

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. JOSEPH EISELY, Editor. Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, June 14, 1845. Vol. 5—No. 38—Whole No. 246.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia. He is also in the Counties of Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$8. H. B. MASSER.

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.

This Machine has now been tested by more than thirty families in this neighborhood, and has given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its construction, that it cannot get out of order. It contains no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to get out of repair. It will do twice as much washing, with less than half the wear and tear of any of the late inventions, and what is of greater importance, it costs but little over half as much as other washing machines.

The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$8. H. B. MASSER. The following certificate is from a few of those who have these machines in use. Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1844.

We, the subscribers, certify that we have now in use, in our families, 'Shugert's Patent Washing Machine,' and do not hesitate saying that it is a most excellent invention. That, in washing, it will save more than one half the usual labor. That it does not require more than one third the usual quantity of soap and water; and that there is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wearing or tearing. That it knocks off no buttons, and that the finest clothes, such as collars, laces, necks, ties, &c., may be washed in a very short time without the least injury, and in fact without any apparent wear and tear, whatever. We therefore cheerfully recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.

CHARLES W. HEGINS, A. JORDAN, CHS. WEAVER, CHS. PLEASANTS, GIDEON MARKLE, Hon. GEO. C. WELKER, BENJ. HENDRICKS, GIDEON LEISENRING.

HERB'S HOTEL, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chestnut street.) Philadelphia, September 21st, 1844.

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine in my house upwards of eight months, and do not hesitate to say that I deem it one of the most useful and valuable labor-saving machines ever invented. I formerly kept two women continually occupied in washing, who now do as much in two days as they then did in one week. There is no wear or tear in washing, and it requires not more than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have had a number of other machines in my family, but this is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and so little liable to get out of repair, that I would not do without one if they should cost ten times the price they are sold for. DANIEL HERR.

UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS, CHEAP FOR CASH.

J. W. SWAIN'S Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory. No. 37 North Third Street, two doors below the CITY HOTEL.

Always on hand, a large stock of UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the latest new style of Picked Edged Parasols of the best workmanship and materials, at prices that will make it an object to Country Merchants and others to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. Feb. 22, 1845.—1y

SPANISH HIDES AND TANNERS' OIL.

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For sale to Country Tanners at the lowest prices and upon the best terms. N. B. The highest market prices paid for all kinds of leather.

D. KIRKPATRICK & SONS, No. 21, South Third St. Phila. delphia, September 14, 1844.—1y.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA.

This Medicine is offered to the public generally, from a full conviction that it is superior to any other medicine now in use, for the cure of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility or Bilious Weakness, &c. Its effects have been tested in a private practice of near eight years, and it is now more extensively circulated, at the solicitude of many who have received the most signal benefit from the use of it. The following is one among a number of certificates received in relation to the success of this medicine: LANCASTER Co. March 18.

Dr. GEORGE W. ALLEN. Dear Sir.—It is with great pleasure that I inform you of the success attending your Dyspeptic Medicine, while employed in my practice. From past experience, I firmly believe that in eight cases out of ten, the Dyspeptic, by the use of your medicine, may entirely rid himself of this thorn in the pathway of life: not only in dyspeptic cases, but in all cases of constipation, and diseases depending on a debilitated state of the nervous system, together with a torpid state of the bowels, will your Elixir be found of inestimable value. Numerous instances wherein the usefulness of the medicine has been realized, may be forwarded, if required. I wish you great success, and recommend the medicine to the suffering part of mankind. Yours, with great respect, ROBERT AGNEW, M. D.

A Public Patriot, OR, AN ACUTE ALLEGHIANIAN.

Thomas Jefferson Washington Jones, was yesterday brought before the Recorder, on the charge of bringing a crowd and creating a disturbance the evening previous, at the corner of St. Charles and Gravier Streets.

Mr. Thomas Jefferson Washington Jones is a gentleman of a full habit but scanty wardrobe—plus of patriotism, but minus of means.

'In what manner did the prisoner gather a crowd?' said the Recorder, 'or how create a disturbance?'

'Why, he was a cuttin' up all kinds of discourses,' said the watchman—'a talkin' about Annexation and Oregon, and all that, and cussin' the 'letrical Society, I think he called it.'

'I protest against any charge made by that individual being recorded against me,' said the prisoner; 'he has neither capacity to understand my position, nor patriotism to appreciate it.'

