

Going a Hundred Better, or, which hand takes the Pot.

A GAMBLING TALE IN CALIFORNIA. There is such a place as "Deadwood" in California. A friend of ours passed through the town the other day, but stopped long enough to witness a trial before the chief officer of the law, vulgarly called a Justice of the Peace.

The case was "Hanks vs. Breese," and the facts were: First—That the parties had violated the law by playing "poker" on the Sabbath. (It is perhaps proper to state that the good people of Deadwood had not seen the Supreme Court decision.)

Second—That Breese played very "low down," or in other words, cheated plaintiff.

Third—That the game broke up in a row, the parties being arrested by the Justice, who happened to be present.

It was an important case. Both parties were well known, and had hosts of friends. The defendant, through his attorney, a sharp little man, demanded a jury. The people of Deadwood never go to trial without a jury.

The legal preliminaries having been properly arranged, the case was called. Twelve of the best men in the locality formed the jury. The attorneys were big with the event of the hour. At length an odd-looking genius, named Stephen Lick, was placed on the stand by the prosecution. The case proceeded. "You said you were present during the game between the parties. Did you understand you, Mr. Lick?"

"The witness nodded in the affirmative. "Did you observe the progress of the game with any interest?"

"I reckon I did—licker was peddlin' on it."

"What was the amount at stake, at the time the row occurred?"

"Well, the ante was two lites, and Lem Hanks let a half on his little par, then Bill he went in—"

"Never mind the details," interrupted the the lawyer, impatiently, "answer my question."

"That's what I'm going to do," replied the witness, drawing a large black plug of tobacco from his pocket.

"You see when Lem dropped his half on the pot, Bill kivered it with a big dollar, 'cause I stood just what I could see that he helt a little par, too. Lem he then took a drink and 'peared sort o' kee'less—"

"Come, come," again interrupted the lawyer, "tell us the amount of money at stake at the time the quarrel commenced."

"Steve said the Judge familiarly, "you say that when Bill Breese shoved up his dollar, Lem Hanks took a snifter and 'peared sort o' kee'less. What did he do then?"

"Why, he seed Bill and lifted him two saced. Bill he 'peared a little uneasy, but raised Lem a eye. Lem he tuck another drink and said the game was gettin' interestin', at the same time shakin' a ten-dollar piece out on the same pot. Bill he then said, 'Lem, you kinder suit me,' and called out 'twenty better.' Then—"

The lawyers here protested against this manner of giving evidence, but they were overruled by the Court, who asked the witness what the parties did then.

"Then we all tuck a small drink, and Lem spread himself. I see that matter of twenty dollars," said he, "and go you thirty better."

"Will the constable please keep order in the Court-room, so that the jury kin ketch all the words," cried one of the jurors.

The witness proceeded: "Bill he hen got down to scratch his foot, and when he got up he lifted Lem twenty more. Then Lem hegit to look distressed, and pushed his sligt s'cure up, to keep it from gettin' dirty. I s'pose, but cum up bimeby like a man with—"

"Stop, stop, stop," shouted one of the lawyers, whose patience was exhausted. "We do not care about so much detail, but desire simply to know what amount of money is in dispute."

"Mr. Constable," followed the Judge, who was deeply interested in the witness's story, "do your duty." Then fixing his eyes upon the witness, he asked: "Steve, my boy, when Bill plunged his thirty better, what did Lem cum up with?"

"Why Lem he lifted him a cool fifty," The Judge collapsed.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, that's so, for I was there and seen Lem do it."

By one of the Jury: "What did Bill do then?"

"Bill he took another look at his hand, and then he tuck down and scratched his foot again. When he came up, he said to me, said he, 'Steve, lead me a hundred dollars.' Says I, 'what for?' He said, 'to clean out Lem Hanks.' I said, 'I can't be did on your par of jukes, for he's got bully s'izes.' Good thing," says he, giving me a wink. 'Kiver his pile, and I'll call him.'"

"Never mind what you do," said the lawyer for defendant, "that has nothing to do with the merits of the case."

The Judge gave the lawyer a terrible look. Then, turning to the witness, he said, "Steve, if the Court recollects herself, then you came up with the spondulches, and Bill Breese tuck down Lem's pile."

This announcement was followed by murmurings of dissatisfaction. The attorney for the plaintiff was the first to speak.

