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Under its use the cough is lossemed, the night
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Reliable Evidence.

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Da. Swayne-hear Sir, Health to be due to you and suffering humanity to give the following testimony respecting the wonderful curative powers of your compound syrup of who therry and Sarsabarilla and Tar Hills. I was afflicted with a vicent cough, pains in the side and brenst, night sweats, sore threat, my bowels were costive, aspectic nearly gone, and my stomach, as very weak that my buystcan was at a loss to know what to do for me, as erreything I used in the shape of medicine was rejected; spit different times a join of blood. I remained for menths in this awylul condition, and gave up all hopes of ever recovering. I this time you re-ommended the use of your serving and office which the west of your strup and office which which immediately began to soothe, comfort and allay the violence of the court, strengthenet and healed lungs; in short, it has made a perfect curs of me, and I am now ashe to pursue my daily labor. In person doubting the truth of the acove stay my will please ca to our address me, at the factory.

EDWARD II. HA WSON,
Engineer of Geo. Sweeney's Potters,
hiving and below waltace, Phila.
Over 20 years have clapsed, and Mr. Hamson still
remains a nearty man to this day—September 20th,
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speedily re-leved, and arcoften permanently cure Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills. Fevers are often prevented by the use of these Sarsaparilia Pills, as they carry off, through the blood the inpurities from which they arise. For Contive-ness there is nothing so effectual as Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.

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Itching Piles

is generally preceded by a moisture, like perspire on, distressing itching, as though pin worns wer willing in or about the rectum, narticularly a quittwien undressing, or in bed after getting warn appears in summer as well as win er, oftentime lows itself around the private parts, and is not con-ned to make only, but is quite as frequent that is nake are sore y afflicted, particularly in times or regnancy, extending itself to the vagina, provins di-ressing almost beyond the powers of endurancy axes of long standing, pronounced incurable, hav een permanently cured by simply applying

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I was sorely afficted with one of the most distresting of all obseases, Pruritue or Prurice, or more
commonly known as Itehing Piles. The Itching at
times was almost intelerable, increased by scratching, and not unfrequently became quite sore. I
ought a box of swapes of offinent, its use gave
quick relief and in a short time made a perfect cure,
can now sleep undisturbed, and I would advise all
who are suffering with this distressing complaint to
procure Swapes Ontment at once. I had tries,
prescriptions almost innumerable without finding
iny permanent relief.

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also a specific for tetter, itch, 2ait rheum, se ead, erystpelas, barter's itch, blotches, all se rusty, cutaneous cruptions, l'erfectly safe armless, even on the most tender infant. cents, or six boxes for \$1.00. Sept by fail to address on receipt of price. Frepared o ly DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. 6th St., Philadelphia

CATARRH.

arrh's an affection of the mucus membra ose, throat, chest, &c. accompanied with headache, obstruction of the masal pas-cyes, watery and inflamed, hacking or co-clear the throat, expectoration of off-or, smell and tasts are impaired, atopy irth the head, increasant blowing of the neithy in the head. Increasing blowing of the nd other symptoms are likely to appear very ressing, and no disease is more common, and east understood by Physicians. Nine-tenths o asses of offensive breath are occasioned by Cat

"Swayne's Calurrh Remedy"
is a certain and permanent cure, and warranted it
every case, as in the how ostitude or long stand
they case, as in the how ostitude or long stand
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Poetical.

A CONDENSED NOVEL

CHAP, I. winning wile A sunny smile, A feather A tiny talk, A pleasant walk Together.

CHAP, IL. A little doubt. A merry miss, A stolen kiss.

CHAP, III. You ask mamme Consult papa, With pleasure And both repent This rash event,

UNCLE REMUS'S REVIVAL HYMN.

h! whar shill we go w'en de great day comes, drums?

