THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH. - PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH $23,1867$.

|  |  |  |  | IES. ET | surance compa |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | the smoke of Londoh. Oh yes, 1 know your old excuse: you never found the air bad |  | of thoroughly disinfecting the excretions and |  | INSURE YOUR LIFE |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  (OP COHARB) "SOT PIT TO DE BRRS"一MR. CAUDM, IN SEIP-DEPENRS, TAKEA A HOOK. "After all, Candle it ts momething to |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| into one's own bed again. I slall sleep to ger into one is own bed again. I shull sleep to |  |  |  |  |  |
| night. What! Youre glad of it9 Thats, course; I never cain think of making myself comfortible, but you wound my feefings. If |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| comfortible, but you wound my feefings. If you eared for your own bed like any other mam goud not have stan |  |  |  |  |  |
| Don't eay that I drove you out of the house ne soon as we came in it. I only just apoke about the dirt and dust, -but the fact is, you'd be |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| happy in a pig-sty : 1 thought 1 could have nand did you only see thie hearth-rugt Whinn we loft home there was a tigor in it I should |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | LESS SAl |  |
| and dad you only see thio hearth-rug! Whan we left home there was a tirn -in like to know who could make out the tigor now? Oh |  |  |  |  |  |
| now : Oh, it's very well for you to swear at the tiger, but swearing won't revive the rug again. Else you might swear |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| "You could go out and make yourself comfortable at your elnb. You little know how many windows are broken. How many do you think ? No; I sha'n't tell you to- |  |  |  |  |  |
| do you think ? No; 1 sha'n't tell you to-morrow-you shall know now. I 'm sure: Talking alont getting health at Margate $!$ All |  |  |  | Y |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | ala |  |
| for anything of mine. I only wish it had been your punch-bowl; but, thank goodress ! Ithink that's chipped. |  |  |  |  |  |
| "Well, you haven't answered about the windows-you can't guess how many. Yout |  |  |  |  |  |
| don't care 9' Well, if anybody caught cold but you, it would be liftle matter. Six windows |  |  |  | Dun Fish; Xarmouth Bloaters. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| clean out and three cracked! You can't het $p$ it? 1 should like to know where the mone's's to come from to mend 'em : The' see how respectable the hunse wis |  |  |  |  | Secretary and |
|  |  |  | Proposals. | FINE NEW CROP | HANGING |
| again. Then you can go to the sezhe hapy with Miss Pretyman I-Now, Caube happy with Miss Prettyman - Now, Cau-die, if you knoek the pillow with your fist in that way, IM get up. I's very odd that I can't mention that person's namos bat you begin to fight the bolster, and do 1 know not what. Muere mued haily |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | hia Wall P |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | HOWELL \& BOURKE, |
| you wouldn't kick about so, A guilty con- science needs no-but you know what I mean. "She wasn't coming to town for a week; and then, of a sudden, she'd had a letter. I | m |  |  |  |  |
| and then, of a sudden, she'd had a letter. Itdare say she had. And then, as she snid, it would be company for her to come with us. No doubt. She though: I should be ill again, and down in the cabin; but with all her art, she does not know the depth of me-quite. you wouldn't see it. |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | paper hangings |
|  |  |  |  | W Misons dollar tea-pine young |  |
|  |  |  |  | Dor | Rtain materta |
| "What do you say? Good-night, lore? Yes, you can be very tender, I dare say-like all of your sex seto suit your own ends; but |  |  |  |  | LEGAL NOTICES. |
| can't go to sleep with my head full of the house. The fender in the parlor will never come to itself again. I haven't counted the |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| If there ar'n't spiders in the curtains as big as nutmegs, rm a wicked creature. Not abroom has the whole place seen kince Pye |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| beon away. But as soon as I get us, won'tremmage the house out, that's all. I hadn' the heart to look at my pickles; but for all 1 left the door looked, 1 m sure the jars have |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1 left the door looked, Im sure the jars have when you're in bed; but nobody makes more noise about 'em when you want 'em |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| "I only hope they've been to the wine vellar: then you may know what my feoling |  |  |  |  |  |
| are. That poor cat, too what? shor my favorite- that's it, It that cat could ouly speak-What |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| know what you mean, Mr. Caudle: but if that oat could only sprak, she'd tell me how she's been cheated. Poor thing! I know where |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| the money's gone to that I loft for hor milk1 know. Why, what have you got there, Mr. Candle? A book ? What |  |  |  |  |  |
| allowed to slop you'll reall! Well, now it is to bring a book to bed, I don't know what wedlock is. But yon sla'n't read, Caudle; no | ${ }^{\text {a }}$ " house do do |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| you sha'n't; not while I ve strength to get up <br> and put out a candle. <br> - "And that is like your feelingn! You can | ${ }^{6}$ |  |  |  | ILLINERY, TRIMMINGS, |
|  |  |  |  | J. WM. HOFMANN, | Nf. B ER N H E I M, |
| think a great deal of trumpery books ; yes, you cant thit. but for what's real and true put in print but for whats reat and true |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | HOSIERY GOODS. |  |
| some rabbish of the sort-something to insult me. A nice book, I think, to read in bed; and a very respectable person he was who wrote |  |  | Ayphifation at ulls Oftice, and conform to tho tems or tuls advertsement, a copy or which |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| his six wives. What? The hadn't sir-he'd only three PThat's nothing to do with it : bat of course you'll take his part. Poor women |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| A nice time they had with him, 1 dare say ! And I've do doubt, Mr. Caudle, you'd like to follow Mr. Milton's example : else you wouldn' |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Fix |  |  |
| read the stuff he wrote. But you don't use me as the treated the poor sools who married |  |  |  |  |  |
| himy of 'em having wives except upon papar ; for goodness help the dear oreatures tied to |  |  |  | J. W. SCOTT \& O |  |
|  |  |  |  | SKIRT MANUFACTURERS, |  |
| them! Like innocent moths lured by a candle! Talking of candles, you don't know that mip in the passace is split to bits! |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | T s |  |  |
| you? Then you've no business there at this time of night. <br> "And saying this," writes Caudle, "she sorambled from the bed, and put out the light." <br> THE TWENTY-NINTH LECTURE, |  |  |  |  | FERTILI |
|  |  |  |  | LDer-sea | BAUCH'S RA |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| "Caudle, you ought to have had something nice to-night; for you're not well, love know you're not. Ha! that's like you men- |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | HAStina |
|  | [Mrs, Cuudle's Ourtain Dectures tolll Z pleted. $\qquad$ <br> Drishmes Drumazo Out.-A mo |  |  | Los | COMPOUND SYRUP OF NAPTHA CURES |
|  |  |  | STEAMBOAT LINES. |  |  |
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