"Now, if your honor please," said he, "I would like to ask one question. How comes it that the defendant got that money, if he only had a pair of dozes against my client's s'izes?"

laying his fist on the money. 'Show 'em, says Bill. 'That they be,' says Lem. 'That's clever,' says Bill, 'but they can't win this pot.' 'How so?' says Lem, puttin' his hand on his revolver. 'Ooas here's four of the same sort,' says Bill, puttin' one hand on the money and the other on his revolver. All I know is, Bill got the pot before he was arrested."

The lawyer for the plaintiff intended to have made a good case in relation to the manner in which defendant's hand became strengthened from a little pair of "jukes" to four s'izes; but to do so, he would probably have been called on to explain how Lem got his three "spots."

The Judge say through the case at once. Her charge the jury that if they thought there was anything wrong in the man scratching his foot during a game of poker, they would so find; but if they thought such a movement was on the square, they would also be likely to pass over the act of fumbling with shirt sleeves committed by plaintiff.

The charge was followed by loud demonstrations of applause, such as yelling, throwing up hats, &c.

The jury being out just three minutes, brought in a verdict to the effect that it was a "draw game," and the Judge dismissed the case.

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"Yes," said several members of the jury, "how could that happen?"

"Bill did have jukes fust—I'll swear to that," resumed the witness, "but somehow when it come to the last, he was stronger." The lawyers, thinking he was about to continue the story to an endless length, requested him to be brief. Taking a fresh "draw," Steve said:

A THIEF DETECTED.—MOUNTVILLE GLORIOUS.—On Sunday, Feb. 21st, the store of D. W. Witmer, in Mountville, was robbed, the thief taking \$300 out of a drawer, but leaving the goods untouched. It was evidently the work of a person familiar with the premises, and granted considerable excitement in the village. Every exertion was made to detect the perpetrator of the robbery, and suspicion finally rested on a boy, son of a neighbor. He had plenty of money, which he spent freely, and his motions being watched a portion of the plunder was discovered on Tuesday last secreted in a stable. The boy was arrested and compelled to disgorge. The entire amount, less \$80 permanently disposed of by the light fingered youth, was recovered. Mr. Witmer was so elated with regaining his funds that he "gin a treat," appropriating \$20 of the rescued tin to the refreshment of the thirsty Mountvillagers. Twenty dollars in Mountville whiskey goes a great way; and the whole town rejoiced over their hospitable friend's good fortune. The natural consequence was a regular fourth of July, the pike from the toll gate to Klugh's being strewn with the disabled. An early traveler on Wednesday morning discovered a majority of the white male inhabitants taking turns in having their heads pumped on. Order reigns in Mountville.

OUR LEGISLATIVE DELEGATION.—The editor of the *Mountville Gazette*, at present a clerk in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, entertains the readers of his paper with sketches of the members. In the last *Gazette* he gives our delegation a notice which we think does them justice, without being unkind or undiscriminating praise. We are particularly pleased with the term "modest young men," as applied to our friend, Slay. We give the "first class notice" in full:

"Col. Samuel H. Price represents the City. He is a member of the bar, a young man and has the benefit of considerable experience during last session. He is excessively fond of a rough and tumble (Legislative) fight—pitches into any one who crosses his path, no matter who he is or where he hails from. He does some specifying every now and then, and in a style peculiarly his own—off-handed and forcible. He is now engaged in a force igne contest—wants a new gas company chartered for Lancaster City; which is opposed by Mr. Shaeffer of the Senate, because, as Mr. Price alleges, the latter owns stock in the old Company. I venture the assertion that on this question of gas, although he has a foe who thoroughly understands the subject, Col. Price will, as far as the House is concerned, achieve a brilliant victory. There Mr. Shaeffer is equally sure of carrying the Senate. Each fights this subject on his own 'dug hill,' and neither of them is to be sneezed at. The remainder of the delegation is composed of three very modest young men—Messrs. A. S. Green of Columbia, Dr. J. Kenney of Strasburg, and N. Ellmaker of the Gap. All readily admit that the county has, as a whole, a working delegation. Mr. Green is always at his post, minds his business, and seldom engages in debate. He is a gentleman of good education and business qualifications. Mr. Ellmaker is a straight forward, off-handed and hard working member, and may generally be found on one side or the other of every question, and generally on the right side. I have known him for many years, and he is now what he always has been a plain, though firm and honest man. I am sure that at the end of the session no member will be able to boast of a more consistent record than he. Dr. Kenney, too, is a first rate man, and although new and inexperienced as a member, he has on several occasions acquitted himself admirably in debate—on questions of interest to his constituents."

