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DR. JOHNSTON. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and of the College of Physicians, Edinburgh...

YOUNG MEN. A young man of twenty years, a certain professional man, writes to me...

MARRIAGE. I reflect that a woman's mind and body are the most precious gifts...

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED. A young man writes to me...

SPLENDID BARGAINS! All year of their Money's Worth.

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Select Poetry.

Little Things. Often, little things we hear, Often, little things we see...

Strongly slight the circumstance That has force to turn the mind Backward on the path of years...

To the perfume of a flower, Or a quiet, old-fashioned tune; Or a song bird, and the leaves...

To the evening star, twinkling, In the gloaming, silver bright; Or a cold and purgative light...

To the rustling of a dress, Or a certain tone of voice, That can make the pulses thrash...

Oh, my heart! But not of joy Must be the history tell, Sorrow, shame and bitter tears...

A Hatter in Search of Fur. On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble called to buy some furs...

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble called to buy some furs of old Russia and one hundred and fifty pounds of young Russia...

What on earth is a woman doing with Russia? he said. I could not answer, but assured him that there were one hundred and thirty pounds of old Russia...

Oh he started, with a view to make the purchase. He knuckled at the door. Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, the older, made her appearance...

What do you want of Russia? asked the old lady. To make hats, was the reply. To trim hats, I suppose you mean? responded Mrs. Wheeler...

No; for the outside of hats, replied the latter. Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had come after her daughter Russia...

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"By thunder! I believe I shall be, if I remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited...

"Business, poor man!" said Mary soothingly, approaching the door. "I am not a poor man, madam," replied the hatter. "My name is Walter Dibble..."

I carry on hatting extensively in Danbury. I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and I have purchased some 'beaver' and 'coney'...

and now it seems I am to be called 'crazy' and a 'poor man,' because I want to buy a little 'Russia' to make up an assortment!

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light on the subject...

"Who sent you here?" asked sister Mary. "The clerk at the store opposite." "It is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble," said the old lady. He has been doing this for a joke, she continued...

"A joke!" exclaimed Dibble in surprise. "Have you got any Russia, then?" "My name is Jernsha, and so is my daughter's," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and that, I suppose, is what he meant by telling you about old and young Russia."

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without a word of explanation, and made directly for our store. "You young scamp!" said he, as he entered "what do you mean by sending me over there to buy Russia?"

"I did not send you over there to buy Russia. I supposed you were either a bachelor or a widower, and wanted to marry Russia," I repeated with a serious countenance.

"You lie, you dog, and you know it," replied he. "But never mind, I'll pay you off for this, some day." And taking his furs he departed.

A Fancy Sketch. As there is a chance of the District of Columbia being turned into Democracy and of the Ebony class being metamorphosed into voters, it will do no harm to draw a fancy sketch of a scene at the polls...

We will therefore suppose the polls open and a voter presents himself and hands in his ticket. Officer—What's your name? Voter—Caffey.

Officer—But your sur-name? Voter—Mama never called me else. Officer—Well, your baptismal name? Voter—Oh, gorry, never, was baptized in his lifetime.

Officer—Well, your Christian name? Voter—No, Cris was de ole Massa's name. Officer—Well, are there any others named Caffey in your Ward? Voter—Oh, G-d-a-mighty yes, yeh, yeh, dere am six Caffey's in one house.

Officer—Well, which Caffey are you? Voter—Why, I am de identical Caffey what am standin' here. Officer—But how do you know yourself from de other Caffey's? Voter—Why, dis Caffey am a gemman, de odder Caffey's are all common folk.

Officer—But which of de Caffey are you on dis list of voter? Voter—Can't read 'em 'glyphics. Officer—Well, where do you live? Voter—Down at de hotel. Officer—Well, does any other Caffey live dere? Voter—Gorry yes, dere am four or six—can't count white.

Officer—Well, what's your wife's name? Voter—Lor-o-Massey, hain't got no wife. Officer—Well, are de other Caffey's married? Voter—Neber seed 'em married. Dey hab one woman betwixt 'em all. Officer—Well, what age are you? Voter—Dat question is too misticated for dis child.

Officer—Well, are you twenty-one? Voter—Neber counted more dan two and had two count 'em on at a time. Officer—Did you ever pay a tax? Voter—Yes, Massa he sent me for tacks once but he paid for dat paper heseff.

Officer—What claim have you for asking a vote here? Voter—I'm a loyal contraban American citizen of African descent, &c. &c.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as a pig remarked when contemplating the kick in his tail.

"Mother, open the door, and let the gentleman pass out; he is undoubtedly crazy," said Miss Mary.

"Gaitous Twaddle." Under the above heading the N. Y. Post administers the following well-deserved rebuke to our cotemporaries of the Pittsburgh press:

The woman named Grinder, who was hanged on Friday at Pittsburgh, was the most vulgar of assassins; so ignorant that she could not write her own name; a murderer not to revenge a wrong, not to gain wealth, but for a more fiendish last for destroying life.

