

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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STAR OF THE NORTH.

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WM. H. JACOBY.

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and Seminal Organs, and the whole train
of disorders brought on by baneful and vi-
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by a desire to benefit the afflicted and un-
fortunate, I will send the recipe for pre-
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who needs it, in a sealed envelope free of
charge. Please enclose a stamped enve-
lope addressed to yourself. Address JO-
SEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House,
New York City. 55-1y

JOHNNY GREEN'S COURTSHIP.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

One evening Johnny went to woo—
One evening in October;
Such business was to him quite new,
And he felt rather sober.

So when he reached his charmer's house,
He sat him in the corner;
His Dolly was a buxom blouse—
By no means did he scorn her.

This maiden with her father dwell—
She was her mother's daughter;
And as John gazed, he "kind o' felt
All over kind o' sort o'."

All in her best she was arrayed,
For John was her first suitor;
He wore she was as "cute as pie—
Perhaps a little cuter!"

That is, unto himself he swore,
For ne'er a word was spoken;
They sat for three good hours or more,
And silence was unbroken.

Her little heart went pitter-pat,
And he felt dreadful queer;
He scratched his head and brushed his hat,
Yet spoke not to his dear.

The ribbons which adorned her hair,
He looked at and admired;
The crimson on her cheek so fair,
With love his heart inspired.

He hem'd and haw'd, and tried to speak,
But still his courage was too weak—
"His love he never told her."

Impatiently did Dolly wait
For him to speak unto her,
Until 'twas growing rather late—
And thus did Johnny woo her.

At length his Dolly fell asleep,
And John thought he'd be going—
"I guess I'll go and feed them sheep,"
So ended John's first wooing.

State of Beaver restored to the Union.

EDITOR STAR:—I undertake to communi-
cate you the very pleasing intelligence of
the restoration to the Union of the State of
Beaver, and how it was accomplished. I
think it one of the most brilliant achieve-
ments of the glorious war. The Federal
forces not numbering over one hundred,
"horse, foot, and dragons," marched into
the State so suddenly that the enemy were
fairly taken by surprise, and before they
could recover the Union troops had taken a
strong position behind an extensive em-
bankment, on the McCauley rail road, with
the Mountain in their rear. It was a most
excellent selection for military operations,
four miles in length and I would have him
erect a fine steel plate showing the posi-
tion with its surroundings, to give your
readers a better idea than I can by pen,
particularly the WHITE HOUSE. Some
three or four hundred yards in front of the
embankment where the enemy was con-
centrated behind a barricade erected in the
house; a council of war was held by the
enemy; they concluded it would be rash-
ness to attack our forces, and determined to
remain behind the barricade and await an
attack, they did not have to wait long.
The Union forces made a brilliant charge
and before the enemy could recover from
the dreadful onslaught, it was annihilated!
The defeat was so complete that the enemy
that escaped co-operated at once with the
Union forces, and soon produced a Union
feeling throughout the entire State; a treaty
of peace and amity was at once conclud-
ed, and the revolted citizens have pledged
themselves to vote for the candidate for
President, pledged to maintain the Union!
The troops after accomplishing these great
ends heard their General say: "Strike your
tents and march away," which was done
to the tune of "see the conquering hero
come!" They can virtually say, "We
came, we saw, we conquered!"

SQUINT.

Beaver Valley Nov. 3, 1864.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM IN SCHUYLKILL COUNTY.
—On last Friday morning a heavy storm of
wind and rain passed over Mahanoy City,
Schuylkill county, causing considerable
damage. Two new churches were in pro-
gress of erection; one a stone structure for
a Catholic congregation, and the other a
brick building for the Methodist congre-
gation under the pastoral care of Rev.
Henry H. Davis. The last described edifice
was under roof, and the workmen were
laying the floors at the time of the mis-
hap; the building was completely wrecked
by the violence of the wind, nothing
but the front wall remaining. The ga-
ble end of the Catholic church was blown
down. Fortunately no person was serious-
ly hurt.—Age of 2d, inst.