O. J. WOOD & CO'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—Among the thousand and one oils, washes and dyes of charlatans, puffed and advertised as specific in the regeneration of the hair, this genuine scientific Restorative of Professor Wood stands like a simon pure coin among a pocket full of "bogus." We have almost daily proof of its efficiency in the glossy heads which so magically grow from the gray poll of age under the application of this wondrous wash. It is no dye; its action on the hair is simply through the renewed action (stimulated by the application of the Restorative) of the sluggish organs which secrete that coloring matter which gives life and beauty to the covering of the head. See advertisement in another column.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The Living Age for March 6th contains the usual amount of valuable and entertaining miscellany. It contains a portrait of Professor Wilson, (Christopher North), and announces the preparation of a series of interesting literary portraits, one of which shall appear in each succeeding number of the Age. This feature will add very materially to the popularity of the periodical. A collection of well executed steel portraits such as it is giving will be of no trifling value.

GENESSEE FARMER.—This valuable agricultural monthly has been received. It is worthy the attention of our farmers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Harper for March consists of several handsomely illustrated articles and a number of well told tales.—Thackeray's "Virginians" is continued, and the Editors Drawer is the cap sheaf as usual.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—Blackwood for February is very substantial in its bill of fare. No kickshaws or trifles—no fancy entrees or side-dishes; but plain roast and boiled. The number wants one of Blackwood's notoriously excellent tales to give it life. But it is solid, very.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The Atlantic for March contains a continuation of "Bulls and Bears" and "The Minister's Wooing," two interesting serials, the latter by Mrs. Stowe, now publishing in its pages. "A Plea for the Fijians" is an entertaining paper, and the "Professor at the Breakfast Table" continues his inimitable monologue.—The "Monthly" grows in merit as in public favor. We are glad to learn that its circulation increases with every issue.

SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENTS OF A. M. RAMBO, ODD FELLOWS' HALL, IN TO-DAY'S PAPER.

A Chapter on Beards.

DEAR SIR,—As you have "opened the ball on Beards," I suppose that by paying the "initiation fee," you will admit an admirer of that "time honored institution," to the privilege of membership. With your approval, then, as "chief manager," I am under "peculiar obligations," not being a proficient, however, "to trip it on the light fantastic toe," I will, with your permission, (of course, merely as a promenade, take a few notes of men and things, "aye faith, if you will print 'em." 'Tis said, and I think truly, that the study of nature is the most sublime and comprehensive of which the human mind can take cognizance. As we grow however, at present confined to the ball room, we shall "take notes" of but one subject, and that only a singular feature of the genus homo—that wonderful hirsute appendage, usually denominated the beard. We can scarcely bring our mind to give credence to the belief that "all this conglomeration of variety" spring originally from one and the same stock, or were formed in the same mould. Why, here we have the white and the gray, the black and the red beards. Some look as fierce as lions; others mild as lambs. Some have such exuberant growths that we may suppose the soil to have every ingredient necessary in the highest state of cultivation, and producing an hundred fold. Others again have such meagre, sparse and diminutive returns for their labor of manuring, cultivating and tending their "crops," that it seems none of the elements of fertility were present, and we think "it won't pay." Then again, look at the variegated appearance. All the arts of the "adroit in colors" would be in fault to describe the diversified "tints"—and here we would "stick a pin," and ask for information; for really it is passing strange, and beyond our comprehension, how, why and wherefore such diversity of color can exist, when apparently, there is no appreciable difference in the soil.

Though we have no knowledge that an of our chemists, agricultural or others, have devoted their wisdom to analyzing the soil, in the peculiar province now under consideration, yet we doubt their skill, as we have in other branches of their professions, to discover the cause. We will merely throw out a few "hints," but as it is only supposition, we may be wide off the mark. May it not be then, what some soils contain, a super-abundance of acid, or it may be again, that alkaline salts are in excess, to bring out those brilliant tints, or those dull shades of color; while other soils again bring forth nothing but furze, whin and gorse, or such other weeds as grow on "sour soils." Probably this class of soils might be improved by the application of lime, or by draining, or some such "special" manure as Judd calls "super-barfust," which translated into Latin, means super-phosphate.

