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Advertiser.

The Advertiser.

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VOL. 15--NO. 44.

LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1864.

WHOLE NO. 774

NOT ALCOHOLIC.

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED

Vegetable Extract.

A PURE TONIC.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY

Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Philad'a Pa. WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice.

Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a

disordered Liver or Stomach.

Such as Biliousness, Headache, Pain in the Head, Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Diarrhoea, Flatulence, &c.

It is the only medicine that will cure the most obstinate cases of Biliousness, Indigestion, &c.

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Miscellaneous.

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE.

Between eight and ten years ago I engaged in a long vacation campaign among the Alps of Savoy. I was alone. My object was not amusement, but study. I occupied a professor's chair, and was engaged in the collection of materials for a work on the Flora of the higher Alps; and, to this end, traveled chiefly on foot. My route lay from the beaten paths and passes. I often journeyed for days through regions where there were neither inns nor villages. I often wandered from dawn till dusk, among sterile steeps unknown even to the herdsmen of the upper pastures, and untraced save by the chamois and the hunter. I thought myself fortunate, at those times, if towards evening, I succeeded in securing my way down to the nearest chalet, where in company with a herd of milk goats, I might find the shelter of a thatched roof, and a supper of black bread and whey.

One particular evening I had gone further than usual in pursuit of the Senecio uniflorus, a rare plant which I hitherto believed indigenous to the southern valleys of Monte Rosa, but of which I here succeeded in finding one or two indifferent specimens. It was a wild and barren district, difficult to distinguish with any degree of precision on the map, but lying among the upper declivities of the Val de Bagnes, between the Mount Plener and the Grand Combin. On the waste of rock strewn moss to which I had climbed, there was no sign of human habitation. Above me lay the great ice-fields of Corbasier, surmounted by the silver summits of the Gaffnerie and Combin. To my left the sun was going down rapidly behind a forest of smaller peaks, the highest of which, as well as I could judge from Ostwald's map, was the Mont Blanc de Chellon. In ten minutes more those peaks would be crimson; in one short half hour it would be night.

To be benighted on an Alpine plateau towards the latter end of September is not a desirable position. I knew it by recent experience, and had no wish to repeat the experiment. I therefore began retracing my steps as rapidly as I could, descending in a northwesterly direction, and keeping a sharp lookout for any chalet that might offer a shelter for the night.

Pushing forward thus, I found myself presently at the head of a little verdant ravine, channeled, as it were, in the face of the plateau. I hesitated. It seemed, through the gathering darkness, as if I could discern vague traces of a path trampled here and there in the deep grass. It also seemed as if the ravine tended down towards my destination. By following it I could scarcely go wrong. When there is grass there are generally cattle and a chalet; and I might possibly find a nearer resting place than I had anticipated. At all events I resolved to try it.

The ravine proved shorter than I had expected, and instead of leading immediately downwards, opened up a second plateau, through which a well-worn footway struck off abruptly to the left. Pursuing this footway with what speed I might, I came in the course of a few more minutes to a sudden slope, at the bottom of which, in a basin almost surrounded by a gigantic limestone cliff, lay a small dark lake, a few fields, and a chalet. The rose tints had by this time come and gone, and the snow had put on that ghostly grey which precedes the dark. Before I could descend the slope, skirt the lake, and mount the little eminence on which the house stood, sheltered by the back ground of rocks, it was already night, and the stars were in the sky.

I went up to the door and knocked; no one answered. I opened the door, all was dark; I paused—held my breath—listened—fancied I could distinguish a low sound, as of one breathing. I knocked again. My knock was answered by a man's voice, which I perceived to be that of a stranger.

"Who is there?"

"A traveller," I replied, "seeking shelter for the night."

A heavy footstep crossed the door, a sharp flash shot through the darkness, and I saw by the flickering of a tinder, a man's face bending over a lantern. Having lighted it he said with scarce a glance towards the door, "Enter traveler," and went back to his seat beside the empty hearth.

I entered. The chalet was of a better sort than those usually found at so great an altitude, consisting of a dairy and house-places, with a loft overhead. A table, with three or four wooden stools, occupied the centre of the room. The rafters were hung with branches of dried herbs and long strings of Indian corn. A clock ticked in a corner; a kind of rude pallet upon trestles stood in a recess beside the fire place; and through a lattice at the farthest end, I could hear the cows feeding in an outdoor house.