A SAD SIGHT.—A spectacle which shock-
ed all beholders was seen on Broadway
yesterday. It was a squad of soldiers in
the national uniform chained hand and foot,
limping down the street. It reminded one
of the chain-gang so vividly described in
Victor Hugo's Les Miserables, excepting
that these unfortunate men were obliged to
foot it, while the French convicts had the
privilege of a conveyance. These men
were deserters, perhaps worse criminals,
but whatever they had done, their treat-
ment was scandalous, and infamous exhibi-
tions of this character discourage volun-
teering, and are demoralizing in their effect
upon the community.—Journal of Commerce.

A CALIFORNIA HEROINE.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

A clumsy vehicle, which for want of a
better, plied in the year 1850 between the
city of Sacramento and the mining camps
on the route to Placerville, (then known by
the elegant name of Hangtown,) was toil-
ing with difficulty up a narrow and stony
defile of the hills. The agent had taken
no more than his usual allowance of pas-
sengers. These were an oddly assorted set.
There was the successful miner, just re-
turning from a trip to the Bay with his huge
guard chains and massive gold ring, his
brass new suit, and his endless stock of reg-
alia, which he offered to everybody.—
There were several youthful adventurers,
who were on their first travels, and were
boisterously astonished or amused at every-
thing they saw, while they generously
shared the contents of their hamper of
provisions with all who would accept.—
Several were sailors, two were trading Jews
wandering all over the country with packs
on their backs, and equally ready to sell
you a suit of clothes, or purchase your gold
dust. A young lady, clad in a neat-fitting
traveling dress, with dark veil drooping
gracefully over her sweet face from a jaun-
ty little gipsy bonnet, occupied with her
protectress—a tall stout lady of the strong-
minded sort, specialties, a portion of the
rear seat. The remaining traveler, who
got on by the way, and carried a portman-
teau, was a youth of scarcely twenty, with
long rolling hair, broad collar turned down
over his coat, which was buttoned up to
the chin, and a navy cane, which he hand-
led as gracefully as a lady handles her
fan. He carried a sketch book under his
arm, and had, withal, such an ingratiating
way with him, that from the interchange of
cold civilities, he had soon cultivated the
acquaintance of both the ladies—even the
sternness of the elder disappearing as she
gazed on the boyish beauty of these fea-
tures, on which not the sign of a moustache
was yet visible.

On the top of the vehicle, in the midst
of the luggage, a game of cards was in pro-
gress between a couple of rugged gen-
tlemen in sloth hats and blue blankets, while
by the side of the driver, silent, armed and
watchful, sat the express passenger, under
whose care a large sum of coin, for the pur-
chase of gold dust, was proceeding to the
interior.

The vehicle had progressed one-half the
distance toward its ultimate destination, and
was passing the brow of a deep descent at
a rapid pace, when the off wheel struck
heavily against a projecting rock, causing
the stage to rebound, and away with its
head toward the precipice. The horses, in
sudden fright, started down the abrupt
descent at a dangerous curve. The stage
was just overturned, and rolled heavily to
the bottom, just as a loud clap of thunder
broke the stillness, and the rain descended
in torrents. Amid the general wreck, the
passengers crawled, one after another, to
the shelter of a clump of cedars adjoining.
The elder lady had sustained some severe
bruises, and her daughter might have fared
worse had it not been for the younger trav-
eler, who, seeing the way the stage inclined,
had thrown himself before her, and so broken
the fall. Several others had sustained
severe contusions, and the driver was ly-
ing senseless near the top of the hill, with
the cause of the mischief by his side—a
broken bottle, which had lately been full
of whisky.

The emergency was pressing, and it was
evident something must be done, as not one
of these present possessed sufficient knowl-
edge to bind a ligature or dress a wound.—
In this dilemma the youth came forward.
"How far is it?" he asked, "to the near-
est mining camp?"
"Ten miles at least," replied the express
messenger, who knew all the road.
"Some of you cut the traces; I'll ride
there myself," said the youth, seeing that
no one else volunteered the service.
"You!" rejoined the messenger; "over
such a road as this?"
"Assuredly; why not?" was the almost
defiant rejoinder.
"You'd break down the first half dozen
miles—that's why!"
But the traces were cut, and the lad was
mounted, and flying over the hills like Tam
O'Shanter, before the messenger's words
had escaped his lips, in spite of the storm.

