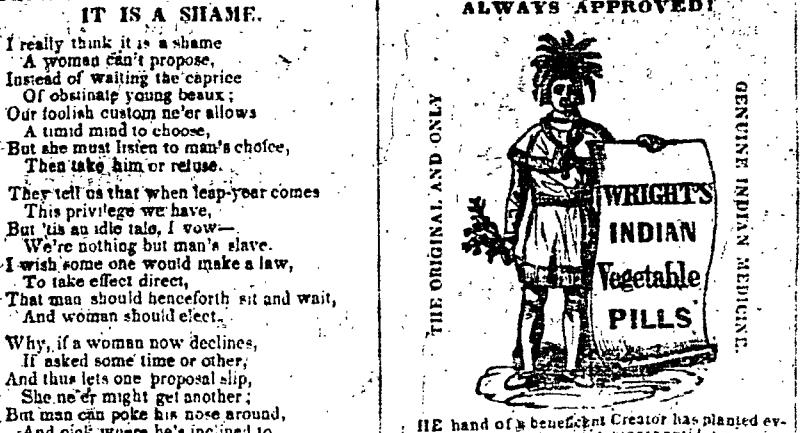


Wit and Humor.



MEDICINAL.

TESTED BY THOUSANDS AND ALWAYS APPROVED.

IT IS A SHAME.
I really think it is a shame
Instead of waiting the coprice
Of obtaining young heart,
One would rather have
A timid mind to choose,
But the heart is the choice,
The take him or refuse.
They tell us that when he goes
The privilege we have,
But we're nothing but man's slave,
I wish some one would make a law,
That man should shew forth sit and wait,
And women should elect,
Why, if a woman now declines,
She can't get another,
And then she's to pay a dollar or two,
But you can't get another,
And pick where he's inclined to,
Or he can let the mate go,
Just as he pleases.

A DOLLAR OR TWO.

With cautious steps we tread our way through
This intricate world as others have done before.
We are able to draw a few
The bearded face of a dollar or two?
For example, a man's life is worth a dollar or two,
A man's life is worth a dollar or two,
That country town, as we have said, up and down,
Would cost you half of the bachelor's crew
And the hand of a female dying care?

You must always be ready the hand-one to do,
A dollar or two, a dollar or two,
Love's sorrows are upper with a dollar or two,
Affection is gained by a dollar or two,
And the hand of a female dying care,
The eloquent shink of a dollar or two?

A YANKEE AT THE EXHIBITION.

As we were sitting in the picture gallery of the Crystal Palace, taking memoranda of its contents, a tall ill-dressed Vermonter, attracted probably by the beauty of our wife, addressed us.

"Stranger, what may they charge to let in?"

"Why do you ask? you paid at the entrance did you not?"

"Yes, I did; but you paid, I've seen, will you give?"

"How did you gain admittance then?"

"Well, sir, you see I traded with a boy out there for a Herald, and give him an account to the toller, 'fire' and when the brass thing on his coat looked around, I kind edged behind him."

Of course we expressed our indignation, and were about to leave him, when he seized our button-hole, saying quickly:

"Say, Misster, don't be riled, guess they'll never miss us; a Yank talk all-fined honest, guess we must be a newspaper seller; been takin' notes, ain't you? I hear 'bout this short hand."

"We assented, and he resumed:

"Might wery name be Greely, Misster? because I seed a nigger wench look just like a lefegue nigger; and, if she is, it's a bull-chance for you to predict—won't cost nothing, mother."

We denied that imputation, when he continued:

"I allers like newspaper chaps 'cause they're so clever. Been in the fine art myself taught school three winters—eleven dollars month, and boarded."

We were stopped to view the fine specimens of perfumed emanations which were busts made of solid soap. "Holla!" said Yankee, noting the goods, "gives this is made of grave-ston, ain't she?"

"No, they're made of soap."

Before we could prevent him, he had pinched it to satisfy himself. "Wa-so, guess it is," it feels soperior, any way; smells ratyophilic too, don't it? just like old Mr. Sloem's, potheer, show town."

A few steps brought us to the statue, where a number of persons were silently gazing at Powers' statue of the Greek Slave.

"Misster," said he, after a moment's inspection, pointing to the chains upon her wrists, "what's that critter hopped for?"

The bystanders scolded; and we endeavored to explain to him the nature of the subject; but to prevent him from handing it over, we called to him from the platform requesting visitors "NOT TO TOUCH THE ARTICLES."

"Don't touch the articles," repeated he.

"Why she ain't got the first dard article on her?"

We left.—Journal of Commerce.

A TOAD STORY.

On our last visit to New Orleans we were sitting with our heels on the stone in Judge's bar, listening to accounts of large fortunes, onions, &c., when one of the crowd remarked:

"I believe this country produces larger toads than any part of the State I have yet visited."

"Toads?" echoed the company.

"I was trying my luck at shooting toads in one of my streams," said the speaker, "when I noticed on the bank what I supposed to be a rock about a yard square and two feet high. I took a rather tame touch to it when I saw one suddenly jump out, and I sprang up the track leaving the bark, leaving my gun to the last, having shot it off in a fit of rage."

"A few feet off, I saw a toad, having for the bark settings, in leaps not less than a rod and a half long."

The "toad," that followed that story can be better imagined than described.

LOCAL DRAMA.—See, a Whisky Shop.—The loss running him in front, his arm in a limb, and two slugs his stomach. Noah comes up at a slings gun, and the following dialogue ensues:

"Soob!—Old hog! how are you?"

"Fogy—Not well, by a jug full."

"Sob—Jug full, he's a bottle does me, but say, old soob, what are you doing with your slugs?"

"Fogy—I'm a confounded felon."

"Sob—Oh! is that so? Why your madam did the same thing when you was a little boy."

Exit Sob in rason to prevent a tragedy.

THE EDITOR OF THE NEW ORLEANS PIGEON, speaking of a "model subscriber" to that paper, says:

"We have on our subscription list the name of one gentleman, who has taken the 'Weekly Pigeon' ever since 1839, and has not once, during that period, that we remember, faulted with the appearance or contents of the paper, or complained of being irregularly served by the mails. He paid his first year's subscription in advance, and has not paid anything since."

AT A LITTLE FOLLY, we sprung most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some unlooked-for noise. He dashed his eyes, and uttered a sharp cry, a struggle between him and the tempest, and then a fit of thought was taken. "Me—Me," said the boy, "I am so tired, and you are so fatigued, I am going to have my rest."

"Four feet?" said the chopper.

A LITTLE GIRL, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball, and her dress tinted with berries, innocently inquired if the berries would blow her up as she danced.

"No, no," said the mother, "your father will do all that, when his visitors have brought them."

WOMAN.—A fair and dexterous to boxer for the "light of other day," a stone enter who can drill dots enough to blast the "rock of ages"; a ring to fit the "fours of stone," and a new cushion for the "seat of Government."

THERE is no telling what a day will bring forth as Mr. Day and when Mrs. Day had swin.

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