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THE REGULATOR. IF YOU HAVE EATEN ANYTHING HARD OF DIGESTION.

THANATOPSIS. BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. To him who in the love of nature holds communion with his visible forms...

And then he remembered again that this was the very hour the first Mrs. Pepperton had left this sorrowful world for a better, and his legs began to knock together with fright.

THE FIRST MRS. PEPPERTON. How her husband once came to imagine he saw her Spirit.

Believe in ghosts? I hope I am not such a fool as that, said Mr. Pepperton, scornfully.

Thank you, Mr. Pepperton, returned the young farmer, laughing.

Patents. T. F. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, corner Sixth and Smithfield Sts., Pittsburgh Pa.

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that he thinks a man is best off at his own fireside, after all, on winter nights, and that Mrs. Pepperton finds it rather lonely when he is out.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SWINDLE. A correspondent of the New York Sun writing from Frederick, Maryland, says: Yesterday about 2,000 of the suits instituted by Dr. Harrison Wagner, the professional litigator, against citizens of this county, were settled.

Early in 1880 Wagner disappeared from public notice, but in the fall of that year the entire community was thrown into a furore of excitement when it was learned that Wagner had commenced proceedings to enforce judgment in 1,800 of the suits.

During Wagner's absence several persons against whom he had obtained judgment, and his first move was to file the judgments in the orphan's court as claims against the estate.

A Ghastly Wedding. A very extraordinary and somewhat repulsive marriage ceremony took place not long ago at Portsmouth, England, concerning which the English papers are having a good deal to say.

An Effective Sermon. Last Saturday night some sinner stole chickens from the coop of Rev. Amindab Bledsoe, of the Galveston Blue Light Tabernacle, and the next day the Reverend gentleman preached a powerful sermon against the sin of stealing chickens.

It Won't Pay after so much labor and capital has been expended to build up this medicine, to allow it to deteriorate.

WHERE THE PRESIDENTS ARE BURIED. The body of George Washington is resting in a brick vault at Mount Vernon, Va., in a marble coffin.

James Madison's remains rest in a beautiful spot on the old Madison estate near Orange, Va. in a vault in the Eighteen Church at Quincy, Mass.

William Henry Harrison was buried at Fort Meigs, fifteen miles from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Abraham Lincoln rests in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., enclosed in a sarcophagus of white marble. The monument is a great piece of marble, granite and bronze.

Theodore Stockman, for peculiar reasons one of the most widely known citizens of Toledo, has died amid the surroundings which were a pleasure to his penurious soul.

When a member of the German Parliament is delivered of a joke it goes as unfinished business. They laugh at it next day.

A man man down in Kentucky had a girl arrested for appropriating the tail feathers of his red rooster to trim her hat.

One square, one insertion, 25 cents. Yearly advertisement exceeding one-fourth of a column, 75 cents per line.

"IF I WAS PRESIDENT." "Now, if I was President," began Mr. Buttery the other morning, as he passed his cup over for a second cup of coffee.

"What if you aren't, you know," broke in Mrs. B., "an argument and confidential tone.

"Yes, wouldn't I warm Sammy Dugan," chirped in Master Thomas, aged twelve, I'd go up to him and smack him on the nose with a brick fore he knowed where he was, and I'd slide on the sidewalk an' shy snow balls at the piece-man, an' sass Miss Fawcett, an' sass Mrs. Blucher, every day when it didn't rain, I'd—

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. B., catching the infection of her enthusiastic progeny, and I'd be the first lady in the land, let the next be who she would, and the governors' wives would beg to be introduced to me, and I'd have balls twice a week and a banquet every day.

"And I'd have management of the White House and run things," remarked Mrs. B.'s mother, her eyes sparkling with the prospect.

"I don't see how I'd get along with-out Mary, now," Mrs. Blucher observed, pausing to wipe the perspiration from her aged features and put another ladle of soft soap into the steaming suds, while her daughter's voice at the piano could be distinctly recognized, floating over from the adjoining parlor.

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