A dreary hour succeeded; the rain had
ceased, but the thunder still kept on mut-
tering. The passengers had somewhat re-
covered from their first shock; but strange-
ly enough, the two fellows who had ridden
on the roof had disappeared, neither having
sustained the least damage—as is usual in
such cases.

Another hour passed, more weary than
that which had preceded it. All at once,
the look-out, posted on the ridge, announced
an approaching vehicle.

It was like the cry, "A sail! a sail!" to
mariners floundering on a raft at sea.

In a few moments more, a commodious
stage coach rolled up at a gallop, the young
man who had rendered the company this
signal service riding beside it on a fresh
horse, that the conveyance might not be
overcrowded. The stage was also accom-
panied by a surgeon similarly mounted,
and doly equipped with all the necessities
for the preservation of life and limb.

The youth's first attention was devoted to
the ladies, both of whom were at once pro-
nounced out of danger by the surgeon in
attendance. A comfortable corner was ar-
ranged for them in the stage, and accom-

modation was found for the rest, but the
driver of the broken vehicle would never
more flourish the whip-lash about the ears
of the gallant greys he had driven. He had
died on the spot where he had fallen, and
was buried there, underneath the spreading
shade of the gloomy cedars, with a pile of
stones hastily gathered for his only monu-
ment, and the pealing tones of thunder,
now dying away in the distance, for a re-
quiem.

It so proved that there was but one
really habitable house in the district, where
anything like comfort was attainable, and
this was the abode of the doctor, who, with
alacrity, gave it up to the ladies in their
need, with a glance at Alicia, especially, in
which was conveyed a sentiment warmer
than mere consideration, for a sick patient.
The youth casting aside all personal con-
sideration, generously resolved, at the par-
ticular request of both, to share the tempo-
rary delay, and was assiduous in his atten-
tions, varying his amusements by an
occasional walk in the suburbs, where he
won every heart by the unassuming man-
ner in which he conversed with all whom he
encountered, no matter how rudely clad—
More than once he was seen in converse
with some ugly looking characters, against
whom he was cautioned to be on his guard.

At an evening he would station himself
by the vine-bordered window, out of which
the pretty Alicia leant, singing soft airs
with her, while the surgeon, who believed
himself to be getting along famously, paid
attention to the ladies within.

"That's a smart little fellow," said the
doctor one evening, the youthful cavalier
absenting himself unaccountably. "I have
taken quite a fancy to him. Is he your
son, madam?"

The lady, who was the wife of Judge
Tyrel, going to join him with her daughter,
whom she had brought out from the
States," replied in the negative to the
doctor's inquiry.

"A mere chance acquaintance," she
said, "we met him by one of the accidents
of travel on the route; but he has been
very polite to us, and as my husband has
wealth, and influence, I had designed, if
possible, to procure him a situation."

"A smart boy like that should soon
earn his way to fortune," said Dr. John-
stone.

"Boy!" rejoined Alicia, with warmth,
and then with a sudden blush falling back
into more than her usual reserve. "I'm
sure he's more manly than many of his
seniors whom I have met with on the jour-
ney."

The dialogue was terminated by an un-
usual occurrence. A crowd of miners and
laborers were approaching the house, bear-
ing upon their shoulders the youth who
had just been the subject of conversation.—
A split of evergreen adorned his hat, and
his left arm was carried in a sling, while in
his right hand he grasped a cutlass. The
treasure in the hands of the express-man
had been attacked, it appeared, on its way
to the hands of the highwaymen, had it not
been for the youth in question, who, having
overheard the project discussed among
some of the rough characters loitering in
the neighborhood, had quietly organized a
party, and rescued the treasure, after a
desperate fight, in which he had received
his wound.

"My brave little fellow!" said the Doc-
tor, who was a magistrate also, "you shall
be well rewarded for this good service."
"Tell your citizens," replied the young
fellow proudly, that Mark Meredith de-
sires no better reward than their approba-
tion."

Alicia gave him her hand; and as she
did so, Dr. Johnstone observed, with a sigh,
that her whole frame heaved, and her
cheeks were flushed till they vied with the
roses in his garden.