Some what perplexed by the manner of my reception, I unstrapped my knapsack and specimen box, took possession of the nearest stool, and asked if I could have supper.

"Yes," he said, warmly; "you can eat, traveler."

With this, he crossed to the other

side of the hearth, stooped over a dark object which until now I had not observed, crouched in the corner, and muttered a word or two of unintelligible patois. The object moaned; lifted up a wildered woman's white face, and rose slowly from the floor. The herdsmen pointed to the table, and went back to the stool and his former attitude. The woman, after pausing helpless, as if in the effort to remember something, went out into the dairy, came back with a brown loaf and a pan of milk which she set down on the table.

As long as I live I shall never forget the expression of that woman's face. She was young and very pretty; but her beauty seemed turned to stone. Every feature bore the seal of unresponsive terror. Her gesture was mechanical. In the lines that furrowed her brow, was a hardness more terrible than the hardness of age. In the locking of her lips, there was an anguish beyond the utterance of words. Though she observed me, I do not think she saw me. There was no recognition in her eyes; no apparent consciousness of any object or circumstance external to the secret of her own despair. All this I noticed during the few brief moments in which she brought me my supper. That done, she crept away, abjectly, into the same dark corner, and sank down again, a mere huddled heap of clothing.

As for her husband, there was something unnatural in the singular immobility of his attitude. There he sat, his body bent forward, his chin resting in his palms, his eyes staring fixedly at the blackened hearth, and not even the involuntary quiver of a nerve to show that he lived and breathed. I could not determine his age, analyze and observe his features as I might. He looked old enough to be fifty; and was a fine muscular mountaineer, with that grave cast of countenance which is peculiar to the Valaisan peasant.

I could not eat. The keenness of my mountain appetite was gone. I sat as if fascinated, in the presence of this strange pair; observing both, and apparently by both as much forgotten as if I had never crossed their threshold. We remained thus, by the dim light of the lantern and the monotonous ticking of the clock, for some forty minutes or more; all profoundly silent. Some times the woman stirred, as if in pain; some times the cows struck their horns against the manger in the out-house. The herdsmen alone sat motionless, like a herd of dumb animals. At length the clock struck nine. I had by this time become so nervous that I almost dreaded to hear my own voice interrupt the silence. However, I pushed my plate noisily aside, and said, with as much show of ease as I could muster—

"Have you any place, friend, in which I can sleep to-night?"

He shifted his position uneasily, and, without looking round, replied in the same form of words as before: "Yes, you can sleep, traveler."

"Where—in the loft above?"

He nodded affirmatively, took the lantern from the table and turned towards the dairy. As we passed, the light streamed for a moment over the crouching figure in the corner, and I saw that he was a stranger.

"Is your wife ill?" I asked, pausing and looking back.

His eyes met mine for the first time, and a shudder passed over his body.

"Yes," he said with an effort, "she is ill."

I was about to ask what ailed her, but something in his face arrested the question on my lips. I know not to this hour, what that something was. I could not define it then; I cannot describe it now; but I hope I may never see it in a living face again.

I followed him to the foot of a ladder at the further end of the dairy.

"Up there," he said, placing the lantern in my hand, and strode heavily back into the darkness.

I went up, and found myself in a long, low granary, stored with corn sacks, hay, onions, rock salt, cheeses, and various mountain produce. A fire of turf, a rug, and a three-legged stool. My first care was to make a systematic inspection of the loft and all that it contained. My next, to open a little unglazed lattice with a sliding shutter, just opposite my bed.

The night was brilliant, and a stream of fresh air and moonlight poured in. Oppressed by a strange, undefined sense of trouble, I extinguished the lantern, and stood looking upon the solemn peaks and glaciers. Their solitude seemed to be more than usually awful; their silence more than usually profound. I could not help associating them, with the mystery in the house. I perplexed myself with all kinds of wild conjectures as to what the nature of that mystery might be. The woman's face haunted me like an evil dream.

Again and again, I went from the lattice, vainly listening for any sound in the rooms below. A long time went by thus, until at length, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, I stretched myself on the mattress, took fast asleep.

