

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

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Popular Song.

FEW DAYS, OR I AM GOING HOME.

This world is coming to an end,
Few days—few days;
I'll crack my shins, my pocket read—
I'm gwine home!
I'm gwine to run clear out of sight,
Few days—few days;
And leave these nazy diggins quite;
I'm gwine home!
Chorus—For I've got a home out yonder,
Few days—few days;
I've got a home out yonder,
In old Tennessee.
And I can't stay in the wilderness,
Few days—few days;
I can't stay in the wilderness,
I'm gwine home.

They tell about Major Ligonier Law,
Few days—few days;
It makes the folks get drunk the more;
I'm gwine home.
Nebraska's gwine to be a State,
Few days—few days;
Cuba, too, will come in late;
I'm gwine home.
Chorus—For I've got a home out yonder, &c.
Everything's done by steam,
Few days—few days;
Leather ruff, chalk ice cream—
I'm gwine home.
Boys wear beads, and women too,
Few days—few days;
Though all things change, there's nothing new;
I'm gwine home.
Chorus—For I've got a home out yonder, &c.

The Shanghai fiels, how tall they grow,
Few days—few days;
The people cannot hear them crow;
I'm gwine home.
When grandpa put on grandpa's tails,
Few days—few days;
They grow to be as big as whales;
I'm gwine home.
Chorus—For I've got a home out yonder, &c.
There's sin and folly everywhere,
Few days—few days;
Enough to make old Satan stare;
I'm gwine home.
I'll sing my parting song once more,
Few days—few days;
And then I'll pass over Jordan's shores;
I'm gwine home.
Chorus—For I've got a home out yonder, &c.

MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.—The art of music, it seems to us, ought to be made a study in all our primary schools and higher institutions of learning, and we are glad to see that educators—teachers as well as parents—are advocating to the utmost of their power, the introduction of this art. Music is a natural training of the first importance. It wise men and prophets are taken for authority, it has the greatest influence over the disposition and manners: it soothes, cheers, inspires and consoles, and may be said to be the charm of infancy, the delight of youth, and the solace of old age. The constant use of such a real and efficient contributor to good nature and cheerful spirits should not be disregarded in early education. Children can be taught scientifically; they should therefore be taught to sing correctly, and the complex they should be as simple as interest them—as simple as their own ideas.—They should contain lively and striking images with pure and just sentiments, clothed in simple and intelligible language, without being puerile or vulgar. For the purposes of moral training they should illustrate the preceptive lessons of religion, the duties of man in the social relations and obligations to his Creator.

The Hebrews, Greeks, Romans and Egyptians believed that they could more effectually teach the maxims of virtue by calling in the aid of music and poetry. These maxims they therefore put into verses and set them to the most popular and simple airs, to be sung by their children. Let Christian parents and teachers be persuaded to avail themselves of the same pure and happy influence, to subvert a system of morals purer and every way worthy of ingenious aid and association.

We believe the time has already come that in American schools music is to take the place nature has assigned it, namely, to relieve the tedium of labor by its spiritings, to quicken memory and invigorate intellect by its pleasing, soothing excitement, (so congenial to the young,) and give deeper impress to every good precept, and the needed reprieve to the angry, proud and naughty heart of childhood; thus subserving the most valuable purpose in the government and discipline of schools, and in the education of the passions by one of the most efficient means of moral training. Should the plan already projected by the musical publications of the country and other sources, become immediately operative, we are confident education would be advanced, and moral training be easier and better effected. Let our juvenile song books be full of pointed meaning, illustrated from nature, the grand inspirer of pure and living thought! Let us have songs of the sunset and sunrise, songs of the stars and gentle moon, songs of the warbling birds, the lowing herds, the humming insects, and the fragrant breathing flowers, songs of the day and songs of the night, songs of the ever-varying seasons, and each adapted to convey some pointed moral to the heart; let us have songs reproving every evil passion, and songs alluring to the sweeter practice of every virtue—songs of reproof, of counsel and instruction, with grateful hymns of praise and adoration.

A young lady describes her feelings and courts sympathy:
My heart is sick, my heart is sad—
But oh! the cause I dare not tell—
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well.
I'm not myself—I'm not the same;
I am—indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed, in all except my name—
Oh! when shall I be free from this?

A Good Story.

THE GOOD BARGAIN.

BY WILLIAM A. KENYON.

Once (before Christian charities, temperance societies, and popular governments were common) a countryman drove his cow to market, and sold her for seven dollars. On his way home he was obliged to pass a pond hole, in which while yet a good distance off, he heard the frogs crying, 'Ake, ake, ake, ake!'