There must also be a wonderful disparity in the strength of the soil; for here you see a big man with a little beard, and there a little man with a big beard; then there is one "hairy as a bear," look at his eyes—you can scarcely see two little "peepers" staring at you from that exuberant crop of weeds—like a rabbit under a tussock; this we can easily attribute to the fertile or sterile quality of the soil. But when we have black, white, red, with all the intermediate shades and grades of colors, striped, as were "Jacob's kine," or spotted like "Joseph's coat of many colors." Shades of Methusalem, what can produce so wonderful a melange of "variety?" Then again, just see with what tender regard the possessor "strokes his beard." Some "go it" downwards, some upwards; some give it a twirl, "circular fashion," as it were. Some train it like the "feelers" of the fine race; others more sedate perhaps "touch it lightly," yet all seem constantly attending to "the well being of the crop"—more so indeed than the farmer among his corn or potatoes, and like the latter working the surface soil to keep it light and porous, for the admission of air and light, to the well doing of the crop. Now under this state of things, is there not a fair prospect to make a "hit"—to make the discovery of a panacea, a super-stimulus, to make the beard grow. If we could be allowed to judge from appearance, that is, from the desperate attempts of the many who try to wear "that hairy puff-ball" fernest their breathing apparatus," to still further increase the vigor and productiveness of the crop, there is a great, if not a general want existing, just now, for some new and concentrated fertilizer, that will stimulate the dormant energy of the soil, and urge the growth to speedy perfection. This "desideratum" is wanted by the "million," and would sell like "hot cakes." Mrs. Swisshelm must have been far behind the age, when she made that oft quoted expression, "that she would sooner stick her nose in a rat's end of singletow, than permit such an ugly protuberance touch her face." The poor woman didn't know it was the fashion. Whoever will discover this panacea, now one of the great wants of the people, will make an easier and quicker fortune than Woodworth with his planing mill, or McCormick with his reaper. Where is the man that would not be willing to pay his dollar, aye, ten of them, to be relieved from "starrying at Jericho?"

ONE WHO FEELS AN INTEREST IN BEARDS.

At a meeting of the I. O. of G. Templars, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

W. C. T., David L. Baumgardner; W. V. T., Sallie Reese; W. S., H. W. Miles; W. A. S., Annie Haldeman; W. T., Edward M. Shreiner; W. F. S., Thomas J. Kuch; W. M., William Shelly; W. D. M., Francis Sloan; W. I. G., Lidie E. Miles; W. O. G., John M. Reed; W. C., Rev. J. H. Menges; R. H. S., Emma Lemons; L. H. S., Elizabeth Harnly.

It is a literal fact that at a dinner given on the 22d of February at Pittsburgh, Pa., Dr. Dake gave as a sentiment: "When Gabriel blows his horn, my George Washington be the first to arise."

Why was Adam the first runner that ever lived? Because he was first in the human race.

Standing committees of the Historical, Agricultural and Mechanical Institute for 1895.

ON HISTORY.—Hon. A. L. Hayes, Hon. Henry G. Long, James L. Reynolds, Esq., Rev. D. E. Rosenbiller, Rev. Theo. A. Hopkins, Jacob M. Long, Dr. E. Kinzer, Rev. J. V. Neria, N. S. Wolfe, H. M. Norib, Esq., Amos Slaymaker, Esq., A. D. Dittmers, Esq.

ON AGRICULTURE.—Hon. John Strohm, Maris Hoopes, Thos. W. Henderson, Chm. O. Herr, Am. Kauffmann, Benj. Eshleman, Peter E. Lightner, N. E. Slaymaker, James Evans, Peter Hunsicker, John N. Russel, Morris Cooper, John Donor.

ON MECHANICS AND MANUFACTURES.—David Cockley, James Myers, S. P. Spencer, Henry E. Leaman, James M. Hopkins, A. N. Breeman, John Muslemann, Wm. Miller, G. M. Zahm, Wm. Kirkpatrick, Dana Graham, Philip T. Sheaf, Francis Heckert.

ON NATURAL SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.—Prof. T. C. Porter, Henry Carter, S. S. Rathvon, Samuel Parke, Esq., Jacob Stauffer, Prof. S. S. Haldeman, Dr. F. A. Muehlenberg, Dr. E. Parry, Am. Muslemann, Prof. J. P. Wickersham, Dr. J. L. Ziegler, Dr. Abm. Eshleman, Capt. Williams.

CABINET OF MINERALS AND MODELS.—John B. Kerinski, John F. Hainish, George Hensel, J. Augustus Beck, Washington Kieffer, Wm. P. Briaton, Henry L. Zahm.

Grand Jurors To serve in the Court of Quarter Sessions commencing Monday, April 18, 1895.