I can guess neither how long my sleep lasted, nor from what cause I awoke. I only know that I was dreamless and profound; and that I started from it suddenly, unaccountably, trembling in every nerve, and possessed of an overwhelming sense of danger.

"Danger! Danger of what kind? From what? From where? I

looked round—I was alone, and the quiet moon was shining as serenely as when I fell asleep. I got up, walked to and fro, reasoning with myself; all in vain. I could not stay the beating of my heart, nor could I master the horror that oppressed my brain. I felt that I dared not lie down again; that I must get out of the house somehow; and at once; that to stay would be death; that the instinct by which I was governed must at all costs be obeyed.

I could not bear it. Resolved to escape, or, at all events, to sell life dearly, I strapped on my knapsack, armed myself with my iron-headed alpenstock; took my large clasp knife between my teeth, and began cautiously and noiselessly to descend the ladder. When I was about half way down, the alpenstock, which I was studiously keeping clear of the ladder, encountered a dairy vessel and sent it clattering to the ground. Caution after this was useless. I sprang forward, reached the outer room at a bound, and found it to my amazement, deserted, with the door wide open and the moonlight streaming in. Suspecting a trap, my first impulse was to stand still, with my back against the wall, prepared for a desperate defence. All was silent. I could only hear the ticking of the clock and the heavy beating of my own heart. The pallet was empty. The bread and milk were still standing where I had left them on the table. The herdsmen's stool still occupied the same spot by the desolate hearth; but he and his wife were gone—gone in the dead of the night—leaving me, a stranger, the sole occupant of their home.

While I was yet irresolute whether to go or stay, and while I was wondering at the strangeness of my position, I heard, or fancied I heard, something—something that might have been the wind, save that there was no air stirring—something that might have been the wailing of a human voice. I held my breath—heard it again—followed it, as it died away. I had not far to go. A line of light gleamed under the door of a shed at the back of the chalet, and a cry bitter and more piercing than any yet heard, guided me to the spot.

I looked in—recoiled with horror—went back, as if fascinated; and so stood for some moments unable to move, to do anything but to stare helplessly upon the scene before me. To this day I cannot recall it without something of the same sickening sensations.

Inside the hut, by the light of a pine torch thrust into an iron sconce against the wall, I saw the herdsmen kneeling by the body of his wife; grieving over her, like another Othello; kissing her white lips, wiping blood stains from her yellow hair, raving but inarticulate cries of passion, remorse, and calling down all the curses of heaven upon his own head, and that of some other man who had brought this crime upon him! I understood it all now—the misery, all the terror, all the despair. She had sinned against him, and he had slain her. She was quite dead. The very knife, with its hideous testimony fresh upon the blade, lay near the door.

I turned and fled—blindly, wildly, like a man with bloodhounds on his track; now, stumbling over stones; now, rushing forward faster than before; now, battling up-hill with straining lungs and trembling limbs; now, staggering across a level space; now, making for the higher ground again, and casting never a glance behind!

At length I reached a bare plateau above the line of vegetation, where I dropped exhausted. Here I lay for a long time, beaten and stupefied, until the intense cold of approaching dawn forced upon me the necessity of action. I rose and looked on a scene, no feature of which was familiar to me. The very snow peaks, though I knew they must be the same, looked unlike the peaks of yesterday. The very glaciers, seen from a different point of view, assumed new forms, as if on purpose to baffle me. Thus perplexed, I had no resource but to climb the nearest height, from which it was probable that a general view might be obtained.

A superb panorama lay stretched before, peak beyond peak, glacier beyond glacier, valley and pine forest and pasture slope; all flushed and palpitating in the crimson vapors of the dawn. Here and there I could trace the foam of a waterfall, or the silver threat of a torrent; here and there, the canopy of the faint blue smoke that waded upward from some hamlet among the hills. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a little lake—a sullen pool—lying in the shade of an amphitheatre of rocks some eight hundred feet below.

Until that moment the night and its terrors appeared to have passed away like a vision, but now the very sky seemed darkened above me—Yes, there it all lay at my feet. Yonder was the path by which I had descended from the plateau, and lower still, the accursed chalet, with background of rugged cliffs and overhanging precipices that lie in shadow!

Well might the sunlight refuse to touch the ripples of that lake with gold, and to light up the windows of that house with an illumination direct from heaven.