Yet even this disgusting creature, about whose history and crimes there is no more romance than there is about a hyena gorged with the putrid carcasses of a battle-field, has not escaped an 'oration' at the hands of the Jenkiness of the press.

These persons attended her 'last moments' with as much interest, and describe them as pathetically, as though she had been the victim instead of the murderer. They write about her 'pleasant smile'—the 'remarkably graceful inclination of the head, coupled with [another] sweet smile' her 'mild cheerful tone' the 'pleasant glance of her expressive blue eyes'—all this on the gallows—just as though this abominable and accursed wretch, who had but a day before confessed to the most hateful and unprovoked murders, had been an innocent martyr condemned by unjust laws.

Nor does Jenkins surrender his subject to the undertaker without a final struggle. The drop did not put a stop to his delightful labor; when the body was cut down Jenkins appears to have rushed up to the gallows to finger it—to paw it rather—with disgusting pleasure; and, thus wrought to a fresh frenzy, he bursts out with rebouled fervor:

"The esp was removed, and to the accomplishment of every person who saw it, the face wore exactly the same placid, cheerful, smiling expression which characterized it on the scaffold, during the trial, and on all other occasions. The face looked as though she might lie in a sweet sleep. There was no decoloration or disfigurement save a mark around the left side of the neck; the eyes were closed, but when the lids were pulled back, they still looked bright and animated. Thus ended the career of a woman who was fully the peer, not the inferior in crime, of the world-renowned Lucretia Borgia. Had she been a titled lady, the her predecessor, or even walked in superior society, her name would yet figure in plays and romances."

And then Jenkins murders on through yet other paragraphs about the 'sweetness' gentleness and childlike cheerfulness of this monstrous creature, who had what he would probably call an unfortunate habit of administering arsenic to her friends; if she had only poisoned Jenkins!

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.—The Jackson Michigan Citizen tells a story of a young man in that city who had been in the habit of visiting the residence of a widowed lady who had a daughter 'gossiping fair.' The young man was dissipated in his habits, and was a constant visitor.

His mother woke in the young lady's heart the tender passion, and in her dreams she imagined that she had become the wife of her Adonis. Matters kept on the same old way. The young man continued his marked attentions and the people began to whisper among themselves: "A match, sure!" while knowing ones, with a solemn tone of the head, would remark, "what did I tell you?"

The young man went out to his supposed charmer's house the other evening, for the purpose of taking tea. During the meal the mother of the young lady asked: "What are you and—do you—be married?" The young man leaned back in the chair and coolly remarked, that he had no idea of marrying anybody, and that he and the daughter were only friends. He said he supposed she understood it as all the time. The young lady said not a word but rose up and seized the teapot, which was filled with hot tea, and threw its boiling contents into his face, scalding him severely and leaving an ugly mark. She then furiously ordered him out of her sight. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," is an old saying, and this young man can attest to its truth.

A physician, who is a truly pious man, was speaking in a prayer meeting lately of the duty of imposing the idea of salvation upon those near death, and of a physician's opportunities in this way, and made use of the following language: "For my own part, I am never called to see a patient without feeling delighted to learn that he is prepared to die."

"Our Mutual Friend"—Money.

Loyal Definitions. The publishers of Webster's Dictionary has been adding new words to the Webster text, and gives in his new one the following:

"Copperhead—a northern sympathizer with southern rebellion." Presuming that no one will question our right to be called a copperhead, inasmuch as there is not a loyal paper in the country but has so termed us, albeit no sympathizer with a southern rebellion, we accept the definition of the New England signifier of honest men who thus define words will accept our analogy and definition of a few words.

"LOYALTY—a cloak worn by thieves, cowards and robbers to conceal their plunder." SNUBBERY—the act or art of robbing innocent women and children.

THOUGHTS—Places, silver ware, silk dresses, lace, pictures, and other valuables stolen by 'loyal' men from defenseless persons in the south.

RELIGION—a passion for blood. SANITARY FAIRS—Eminent junk shops from which 'loyal' men and women steal a living.

RECONSTRUCTION—A person who kills his neighbor for the purpose of tearing down his neighbor's house to make for himself a barn.

FARMERMAN—A half-starved man and brother, driven from a comfortable home to subsist by begging or to die of disease and starvation.

STRATEGY—the art of getting to the rear with a drove of mules, and what cotton might have been found at the front.

ECONOMY—Going abroad on pleasure excursions at government expense.

GOOD TIMES—Enormous debts and oppressive taxation.

STATE-MANSHIP—the art of telling a good story.

ARMY CHAPLAIN—a fifth rate preacher who would desert his church, to follow a life.

On the whole we rather like this making of Dictionaries and shall continue it after a while.—La Crosse Democrat.