Henry B. Bowman, Mannheim. Thomas Baker, Colerain. Christian Bentz, East Conoco. George Helman, Marietta. John Charles, Washington. John Cudron, Carnarvon. Thos. W. Henderson, Salisbury. John Haldeman, Conoy. Samuel Hull, Earl. Henry Hoover, Martie. Jacob M. Kreider, West Hempfield. Alexander Lindsay, Marietta bor. Jacob Myers, Mount Joy bor. Samuel Myers, do. Ambrose Pownall, Sadsbury. Peter H. Sammy, East Hempfield. Frederick Stoner, Manor. John S. Smith, Paradise. Samuel Snyder, West Donegal. George Helman, East Earl. Mitchell J. Weaver, city. Levi Weidly, Strasburg bor. James Whitehill, city. Israel Wenger, West Earl.

Petit Jurors To serve in the Court of Quarter Sessions, commencing Monday, April 18, 1895.

Joseph Armstrong, Martie. Henry Bruchhart, West Hempfield. Peter B. Bly, do. William Brant, Mount Joy bor. David Breeman, Elizabethtown. John Bushong, East Lampeter. Joseph Breeman, Rapho. Henry Bear, Strasburg bor. John D. Boring, city. George G. Conpton, Carnarvon. John Biliow, city. Samuel L. Dillinger, Marietta. Elnis Diem, Salisbury. Adam Dennison, Conoy. Henry Dissinger, Elizabethtown. C. A. Ehler, city. Robert A. Evans, city. David H. Holzh, Penn. Robert Ferguson, Colerain. Samuel Frantz, East Hempfield. Henry Gorrecht, city. Isaac Gish, Mount Joy. Abraham D. Grevill, West Earl. John W. Gross, Ephrata. Levi W. Harmon, Elizabethtown. John Harter, Mount Joy bor. William Hays, Little Britain. Cyrus N. Hest, West Lampeter. Benjamin Hlotstetter, East Donegal. Levi Henkle, Adamstown. John Hertzler, Carnarvon. John S. Kenney, Paradise. John Hender, Leacock. Christian R. Jendry, Upper Leacock. Christian D. Martian, Washington. William Mathiot, Columbia. James McPhail, Strasburg bor. John G. Offner, Paradise. Abraham Peters, Manor. Nicholas M. Peck, East Donegal. Leonard Piskel, Bart. James Patterson, Little Britain. James Risk, Edon. John Royer, Leacock. Isaac Reel, Salisbury. Jacob Sides, Manor. Jacob Warner, Salisbury. Thomas Welsh, Columbia.

HAVE WE A "DEAD HEAD" AMONG US.—According to the following paragraph from the *Christian Observer*, the church is as much troubled with "dead heads" as the theatres, circuses and negro minstrels:—"DEAD HEADS" IN THE CHURCH.—A "dead head" is a technical term, used by railroad men to designate those who manage to ride when they wish, without paying fare. Now it strikes me that there are some such characters in the church of God. They never subscribe anything for preaching, and they are speechless at a meeting for conference and prayers; in a word, they mean to retain the name of Christian, and be borne along to heaven in the church, without inconvenience or expense. Reader, may I ask if you are a "dead head?" Do you help pay, in the community where you reside? Dead heads in the church of the living God! Who are they?"

INDICATIONS AND TREATMENT.—A M. F. Villier was traveling in a steamboat at the time when an explosion took place. M. F. was transfixed by an iron spit seven feet long.—The spit went in at the abdomen and passed out at the back, so that there was three feet of the spit in front and three of the spit behind. M. F. was conveyed to the nearest hotel. His position demanded all the resources to art. A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who on arriving felt the patient pulse, and asked him where he was wounded. "In the abdomen," replied the suffering man. "Indeed! How did it happen to you?" The patient then detailed the accident and the incident of his being transfixed. The surgeon shook his head and resumed: "Are they subject to this accident, sir, in your family?" "No," replied the patient, "not that I know. My father and mother are very old, and have never been spiked. So

Another American Triumph.—We have had frequent occasion recently to speak of the Atlantic Monthly.