Thus standing, thus looking down, I became aware of a strange sound—a sound sharper and hollow than was soon the fall of an avalanche, and unlike anything that I remembered to have heard. While I was yet asking myself

self what it could be, or whence it came, I saw a considerable fragment of rock detach itself from one of the heights over-hanging the lake, and fall rapidly from ledge to ledge, and fall with a heavy splash into the water below. It was followed by a cloud of dust, and a prolonged reverberation, like the rolling of distant thunder.

Next moment, a dark fissure sprang into sight all down the face of the precipice—the fissure became a chasm—the whole wavered before my eyes—wavered, parted, sent up a cataract of earth and stones—and slid down, down, down into the valley.

Defensed by the crash, and blinded by the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and anticipated instant destruction. The echoes, however, died away, and were succeeded by a solemn silence. The plateau on which I stood remained firm and unshaken. I looked up.

The sun was shining as serenely, the landscape sleeping as peacefully as before. Nothing was changed, save that a wide white scar now defaced all one side of the great limestone basin below, and a ghastly mound of ruin filled the valley at its foot. Beneath that mound lay buried all record of the crime to which I had been an unwilling witness. The very mountains had come down and covered it—nature had obliterated it from the face of the Alpine solitude. Lake and chalet, victim and executioner, had disappeared forever—the place thereof knew them no more.

THE SPEAKERS PAGE.

(Correspondent of the Missouri Democrat.)

No one who has been accustomed to attend the sessions of Congress during the past fifteen years, has failed to notice, at the right of the Speaker, a tall, slim, pale-faced, bright looking lad, who gradually grew to manhood, and still retained his position and title, which was that of "Speaker's page."

No matter what party was in power in Congress, Thad Morrice was retained. Every new Speaker found him an almost indispensable assistant. Standing just at the Speaker's elbow, with his arm leaning upon the desk, his chin resting upon his hand, which was between the Speaker and the audience, in that attitude of whispering to the Speaker, the faithful Thaddeus has stood during many sessions of Congress, the prompter of Boyd, Banks, Orr, Pennington, Grow and Colfax. It is said he knew more of Parliamentary law than any man in America. And he knew every member of the House in all these Congresses; it was his special business to know them.

No Speaker could get along without such an assistant, at first. When Pennington was Speaker, a good portion of all the words he uttered were literally put into his ear by Thad. He did not know one-quarter of the members even by sight, and was sadly deficient in parliamentary law. When any member arose, he would say, "the gentleman from," generally without the least idea what State he was to name, but so prompt was Thad to give it, and so unobtrusive in doing so, that not one in a hundred, who was not cognizant with the process, would imagine but what Pennington knew all the members. And many and many a time the old man would commence the statement of a question, not knowing how he was to finish his sentence, which was furnished and finished by the youthful parliamentarian at his elbow. No Speaker that ever presided over the House was so well able to dispose with the services that Thad. Morrice performed as Schuyler Colfax, who is the most successful Speaker ever elected by an American House of Representatives; yet Mr. Colfax cannot fail to miss greatly the "Speaker's page," and many old members, amid the bustle and hurry of legislative affairs, will find time to indulge in a retrospective glance at the services, and pay a tribute to the memory of the ever faithful Thaddeus Morrice, whose prompt and timely needful words will never be whispered into the ear of another Speaker.

"PUT ON THE BRAKE."

Pennsylvania, where railroad iron and other products of the same substantial metal are extensively manufactured, is situated on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. There is a very heavy ascending grade for several miles westward from this place to overcome which requires not a little power of steam with an ordinary train of cars. Just before this part of the road was opened an officer connected with it had occasion to go three or four miles west to superintend some operations. He took a light hand car and two powerful men to work it, one of whom was a German, not an accomplished engineer, nor very familiar with the working of railroads. They toiled hard at the crank, working their way up the steep grade, landing their passenger at his destined point, who sent the car back to Scranton by the German alone, knowing that no labor was required to descend except when it was necessary to hold back by putting on the brake. Not having received any specific directions, however, as to the manner in which he was to work his way down, the German mounted the car, and thinking as it had been such severe labor for two men to take the car out it would require still more exertion for one to work it back, he applied, all his strength to the crank and was soon moving with tremendous velocity down the hill towards the town, and the terminus of the road. As the

passed through the town over the last half mile, all unconscious of what was before him, his danger excited universal apprehension, and the cry was raised on every hand, "Put on the brake! Put on the brake!" Interpreting the cry to mean put on more strength, he laid all his power upon one last grand effort. Reaching the end of the road, where there was some heavy obstruction sufficient to stop a train of cars, the hand car was instantly converted into kindling wood, and the poor German was thrown head over heels some twenty-five or thirty feet beyond where it struck. As he was picked up in a mangled condition, some one asked him,

"Why did you not put on the brake?"

