

# Raffsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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## THE MERRY GIRLS.

The laughing girls, the happy girls!  
O ginger, how we love 'em!  
Sweet, pretty girls with sunny curls,  
O what can be above 'em!  
We love to see them run and skip,  
And hear them laugh and giggle;  
We like to press the nectar lip,  
Ha! how it makes us giggle!  
O none but hateful, hunchbacked churls  
Can help but love the pretty girls!  
The lass, the lass with rosy cheeks!  
O roaring, fighting Caesar!  
We'd clamber up the Alpine peaks,  
To get a chance to squeeze her!  
She's plump and neat as any doll,  
And, glory, how we'd founder—  
We'd give our fortune, pipe and all,  
To get our arms around her!  
For none but hateful, hunchbacked churls  
Refuse to squeeze the merry girls!  
The maid, the maid with laughing eyes!  
O save us, mighty Juno!  
Who can the pleasing orb despise?  
Oh we can't do it, you know!  
We'd kiss all the babies now in town,  
And try to look some snigger;  
We'd always smile and never frown,  
If we could only hug her!  
For none but hateful, hunchbacked churls  
Will study long to hug the girls!  
Creak on, creak on ye 'haches' old,  
We'll listen to you never!  
We'll hug the girls till we grow cold!  
We'll love them on forever!  
O sing and talk of single bliss,  
But we'll not hear your story!  
We'd sell ourself for one sweet kiss!  
O glory, glory, glory!  
For none but hateful, hunchbacked churls  
Can help but love the merry girls!

## THE TREASURY REPORT.

We cannot better analyze this most important and elaborate document for our readers than by taking up its conclusions first, and beginning at the end of it. The Secretary expresses his decided opinion that, notwithstanding the great difficulties created by the vast, sudden, and protracted expenditures of the war, he can still maintain the public credit and provide for the public wants. The means by which he proposes to accomplish these great ends are simple, and the general plan is condensed in a short paragraph:  
"He recommends that whatever amounts may be needed beyond the sums supplied by revenue and through other indicated modes, be obtained by loans, without increasing the issue of United States notes beyond the amount fixed by law, unless a clear public exigency shall demand it. He recommends also, the organization of banking associations for the improvement of the public credit and for the supply to the people of a safe and uniform currency. And he recommends no change in the law provided for the negotiation of bonds except the necessary increase of amount and the repeal of the absolute restriction to market value, and of the clauses authorizing convertibility at will."

The estimate made by the Secretary's expenditures of the current fiscal year for all purposes other than of the War and Navy Departments, and of the public debt, are the same as was the actual expenditures last year, \$24,511,476; Interest on public debt, \$25,041,562 War and Navy Departments, 780,005,739; Total, 788,658,777. Of this aggregate of course the greater part is due to the continuance of the war, and while there is little prospect of a reduction of the expenditure before July 1 next, there is, we trust, reason to hope that it will not continue through the succeeding fiscal year. The Secretary estimates a still higher sum for these two departments, for the year 1863—4, should the war continue.

To meet this expenditure the estimate of receipts from revenues proper is as follows: From custom, \$68,041,736; From internal revenue, \$85,456,203; All other sources, \$13,958,759; Total, \$167,451,798. Add to this a balance unexpended from the former fiscal year of \$13,045,940, and an amount to be realized from loans already made or authorized of \$801,150,914, and the excess of expenditures for the current year is \$276,912,517. This sum must be provided through new legislation.

This balance is less than the public have generally believed it would be. With the public credit at the high point it was shown to have been, at the placing of the last loan, there should be no great difficulty in providing means to get through the year, and the Secretary expresses confidence in being able to do so. He advocates at great length a system of bank note circulation based on United States bonds, which would, when established, absorb bonds and provide revenue by their sale. He advocates the removal of the limit now assigned to the acceptance of temporary deposits, and expects to get \$25,000,000 from that source for the current year, if the limit is removed. Not much of immediate revenue is expected from the proposed banking system, if adopted, and the great resource, therefore, is additional loans. The laws of last session, authorizing the issue of \$500,000,000 of "five-twenty-fives" in bonds, and \$250,000,000 in United States notes, convertible into such bonds, were attended by conditions which have made the negotiation of large amounts impossible, and it is recommended that these restrictions be repealed. If repealed, it is believed that the requisite amount can be realized from them alone. These bonds are not now negotiable below par, and therefore they are taken only by individual investors, and as no taker can make a profit on either bonds or notes, they go off slowly.

