

Quick-Quacks. EPICURUM. Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean— "What reason can be given, Since marriage is a holy thing, That there is none in Heaven?" "There are no women," he replied. She quick returns the jest— "Women there are, but I'm afraid They cannot find a priest."—Saxx.

RECENTLY, at one of the numerous theatres in Paris, an actor new to its boards, and too recently arrived to have completely gained the suffrages of the capricious Parisian public, was treated with the most unmerited harshness by the audience. Feeling the great injustice of the disapprobation, and stung beyond his self-control, he muttered, but in too decided a stage whisper, "Silence, imbeciles!" The insulting epithet was caught up like wildfire throughout the house, and nothing would pacify the aggrieved feelings of the audience until the impatient culprit stepped forward and made an apology in the following terms:—"Gentlemen, I called you imbeciles—it is true! I apologize—I am wrong!" In an instant the storm of indignation turned into a vociferous applause; the wit of the actor obtained his pardon.

A BROOKLYN DOCTOR vouches for the facts in the following: An anxious father not long since discovered his "only son and heir," aged six, engaged in picking pennies with a number of ragged urchins, who had just initiated him in the mysteries of the all absorbing game. He gave the little gamester a long lecture on the sin of gambling, etc., and finished by telling him that if he ever caught him in the naughty work of picking pennies again, or gambling in any way, he would give him a severe whipping. The youngster stood with his hands in his pockets, coolly jingling the half-dime coppers he had won; and at the conclusion of his father's remarks, little Bob drew a cent from his pocket, and balancing it on the thumb and index finger of his right hand, said, "Dad, I'd you lead or tail for two ticks or none!"

FEMALE GYMNASTICS.—Progress and improvement are the order of the season. The following, from the Winstead (Conn.) Herald, is an indication of this progress. The Herald says: The ladies of Winstead, the skating having given out, have taken to kicking. They stick a plank into a door, about three feet from the ground, and kick at it; if they hit it, they take it out and stick it in higher up. This was getting to be a favorite exercise, and a good many girls could kick pretty high, but the amusement has come to a sudden end through an accident to a young married lady of the place, who, at the first vigorous kick, went over backwards upon the floor, injuring herself severely. The ladies dare not do it any more.

A GENTLEMAN handed us the following lines a few days ago. They exhibit the wonderful pliability of the English language. The lines may be read off from right to left, from left to right, in columns downward or in columns upward, and always the same question is asked and answer given:

Shall we	all	die?
We	shall	die all.
Die	all	shall we?
All	die	we shall.

DEAR SIR:—A young officer of the British House of Commons was a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said,—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

NEAR AS IMPORTED.—On his return from the Rhine a bibulous old tourist, being asked what he thought of the fineness of the views there, answered, "Well, of all the views I cared to clap my eyes on, the finest to my taste was Vieux Cognac."—Punch.

DEAR SIR:—A young officer of the British House of Commons was a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said,—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

DEAR SIR:—A young officer of the British House of Commons was a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said,—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS AND COUNTRY DEALERS. GABINET GREAT FURNITURE INDUCEMENT AT REDUCED PRICES. NORTH FIFTH STREET, 3rd Door above the Old State House.

JOHN D. BERTOLLETTI, SPRING. HAVING PURCHASED THE LARGE AND extensive stock of Cabinet Furniture from B. Bertolletti, he now offers to the public the largest and most complete assortment of Furniture ever offered for sale to the citizens of Philadelphia.

FAIRMOUNT COAL OIL WORKS. MANUFACTURE THE BEST BURNING OIL. AN ANXIOUS FATHER not long since discovered his "only son and heir," aged six, engaged in picking pennies with a number of ragged urchins...

FRENCH'S HOTEL, ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. CITY OF NEW YORK. Single Rooms Fifty Cents per Day. City Hall Square, corner Frankfort St.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF BERKS COUNTY, FOR THE YEAR 1862. THE AUDITORS ELECTED TO ADJUST AND settle the accounts of the County of Berks for the 6th day of January, 1863, in pursuance of an act of the Legislature...

DEAR SIR:—A young officer of the British House of Commons was a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said,—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

DEAR SIR:—A young officer of the British House of Commons was a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said,—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

DEAR SIR:—A young officer of the British House of Commons was a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said,—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

DEAR SIR:—A young officer of the British House of Commons was a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said,—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

DEAR SIR:—A young officer of the British House of Commons was a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said,—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

Charles Schell, 3 coffins for different persons 5 00 Amos Rothman, coffin for Wm. Himmelreich 5 00 Joseph Knorr, coffin for different persons 5 00 J. R. Ritter, coffin for different persons 5 00...

Patrick Flannery, for John Bechtel 30 00 Samuel Feltner, for Jacob Wentz 5 00 John Miller, for his family 5 00 Isaac Leaman, for self 20 00...

George Busch, 18 1/2 in full 108 88 Christiana Bantz, 18 1/2 in full 98 00 William Heiderich, 18 1/2 in full 140 80...

Samuel Margart, 800 00 Aniel Kump, 2500 00 George F. Farnish, 800 00 William Knabb, 1000 00...

William Kerper 34 00 John H. H. Co. 102 32 George R. Loran 24 89 Wm. N. Coleman, agt 15 20...

James Sloan, 10 hogs 158 42 Jacob Knapp, 10 hogs 117 87 Jacob Zyer, 12 steers 1468 20...

James Ball, agt 4 00 Michael H. Kistner, agt 38 00 Henry W. Smith, agt 38 00...

James Ball, agt 4 00 Michael H. Kistner, agt 38 00 Henry W. Smith, agt 38 00...

James Ball, agt 4 00 Michael H. Kistner, agt 38 00 Henry W. Smith, agt 38 00...

James Ball, agt 4 00 Michael H. Kistner, agt 38 00 Henry W. Smith, agt 38 00...

Amount of Tax Assessed During the Year 1863. Name of Township. Amount Paid. Disbursements. Balance.

Albany, 668 23 695 83 237 10 Albany, 422 17 609 02 186 85 Albany, 112 00 212 00 100 00...

Albany, 668 23 695 83 237 10 Albany, 422 17 609 02 186 85 Albany, 112 00 212 00 100 00...

Albany, 668 23 695 83 237 10 Albany, 422 17 609 02 186 85 Albany, 112 00 212 00 100 00...

Albany, 668 23 695 83 237 10 Albany, 422 17 609 02 186 85 Albany, 112 00 212 00 100 00...

Albany, 668 23 695 83 237 10 Albany, 422 17 609 02 186 85 Albany, 112 00 212 00 100 00...

Albany, 668 23 695 83 237 10 Albany, 422 17 609 02 186 85 Albany, 112 00 212 00 100 00...

Albany, 668 23 695 83 237 10 Albany, 422 17 609 02 186 85 Albany, 112 00 212 00 100 00...

Albany, 668 23 695 83 237 10 Albany, 422 17 609 02 186 85 Albany, 112 00 212 00 100 00...

Albany, 668 23 695 83 237 10 Albany, 422 17 609 02 186 85 Albany, 112 00 212 00 100 00...