When he came to the water, he called out to them, 'Dumb brutes that you are, don't you know better? It is seven, not eight.'

But the frogs persisted in the 'Ake, ake, ake, ake!'

'Well, then, if you won't believe it, I will count them to you.' So he took out the money out of his pocket and counted off the seven dollars, five and twenty-four pennies to every one.

But the frogs cared nothing for his reckoning, and continued to cry, 'Ake, ake, ake, ake!'

'Well, exclaimed the countryman, fairly vexed, if you think you know better than I, just count them yourselves, and he threw the money into the water. He was standing there, expecting to wait till they were ready to bring him back his own; but the frogs persevered in their intent, calling out 'Ake, ake, ake, ake!' without interruption, and did not throw the money back. He continued to wait for a good while, till night came on, and he was obliged to go home. Then he turned to abusing the frogs, and called out to them:

'You water puddlers! you namaskills! you wooden heads! you have got a great mouth, and can scream till you split one's ears; but you cannot count seven dollars—do you think I will wait here till you are done?'

So he went along; but the frogs kept on crying, 'Ake, ake, ake, ake!' behind him, until he reached his home, in a very fearful mood.

After a while he had another cow, which he slaughtered, and reckoned that, if he sold the meat well, he should make as much as both cows were worth, and have the hide remaining.

Now when he went to the village with the meat, a great many dogs collected about the gate, with a large greyhound at their head. This latter sprang up towards the meat and barked, 'Wow, wow, wow.' Before he had fairly ceased, the countryman said to him:

'Yes, I understand, you say 'wow, wow because you want a piece of the meat; but I should look well if I were to give it to you.'

'I cannot give you satisfaction in the case, but, instead of that, you shall have my daughter for your wife; never in her life did she laugh as just now at you, and I promised to give her to the one who made her laugh. You may thank God for your luck.'

'O,' replied the countryman, 'I cannot take her, by any means—I have at home, now only one single wife, and when I come into the house it seems as though there was one in every corner.'

'At this the king was angry, and said: 'If you are such a clown, you must have another sort of compensation. You may retire for the present, but after three days come again, and five hundred shall be paid to you in full.'

When the countryman came out before the door the sentry said to him, 'You have made the king's daughter laugh, therefore you will get something right.'

'Yes, I believe that,' answered the countryman; five hundred are to be paid to me.'

'Look here,' said the soldier, 'give me some of it. What will you contrive to do with so much money?'

'Well,' said the countryman 'since it is you, you shall have two hundred. Announce yourself to the king three days hence, and let it be paid to you.'

A Hebrew who had been standing near and overheard this conversation called the countryman, and held him by the coat saying:

'God wonder, but you are a lucky child! I will exchange it for you. I will turn it into small coin for you. What would you do with the hard dollars?'

'Jew,' said the countryman, 'you can still have three hundred; give me the amount in small money, and in three days it will be paid to you by the king.'

The Hebrew, delighted by the prospect of a little gain, soon brought the amount in base coin, of which there were worth as much as two that are good.

After the lapse of three days the countryman appeared before the king.

'Strip off his coat,' said the latter, 'he shall have his five hundred.'

'O,' said the countryman, 'they do not belong to me now; I have given two hundred to the sentinel, and three hundred the Hebrew has exchanged for me. By just right there is nothing at all due me.'

Meanwhile, the Hebrew and the soldier came in to desire their own, which they had won from the countryman, and they received the lashes, well measured out to them. The soldier endured it very patiently, having already learned how it relished; but the Hebrew screamed out piteously, in his misery, 'Are these the dollars?'

The king was pleased to laugh at the countryman, and when all anger was passed, he said:

'Since you have lost your recompense before you received it, I will make you amends. Go into my treasury and take as much gold as you choose.'

The countryman did not let it pass by the second time but stuffed into his wide pockets all they would contain. Afterwards he went into the public house and counted over his money. The Hebrew secretly slipped up behind him, and heard him mutter to himself, 'The rogue of a king has led me behind the light, after all. If he had only given me the money himself, I should have known how much I had. How can I know now whether what I have pocketed in this way is correct?'

'God preserve those who speak discreetly of the king,' said the Hebrew to himself; 'I will go and inform of him. I shall by that means obtain a reward, and he will be punished.'

When the king heard of the countryman's talk, he was displeased, and commanded the Hebrew to go and bring in the offender.

The Hebrew hastened, and said to the countryman: 'You must come before the lord king directly, just as you are.'

SPITTING.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Will the time ever come when he spittoon, that disgusting reminder that people spit, will be removed from our parlors, steamers and cars? Those who chew tobacco should feel a delicacy in having this one of the lower vices made apparent by the use of *le case de tabac*, as few others rarely avail themselves of this convenience.

