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A Spelling Frolic in Cleveland.

ON Monday evening a regular old-fashioned spelling-school was held at the Woodland Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Shortly before 8 o'clock the "choosing sides" began, a young lady and gentleman having volunteered to organize and lead the opposing forces through the many worded combat.

At length, when the audience had been "pumped dry"--as the boss declared--it was found that forty-six, twenty-three on each side, were in line, eager for the fray.

On account of the mutations of school text books--the spelling books in use when those who are now men and women went to school in pinafores and pantalets having long since gone out of date--and the differences of authority in orthography, it was agreed that, although words might not be spelled as in the book from which they were pronounced, if they were spelled as authorized in the dictionary, it should not count as a "miss."

All the preliminaries being arranged, "time" was called, and Mr. H. M. James, one of the city supervising principals, began to give out words from "Dewolf's Speller," the book used in our public schools.

Whenever the fatal word "Next!" was pronounced, the person who had missed quietly slid out and took a seat among the spectators. Now and then a word would sweep down a half a dozen in a row, leaving great gaps in the ranks.

At length but ten remained, the "sides" being just equal--five on each, and both the leaders still bravely holding their positions.

The feminine leader was the next victim, reducing the quintet to a quartet, on one side the minister being "left blooming alone." Warming up to his work, Mr. James became almost frantic in his zeal to hunt up hard words, but for several minutes the four were invulnerable.

"That 'blue book' isn't so very large, but there's a good deal in it to be spelled. It contains a host of such words as 'chaly-

beate," "phylactery," "erysipelas," "logarithmic," "pharmaceutical," etc., ad infinitum, to say nothing of orthographical monstrosities of all kinds, the whole compiled for just such occasions.

After successfully resisting the bombardment for a few minutes the "other fellow" not the pencil driver, who was bound to maintain the honor of the press, slipped up on a word about a foot long, but he didn't know it till afterward, as the principal's attention was at the instant directed elsewhere, and the error was not noticed by him.

"Keep Up with the Fashion." "Ma, can I go and hear the negro serenaders to-night?" "No my dear, I cannot think of letting you go to such performances."

"Indeed, Ma, then you are vastly mistaken, for I heard Judge Brown's boys say they were there with their father and sisters, and I saw Mr. Jones, my Sabbath-school teacher, go in last evening; and I was in the store to-day where they sell the tickets, and the minister of the Brook Street Church came in and purchased three or four to take his family."

"Yes, Ma: and Mr. Smith remarked when he sold the tickets, that the concerts were attended by very fashionable audiences." "Well, that alters the case, some; you may go and tell your sister Angelica to dress for the concert, and I will accompany you; I believe there is nothing but a prayer-meeting at our church to-night. We must keep up with the fashion."

An Inquisitive Yankee. A peering New Englander overtook a gentleman who was traveling on horseback, notwithstanding the disadvantage of having lost a leg.

"Been in the army, I guess?" "Never was in the army in my life," was the reply. "Fit a duel?" "Never fought a duel, sir."

"Horse threw you off, I guess, or something of that sort?" "No sir; nothing of that kind." Jonathan tried various dodges, but to no effect; and at last, almost out of patience whose patience was very commendable, he determined on a direct inquiry as to the nature of the accident by which the gentleman had come to lose his leg.

"I will tell you replied the traveler, 'on condition that you will promise not to ask me another question.' 'Agreed!' exclaimed the eager listener. 'Well, sir,' remarked the gentleman, 'it was bit off!'"

A Successful Ruse.

A woman who resided at Ferry Village; opposite Portland, Me., and who comes over to the city frequently to assist families in house cleaning, started to return to the Cape in the evening, but was too late to catch the last ferry-boat.

The Lawyer's Joke.

OLD COL. D---, was a keen lawyer, and one of the most inveterate practical jokers of his time. He flourished in the days when it was customary for the lawyers to "ride the circuit," and there are those still living who will remember many of his freaks in the joking line, and how the Colonel, though hard to beat, was once taken in by a couple of young lawyers, with whom the Colonel was not on speaking terms, the result of one of the Colonel's practical jokes.

They were once on the same circuit with the Colonel, and were to pass through a region with which they were perfectly acquainted, though the Colonel was not. The young ones determined, as they were about leaving one of the courts for another, to have some sport at the expense of the Colonel by the way.

At length the old fellow came jogging along, and the youngsters commenced putting on their coats and boots as though they had just had a swim. The Colonel was awfully puzzled.

The Colonel slowly divested himself of coat, pants, boots and drawers. These he tied up in his handkerchief, and hung them on the horn of the saddle. He then remounted, and made a very interesting picture.

Slowly and cautiously did the old gentleman and his horse take to the water. Half a length, and the water was not fetlock deep. Two lengths, and the stream no deeper. His horse stopped and took a long drink. Thirty feet further, and a decided shoaling. The Colonel reined up and cogitated thus:

"There must be a tremendous deep channel between here and the bank; see how the water runs. Well, we'll go through it," and he gave his horse a lash that sent him through the watery waste, and landed his rider safely on the opposite bank. The creek was no where no more than a foot deep!

A wild yell from the youngsters, as they galloped away, exposed the plot to the now raving Colonel, and announced their approbation of the sport.