The service rendered by Mark was of
little avail however, for the room of the
unlucky expressman was entered that night
and the chest of treasure taken from under
his head, where it had served for a pillow,
without awakening him. An empty vial
of chloroform, found on the floor by his
bedside, demonstrated the means by which
the robbery was accomplished. It bore
Dr. Johnstone's label; but he was positive
that for a month none had left his surgery.

In fact, he would allow no one to admin-
ister it but himself; and how the bottle in
question had left his shelves, was a mys-
tery.

A year elapsed, during which the inti-
mate relations existing between the Tyrels
and young Meredith continued. The party
had reached Grass Valley, in which beau-
tiful village, the centre of a great mining
and agricultural industry, the family was
domiciled. Judge Tyrel possessed un-
bounded influence, and readily procured for
the handsome lad a position as clerk in his
own office, allowing him, in addition, a
room at his own mansion, and treating him
more as a son than as an underling.

The young fellow prospered, attended to busi-
ness, and was very assiduous in all his du-
ties. His fondness for open air exercises
frequently carried him off on horseback
excursions across the hills; but beyond
this pastime the hours not devoted to busi-
ness were passed in the society of Alicia,
who appeared enraptured by his attentions,
they sang duets and danced minces, while
the old lady slept; and Mark dutifully at-
tended them both to church, thus taking a
weighty responsibility off the Judge's
shoulders. The latter was not only a mag-
istrate, but county treasurer, and being a
politician, was exclusively occupied with

affairs of public moment.
Matters were converging to an interesting
crisis, as far as Mark and Alicia were con-
cerned—a crisis, which promised to be har-
tened by a point-blank proposal from Doc-
tor Johnstone, who was a frequent visitor
at the house of Judge Tyrel. Alicia has-
tened to tell her young lover what had hap-
pened. Mark's countenance assumed a
look of unaligned dismay.

"We are ruined," he exclaimed in de-
spair; "The Doctor's position and pros-
pects will give him weight with your father,
it not with Mrs. Tyrel also. There is one
hope only, and that is—flight!"

"Don't speak so sadly, Mark," said the
beauty, clinging to him as the ivy clings to
its supporting oak; "my mother is already
on my side; and as for papa, money is no
recommendation in his eyes as you well
know."

"I will see him, and that, too, before the
Doctor has an opportunity. Should he re-
fuse me, a carriage will be in waiting this
evening at the end of the lane, into which
you will enter, and to-morrow we may
again present ourselves as man and wife."

He waited only to obtain her assent, and
left her to put his plans into execution.—
An unprejudiced person might have thought
the subsequent action somewhat singular;
for, instead of going in search of the judge
direct, he repaired to the tavern, where he
found Mr. Johnstone philosophically smok-
ing a cigar, as he waited for the stage
coach that was to convey him home.

A few words whispered in the Doctor's
ear sufficed to enwrap that person's coun-
tenance in smiles. He pressed Mark's
hand warmly, and said, "From the bottom
of my heart I thank you! I shall be punc-
tual. At the end of the lane you say?"

"Yes, hush! enough, and be cautious."

About an hour afterwards, a messenger
left a note for the judge requesting his
presence at a neighboring mining camp on
political business of importance; and, in
another like interval, another like mes-
senger came rushing after him just as he
had discovered the first message to be a hoax—
announcing that his daughter Alicia had
disappeared, and that the public strong box,
which was secured in a vault beneath his
office had been rifled of all its contents.

Judge Tyrel was a passionate man, and
as decided as passionate. He flew like
wildfire back to the village, where the truth
of the later announcement became too
painfully apparent. Worse than all, the
lad whom he had regarded and fostered as
a son had vanished also; and as Mark held
his keys, there could be little doubt as to
who was the culprit. Instant pursuit was
ordered, and a posse of men, under charge
of the sheriff's officer, set out to recover
the missing treasure. They came upon the
retreating band of marauders a little after
nightfall; for they had rightly guessed
toward what quarter the robbers would con-
vey their booty. A desperate conflict en-
sued in which several were wounded and
one or two killed. Among the former was
Mark Meredith, who on his clothes being
torn open to give relief, exhibited the sym-
metrical developments of a woman!