Bonds for a longer time, or at a higher rate of interest, would offer one alternative to the repeal of these restrictions.

Next to these propositions the Secretary

would prefer the 7.30 three year bonds, convertible into "five-twenty-fives" (5 per cent.) at maturity, and of smaller notes being 3.65 per cent. interest, as formerly recommended by him. Through one or the other of these measures, all easy of execution, he is confident of raising the \$276,912,517 required for the current fiscal year, and also the greater sum of \$627,388,183 required for the fiscal year following 1863-4, in case the war shall continue.

The dark side of the picture is the public debt, though the increasing wealth and strength of the country render it far less discouraging, as the Secretary thinks, than it would be to any other Power of the earth. The estimated expenditures for 1863-4 if a year of war, are \$845,413,183. The actual debt, July 1 1862, was \$514,211,371. On July 1, 1863, it is estimated that it will reach \$1,122,297,403, and on July 1, 1865, \$1,744,685,586. Of course this is calculating the war to continue on the present gigantic scale—a calculation which is obviously greatly in error. Either the rebels will be beaten, or we shall be, long before July 1, 1864. If the war ends, the Secretary estimates the expenditures of 1863-4 as follows: War and Navy, \$65,835,834; Other Departments, \$24,511,476; Interest, 50,000,000; Pensions and bounties, \$10,000,000; Total, 140,357,310; Or not to exceed \$109,000,000 under any contingencies. The British annual budget is more than twice this sum—\$361,435,682 for the year ending March 31, 1862, and that of France nearly three times as much, or for 1862, \$421,823,900.

**THE NEW METAL, THALLIUM.**—Mr. Crookes, the discoverer of this new metal, gives the following description of it in the Proceedings of the Royal Society:—"Thallium in the pure state is a heavy metal, bearing a remarkable resemblance to lead in its physical properties. Its specific gravity is, however, higher—about 12. The freshly scraped surface has a brilliant metallic lustre not quite so blue in color as lead, and it tarnishes more rapidly than this latter metal. It is very soft, being readily cut with a knife and indented with the nail; it may also be hammered out and drawn into wire, but has not much tenacity in this form. It easily marks paper. The fusing point is below redness, and with care several pieces may be melted together and cast into one lump. There is, however, generally a loss in this operation, owing to its rapid oxidation. The metal itself does not appear to be sensibly volatile below a red heat. I have made no special attempts at present to determine the atomic weight, although from two estimations of the amount of sulphur in the sulphide it appears to be very heavy. The figures obtained did not, however, agree well enough to enable me to speak more definitely on this point than that I believe it to be above 100. I may mention that I obtained this element in the pure metallic state and exhibited it to several friends as early as January last, and should then have published an account of it, had it not been for the reasons already mentioned. Thallium is soluble in nitric, hydrochloric, and sulphuric acids, the former attacking it with greatest energy, with evolution of red vapors."

**GEN. ROSECRANS' GALANTRY.**—W. D. B., of the Cincinnati Commercial, is Assistant Provost Marshal General at General Rosecrans' headquarters, and has charge of the female department. Occasionally a refractory female breaks away from Capt. B., and insists on seeing the General. One of these yesterday rushed up to Gen. Rosecrans, intruding herself between Gen. R. and Gen. Hamilton, saying—

"Is this Gen. Rosecrans?"  
"Yes, madam."  
"Well, General, can't I have a pass?"  
"Madam, (with a low bow,) "it is not my business to give you a pass; it is my duty to refuse it."

Another lady approached on another occasion, and began with a pitiful story in regard to her "poor, dear, sick uncle."  
"I conclude with you, madam," said the General, in that quiet way of his, "it is unfortunate that the uncles will sometimes get seriously indisposed. I, too, have a dear, afflicted uncle."

"Then, you can sympathize with me," she said.  
"Yes, madam, I do, and when my Uncle Sam gets over his present serious indisposition I will give you a pass."