Dressed and mounted again, the Colonel started off with a wofulphiz, and was soon out of sight. To hear some of the tallest kind of talking after that affair, it was only necessary to ask the Colonel as to the depth of the water in "Swimming Creek;" for by that name it is known to this day.

Changes of a Century.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many great discoveries:

In 1809 Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of the steamboat.

The first steamships which made regular trips across the Atlantic Ocean were the Sirius and the Great Western, in 1830.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813 there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill, believed to be the first in world which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth from raw cotton.

In 1790 there was only twenty-five post offices in this country, and up to 1837 the rates of postage were twenty-five cents for a letter sent over four hundred miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks commenced to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length was built in the United States.

In 1840 the first experiment of photography were made by Daguerre.

The anthracite coal business was begun in 1820.

In 1836 the patent for the invention of matches was granted.

In 1845 the first telegram was sent. Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1830.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for the first sewing machine.

The first successful method of making vulcanized India rubber was patented in 1839.

Magruder's Goat.

Mrs. Magruder's baby is carried out by the nurse now, since the accident to its carriage. Magruder thought it would be a good idea to have a tame goat to pull the coach, and he bought one for the purpose; but one day the goat met another goat that differed from him in politics or religion, or something, and each undertook to convince the other by jamming him in the skull.

at Magruder's goat, which would dodge, and then the other goat would plunge headforemost into the coach, and smash the baby up in the most frightful manner. And in the midst of the contest a couple of dogs joined in, and Magruder's goat backed off and tilted the coach into the gutter, and the dogs, biting around kind of generally, would snap at the goat and cause it to whirl the baby around just in time for the bite; until at last the goat got disheartened and sprang through the fence, leaving the coach on the other side, and it struggled frantically to escape, while the other goat crowded up against the baby in order to avoid the dogs, and finally kicked the baby out, and butted the coach to splinters. They say the way Mrs. Magruder eyed Magruder that afternoon when they brought the baby home mutilated and disheveled, was simply awful to behold; but she didn't speak to him for a week; and he had to soften her down by buying her an ostrich feather for her Winter hat. The goat is still at large. Anybody who wants him can have him free of charge. Magruder doesn't recognize him when he meets the animal on the street.

An Irishman's Will.

In the name of God, Amen! I, Timothy Doolan, of Barrydowderry, in the county of Clare, farmer; being sick and wake on my legs, but of sound head and warm heart--Glory be to God! do make this my first and last will and new testament. First, I give my soul to God, when it pleases Him to take it, sure no thanks to me, for I can't help it thin, and my body to be buried at Barrydowderry chapel, where all my kith and kin have gone before me, and those that live after, belonging to me are buried, peace to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly over their bones. Bury me near my godfather and my mother who lie separated all together at the other side of the chapel yard. I have the bit of ground containing ten acres--rural old Irish acres--to me eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she lives to survive him. My daughter and her husband Paddy O'Regan are to get the white sow that's going to have twelve black boniffs. Teddy, my second boy, that was killed in the war in Ameriky, might have got his pick of poultry, but, as he has gone, I'll leave them to his wife, who died a week before him; I bequeath to all mankind fresh air of heaven, all the fishes of the sea they can take, and all the birds they can shoot. I leave to them all the sun, moon and stars. I leave to Peter O'Rafferty, a pint of porteen I can't finish, and God be merciful to him.

A New Dish.

Up to the time when those superb palaces, the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, were afloat on Lake Erie, no man was better known or more highly esteemed by the tens of thousands of travelers who went up and down upon its waters than Captain A. D. Perkins. In every port, from Chicago to Buffalo, his broad, sunny face was well known and always welcome. He loved a joke, and used to tell this on himself:

His nautical career as commander was commenced in a schooner. During one of his trips he had been so long baffled by adverse winds that the provision chest had got quite too low for comfort. A few chickens were still left in a coop on deck. These he told the cook to prepare for dinner; but soon after, meeting a fishingsmack, purchased some fish, merely saying to the cook:

"Sam, we have got fish now, so you may postpone the chickens."

At dinner a strange-looking mess was placed before the captain, who said:

"Sam, what is this?"

"To which Sam replied:

"Oh, dem' a de postponed chickens, mass' cap'n!"

Human Frailty.

A man who understood human nature made a wager that there was not a dozen men in his native town who would stand a certain test which he specified. The wager was accepted, twelve representative male citizens designated, and to each a dainty note, written in a feminine hand, couched in seductive but yet polished terms, was sent as coming from a lady. The misaive stated that the writer had seen the gentleman addressed, been impressed by his bearing and appearance, and most anxious, &c., according to the usual style. The writer would be glad to meet Mr. Vanity at such and such a point at such a time. The notes were duly sent, and the conspirators anxiously awaited the result of the affair. Much to the chagrin of the gentlemen who accepted the wager and the triumph of the other, every one of the men to whom notes were sent, married and single, old and young, appeared at the proper point at the exact time named. All ladies will believe this story.

An elevator company at Toledo, Ohio, run all their engines by steam generated over fires of corn-cobs. These cobs are the remnants of the immense loads of corn on the ear consigned to them daily and shelled by machinery.

He who has not a good memory should never take upon himself the trade of lying.