How many po' stinners II be cotcled out late,
How many po' stinners II be cotcled out late,

No use fer ter wait 'twell to-morrer-De sun mus'n't set on yo' sorrer. Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier-Ob. Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

We'n de nashuns uv de earf is a stannin' ell aroun Who's a gwise ter be choosen fer ter war de gior, crownt Who's a gwine ferter stan' stiff-kneed an' bol',

You better come now of you comin'-Old Satan is lovee an' a tummin'— De wheels uv distrucshun is a hummin'— Oh, come along, slaner, ef you comin'.

e song we salvation is a mighty sweet song, An' de Patradise win's blow far an' blow strong : An, Aberksm's buzzum is saf an' it's wide No use ter be stoppin' an' a lookin',

\$2 you fool wid Satan you'll git took in

You'll hang on de edge an' git shook in, Et you keep on a stoppin' an' a lookin'. IV. De time is right now an' dis here's de plac Let, de salvashun sun thine squar' in yo' face. Fight de battles uv de Lord, fight soon an'fight lai An' you'll allers fine a latch on de goldin' gate.

No use fer ter wait 'twell to morrer,-De sun mus'n't set on ye' sorrer, Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier— Az de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher.

Miscellaneous.

A BRAVE GIRL.

In the winter of 1842, a gentleman and his daughter, a young lady, while traveling through Canada, arrived about nightfall a an old fashioned tavern. The gentleman concluded to stop there instead of going on to the villago of S-, which was ten miles distant, and which they had thought

The daughter-Carrie-expressed her wilingness, as the tayern presented a comforta ble appearance, and they alighted, when it was plainly to be seen that the gentleman was quite lame, so much so that he was ob

iged to use a cane. The landlord came out, and calling a bo to take the horse and sleigh to the barn, he ishered Mr. Spencer and his daughter into a pleasant sitting-room, where a bright fire was burning on the kearth, which proved ery acceptable to our travelers, who had

been in the sleigh since morning. "Your room will be ready by supper time ir " said the landlord as he left the room nd went into the bar-room.

Supper was shortly announced, and after efreshing themselves, Mr. Spencer and Carrie returned to the cozy sitting-room, where they talked and chatted until half past

They were shown to their room, which was on the second story, in a wing somewhat distant from the main portion, The room was very long, with a high ceil-

ng. On one side was a window, on the George III.

The room was very plainly furnished, cor taining two beds, a wash stand and a few chairs. Carrie took in the whole room at a glance

and it must be confessed, had there not been a cheerful fire burning, she would have felt nervous about sleeping there. As it was, the warm glow lit up the room into comparative cheerfulness. While she and her father sat by the fire

her eyes wandered to the bust above the door, when she noticed that the eye-balls had evidently been knocked out, leaving two lord whisper to one of his confederates;

"Well, Carrie," said Mr. Spencer, presently I think you had better shut the door, I am going to count my money." After Carrie had done so, he drew out a money-belt, heavy with bills, and proceed- cer threw himself on the bed and awaited

d to count them. While doing so, Carrie's eve involuntarily wandered to the bust, when, to her horror and astonishment, in place of the two empty spaces where two glittering eyes greedily watching every movement of her father. The young girl could hardly repress

owards the fire, while her father went on for the night. ounting a large roll of bills. "I must have been mistaken," thought th fair girl. "What could make me have such a strange fancy, though ?" she continued

glancing again at the bust. The eyes were still there-two burning savage eyes, that brightened as Mr. Spencer went on counting. "Good heavens !" thought Carrie, "what

thieves, and will get murdered for my poor

How to communicate their danger to her ather without those terrible eyes noticing it. Carrie could not think. Suddenly a brigh idea came to her. "Father," she said aloud, "let me take a

ard and pencil, I wish to make a memoranlum of some items I wish to purchase in the village." Her father handed them to her, after stow ng away his belt. Carrie wrote, tremblingin a fine band-

Father, do not be frightened ; we are i trap. Go in the opposite corner of the om, where your face will be in the dark, and fook at the bust above the door. In it satched you count your money."

="Read it," she said, aloud, handing the ard to her father "I want you to see if I m too extravagant,"

prang out and rushed to my assistance.

must have been almost insensible, for I had

be carried in by the landlard. I was giv-

n warm drinks until I fully recovered, and

suspicions and my fears, and this gentleman

-here Carrie paused, and turning to a fine

looking man near her, said, "Mr. James, by

assistance."

hand and thanked him.

ey is all right, as you see."

how completely he had been defeated.

men prisoners, or to search his house,

The room was empty, save a long ladder

This certainly looked suspicious, but ab-

to have stopped at S- three days before.