It would of course be an anti-climax which would ruin the story to relate what the lady did.

**WELL SAID.**—One of the best things the President ever said was when he met McClellan, after the Army got back into its old trenches: "Well, General, I have heard of people being knocked into the middle of next week, but we are the first people I ever knew who were knocked into the middle of last year."

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belaf ye'd be askin' about? It's the same as the widdy Brady's. I owe her twelve shillings for whisky, and she believes I'll never pay her—and faith, that's my belaf too!"

Why is a man dead drunk like a piece of artillery ready for action?—Because he's all limbered up.

## COL. McNEIL AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Col. Hugh McNeil, of the famous "Bucktail" regiment, who was killed at the battle of Antietam, was one of the most accomplished officers in the federal service. A soldier relates an exploit of his at South Mountain which is worth recording.

During the battle of South Mountain the rebels held a very strong position. They were posted in the mountain pass, and had infantry on the heights on every side. Our men were compelled to carry the place by storm. The position seemed impregnable; large craggy rocks protected the enemy on every side, while our men were exposed to a galling fire.

A band of rebels occupied a galling on the extreme right, as the colonel approached with a few of his men. The unseen force poured upon them a volley. McNeil, on the instant, gave the command: "Pour your fire upon those rocks!"

The Bucktails hesitated; it was not an order that they had been accustomed to receive; they had always picked their men.  
"Fire!" thundered the colonel, "I tell you to fire at those rocks!"

The men obeyed. For some time an irregular fire was kept up; the Bucktails sheltering themselves as best they could behind trees and rocks. On a sudden McNeil caught sight of two rebels peering through an opening in the works to get an aim. The eyes of the men followed their commander, and half-a-dozen rifles was levelled in that direction.

"Wait a minute," said the Colonel. "I will try my hand. There is nothing like killing two birds with one stone."

The two rebels were not in line, but one stood a little distance back of the other, while just in front of the foremost was a slanting rock. Col. McNeil seized a rifle, raised it, glanced a moment along the polished barrel; a report followed, and both the rebels disappeared. At that moment a loud cheer a little distance beyond rent the air.

"All is right now," cried the Colonel; charge the rascals!"

The men sprang up among the rocks in an instant. The frightened rebels turned to run, but encountered another body of the Bucktails, and were obliged to surrender. Not a man of them escaped. Every one saw the object of the Colonel's order to fire at random among the rocks. He had sent the party around to their rear, and meant this to attract their attention. It was a perfect success.

The two rebels by the opening in the ledge, were found lying there stiff and cold. Colonel McNeil's bullet had struck the slanting rock in front of them, glanced, and passed through both their heads. There it lay between them flattened. The Colonel picked it up and put it in his pocket.—N. Y. Post.

**CONTENTS OF AN OSTRICH'S STOMACH.**—The Lyons Journals state that a few days back some ruffians succeeded in getting hold of the ostrich kept in the Parc de la Tete d'Or, with a view of stripping it of its feathers. The poor bird was shortly afterwards found lying on the ground in a dying state, having had its neck almost dislocated by the miscreants. After its death it was dissected by M. Key, professor of the veterinary school of the city, who found the following strange articles in its second stomach: three clay tobacco pipes, quite whole, but having become green; a knife with brass handle, twenty centimeters in length; twenty-five brass buttons of different infantry regiments; a ten-sous piece, thirty-two sous and centimes, on most of which the effigy had been worn off; about fifty bits of brass, reduced by corrosion to small triangles; fragments of watch chains; various bits of other metals; six large whole walnuts, and several fragments of a hawthorn walking stick; lastly, a piece of iron wire, ten centimeters in length, which had pierced the sides of the gizzard, was found imbedded in the abdomen, and does not seem to have caused the creature any pain.

A good story is told of one of our country constables, who was directed to serve an execution. He was told that the property to be levied consisted of three heifers, and after taking charge of them he must endeavor a return describing the property. With a view to be entirely correct, and not finding "an heifers," he specified as follows: "I went to level on 3 heifers, but they want an heifers only won was a shee heffer, and the other was a moely bull and the other was a bully moul."

**WET THE POWDER.**—Two Irishmen in a recent engagement were gallantly standing by their gun, firing in quick succession, when one touching the piece, noticed that it was very hot.

