional well-defined wrinkle on the same spot. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles he is twelve, if four, he is thirteen.—Add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will always get the age. As a good many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried.

WHAT is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable lady? One faces the powder and the other powders the face.

Job Printing.

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PENS AND PENCILS. Gillot's, Hollowback & Carey's, Dutton and Clark's Indelible, Cohen's, Office, Guitknecht's, Every Saturday, Living Age, Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls Magazine &c. Constantly on hand to accommodate those who want to purchase living reading matter, the cheapest, are above enumerated. Give a call. We buy and sell for CASH, and by this arrangement we expect to sell as cheap as goods of this class are sold anywhere.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated, Chimney Corner, New York Ledger, Harper's Bazar, Every Saturday, Living Age, Putnam's Monthly Magazine, Arthur's House Magazine, Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls Magazine &c. Constantly on hand to accommodate those who want to purchase living reading matter, the cheapest, are above enumerated. Give a call. We buy and sell for CASH, and by this arrangement we expect to sell as cheap as goods of this class are sold anywhere.

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The Chinese Government having (through the Hon. Anson Burlingame) conceded to this Company the privilege of connecting the great seaports of the Empire by submarine electric telegraph cable, we propose commencing operations in China, and laying down a line of nine hundred miles at once, between the following ports: Canton, Population, 1,000,000. Macao, 60,000. Hong-Kong, 250,000. Swatow, 200,000. Amoy, 250,000. Foo-Chow, 1,250,000. Wan-Chow, 300,000. Ningpo, 400,000. Hang Cheen, 1,200,000. Shanghai, 1,000,000. Total, 5,910,000.

These ports have a foreign commerce of \$900,000,000 and an immense domestic trade, besides which we have the immense internal commerce of the Empire, radiating from these points, through the canal and navigable rivers.

The cable being laid, this company proposes erecting land lines, and establishing a speedy and trustworthy mode of communication, which must command there, as everywhere else, the communications of the Government, of business, and of social life especially in China. She has no postal system, and her only means now of communicating information is by couriers on land, and by steamers on water.

The Western World knows that China is a very large country, in the main densely populated; but few yet realize that she contains more than a third of the human race. The latest returns made to her central authorities for taxing purposes by the local magistrates make her population Four hundred and Fourteen millions, and this is more likely to be under than over the actual aggregate. Nearly all of these, who are over ten years old, not only can do read and write. Her civilization is peculiar, but her literature is as extensive as that of Europe. China is a land of teachers and traders, and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every proffered facility for procuring early information. It is observed in California that the Chinese make great use of the telegraph, though it there transmits messages in English alone. To-day great numbers of fleet steamers are owned by Chinese merchants, and used by them exclusively for the transmission of early intelligence. If the telegraph we propose connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would pay the cost within the first two years of its successful operation, and would steadily increase thereafter.

No enterprise commends itself as in a greater degree remunerative to capitalists, and to our whole people. It is of vast national importance commercially, politically and evangelically.

The stock of this Company has been unqualifiedly recommended to capitalists and business men, as a desirable investment by editorial articles in the New York Herald, Tribune, World, Times, Post, Express, Independent, and in the Philadelphia North American, Press, Ledger, Express, Age, Business Times, and Telegraph. Shares of this company, to a limited number, may be obtained at \$50 each, \$10 payable down, \$10 on the 1st of November, and \$25 payable in monthly installments of \$2.50 each, commencing December 1, 1868, on application to

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