The landlord and his confederates were

well guarded through the night, and the

The Hour of Doom.

O' MR. GOSSAMER'S DREAMS.

woman, some twenty years younger than

I look at these matters from a psychologic-

"In my dream," gravely answered Mr

"We shall see," said Mr. Gossamer, loft-

"I believe," muttered the doctor, "the

"Yes, Doctor!" The little pink-flushed

"You will be good enough to see that you

husband takes these powders at intervals of

"Powders are of no avail," ominously in

"But my professional reputation is of

"O, I don't mind taking any amount o

redicine to oblige you," said Mr. Gossamer,

The doctor went out rather indignantly

"How can I think of pudding ?" said

man in my condition."

al standpoint! I am a philosopher!

"No, you're not," said Dr. Mopsley.

The evidence was conclusive.

the extreme penalty of the law,

o accept it as such !"

said Dr. Mopsley.

mbroidered upon it.

posite table.

late more easily !"

which reached a shelf above the door. A

the bust, the men rushed in.

he hearth.

Her father betrayed no emotion while he ead, but said-

Columbian.

"You are pretty extravagant, Carrie, appose you think your father is made noney;" and he arose and went to the washtand, which was in a dark corner. Once there he glanced toward the bust and that glance confirmed his daughter's ex

raordinary statement. When he came back to his seat, Carrie anw that the eyes were gone. Then, leaning towards her father, she sai

in a low tone-"You see it is as I said. I have though of a plan, however, by which we can both escape. You would be perfectly helpless in an affray of any kind on account of you ame leg, so I must try to save us both." Then followed a whispered consultation during which Carrie kept her eyes fixed on that they had no right to hold him or his

he bust; but the glittering orbs had not come back. As she concluded, Carrie went to the win low, threw it up, and looked out. Beckoning to her father who came, she said, o

hole above the shelf disclosed the bust to be rather whispered-You see this shed, father? Well, they broken in half, so that a man could easily will probably come up on it and get through climb up the ladder, get on the shelf, thrust his head into the bust, which was large the window. I do not think they will make the attack before twelve, so I will get out of enough for an ordinary-sized man's head, this window, jump from the shed, go to the and see all that was going on in the adjoinbarn and take our horse, and go to S---for lug room.

solute proof was yet wanting. Flinging a wrap over her slight figure.sh mbraced her father tenderly, and bidding Spencer, they searched every nook and cor-In not to worry over her she jumped light wout on the shed and disappeared, Mr Spencer watched her for a while, then

losing the window, took out a watch, saw that it was nine o'clock, and proceeded to work. light, rolled up a blanket, with which he made a dummy. This he placed in the be

Thee he sat down and waited -oh! he

which his daughter was to occupy.

nxiously whom Mr. James and the sheriff remembered Ten, Efteen, twenty minutes, went by, and sound came from the vicinity of the Taking off his boots, he crept noiselessly

see nothing. Then, creeping to the washstand, be laid is money belt in the drawer and closed it. He then threw himself on the bed, and once more waited.

to the window and peered out, but he could

After an hour had apparently gone by fr. Spencer threw off his coat and vest, umbled up the bed, hobbled to the door,unlocked it, and stepped out into the hall This was all in accordance with Carrie's "Landlord ! landlord !" he shouted.

He then went back into the room and

piselessly threw up the window, all the time lirection read on the backs of his letters. houting for the landlord. That worthy came flying up the stairs and was the family physician of the houseate as it was, he was still dressed. hold of Gossamer. "Oh, landlord!" gasped Mr.Spencer, rush-"I tell you I've dreamed it three times!" ing toward him, "I have been robbed; my,

"Gone!" echoed the landlord in dismay. "Who could have stolen it !" grouned Mr Spencer. "I have five thousand dollars in a I waked up all in a cold bath of perspirabelt, and it is gone -stolen!" The landlord iit the candle and looked around, chagrin depicted on every fea-

money is gone !"