"Arrah! Mike, the cannon is gettin' hot; we'd better stop firin' a little."  
"Divil a bit," replied Mike; "jist dip the cartridges in the river afore yeas load an' kape it cool."

Some music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing on a violin requires the nicest perception, and the most sensibility of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor comments in the following manner: "The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats fiddlin' higher than a kite."

## J. WESLEY GREENE.

Rich and Racy Affair.

The Chicago Times, an unscrupulous Breckinridge print, has, for some time, been electrifying its readers, particularly, and Secession sympathizers generally, with the revelations of a certain J. Wesley Greene, who, it was said, had been in Richmond, and had an interview with Jeff. Davis, who had submitted certain peace propositions, "of the precise terms" of which the editor of the Times says, he is "not at liberty to speak, but they are such as the South could honorably make and the North could honorably accept." It now turns out that the whole story of Greene is a fabrication, from beginning to end, and Greene himself the gayest kind of a "lark." The Pittsburg Gazette, of the 13th, publishes an expose, from which it appears that Greene, in 1861, aspired to the ministry in that city, and presented a forged certificate of membership in a church at Buffalo. He next turned up in Cincinnati as "a great sinner," but, professing repentance, he borrowed \$10 which he forgot to pay a confiding brother, before his departure. Subsequent revelations show that he was actually preaching at Cincinnati, and whilst acting in this capacity, forged notes and papers by means of which he cheated an old lady out of her property, having first ingratiated himself into her good graces and married her daughter. He then took his wife east, spending money, travelling from place to place, getting into trouble, and finally was convicted of obtaining goods under false pretences, and sent to the penitentiary. Whilst there his wife learned, to her horror, that he had already a wife and several children. Having served out his time, he went east again, and married a third wife, and, it is alleged, again got into trouble which consigned him to the Penitentiary a second time. Wife No. 3 obtained a divorce. In process of time, he again turned up in Cincinnati and married a fourth wife. A card from Mr. John Dunlap, of Pittsburg, sets forth that Greene has been in his employ for something over a year, working at the ornamental japanning business, and has been seldom absent—that in the month of October, the time fixed for his having been in Richmond, he was absent but few days. It seems that whilst in Washington City, enlightening the President and his Cabinet, in reference to Jeff. Davis's peace propositions, he forged an order, signed by Secretary Stanton, upon which he diddle a shop-keeper out of an elegant and costly set of furs. The find was not discovered until he had left, and as he took another route from the one he said he was going, he has thus far eluded the officers who were set on his track.

This denouement of Mr. Greene will doubtless spoil all the nice arrangements that were flitting through the head of Fernando Wood and other "Peace Democrats" in the North. All the political capital they have made or can make out of the fiction of this adventure, they are welcome to. We should think, however, that hereafter they would be chary about persons hailing from Richmond, lest the public might think that there are other green people than those bearing that name.

If any of the "Peace Democracy" know of the whereabouts of J. Wesley Greene, they can make the fact known by addressing the Secretary of War, or "any other man."

A "Sucker's idea of soundness aptly illustrated in the remark of an old beehunter in one of the Egyptian counties. The times were the topic of conversation, and the soundness of the various Illinois banks was under discussion. Among these is the Gaston Bank, owned by Smith, a popular man among the copperas brooches thereabouts.

"Is Smith sound?" inquired one of the party.

Uncle John, an old pioneer, taking his pipe from a hole in his face like a sit in a side of sole leather, broke out:  
"Sound! Smith sound! Well, he is. He never wur sick in his life, weighs more than 180, voted for Duglis, and believes in immersion—sure! I call that sound—some."

**WASHINGTON'S WILL STOLEN AND SOLD.**—It appears by a statement made at a meeting of the New York Historical Society, that the will of Washington was stolen on the advance of the army into Virginia, and has since been sold to the British Museum. It was the last production of his pen, having been written exclusively by Washington. It was deposited in the Fairfax court-house, and was stolen by a soldier, and has found its way, notwithstanding the general announcement of the theft, into the curiosity shop of the British, where it will doubtless remain, unless efforts are made to have it restored.