'He is a municipal officer,' said the Recorder, 'and I am bound to receive his statement.'

'Then if such be one of the streams through which justice flows,' replied the prisoner—'if he be one of the conduits through which law is administered, justice necessarily needs filtering—law requires a less impure course. If I please you, however, let him proceed, and Heaven help the Republic, I say!' This appeal he accompanied by a reverential twist of his eyes upwards.

The Recorder told the watchmen to go on and state the circumstances under which he arrested the prisoner.

He stated the same in substance as was written in the charge. The prisoner was harranging a crowd about Texas, Oregon and Alleghania, and he knew not what. He told him to go on, but, instead of complying, he abused him and went on with his speech.

'Fool!' exclaimed the prisoner, 'what else should I do but abuse you? Praise of you would be censured in disguise; besides—'

'I shall not allow you, Mr.—what's your name,' replied the Recorder, 'to use such language to the watchman in my presence. If you have anything to say in your defence I shall hear it; preserve your vituperation for another place—your invective for a more fitting opportunity.'

'I thank you, most worthy judge,' said the prisoner, 'for the advice, and shall be guided by it; and now for my defence. But first of my name, which you seem to have forgotten, but which I thought was graven the door plate that opened—the door I mean, your honor, not the plate—to the inner chamber of every American heart. Who, sir—what American—can forget a name linked—by association of ideas, at least—with the sage of Monticello, and the hero of Mount Vernon; for both of whom history has erected her monuments—more solid than marble, and more enduring than brass—Now—'

'This is all very well, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Washington Jones. I now remember your name,'—interrupted the Recorder; 'but what have you to do with the watchman's charge?'

'It was about to come to that, sir,' said the prisoner, 'but thought it necessary before doing so to say so much in vindication of the honored names I bear. And now, sir, for the charge. I was creating no disturbance; and if a crowd did gather round me, it was done of their own volition; if they did wrong, I cannot perceive by what rule of law or ethics I am to be visited with punishment for their transgressions. I was speaking somewhat loudly, it is true, but I am yet to learn that there is any Municipal ordinance instituting a voice-meeter, and making it penal to pitch the voice above a given standard. I was speaking, sir, of the wisdom and the policy of Annexation, and our right—our imprescriptible right—to Oregon; and he whom these subjects would not arouse and cause to speak loud at the present crisis would suffer a man to take his julep from before him and drink it without remonstrance, nor would he cry 'Stop thief!' if a fellow ran away with his last shirt. I touched you, sir, on the attempt made by a club of pedantic literateurs to change—desecrate, I call it—the name of my beloved country, and is it to be wondered that I felt indignant and spoke loudly? Take the name of the United States away, sir, and will not after ages be puzzled to know the land of my illustrious namesakes?—and then to propose giving it such a name—Alle—Alleghania!—why it's a name fit only for a country inhabited by Turks! I would not, so help me—'

'That will do,' said the Recorder, 'I perceive that, although you did err, your motives render the act excusable. You may go, but in future find some more appropriate place for your lectures on Oregon, Annexation and Alleghania than the sidewalk; for however much, in such a place, you impel the march of mind, you retard considerably the movement of the body.'

Thomas Jefferson Washington Jones, regarding the watchman as mere human animalcule, left the court impressed with the belief that his release was a decided triumph of mind over matter.—Picoque.

Extraordinary Stories of an Indian Fakir.