"Why don't you wake your daughter, sir?" e questioned. Mr. Spencer hurried to her bed. "Carrie!" he called, but no answer came and the landlord drawing near with the light

webs into your brain." saw the dummy, and cried-"Why, man, the girl isn't there !" solemnly, "at which philosophy terminates "What!" gasped Mr. Spencer. "Oh, I see it all! The wicked girl has robbed me and intuition begins! Mopsley, your arguments are vain. This day week-on the while I slept, and ran off to meet her lover, tenth of June 18-, I shall be no longer in from whom I was taking her." the land of the living!"

He ran to the window, followed by the landlord. "Yes, yes, here are footprints in the snor on the shed !" cried the landlord, while Mr. Spencer groaned aloud.

"How long do you think she has been gon Mr. Gossamer. "Truth is truth !" sir?" asked the landlord. "For an hour or more, the deceitful jade! replied Mr. Spencer.

"Then there's no use looking for her, sir, replied the landlord. "Oh, but I must!" cried Mr. Spencer, as he began to descend the stairway, followed by the landlord, who had believed every

word Mr. Spencer said. They proceeded to the barn, followed by the landlord's confederates.

"Oh, Gordon?" sobbed the wife. They found the horse gone, and her mode "Stuff and nonsense!" grunted the doctor, of flight was easily explained. re-corking one of his wide-mouthed bottles "You may as well give her up, sir, with an energy that gave it the sound of a small piece of artillery.

the landlord consolingly. "I suppose I may," groaned Mr. Spencer and they returned to the house. As they left the barn he heard the land-

man would rather absolutely die outright "The job's up, Jem; we'd better let the than be proved in the wrong! Here, Mrs. old man alone." Once more entering the room, Mr. Spet face, with two small river-channels of tears the return of his brave daughter. on either side, emerged from behind the

"God bless her, and bring her eclipse of cambric pocket-handkerchief. afety," he murmured. Meanwhile all grew still, and the hour solled by. two hours all day, and-"

The fire had been raked up and crackled

nerrily. The eyes were not looking from terrupted the patient. cream; but controlling herself, she looked the bust; they had evidently disappeared some value, I suppose," said the doctor At last, after what seemed an age to the anxious watcher, he heard a loud knock on the front entrance, and five minutes after ward heard the landlord stumble to the front resignedly. Nothing signifies much to a door. Then followed a confused jumble of

curses and struggles, then the rush of many

neck the brave girl burst into happy tears.

ike the wind. Up and down, over the froz-

en road we went. My arms telt like ice

I thought I should certainly freeze, and after

what seemed like an age of cold, and pain,

and misery, we dashed into the main stree

feet up the long hall and stairway. closing the door behind him with unneces The next minute the door was thrown sary emphasis. And, five minutes afteropen and his daughter rushed in followed ward, Ann, the domestic, tapped at the door hall we do? We are evidently in a den of by the officers, who dragged in the landlord of the sick room. and his confederates. "Oh, father!" she cried, "you are safe "If you please, ma'am, would you con and give me the raisins for the pudding ?" safe!" and throwing her arms around his

> Mrs. Gossamer, hysterically : but her hus-The sheriff and his posse of men held the band raised his hand serenely.
> "Go, my love," said he. "Let none of the landlord and his confederates in a vice-like grasp, while Carrie related the adventures of daily duties of life be neglected on my acher perilous ride. count. Go, Matilda. I desire it !" After I left the barn I led Tommy to And Mrs. Gossamer burrying across the fence, all unsaddled, sprang on him, wound hall found herself face to face with Dr my arms tightly round his neck, and whispered, "Go, Tommy," and away he went

Mopsley. "Oh, doctor, I thought you were gone!" "Not yet," said the doctor laughingly, Puddings, ch? I know a capital receipt for a pudding. Just step into the library a ment and you shall hear it. Gomamer is

prevent it."

Mrs. Gossamer stood with clasped hands, was able to relate my story. I told them my back again on her pretty cheeks. "I've known just such cases," said Dr. Mopsley. "It's wonderful how electrically

is ready belief in what I told, and energy and spirit in arousing the sheriff and his the mind will act on the body." men, has been the main cause in bringing "But Doctor, how can we thwart it?" "Can't we stop the clocks? Once past the Mr. Spencer grasped the young man's hour of doom and the danger is reduced twenty per cent."

