Wit and Humor.

HOW SAL DISGRACED THE FAMILY.

A traveller in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the prairies, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tinware and a broken delf article or two.

The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful look-ing head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be in an awful trouble here: what's up?"

"Oh, we are most crazed, neighbor," said the woman; "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man in tones of despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"We can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there warn't a pootier gal in the West than our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted. She was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink or wear, now?" groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?" quoth the stranger.

"Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the deuce only knows how they are to earn a living!"

HOW HE MISSED IT.

Some folks are in the habit of talking in their sleep, and Miss Betsey Wilson was of the number. This peculiarity she accidentally revealed to Jedediah Jenkins, in a careless, conversational way. Jedediah had just finished the recital of a matrimonial dream, in which the young lady and himself figured as hero and heroine, he having invented the same for the sake of saying, at the conclusion, it was "too good to be true," and by thus speaking parables, assuring the damsel of that which he dared not speak plainly.

"I never dream," said Betsey; "but I sometimes talk half of the night, and tell everything I know in my sleep."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; I never can have a secret from mother. If she wants to know anything, she pumps me after I've gone to bed, and I answer her questions as honestly as if my life depended on it. That's the reason I wouldn't go to ride the other night. I knew she would find it out. It is awful provoking."

Some days after this, Jed called at the house, and entering the parlor unannounced, found that Miss Betsey, probably overcome by the heat of the weather, had fallen asleep on the sofa.

Now Jed, as the reader has surmised, had long felt an overwhelming partiality for the young lady, and yearned to know if it was returned; but though possessed of sufficient courage to mount "the imminent deadly breach," or breeches, (connubial ones, we mean,) he could never muster spunk enough to enquire into the state of her heart. But he now bethought himself of her confessed somnambulic loquacity, and felt that the time to ascertain his fate had come. Approaching the sofa, he whispered;

"My dearest Betsey, tell me, oh, tell me the object of your fondest affections."

The fair sleeper gave a faint sigh, and responded

"I love—let me think—(here you might have heard the beating of Jed's heart through a brick wall)—I love heaven, my country, and baked beans. But if I have one passion above all others, it is for roast onions!"

The indignant lover didn't wake her, but sloped at once, a sadder, but *not a wiser*, man.

THEM ERE LEGS.

A son of the Granite State went down to the city of Memphis to seek his fortune. He found instead a diarrhœa, which gradually saps life in a chronic form.

It was with this that poor Jim Bagley was picked up. And month after month it tugged until at length he was but the outline of his former self, a perfect skeleton.

A worthy minister saw the poor fellow, and seeing that the king of terrors had spotted him, determined to call on him and offer spiritual consolation. He broached the important subject somewhat thus:

"My dear Mr. Bagley, in view of your relations with this life, how do you feel?"

"Darn sick," was the prompt reply.

"Don't swear, my poor friend," said the parson, "and let me ask you if you ever think of your latter end."

"Oh!" said Bagley, "I haint thought on anything else mor'n three months."

"Not, I am afraid, in the right way, Mr. Bagley. I beg you to pause and reflect. It is time you began to wrestle with the Lord."

The sick man looked down at his miserable poker legs, extending before him, and, with an expression of wild amazement in his countenance, exclaimed:

"Rastle with the Lord! what, with them 'ere legs?' pointing to his own. "Why, parson, he'd flip me to h—ll the very first pass."

The parson gave him up as a hardened sinner.

ECONOMY.—There is a chap out West so mean, that he boils two bone buttons in a pint of water. This gruel lasts him exactly one month. He has used the buttons so s long that he has boiled all the holes out of them. He keeps warm in the winter time by standing under his next-door neighbor's gas lamp.

"I can tell you how to save that horse," said a darkey to a man who was looking very earnestly at the skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle heavily loaded with oysters.

"Will you? say on."

"Why, just slip him away while the crows are at roast."

A lady, at her marriage, requested the clergyman to give out to be sung by the choir, the hymn commencing:

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light," as the young fellow said, when his sweetheart was sitting on his lap with her arms around his neck.

It may seem a little remarkable that in these days, the greater part of the whitewashing is done with *ink*.

It is said that a Yankee who sat at the point of death, whittled it off with his jack knife and got well.

MEDICINAL.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. Relieve the Most Deep Cough in a Few Minutes. Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh. Clear and give Strength to the voice of

PUBLIC SPEAKERS, and SINGERS.

Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold," in the first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the Lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" containing demulcent ingredients, allay Pulmonary and Bronchial Irritation.

BROWN'S Troches — "Their trouble in my Throat, (for which the 'Troches' are a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer." N. P. WILLIS.

BROWN'S Troches — "I recommend their use to Public Speakers." REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

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BROWN'S Troches — Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

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BROWN'S — Sold by all Druggists at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.

(Dec. 8, '60 49 6m

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IT is Compounded Entirely from GUMS, and has become an established fact, a Standard Medicine, known and approved by all that have used it, and is now resorted to with confidence to all the diseases for which it is recommended.

It has cured thousands who had given up all hopes of relief, as the numerous unsolicited certificates in the possession of the proprietor will show.

The dose must be adapted to the individual taking it; the temperament of the system and in most cases but a few pills are to act gently on the Bowels.

Let the dictates of your own judgment guide you in the use of the Liver Invigorator, and it will cure Liver Complaints, Bilious Attacks, Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhœa, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Dysentery, Sour Stomach, Cholic, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Flatulence, Jaundice, Female Weaknesses, and may be used successfully by Children of a Delicate Constitution. It will cure Worms, Fever and Ague, (or Chills and Fever,) Bilious Fever, Scarlet Fever, Typhus Fever, Yellow Fever, Bloody Flux, Rheumatism, Pain in the Side, Pain in the Back, Pain in the Limbs, Pain in the Joints, Pain in the Stomach, Pain in the Head, Pain in the Face, Pain in the Teeth, Pain in the Ears, Pain in the Eyes, Pain in the Breast, Pain in the Small of the Back, Pain in the Chest