The monotony of our camp life, was broken this morning by the arrival of a very celebrated character in the Punjab, a person we had all expressed great anxiety to see, and whom the Maha-Rajah had ordered over from Unrutsar on purpose. He is a Fakir by name, and is held in extraordinary respect by the Sikhs, from his alleged capacity of being able to bury himself alive for any period of time. So many stories were current on the subject, and so many respectable individuals maintained the truth of these stories, that we felt curious to see him. He professes to have been following this trade, so it may be called, for some years, and a considerable time ago several extracts from the letters of individuals who had seen the man in the upper Provinces, appeared in the Calcutta papers, which were at the time, naturally enough, looked upon as a mere attempt at a hoax upon the inhabitants of Calcutta. Captain Wade, political agent at Ludhiana, told me that he was present at his resurrection after an interment of some months; General Ventura having buried him in the presence of the Maha-Rajah and many of his principal sirdars; and, as far as I can recollect, these were the particulars as witnessed by General Ventura:—After going through a regular course of preparation, which occupied him seven days, and the details of which are too disgusting to dilate upon, the Fakir reported himself ready for interment in a vault by order of the Maha-Rajah. On the appearance of Runjeet and his court he proceeded to their final preparations that were necessary in their presence, and after stopping with wax his ears and nostrils, he was stripped and placed in a linen bag; and the last preparation concluded by turning his tongue forwards, and thus closing the gullet, he immediately died away in a kind of lethargy. The bag was then closed, and sealed with Runjeet's seal. The box was then placed in a vault, the earth thrown in and trod down, and a crop of barley sown over the spot, and sentries placed round it. The Maha-Rajah was, however, very sceptical on the subject, and twice in the course of ten months he remained, under ground, sent people to dig him up, when he was found to be in exactly the same position, and in a state of perfectly suspended animation. At the termination of the ten months, Captain Wade accompanied the Maha-Rajah to see him disinterred, and states that he examined him personally and minutely, and was convinced that all animation was perfectly suspended. He saw the locks opened and the seals broken by the Maha-Rajah, and the box brought into the open air. The man was then taken out, and on feeling his wrist and heart, not the slightest pulsation was perceptible. The first thing towards restoring him to life, was the forcing his tongue back to its proper position, which was done with some little difficulty by a person inserting his finger and forcibly pulling it back, and continuing to hold it until it gradually resumed its natural place. Captain Wade described the top of his head to have been considerably heated; but all other parts of the body cool and healthy in appearance. Pouring a quantity of warm water upon him constituted the only further measures for his restoration, and in two hours time he is as well as ever.

On my return to Simla, accident placed in my hands the appendix to a medical topography of Ludhiana by Dr. McGregor of the horse artillery, by whose permission I have extracted the following account of the former interments and resurrection of the Fakir:—A Fakir who arrived at Lahore engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, and without either food or drink. Runjeet naturally disbelieved the man's assertions, and was determined to put them to the test. For this purpose the Fakir was shut up in a wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the middle of the ground: there was a folding door to this box, which was secured by a lock and key. Surrounding this apartment, there was the garden-house, the door of which was likewise locked, and outside the whole a high wall, having its doorway built with bricks and mud, in order to prevent any one from approaching the place, a line of sentries was placed and relieved at regular intervals. The strictest watch was kept up for the space of forty days and forty nights, at the expiration of which period the Maha-Rajah, attended by his grandson and several of his sirdars, as well as General Ventura, Captain Wade, and myself, proceeded to disinter the fakir. The bricks and mud were removed from the outer doorway; the door of the garden house was next unlocked—and lastly, that of the wooden box containing the Fakir: the latter was found covered with a white sheet, on removing which the figure of the man presented itself in a sitting posture—his legs and arms were pressed to his sides, his legs and thighs crossed. The first step of the operation of resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this a hot cake of otta (wheat flour) was placed on the crown of his head; a plug of wax was next removed from one of his nostrils, and on this being

done, the man breathed strongly through it. The mouth was now opened, and the tongue, which had been closely applied to the roof of the mouth, and both it and the lips anointed with ghee (clarified butters.) During this part of the proceeding, I could not feel any pulsation at the wrist, though the temperature of the body was much above the natural standard of health. The legs and arms being extended, and the eyelids raised, the former were well rubbed, and a little ghee was applied to the latter; the eyeballs presented a dim suffused appearance, like those of a corpse. The man now evinced signs of returning animation: the pulse became perceptible at the wrist, while the unnatural temperature of the body rapidly diminished. He made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length uttered a few words, but in a tone so low and feeble as to render them inaudible. By and by his speech was re-established, and he recognised some of the bystanders, and addressed the Maha-Rajah, who was seated opposite to him watching all his movements. When the Fakir was able to converse, the completion of the fact was announced by the discharge of guns and other demonstrations of joy. A rich chain of gold was placed round his neck by Runjeet, and ear-rings, bangles, and shawls were presented to him. However extraordinary this fact may appear, both to the Europeans and natives, it is difficult if not impossible, to explain it on physiological principles. The man not only denied his having tasted food or drink, but even maintained that he had stopped the function of respiration during a period of forty days and nights. To all appearance this long fasting had not been productive of its usual effects, as the man seemed to be in rude health, so that digestion and assimilation had apparently proceeded in the usual manner; but this he likewise denied, and positively asserted, that during the whole time he had enjoyed a most delightful trance. It is well known that the natives of Hindostan, by constant practice, can bring themselves to exist on the smallest portion of food for several days; and it is equally true that, by long training, the same people are able to retain the air in their lungs for some minutes; but how the functions of digestion and respiration could be arrested for such a length of time, appears unaccountable. The concealment of the Fakir during the performance of his feat, so far from rendering the latter more wonderful, serves but to hide the means he employs for its accomplishment, and until he can be persuaded to undergo the confinement in a place where his actions may be observed, it is needless to form any conjectures regarding them.—Captain Osborne's Court and Camp.

