

Humor.

THE SNRFF TAKER.

The Boston Herald is responsible for following. The venerable and valuable old male snuff taker is a perfect character in every way.

Both of 'em." "Here the venerable matron took an alarm-bell of snuff—mind, she had been puncturing the above remarks with constant ashes, but here she came to a full stop with that was really wonderful. She survived however, and then went on.

"Carriage?" suggested my friend. "No, no; wait a minute; what was it? They had a—"

"Chaise?—buggy?—carryall?"—he hinted rapid succession. "No, no, no; wait a minute. I'll think on't a minute. They hired a—"

"What cart?—wheelbarrow?—donkey cart?—cart?—dry?—furniture wagon?" "No, no, no, sir; I tell you no.

"Fire-engine?—locomotive?—go cart?—aggruait?—balloon?—watering-cart?" broke it may find in desperation. "No, no, no. Do wait a minute. Lord a-massey, it's strange I forget it. They hired a—"

"Here she came to a dead pause, meditated, and took snuff largely." "The voluble old lady got hold of it at last. They had hired a 'chicote'—a species of wagon he had not heard of before!

WHOSE ALE IS IT?

"Will you give me a glass of ale, please?" asked a rather seedy-looking person, with old and well brushed coat and a most too shiny hat.

"Thank ye," said the recipient, as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it at a swallow, he smacked his lips and said—"That is very fine ale!—very. Whose is it?"

"It is Harman's ale." "Ah! Harman's, eh? Well give us another glass of it."

It was done; and, holding it up to the light and looking through it, the connoisseur said—"Pon my word it is superb ale, superb! clear as Maderia. I must have some more of that. Give me a mug of it."

"The mug was furnished; but before putting it to his lips, the imbiber said: 'Whose ale did you say this was?'

"Harman's," repeated the bar tender. "The mug was exhausted and also the vocabulary of praise; and it only remained for the appreciative gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went towards the door: 'Harman's ale it is? I know Harman very well—I shall see him soon and settle with him for two glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew. Good mawning!'—Knick.

INDEPENDENCE.—"We like to hear a man express his honest convictions on any subject on which he may have occasion to speak. A man who is a mere echo of some leading politician—some distinguished divine or some shrewd financier—whose religious sentiments are the sentiments of his church—his political views a fac simile of his party organ—who listens with open mouth and glaring eyes to those whom accident has elevated, pecuniarily, a little above himself, not daring to utter an opinion which does not fully coincide with that coming from such a source, may find appropriate spheres in this world but the moral and intellectual condition of the community will not be greatly improved by anything he dares to do or say."

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

Among the many anecdotes told of Mr. Webster, there is one which, though reflecting slightly upon his negligence of pecuniary matters, is still very Websterian in its wit.— On one occasion it is related he was the guest of the Southern Senators and Representatives in the City of Washington, and they passed many compliments upon him, and alluded frequently to his being like the Southerners in his habits and feelings, and it was all an accident that he was born in New Hampshire.— At last Mr. Webster arose, "Gentlemen," said he, "it has been stated that I resemble the Southerners in many respects—and I must confess that, now it has been mentioned, I think I do. The Southerners love a good glass of wine—so do I. This is one thing in which I resemble the Southerners. The Southerners are good judges of beauty, and I again confess that I am a lover of the beautiful. This makes two points of resemblance; but there is a third in which I more resemble them. The Southerners, it is said, never pay their debts, and the same has also been said of me. In these particulars, gentlemen, I feel I am like 'the Southerners.'" Shouts of laughter followed this sally of wit and good humor.

RAILROAD POETRY.

A correspondent of the Broome County Republican describes his journey over the Syracuse and Birmingham Railroad, from Courland, in the following poetical strain: So much I wrote in Courland's bounds—and would have finished there, had not the down train's whistle-band resounded through the air. So shaking Fairchild by the hand, who said come up again, I bid farewell to every fear, and jumped upon the train. Rushing round the hill side, darting o'er the plain, over the rivers, under pines, Van Bergen drove his train. The moon threw bright effulgent rays on each small ripples crest; the ever seemed a ribbon stretched across the meadow's breast; the evening wind came stealing through the air with gentle sigh, and brought a cinder from the engine, sprang into my eye; few and short were the prayers I said, and I spoke not a word of sorrow, but I rubbed at my eye till I made it red, and knew 'twould be sorrow. We soon got home at the rate we ran, at an hour just right for retiring, and down from his post came the engine man, and the fireman ceased his firing. And thus I too will cease with this, a moral to the tale—be always sure to "mind your eye" when riding on a rail!

The following is said to be the recipe for the exclusive drink of the magnificently funny editor of the Paducah American. "Take one pint of good whiskey, stir in well one spoonful of whiskey, then add another pint of whiskey, beat carefully with a spoon, and keep pouring in whiskey. Fill a large bowl with water, and make the servant set it out of your reach. Take a small tumbler, pour in two spoonfuls of water; pour out the water and fill up with whiskey, and add to the above. Flavor with whiskey to your taste."

A few nights ago a Mr. Bodkin, who had been out taking his glass and a pipe, on going home late, borrowed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue was loosened, he sat up in bed, and suddenly spread out the parapluie. "What are you going to do with that thing," said she. "Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy storm to-night, and so I came prepared."

USE OF TOBACCO.—In the United States, physicians have estimated that 20,000 persons die every year from the use of tobacco. In Germany the physicians have calculated that, of all the deaths which occur between the ages of 18 and 20, one-half originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. They say that the article exhausts and deranges the nervous powers, and produces a long train of nervous diseases, to which the stomach is liable.

Did you ever buy a horse? If so, you must, like myself, have been struck with surprise at the great number of horses just seven years old. A shrewd Scotch jockey whom I once employed to aid me in the selection of a horse, as he examined the animals mouth, inquired of the seller, 'How old is he?' 'Seven years.' 'Ah,' said Johnny, 'that seven years ago was a tremendous year for colts.'

Do Dogs REASON?—Professor Mapes thinks dogs can reason. We doubt it. If they could they would not make such asses of themselves as to go a mile in 2:40, just because a tin cullender is fastened to their tail.

The following medical works will be published shortly. Burns on the hand. Mole on the arm. Cracks on the hand. Blows on the nose.

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Medicines.

HAPPINESS! HAPPINESS!! WHAT CAN MAKE US HAPPY?

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Compendence." (Pope.)

But when we have pains, affliction or anguish of diseases, is not our pleasure, our joy, our happiness thereby destroyed? Why let our sick, distressed, suffering, does not Christ say: "With the same measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again?"

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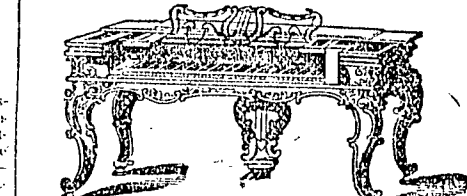
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