The mystery of many of the adroit rob-
beries which had been perpetrated of late
in that and adjoining districts were now ap-
parent. The employment of a female con-
federate, able and bold enough to disguise
herself at will, or to assume on occasion
the customs and peculiarities of a man,
had given them advantages which they
were not slow to improve. The pretended
Mark (as the records of the California
criminal calendar informs us) was but an
abandoned actress, who, yielding to the
downward impulse, had by degrees become
associated with the gang of marauders
whose achievements were thus abruptly
and ingloriously terminated.

As for the doctor, he doubtless enjoyed
his ride with the fair Alicia for his com-
panion, but the discovery of the deception that
had been practised upon her frustrated his
hopes, and he is still a bachelor, while Alicia
still pines in blooming maidenhood,
beneath the bowers in which her young
heart's dearest affections were betrayed.

There is a fellow in Norristown so dirty
that the assessors have put him down as
"real estate."

A Pennsylvania editor, in an appeal to
his patrons says:—"The editor wants
grain, pork, tallow, candles, whiskey, lin-
en, beeswax, wool, and anything else he
can eat."

Somebody says that our passions are
older than our reason, because passions are
born with us, but reason don't follow till a
long time after. This is a slander upon all
babies. When a baby is spanked don't he
holler? Yes. And hasn't he got a reason?
Yes—and a mighty good reason, too.

A lady correspondent, who assumes to
know how boys ought to be trained, writes
to an exchange as follows:—"O, mothers!
hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of
your boy's nature." Mothers often do—
with an old shoe—to the boy's benefit.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue
has decided that a bare-footed boy need not
put a government stamp on his big toe be-
fore he "stumps" it. Considering the high
price of shoe leather this is a very impor-
tant decision.

Plato being told that some enemies had
spoken ill of him, said, "it matters not; I
will endeavor so to live that no one shall
believe them."

The Stomach's Appeal.

Who, but an idiot or some unprincipled
servant, or recklessly wasteful spendthrift,
would think of building as large fires in
their houses in the April spring time as in
bleak December? And yet, ladies and
gentlemen, statesmen, philosophers, and
scholars of every grade; the Judge, the
senator, the lawyer and the clergyman, all
commit the more unpardonable folly—un-
pardonable, because it is against light and
in favor of the lower instincts and propen-
sities—of not only eating as much as the
appetite demands, but of "taking some-
thing" to stimulate that appetite to call for
more than nature really needs as the warm
weather approaches. The two objects of
eating as to men and women are to give
vigor to the body and to keep it warm;
hence all food contains two principles in
greater or less proportions, according to the
quality, to wit: nutrition and warmth. We
need nourishment all the year round; hence
we must all the year round, eat food which
contains nourishment; that is the flesh-
forming principles. But in the warm
weather, the food which contains the most
mere fuel should be to a certain extent cur-
tailed, or we will create too much heat with-
in us, and that is fever, whose victims are
counted by millions every year—this ex-
cess of heat, this fever, being generated by
eating food which contains more warmth
more fuel, (called carbon by chemists) than
the season of the year requires. To a
certain extent nature regulates the demand
and supply by diminishing the appetite as
warm weather approaches; but many mis-
interpret her endeavor and because they find
that as the spring comes on their appet-
ites are not as vigorous as they were a
few weeks earlier, begin to take alarm,
think they are going to get sick, and con-
clude they certainly will get sick unless they
can get up the appetite of kind winter;
hence, they begin to take Dutch gin,
under the name of Schiedam schnapps,
planation butters, or cheap whiskey, with
just enough of colombo root or other bit-
ter to give it "a trace" of bitter and rob
it of the name of "rot gut," or dirty beer,
or ale, or porter—all these things tending
to cheat nature into a call for mor food than
she requires, to impose on the stomach
more labor than it can perform, hence lay-
ing the ground for summer fevers and dys-
pepsias, which brings death to thousands
every year who might have lived to a good
old age had they simply let themselves
and like any other dogs, or donkeys, or
wild beasts, had simply given the stom-
ach rest, and waited for an appetite.