You have heard, perhaps, of the encounter between an Englishman and the market woman at a fruit stand in New York. The Englishman had learned of the Yankee's habit of bragging, and he thought he would out the comb of that propensity. He saw some huge watermelons on the market-woman's stand, and walking up to her, pointing at them with a look of disappointment, said: "What! don't you raise bigger apples than these in America?" The woman looked at him one moment, and then retorted—"Apples! Anybody might know you was an Englishman. Them's huckleberries."

## A SHORT CATECHISM FOR DEMOCRATS.

Question. Who was the General to receive negroes within his lines, and to refuse to remand them to their rebel owners?

Answer. Gen. Butler; a Democrat.

Question. Who was among the first men to take ground in favor of confiscating rebel property, and using the negroes for military purposes?

Answer. John Cochrane, a Democratic Congressman from New York, now in service of his country.

Q. Who was the first military Commander, under the war power, to issue a proclamation for the unconditional freedom of the slaves?

A. Gen. Hunter, in South Carolina, an old Democrat.

Q. Who first gave orders to shoot on the spot the first man who would attempt to tear down the American flag?

A. Gen. John A. Dix, a Democrat.

Q. Who hung the first offender for thus tearing down the flag?

A. Gen. Benj. F. Butler, a Democrat.—He hung Mumford in New Orleans, for tearing down the flag on the U. S. Mint.

Q. Who hung the rebels in Arkansas for treachery towards his troops?

A. Gen. G. N. Fitch, recently a Democratic Senator.

Q. Who were among the most zealous advocates in the Senate of using the negroes for military purposes?

A. Senator Rice, of Minnesota, and Wright of Indiana, both Democrats. The former quoted English precedent for raising colored regiments.

Q. When a Cumberland Senator last winter at Augusta, in the Senate Chamber, exultingly asked, Where is the officer who will lead a regiment of colored troops, who was the man to respond by rising?

A. Col. Frank S. Nickerson, of the Maine Fourteenth—a Democrat.

Q. Who are among the foremost men in the Empire State, to urge the use of slaves as we would use other property, in putting down the rebellion—by putting them to any use that can be made available?

A. Daniel S. Dickinson, and Richard Busteed, two of the most prominent Democrats of the State.

Q. Who was the first actually to raise a colored regiment?

A. General Hunter, a Southerner by birth, and a Democrat.

Q. Who was the first who proposed to lead a colored regiment to the field, and share with them the trials and dangers of battle?

A. Gen. Sprague, the richest young man in New England, and the Democratic Governor of Rhode Island.

**A MORNING'S KISS.**—A day or two since, a ragged and dirty looking boy, fourteen years of age, pleaded guilty in the superior criminal court to having fired a building. For two years past, since the death of his mother, he had wandered around the streets a vagrant, without a home or human being to care for him, and he had become in every respect a bad boy. A gentleman and lady interested themselves in his behalf, and the latter took him one side to question him. She talked with him kindly, but without making the slightest impression upon his feelings, and to all she had said he manifested the greatest indifference, until she asked him if no one ever kissed him. This simple inquiry proved too much for him, and bursting into tears replied: "No one since my mother kissed me." That one thought of his poor, dead mother, the only being, perhaps, who had ever spoken to him kindly before, touched him to his heart, a hardened young criminal as he was. This little incident caused other tears than his.—Boston Recorder.

A firm of Johnson & Co. recently started the business of issuing shiplasters in Elmira; but for some mysterious reason they could not keep them issued. They came back so rapidly that the responsible member of the firm, Dr. Golden by name, found it necessary to change his base, and, curiously enough, forgot to pay his board bill. The Press says: "It is quite often we hear of a 'run on the bank.' Things have changed. Yesterday our citizens witnessed the anomaly of a bank on the run. The last seen of the bank of Johnson & Co., it was making a straight coat-tail through the Erie Railroad woodshed toward the woods."

An old maid, who has her eyes a little sideways on matrimony, says: "The curse of this war is, that it will make many widows, who will be fierce to get married, and who will know how to do it. Modest girls will stand no chance at all."

The Rebel papers speak of Gen. Butler as "Butler the beast." They no doubt think him the big beast of the Apocalypse. They must be awfully scared.