"Put on de brake," said he, "ry it ish preak on to pieces!"

And this was the end of that ride.

DEPTH OF SEAS.

It has been asserted that in the neighborhood of the continents the seas are often shallow; thus the Baltic Sea has a depth of only 120 feet between the coasts of Germany and Sweden. The Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, has a depth of only 130 feet. Between France and England the greatest depth does not exceed 300 feet, while southwest of Ireland it suddenly sinks to 2,000 feet. The seas in the South of Europe are much deeper than the preceding. The western basin of the Mediterranean seems to be very deep. In the narrowest parts of the straits of Gibraltar it is not more than 1,000 feet below the surface. A little farther toward the east the depth falls to 3,000 feet, and at the south of the coast of Spain to nearly 6,000 feet. On the northwest of Sardinia, bottom has not been found at the depth of nearly 5,000 feet. With respect to the open seas their depths are little known. About 250 miles south of Nantucket the lead has been sunk to 6,800 feet. In north latitude, at 73 degrees, Capt. Ross has exceeded 6,000 feet in Baffin's Bay. But the most astonishing depths are found in the Southern Atlantic; west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been found and the plummet has not found bottom at 27,000 feet, west of St. Helena. Dr. Young, relying upon the theory of the tides, considered justified in assigning about 15,000 to the Atlantic; about 20,000 to the Pacific.

A PAIR OF SPASMS.—The Spirit of Harbinger lucidly says—

"In the twelfth hour of the glory of God, the life of God, the Lord in God, the Holy Procedure shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect disclosure illumination. Then shall the creation, in its effulgence, above the divine seraphine, arise into the dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive revolting galaxy of supreme creative beatitude."

To which the Cayuga Chief learnedly responds—

"Then shall blockheadism, the jackassical doms of disclosure procedure, above the all-fired great leather fungus of Peter Nipinneygo, the great gooseberry grinder, rise into the dome discloseive until co-equal, co-extensive, and conglomerated maxes, in one grand comprehensive mux, shall assimilate into nothing, and revolve like a bob tailed pusey, cat after the space where the tail was."

SEVERE ON "PURE IVORY."

"An exchange paper maliciously says: 'You carry a beautiful cane—it costs three dollars—one dollar extra on account of its beautiful, pure ivory head. Your wife has a costly fan, with a pure ivory handle. In your pocket is a pure ivory-handled penknife, very pretty and fine. On your table is a set of knives and forks, with pure ivory handles, and a little extra expense they have cost for being of pure ivory. The napkin rings are of pure ivory. The rings in which are the reins of your costly double harness, are pure ivory. The handles of beautiful parasols are of pure ivory—and this 'pure ivory' is manufactured from the shin-bones of dead army horses."

PAT'S IDEA OF STOCK.—Pat Donahue was a "broth of a boy," right from the "Gem of the Say," and he had a small contract on the Convey Railroad, in New Hampshire, in the year of grace, 1855, in which he agreed to take his pay part in cash, part in bonds, and part in stock. The stock of this road, he it remembered—like many others—was not worth a "Continental," and has always kept up its value with remarkable uniformity. In due time Pat, having completed his job, presented himself at the treasurer's office for settlement. The money, the bonds, and the certificate of stock were soon in his possession.

"And what is this now?" said Pat, flourishing his certificate of stock, bearing the "broad seal" of the corporation.

"That is your stock, sir," blandly replied the treasurer.

"And is this what I'm to git for me labor? Wasn't me contract for stock?"

"Why, certainly; that is your stock. What did you expect?"

"What did I expect?" said Pat, excitedly; "what did I expect? Why pig, and shape, and horse, sure!"

The underground railway in New York will cost \$4,250,000.

REMOVAL.

A. STANLEY ULRICH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE TO THE BUILDING, ONE