The habit of spitting is probably one reason why the Americans are so meagre in person. They spit themselves to death and then talk about the climate—swell the number of those who die of consumption, and look like scare crows during the period of their natural life. Women and girls rarely spit—from an instinctive sense of its indecency; but men look solemn, talk grave and spit. They finish a sentence in conversation by a spit, just as we close a paragraph in our editorial with a period.

Boys, as soon as they are installed into a broad collar, spit. They practice in order to do this well—slooting forward the body, and the under lip, till they become masters of the art, and able to hit a spittoon at the greatest possible distance.

If spitting must be done, the pocket handkerchief is the only legitimate medium, and this can be used in a manner as little obvious to the spectator as possible. Those who have this habit inveterately established, should carry an extra handkerchief, that the one 'wisely kept for show,' may be as little objectionable as possible.

Seriously, our secretions, if hateful, are never offensive, and never in undue quantities—the habit of casting the saliva from the mouth causes an extra secretion, which must in turn be ejected, and this nature is severely taxed to supply the waste—the gums shrink—the teeth fall—the throat is parched—bronchitis first, and finally consumption, or some other decay of a weak organ, comes in to close the scene.

Another would run a man through the should presume to spit in his presence. The bird never spits, the toad squats to the earth, and the serpent secretes saliva as a deadly poison. If we weep passionately, the saliva is bitter—it is pungent and scanty in the exercise of the baser emotions while love renders it sweet and abundant. The saliva is associated with our whole animal economy, and follows closely upon the action of our minds, sympathetically, intimately with all its moods.

Sensitiveness inclines us to swallow down our saliva, while disgust disposes us to spit it out. The scent of roses moistens the lips more than the tongue, lemons cause the mouth to be filled with saliva. The sight of one hateful to us dries the mouth, while on the contrary one who is agreeable to us moistens it, hence those who weep much have dry lips, while those who suffer without tears, have not only lips but an acrid mouth. There is no beautiful philosophy in all this, and those who waste the secretions by spitting, lose not only the action of these glands, but unquestionably weaken the fine sensibilities associated with them. Show us a man who spits you show us a man of uncertain characteristics, and one whose sensibilities are not to be trusted. Do away with spittoons, and nature will do her work more genially for man; she will beautify him; whereas now she is obliged to be continually patching him up.

Beautiful Extract.
'Ida, cease thou your ruffian who is preparing to climb to that lamp opposite in order to illuminate the immediate region thereof? Tell me, whereabouts dost thou resemble Mount Blanc? A charming smile and a slight shake of that noble head denote her inability to do so. 'Because, dearest, he is now a mountain' (mountain).—Dost take, loveliest one? A faint shriek rings out upon the still air, and a cry arises that the lady Ida is swooning.'

CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—The New Haven Palladium records another case of the complete cure of erysipelas by the simple application of raw cranberries pounded fine. The patient was a young lady, one side of whose face had become so swollen and inflamed that the eye had become closed and the pain excessive. A poultice of cranberries was applied, and after several changes, the pain ceased, the inflammation subsided, and in a couple of days the every vestige of the disease had disappeared.

RATHER COOL THAN OTHERWISE.—The Nuremberg (Germany) Courier states under the head of Stuttgart, that the corporation of Basingen, in the province of Horb, have sold their poor house to the Jews, and sent the poor to America.

WELL-DIPPED TOAST.—The following toast was given at Biddeford, on the 4th of July:
'The clergy—all honor to the clergyman who follows his master instead of the Pastoraster.'

Doesticks, Instigated by Damphool and the Devil joins the Know Nothings.
Knowing more about selling groceries than about politics or religion, but was scared to death by Damphool and other of his kin and name; told me if I didn't join the Know Nothing I'd burst up, be broiled on gridirons by the Catholics; also that the Irish burned natives, then fricasseeed them as a choice foreign lunch; didn't like to be burnt or fricasseeed told them I'd join.

Started at 12 o'clock at night, went down town, then up town; met watchmen Damphool and he turned round three times, then stood on one leg; Damphool then said—'Lorum scorum'; watchman said, 'High catalorum' go ahead? Damphool said watchman was one of 'em—'When through seven back streets, then along cross street to near where we started; dived down cellar steps door; Damphool who whooped like an owl three times, knocked door nine times; somebody inside squallied like a lion at twice; knock Egypt; tied handkerchief over my eyes; another door opened; rattling of chains and strong smell of sulphur; thought my time had come, and tried to pray, but could not think of anything but 'now I lay me down to sleep.' They led me in, threw me down on all fours, hit me nine cracks with a paddle on unmentionable place; stuck two pins in the same; blatted like a billygoat, then general caterwauling by the whole company. Raised me up and took off handkerchief, saw crowd with fool's caps on, big ears sticking up; Big picture hanging on the wall—Christ crucified; underneath, in large letters, the words, 'the work of Catholics'; thought before 'twas the Jews—wasn't certain now Damphool led me to the man with biggest ears of any, behind a table; made me kneel down; man with the biggest ears said, 'You solemnly swear—?' told him I'd swear to anything; don't know what I did swear—was so scared. Man with big ears told me I was a member of the transient and honorable order of Know Nothings; made him a bow, told him I much obliged, and took a seat. Song by the whole house—