"We could do that," said Mrs. Gossamer "Your plan succeeded admirably, Carrie," he said, and advancing to the washstand he oubtfully, "but he always keeps his chrotook out the money-belt, saying, "My monometer watch under his pillow." "Confusion seize his chronometer watch!" The landlord quivered with rage as he say growled the physician. "Suppose we set the ouse on fire at a quarter of eight precisely

As the men began to search the room, the That little spurt of a blaze will do no harm, landlord protested his innocence, declaring dear, except to set Gossamer to trotting about pretty lively?" "Oh, Doctor! I wouldn't dare," faltered Mrs. Gossamer. 'It's a block of houses, Breaking open the door above which was

you know; there's no telling what might "Then there's no help for it," said the doctor, nodding his head like a Japanese

idel, "You must elope!" "I. Doctor." "Yes, you, Mrs. Gossamer!"

It was the evening of the tenth of June; the clocks were just striking six-a good many of them, too, for Mr. Gossamer had rather a mania on the subject of clocks, and On returning to the room occupied by Mr. kept one in nearly every room in the

He listened with a sort of gloomy satis

Suddenly Carrie and Mr. James, who had faction to their multitudinous clang and een standing by the fireplace, gave a loud jingle. "The last time I shall ever hear then ry, for on close examination they had found strike six!" said he. "That one in the lipots of blood on the bricks which formed brary is four seconds behind the rest. I should have liked to set it : but I fear I'm They began to pull up the bricks, which proved loose, when Carrie, feeling faint, gave not quite strong enough. "Ah! well-a day! way to the sheriff and his men, who soon time will soon be a matter of small consehad them all pulled up, when a carity was quence to me! And speaking of time-I

lisclosed containing the body of a gentleman | wonder where Matilda is?" Just at that moment Ann came in with a tray containing tea and toast, and a saucer of early strawberries. "Where's your mistress, Ann?" demand-

In reply to this, Ann dropped her tray next day they were lodged in jail, where in and screwed the corner of her pink calice due time they were sentenced and suffered apron into her eyes. "I can't help it, sir," she said in a ton-

ed the invalid, rather petulantly.

wouldn't."

"It's an omen," said Mr. Gossamer: " "Woman, what do you mean?" demanded egular presentiment, and I feel it my duty Mr. Gossamer, sitting up in his chair, and staring very hard at her. "My love how can you talk so "" said Mrs "It ain't my fault, sir !" Jossamer, who was a little snowdrop of a

"What isn't your fault?"

"That-that she's gone and run away with George Gordon Gossamer, Esquire," as the the doctor !" "You're a fool!" said Mr. Gossame "Fiddlesticks!" said Dr. Mopsley, who irately. "I heard it with my own ears," blubbered Ann. "A earriage to be waiting at the end

chair. "Three-times! And the third time cried and says, poor dear husband as needs her! And he says he wouldn't need her much longer, and-" "Best thing that could happen to you, "Ill not endure this!" roared out Mr. Gos amer springing to his feet with a nimble "In a sanitary point of view, perhaps, ness that was astounding in an invalid. unwillingly admitted Mr. Gossamer. "But "Six o'clock ! And I've two good hours yet

What sort of a carriage was it then ?"

"The doctor's brougham, sir-a chok'tat olor, with a yaller stripe around the body.' you were, you'd not get such absurd cob-"Call me a cab, Ann! And tell John to me and help me on with my clothes." "There is a point," said Mr. Gossamer, "But you're a dyin' sir!" "Not quite yet," said Mr. Gossame grinding his teeth. And he muttered as

Ann hurried away-"To think that Matilda could be false to me while I am yet in the and of the livin' With the aid of John, he contrived to be "O, Gordon, don't," whimpered little Mrs. Gossamer, retreating behind a lilac-borderout of doors and in the carriage in less than

ed pocket-handkerchief with a very big G fifteen minutes. "Now drive for your life," gasped be, as "I can't help it," inexorably answered he caught sight of the chocolate colored brougham rattling around the corner "And did your dream divulge to you a 'Catch that other carriage! Don't spare the

what precise hour you were to shuffle off this mortal coil? ' jeeringly demanded Dr. Mora-"All right, sir," said the cabman, ley, who was mixing some powders at an oprin. "We'll give 'em a chase."