THE HONEY MOON.—Why is the first month after marriage called the "honey moon?" Doubtless on account of the sweet lunacy which controls the heads of the parties during that brief and delightful period. What a pity that they should ever get quite rational again! That sentimentality should give place to sentiment, sentiment to sense, logic to logic, and reason to fact, till the happy pair are reduced from the Eden of romance to the Sahara of reality—from Heaven to earth—and perhaps a peg lower!

Strange as it may seem, there have been couples who have quarreled in the first month of matrimony, and have got back to their accustomed parents before the good mother had fairly got done weeping, (and rejoicing too) at her daughter's departure. Their "honey moon" soured at the fall of her thorn and became a moon of vinegar instead. A bad omen that! There was much sense and propriety in the text which the ancient clergymen chose for a wedding sermon. It was taken from the Psalm of David, and read thus: "And let there be peace, while the moon endureth."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Among the Alleghenias there is a spring so small that a single ox could drain it dry on a summer's day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles or more, until it falls into the great embrace of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and rear till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. It is a rival, an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

A few days ago a young school-mistress was taking down the names and ages of her scholars at the commencement of the term. She asked a little white-headed boy: "Bob, how old are you?" "My name ain't Bob, it's John," "Well," said the school-mistress, "what is the rest of your name?" "Why, that's all the name I've got—jist John," "Well, what is your father's name?" "You needn't put pap's name down, he ain't comin' to school any; he's too big to go to school." "Well, bow old are you?" "I ain't old at all, I'm young!"

Mrs. Farrington says that Ike, having become enamored of siren of Boston, has led her to the mental altar. He didn't appear the least bit decomposed.—On the back of his wedding cards were little caucels with wings.

"A man won't maliciously set fire to a barn," said Mr. Slow, "and burn up twenty cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to do it!"

Never turn a blessing round to see whether there is a dark side to it.

The Fruits of Jealousy. The Secretary to the Mayorality, Captain W. B. Glaser, as is his usual custom, yesterday morning opened his office in the City Buildings at an early hour, and soon after he was called upon by a middle-aged individual whose name is Joseph Marin, who appeared to be under a great state excitement. His first exclamation, addressed to the Capt. was: "Give me a warrant, sir!"

"State your case," said the Secretary, in his usual mild way, "and if I think it demands a warrant, you shall have it."

"Well, you see, Capt. some ten months ago, I married the daughter of William Buckley, whose color is perhaps a shade lighter than mine, and we lived happily together for the space of eight months and three weeks, when she bore me a child."

"All right," responded the Secretary. "No!" replied Joseph, "it is not all right; it was unnatural, and I concluded to divide the household with my wife—in other words, I left her, and took my departure from the city."

He then went on to state that after a couple of weeks he reflected upon what he had done, and finding that he had done wrong, he repented and addressed a note to his wife, asking that he might return and be forgiven. She replied that he might come back. He accordingly made his appearance Tuesday night last, when he was met by her father and brother, who administered to him a severe beating, which was plainly visible upon his face and head, which was of a variegated color. The warrant was issued, the parties were arrested, and yesterday morning the Buckleys were before the Police Court on the charge. The Judge, after hearing the evidence, dismissed them, no doubt considering that Joseph Marin got no more than his deserts.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

A SHORT LOVE STORY.—Here is a story by one Morgan, a sea captain, concerning the choice of a husband at sea. Single ladies often cross the water under the special care of the captain of the ship, and if a love affair occurs among the passengers, the captain is usually the confidant of one or both parties. A very fascinating young lady had been placed under Morgan's care, and three young gentlemen fell desperately in love with her. They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzled which to encourage. She asked the captain's advice. "Come on deck," he said, "the first day it is all perfectly calm, the gentlemen, of course, will be near you. I will be lowered down, and you jump overboard and see which of the gentlemen will jump after you; I will take care of you."

A calm soon came, the captain's engagements were followed, and two of the lovers jumped after the lady in an instant. But between the young lady could not decide, so exactly had been their devotion. She again consulted the captain. "Take the man that didn't jump,—he's the most sensible fellow, and will make the best husband."

Artemus Ward in describing his journey from California says—"The driver with whom I sat outside informed me as we slowly rolled down the fearful mountain road which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, that he has met accidents in his time and cost the California Stage Company a great deal of money, because," said he, "juries is agin us on principle, and every man who sues us is sure to recover. But it will never be so agin, not with me, you bet!" "How is that," I said, "it was frightfully dark. It was snowing withal, and notwithstanding the brakes were kept hard down, the coach slipped wildly, often touching the brink of the black precipice. 'How is that?' I said. 'Why, you see,' he replied, 'that corpses never sue for damages, but insured people do. And the next time I have an overturn, I shall go round and lookfully examine the passengers. Them as is dead, I shall let alone; but them as is mutilated, I shall finish with the king-bolt! Dead folks don't sue. They ain't on it.' Thus, with anecdote, did this driver cheer me up."

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