Honorable Employment.

What is the most honorable employment? Is it to carry a green bag and talk on knotty points of law in open court? Is it to apply a yerkstick with graceful dexterity? Is it to wear a cockade as a sign of successful office-seeking? Is it to sit at a shattered table in the garret, with a goose quill behind the ear, and a fore-finger between the eye-brows, supporting an editors aching head over a blank quire of paper? All these employments may be honorable so far as they are useful to society and no farther. Do you agree to this? Then you will also agree to this plain rule; whatever is the most useful is the most honorable employment. Apply this rule to the skilful, industrious and honest cultivator of the earth. Who could live but for him? Who produces so much of what is absolutely indispensable to the wants of his fellows as he? Is not this the employment, then, honorable, in proportion as his labors are the most useful of any in the world? Let him be represented accordingly. Next to him is the scientific Mechanic, who builds our houses and ships, and makes our household goods. He too should be honored. Lawyers, that prevent, rather than encourage litigation—preachers who labor to promote "peace on earth and good will towards men," rather than to excite the sectarian antipathies of their hearers; doctors, who seek to prevent disease rather than tamper with it for a fee; merchants who sell at low prices, deceive not their customers, and keep true accounts; these and indeed all other classes, are useful classes, and are useful and necessary in society, and should be encouraged and honored accordingly; but it is time the notion was done away, that farming and handicraft are not respectable. They are on the whole more useful, and therefore should be regarded more honorable. The men who own the soil they till; who can live independently by their own productions and then supply other classes of citizens with the means of subsistence, are the true nobility of a Republic. They are the "bone and muscles" which must keep the body politic together. We respect them.—Would that there were more such, fewer idle, lazy drones, who scorn honest labor, and strut in gay attire, living upon the productive industry of those far better than themselves.

An apt question is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mrs. CAUDLE THINKS IT "HIGH TIME" THAT THE CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE SUMMER CLOTHING.

There, Caudle! If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do—the more shame for you to let me, but—there, now! there you fly out again! What do I want now? Why, you must know what's wanted, if you'd any eyes—or any pride for your children, like any other father. What's the matter—and what an Idviving at? Oh, nonsense, Caudle! As if you didn't know! I'm sure if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing: never; it's painful to me, goodness knows! What do you say? If it's painful, why so often do it?—Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes! I wish you'd think a little more of people's feelings, and less of your jokes. Ha! as I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own.—If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pockets for every farthing. It's dreadful!

'Now, Caudle, if ever you kept awake, you shall keep awake to night—yes, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak, and then you may go to sleep as soon as you like. Pray do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? What was the matter with them? Oh, Caudle! How can you ask? Poor things! were't they all in their thick merinos, and beaver bonnets? What do you say—What of it? What, you'll tell me that you didn't see how the Brigg's girls, in their new chape, turned their noses at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smith's, and then at our dear girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the month of May?" You didn't see it? The more shame for you—you would, if you had the feeling of a parent—but I'm sorry to say, Caudle, you haven't. I'm sure these Brigg's girls—the little mixers—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say? I ought to be ashamed of myself to open it? No, Mr. Caudle; the shame lies with you, that don't let your children appear at church like other people's children, that make 'em uncomfortable at their devotions, poor things! for how can it be otherwise, when they see themselves dressed like nobody else?'

'Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; these children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't, and there's an end of it. I won't have 'em exposed to the Brigg's and the Browns again; no, they shall know they have a mother, if they've no father to feel for 'em.—What do you say, Caudle? A good deal I must think of church, if I think so much of what we go in? I only wish you thought as much as I do, you'd be a better man than you are, Caudle, I can tell you; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking about decent clothes for the children for the summer, and you want to put me off with something about the church; but that's so like you, Caudle!'

'I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you lie in your bed and say that? I'm sure there's no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it; the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. It's the wives who don't care where the money comes from who're best thought of. Oh, it my time was to come over again, would I mend and stitch, and make the thing go as far as I have done? No—that I wouldn't. Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and laugh; it's very easy to laugh, Caudle—very easy, to people who don't feel.'

'Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see them well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. Eh, Caudle, eh? Now, you shan't go to sleep till you have told me. How much money do I want? Why, let me see how love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and—What do you say? I needn't count 'em, you know how many there are? Ha! that's just as you take me up. Well, now how much money will it take? Let me see; and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins, I know that Caudle; and though I say it—bless their little hearts!—they do credit to you, Caudle. Any nobleman of the land might be proud of 'em.—Now, don't swear at nobleman of the land, and ask me what they've to do with your children; you know what I meant. But you are so hasty, Caudle.'

'How much? Now, don't be in a hurry!—Well, I think with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do twenty pounds worth. What did you say? Twenty, fifty sticks? What? You won't give half the money? Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; at them stop from church, and grow up like

heathens and cannibals, and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. You gave me twenty pounds five months ago! What's five months ago to do with now. Besides, what I have had is nothing to do with it. "What do you say? Ten pounds are enough? Yes; just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. They only want bonnets and frocks? How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give me more than ten pounds. Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what you'll make of it. I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you. No, sir,—no; you have no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often fling that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it. I only want to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think when they see the Brigg's, and the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips! Why, they must think themselves nobody; and to think yourself nobody—depend upon it, Caudle,—isn't the way to make the world think anything of you.'

'What do you say? Where did I pick up that? Where do you think? I know a great deal more than you suppose—yes; though you don't give me credit for it. His hands seldom do. However, the twenty pounds I will have, if I've any—or not a farthing.'

'No, sir, no. I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable and—what do you say? You'll give fifteen pounds? No, Caudle, no—not a penny will I take under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do. Still, if you'll give me twenty—no, it's no use your offering fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You shan't close an eye until you promise the twenty. Come, Caudle, love—twenty, and then you may go to sleep.—Twenty—twenty—twenty—'

'My impression is,' writes Caudle in his comments, 'that I fell asleep, sticking firmly to the fifteen; but in the morning Mrs. Caudle assured me, as a woman of honor, that she wouldn't let me wink an eye, before I promised the twenty, and man is frail—and woman is strong—she had the money.'

Is a "Fix"—The editor of the Brandon Dissiminator, poor fellow! makes the following funny appeal to his readers:—"We beg our readers to excuse any mistake that may appear in this number, as our compositor is in a spree all over and not able to work."

We presume that by being "in a spree all over" he means drunk on the "whole hog" system; probably a set-to with red monkeys.—Pic.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SPEECH.—Dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, and brick-bats and clubs into fruit trees, to knock down the fruit—if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is that men should be so foolish and even so wicked as to go to war and kill one another—if they would let one another be, they would die of themselves. And the last thing that I wonder at most of all is that young men going after the young women—if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

A physician, calling one day on a gentleman who had been severely afflicted with the gonorrhoea, found, to his surprise, the disease gone, and the patient rejoicing in his recovery over a bottle of wine. "Come along, doctor," exclaimed the valetudinarian, "you are just in time to taste this bottle of Madeira; it is the first of a pipe that has just been broached." "Ah!" replied the doctor, "these pipes of Madeira will never do; they are the cause of all your suffering."

"Well, then," rejoined the gny incurable, "fill up your glass, for now that we have found out the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

NOW, THEN! TELL ME.—What strange metamorphoses do people undergo every night by they turn into beds.

How may a perfectly good man become better?—By laying a wager.

What may you do legally to eggs which you may not do when they are hatched?—Poke them.

Does an Irish cow give buttermilk?—No, nothing but her milk.

How does amusement renew our existence?—It recreates us.

Why is finding a lady adrift in a boat near Kamgate like the sinking of our ship?—Because we found her at sea.

What assistance does a monarch give his lies when they are weak in artillery?—Connon-aid.