Up Fifth avenue to the Park; around the Park to the Bloomingdale road, where the Gossamer, "the clock was visible upon yorshade of the gigantic elms lay like black der wall. Its hands pointed to the hour of bars athwart the mellow glow of the sunset. eight p. m! So let it be! One can calcuacross by King's Bridge; down the Central Boulevard: still the chocolate broughan contrived to beep just so much in advance of them. Mr. Gossamer shouted breathless di rections to the cabman; he jumped up and

down in his excitement.

"Stop 'em!" roared he ; "stop 'em!" "Is it your daughter as the cove's running way with?" bawled the cabman hoarsely "Keep a stiff upper lip, old gent! We" catch 'em, or we'll know the reason why Gre-e-ee up, Dobbin!"

It was race-night. There was a block of carriages on the Bridge at Macomb's Dam ; the wheel of the cab got neatly locked in that of the chocolate brougham "Villain!" shouted Gossamer, thrusting his head into the very face of Dr. Mopsley, who

And the big bell struck eight! 'Hey! Hallo!" cried out the doctor So you're not dead !" "No oo!" beliewed Gossamer, "and

don't mean to die until I've made you feel

sat chuckling inside. "I have caught

the weight of an injured husband's wrath. Where is she ?" and he stared around the limited dimensions of the coupe. "Where is who ?" "My wife."

"At my house with Mrs. Mopsley."

"Hasn't she been with you?" "No, she hasn't! Don't be a fool man This drive has been the best thing going for ou! Feel like a different person, eh? I thought so. Go home ; aleep well; and tomorrow you'll be quite ready to pardon our little strategem."

"But my wife ?" "You'll find her waiting for you at home, by the time you get there!" So the hour of doom passed by, and Mr.

Gossamer is alive yet. And he has forgiven Dr. Mopsley for the elopement that wasn't with great interest. After reading the plaany elopement after all. As for dreaming cards, the woman said: "Why, these are he has left off that practice.

tions seem to be rathew exaggabrated than modified by contact with a highab culchaw. and the color varying from rose to white and And Mr. Moody says "he likes Bosten good enough, but they talk the worst English there he ever heard".—Burlington Hauk-People with false noses should not take

Turkish baths. A man in San Francisco

who had subjected himself to the hest of one, found his nose, on coming out, puckered, blistered, bulged, and shapeless. Inlia-rubber and gum had entered into its composition. Being unable to detach the nose, the man was compelled to return to Paris, where it had been manufactured, for a new In Reading they are discussing the ques tion, "Are pretzels intoxicating?" The Sunday Review, without being able to say that they will produce inebriation, thinks "they

were they made straight. Since, as they are at present constructed, they frequently im-part a portion of their crookedness to him who partakes thereof'. Prof. E. B. Taylor said, in a recent lecture "on the Philosophy of Language," at the Landon Institution . "Should the ex raordinary increase of English-speaking people continue at existing ratio, there will n twenty years be 860,000,000 of them, as against 80,000,000 of French or German.

would be open to less objection and attain a

higher moral character in the community

The English language bids fair to overwhelm all others. A PLAIN PROPOSITION .- Young Mr. Loveberry fell asleep in the barber's chair last evening. When the razor man finished his work and shook up his customer, he remarked sympathetically and respectfully a "fired, Mr. Loveberry?" "Tired, shir, tired?" replied the young gentleman with dignity. "No, shir. Can't you shee I'm druuk, you (hie) you fjit ?"