Many who dress extravagantly should be as much ashamed of their clothes as Adam and Eve were not having any.

If Humphrey Marshall wants to crush the Union cause in Kentucky, he had better sit down upon it.

The bride elect of Prince of Wales is named Alexandria Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia.

"Can you tell me how the word 'saloon' is spelt?" was asked of a cockney by a quizzical fellow. "Certainly," said the Londoner, with a look of triumph, "there's a hess, and a hay, and a hell, and two hoos, and a hon."

## ANECDOTE OF A TEACHER-SOLDIER.

The following anecdote of a teacher soldier, was related by Prof. Wickersham in his lecture on "Awakening Mind." The incident narrated occurred at the battle of Fair Oaks. We would have given it a place in our report at the time had our columns allowed it—it is too good to be lost:

A rebel battery, handled in a masterly manner, was moving our men down, and it seemed impossible to drive it from its position. The General, seeing this, rode up to the Captain of a Lancaster county company. "Captain, I want some one who will go out between these armies and shoot the officer in command of that battery." "Why, General, it's a certain death to attempt it!" "I know it; but you see how that fire is decimating our ranks. Is there no man willing to sacrifice himself?" "I'll see," replied the captain, as he turned to his company. "Boys, who of you is willing to go out between these armies, and shoot yonder officer?" A young man stepped out of the ranks—"I'll go."

He went, seemingly to certain death. Crawling along, he finally reached a slight elevation behind which he was partially sheltered. There was a crack of his rifle, but the ball missed its mark. Again—steady aim—a puff of smoke! The officer is seen to throw up his arms. His gunners spring to catch him as he falls. The battery is forced to abandon its position. The brave soldier returns unharmed. "And," said the Professor in a burst of enthusiasm, "I would have searched the army through, but I would have taken that young man by the hand and said to him, 'It was bravely done!' He was a teacher from this county. I will give you his name—Geo. K. Swope!—Lancaster (Pa.) Express.

**GOING TO REST.**—Did you ever know a child, though half dead with play, who was willing to go to bed? How they will wink, upon their poor eyes, and stare about, and linger round the bright lamps, and plead for a reprieve, "just a little longer, just five or ten minute!" Time will cure them of that soon enough, poor things, so don't try to teach them the lesson now. Let them "sit up," before the evil days come when sleep is the most coveted boon on earth; when they dread nothing so much as waking to a new day, and its repetition of weary struggles with wrong and wrong doers, lighted by glimpses of sunshine so few and so transient. Crowd into the children's insect-life all the happiness you can, that they may have that at least, to look back upon, when they have no longer the wish or the power to "sit up."

**GOOD PLACES TO LIVE.**—Cedarburg, in Ozaukee county, Wisconsin, gives 346 Democratic votes to 3 Republican, but is beaten by Marshfield, in Fon du Lac county, which gives 307 Democratic votes, with "nary a one for the Opposition." A man could have some peace of mind in Marshfield.—Democratic Exchanges.

It was in this same delightful region, called Ozaukee county, that the recent anti-draft riot took place. These Democratic masses wouldn't make up their quota by volunteering, and determined to resist the efforts of the authorities to complete it by draft! What a delightful place this would be for a genuine Vallandigham! Will our Vallandigham contemporaries still complain that their party has furnished a majority of the volunteers?

**DON'T WRITE THERE.**—"Don't write there," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pen on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel. "Why not?" was the reply. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than the diamond upon the glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever. On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the minds of others.

**AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.**—Lord Chief Justice Holt, when a young man was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the old Bailey a man was convicted of highway robbery, whom the Judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity; Holt thinking the man did not know him; asked what had become of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, replied—"Ah my lord, they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

BREAD HAS JUST BEEN made from corn eighteen hundred years old, found at Pompeii. Moreover, it is said that a bit of eighty-one loaves from a Pompeian oven, oddly preserved from the heat of the lava by a thick coating of ashes, has also been discovered in the recent explorations of the ruins.

"Can you tell me how the word 'saloon' is spelt?" was asked of a cockney by a quizzical fellow. "Certainly," said the Londoner, with a look of triumph, "there's a hess, and a hay, and a hell, and two hoos, and a hon."