We have been prompted to do this from an honest pride at the accomplishment, not only of our own, but, we believe, of a national desire, to see our periodical literature vindicated from the charge our English brethren have so often brought against it, that it "cannot ascend above the level of love-sick stories and sentimental poetry, because our reading-public can appreciate nothing better. Many an attempt has been made to establish something similar to the high-toned periodicals of England, and as often as each attempt has failed, the voice of exultation from the English press has been loud, and the cry raised that we can't do it. Well do we remember this when Putnam's Monthly was compelled to give way, in which we thought we had found a refutation of the established English opinion in regard to us. But we can now safely boast of a triumph, as the Atlantic Monthly has attained a circulation of 40,000, nearly double that ever reached by Putnam's, and is placed upon a sure basis, its publishers being among the most enterprising in our country, and have been actuated to a considerable degree, in the establishment of the Atlantic; by this same mortifying fact we refer to, that our American literature had no true exponent. The many expressions of favor and wellwishes received the past year from their subscribers, prove that they too have given their support to the Atlantic from a determination that our country, in spite of British misgivings, shall have a periodical of its own, not only equal, but even superior, to any of those published in England. And now the English press have honestly admitted that we have such a periodical, for the London Critic and Athenaeum have lavished their praise the past few months. The "Athenaeum" has been republished monthly in London, as it appeared in the Atlantic, calling forth golden opinions and the confession that their own periodicals have contained nothing so brilliant since the "Noctes Ambrosianae."

At the present time two different houses in London monthly re-publish the "Minister's Wooing," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and its circulation there almost exceeds the same here. We have heard it stated that the editors have received and approved, up to the present time, sufficient material from American authors to furnish several numbers fully equal to any that have yet appeared. The April number is looked for as one of the very best yet issued. We repeat again, that in chronicling the success of the Atlantic, we are expressing a national feeling of something more than pleasure, that we have at last accomplished our desire, and that our literature has such an ornament as the Atlantic Monthly.—Boston Sat. Eve. Gazette.

"THEY SAY."—Somebody says, and we endorse the sentiment, that a more sneaking, cowardly, fiendish liar than "They say," does not exist. That personage is a universal scapegoat for personal gossip, envy, and malice, without form of flesh and blood, when invoked, and yet stalking boldly in every community. The character is a myth, and yet real; intangible, and yet clutching its victims with a remorseless power. It is unseen, and yet from an exhaustless quiver wings its poisoned arrows from day to day. And no mail is proof; no character, position, or sex escapes; no sanctuary is too sacred; no home is bulwarked against its assaults. When one base heart wishes to assail some person's character or motives; "They say" is always invoked. That is the assassin who strikes in the cloud—the Thug who haunts the footsteps of the offender, and tortures from careless word or deed, an excuse for the siletto. Men dare not always reveal their own feelings. With smiles and pretended friendship, they present their venomous shaft as coming from "They say." Be sure, reader, that when some villainous tale is told you, and the teller cannot give an author more tangible than "They say" for it, that the slander is the creation of the beast by your side, and reeking with the poison of envy and hatred, and earnest with a wish to have the falsehood of "They say" bud into reality, and become current coin in the community; "They say," we repeat, is as cowardly as it is false and fiendish; a phantom creation which smiles, while letting loose a brood of vipers to crawl in your path, and blast by their venom. To retail the stories of "They say," is to sneak behind an intangible personage and put in circulation the infamous insinuations and calumnies, which, from raw material, are forged for nearer home.

Vivier, the horn player, received warning from his landlord to quit at the expiration of the quarter. The very day of his going, he carried up a calf in his infancy, and by the time his cow expired, it had grown almost into a bullock. The key was given to the proprietors, whose amazement and consternation may be conceived. No means of getting the animal alive down six flights of narrow stairs had been invented, and so the slaughter was compelled to take place in the garret, to the utter disgust of the other tenants—leading to innumerable lawsuits against the landlord, who is quite beside himself, and threatens destruction to Vivier in consequence.

DALEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR will cure the following among a great catalogue of diseases: Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Chafes, Sore Nipples, Corns, Blisters, Bruises, Sprains, Bites, Poison, Chilblains, Biles, Scrofula, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Felons, Ear Ache, Sore Eyes, Gout, Swellings, Rheumatism, Piles, Salt Rheum, Baldness, Erysipelas, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Small Pox, Measles, Rash, &c., &c.

To some it may appear incredulous that so many diseases should be reached by one article; such an idea will vanish when reflection points to the fact, that the salve is a combination of ingredients, each and every one applying a perfect antidote to its respective disease.

Daley's Magical Pain Extractor is in its effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury.—It is scarcely necessary to say that no hearse, work-shop, or manufactory should be one moment without it.

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PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.—There is a Philadelphia lawyer who says that if there were no women with bad tongues, and no Irishmen in the world, he would have been at the head of his profession years