As the car sped up Shawmut avenue his

arm began to steal around her waist and his head inclined lovingly, unconscious of observation. Just as the car approached Sawver street the conductor thrust his head inside and shouted "Saw-yer," close to Havseed's head. The latter hastily drawing himself into form, indignantly remarked. 'You needn't er howled it thro' the car if you did; we're engaged!" and the rest of between a howl and a whine. "I wasn't a the passengers set their faces toward the listenin' sir; but I could help a hearin' it! the passengers set their faces toward the driver and grinned.—Boston Commercial And I wouldn't a believed it of missus, so I Bulletin. A curious plant has been discovered in

Nicaragua. It is called the "Phytologica Electris." It possesses strong electro mag-netic qualities. The hand is lamed by touching it, and the magnetic influence is felt to a distance of eight feet. The magnetic needle is disturbed, and the neares the middle of the plant is approached the stronger becomes the agitation, until finally it assumes a circular movement. The intensity of the phenomenon varies according to the time of day, and at night is scarcely said Mr. Gossamer, laying his head resign- of the street at half past six precisely. And said Mr. Gossamer, laying his head resign-edly back among the pillows of his easy Dr. Mopsley's in it! And my missus, she about two o'clock in the day. Stormy weather increases its activity. No insect or

During one of the fairs in Paris, some years ago, Baron James de Rothschild was a patron. Chancing to pass a stand where some pretty young ladies were installed, he asked in a bantering tone: "Well, my dears what can I do for you?" "Ah, Baron," said one, "you can give us your autograph. With pleasure," replied the gallant old Baron, "if you preface it with an agreeable sentiment." Be the young lady, without much ado, wrote on a dainty alip of paper : "I hereby give to—charity ten thousand francs," and the Baron immediately signed his name in full, and smilingly paid the

amount to the enterprising Parisian. It is related that General Nye was trying case in the Southern tier, the presiding judge being peevish and irritable, as well as rather dull, Gen. Nye had not only crossexamined a witness at great length, but had frequently put the same questions, which the judge had frequently ruled against as improper. At last the patience of the judge was exhausted, and he rebuked Gen. Nys, and petulantly asked: "Gen. Nye, what do you think I am sitting here for?" Nye looked up, and with a grave countenance but a twinkle in his eye, answered coully and composedly : "You have got me thi time, your honor!"

As poor insane George III, was one day breakfasting at New, the great scarcity of beef which was then prevailing in England became the subject of conversation. "Why do not people plant more beef?' asked the King. Upon being told that beef could not be raised from seed, he seemed still incredulous and took some bits of beefsteak and went into the garden and planted them. The next morning he went out to see if it had sprouted, and found some snails. Thinking they were oxen he was heard crying out: Here they are! Here they are, Charlotte horns and all !"

They were playing poker and Pomp held a full hand. His eye glistened with conscious triumph as he put up a ten-cent ante and gazed at his partner expectantly. raise dat ten cents," remarked Pete. goes a quarter more," insinuated Pomp. "I stand you and raise anudder quarter," replied Pete. "I continue on the war path, and flops down the last thirty cents," swered Pomp, placing six nickels on the table. "I kivers de pile and calls you," re-mark Pete. "Full hand!" said Pomp turning his cards. "What you got?" "A pair, and de game am undecided." What's dat? Undecided? Die yer chile takes de pile." "Not by a long chalk. Dis case will now be referred to de Returnin' Board, who will examine into de partikelars. Dar's plenty more good cards in de pack and why didn't I get 'em. Dar's been intimidation and fraud, and meanwhile de Returnin' Board takes possession of de spoils."

In the Agricultural Hall of the Centennial Exhibition thre are t.o immense hogs stuffed, each bearing a placard telling their age, &c., followed by the word "taxidermist." taxidemists. I thought they were hogs." "Mrs. Spinks," observed a border to his landlady, "the equal adjustment of this establishment could be more safely secured if there was less hair in the hash and more in the mattrees."

I thought they were hogs."
Her husband looked at the creatures with a puzzled expression, and then looked carefully over the placards, as if to satisfy himself tully on the point. Finally he replied: "They are hogs. Taxidemist is the name of the place tdey come from.—Springfeld.

Bates of Advertising.

One couldn's Administrator's and Auditor's notices

Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's notices

Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's notices THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. "He is," asserted the old man, knitting his Boston has only one fault to find with shaggy brows. "And he'll die, just out of Moody, and that is that "his unculchawed sheer obstinacy, if we don't take measures to mannahs and bawbawrous vuhbal enuncia-