The general lessons for spring are, eat
only when you are hungry, and to the ex-
tent of satisfying an unsimulated appetite;
eat less of carbonaceous food, such as fats,
meats, oils, syrups, etc., and more cooling
articles, such as green salads, vegetables,
berries, fruits, and whatever has a natural
tartness or acidity, there being little or no
carbon or heat in them; but they contain
as much nutriment as the system requires.

—Hall's Journal of Health.

A BIG BOG STORY.—A few evenings since
in our "private club," there was a learned
dissertation—Subject "Badbugs and their
remarkable tenacity of life."

One asserted of his own knowledge that
they could be boiled and then come to life.
Some had soaked them four hours in tur-
pentine without any fatal consequence.

Old Banks, who had been listening to an
outsider, here gave his experience in
corroborating the facts. Says he:

"Some years ago, I took a bed-bug to an
iron foundry, and dropped it into the ladle
where the melted iron was, had it run into a
skillet. Well, my old woman had used
that skillet pretty constantly for the last six
years, and here the other day it got broke
all to smash, and what do you think gentle-
men, that 'ere insect just walked out of his
hole, where he'd been laying like a frog in
a rock, and made tracks for his old roost
up stairs!"

"But," added he by way of parenthesis,
"he looked mighty pale!"

A profound dealer in statistics says:
"Only 65 persons out of 100 marry; of
this 65, three are divorced, eight run away,
fourteen live like cats and dogs, thirty are
indifferent, and ten are happy. Miserable
world!"

A CHANCE.—A young lady advertises in
the Cleveland Plaindealer for a young gen-
tleman to act as an amanuensis. He must
be able to write in ciphers, and when not
thus engaged, he will be expected to read
poetry with feeling, converse with ease, and
be able to play cribbage and backgammon.
He must expect to be kissed when she is
pleased, and cuffed when she is not; but
as her temper is acknowledged to be good,
there will be more kissing than cuffing.

Ben. Butler is said to be furious against
Gen. McClellan. It is natural the "Beast"
should be so. Were it otherwise, General
McClellan would have just cause for mortifi-
cation.

A few days since sixty white men, con-
scripted into "the widow-maker's" army,
were marched along the streets of Cincin-
nati, guarded by ten swarthy niggers! Says
the paper chronicling the fact: "The down-
cast look of the white men, and the leer
and swagger of the negro soldiers, brought
tears to the eyes of many a witness of this
culmination of the Lincoln dynasty."

The best capital to begin life on is a
capital wife.

THUNDER IN FEBRUARY.—Meeting an old

friend from West Newberry, the other day,
he reminded us of an affair that happened
there some years since, over which we
have enjoyed many a hearty laugh together.
A gentleman residing in West Newberry,
having missed a good many sticks from his
woodpile, his suspicions fell upon a well to
do but miserly neighbor of his, whom he
thought capable of the act. He resolved
accordingly, to resort to the old expedient,
not only in the centre, but in several minor
crevices. Sure enough they disappeared,
and one looking very much like it "might
have been seen," as James says, on the
suspected gentleman's hearth on the ensu-
ing Sunday. Before it, in a huge tin kitch-
en, a turkey was browning itself into a cli-
max. All at a sudden, a thundering explo-
sion was heard, the tin kitchen was blown
into a thousand atoms, the dismembered
turkey flew through the atmosphere, and
the old tom cat disappeared up the chim-
ney. The old gentleman and his maiden
sister were horribly "skert," but not mat-
terially injured, and the former was the first
to win his voice. "Sister," said he, "that
ere was the loudest thunder I ever heard in
February." The next day, the plotter of the
mischief sent a tin pedler to the depen-
dant's house. "Want any tin ware?"
said the Yankee. "No, no!" said the old
gentleman, testily. "Why yes you do,"
rejoined the pedler; "your memory must
be dreadful short. Most all your neighbors
say that you want a tin kitchen." A pair of
tongs flew through the air, and the tin
pedler dodged and made "tracks." Looking
in the window, he exclaimed, "better be-
lieve it now, it's a first rate article—warrant it
to stand most any climate, and all sorts of
weather