'Poison up a gum stump,
Raccoon in a holler,' &c.

After the song, the man with the big ears offered up a short prayer, 'the land might be delivered from the Pope the devil and from *furiners* in general,' to which some said amen, some bravo, and a few excore. Man with the big ears then stated that the business for the night was to decide upon a candidate for Congress; said 'they had nine hundred members, and there were nine hundred and twenty seven candidates. Didn't know how it was—didn't understand it; but one thing he claimed he weren't going to give up his claim—wished he might be teetotally ex-functuated if he did.' Some with smaller ears then said, 'them was exactly their sentiments,' but thought a little delay wouldn't hurt; better count noses first.—Meeting then broke up; went home and sent to an apothecary for Jew David's Hebrew plaster; couldn't set down for three days; effect of paddle.

Damphool called to see me; talked politics; told him I should vote for Stevens.—He said I shouldn't have sworn not to; told him I'd quit; said if I did I'd lose my custom; K. N.'s would not trade with me; called me 'traitor perjurer,' and all that. Don't know what to do; reckon I'll have to stick to 'em.

A Hint to Responding Ministers.

A certain minister who had been very successful in his labors in the Gospel vineyard at length saw but little fruit attending his ministrations. To be useless he could not bear; his soul was bowed down under the discouraging prospects around him.—Noth n; on earth was so gloomy to him as spiritual death, for he had been used to showers of reformation and mercy, and nothing else could satisfy his mind. Seeing no outpourings of the spirit, no sinners converted under his preaching for some time, his soul was beset with desponding and melancholy fears. While thus exercised, he dreamed that a gentleman hired him to work for him, and the price of his labor was stipulated. On inquiring what his employer would have him go about, he was informed that he must go and hammer a certain rock to pieces.

'That he replied, 'would do no good, for the rock is large and hard, and I could never break it to pieces.'

'That is nothing to you,' said the gentleman, 'follow my directions and I will pay your wages.'

The laborer then went to work, and though it appeared an endless, and therefore useless task, he labored with diligence and patience for the sake of his wages.—After a while, contrary to all calculations, the mountainous rock broke in shivers.

The minister saw the dream contained instruction for him. He felt the reproof, regained courage, and was again blessed with seeing the rocky hearts of many of his hearers broken by the hammer of God's Word.

Change.
Change is the disguise that Time puts on, lest we get tired of him. Even while we are complaining of change, he is preparing some new surprise for us, and if we did but know it, of many a man it would be said, as of one of old, 'he went out and hung himself.' We're it not that time turns life into masquerade?

Sometimes he is a youth with a garland of gold; sometimes a wanderer in the middle of fields he has won; sometimes his footsteps are like the chiming of bells, sometimes they are very like a knell.

We picture Time a poor old man with wings depending from his shoulders—a scythe in his hand, and frost in his bosom. And when we think of his drifting snows and tolling bells, and withered leaves and

the bearded grin,
With the flowers that grow between,
He has reaped and bound together many a time and oft—all form part of the picture.

But, time never sat for a portrait, and this is not like him. Time is not old; he is as young as the last hope; he is not cruel when he moses over the inscription that would ever remind us of the loved and the lost.

Time has a new wardrobe for each year. Refer to the old letters that you have written, if you would see what wondrous changes heart and mind are ever putting on.—But they came gradually and so gently that we scarcely perceive them. What transition more wonderful than when the boy of sunny brow and sunny locks bounds into stern and heavy treading manhood? or when the girl—all feeling, all hope, all song—becomes the thoughtful woman, or the watchful, loving, waiting matron.

Change is the beautiful lining of Time, and there are but two things beneath the stars that never wear it—true friends and true hearts.

A FULL-BLOODED AMERICAN.—Tim Mulowney, a jolly looking tar, with the richest of brogues, applied to the Custom House the other day, for a 'protection' as an American citizen. He was asked for his naturalization papers. He natural papers, is it your honor wants,' said Tim with an insinuating grin, 'and me a full blooded American?'

'You don't mean to say that you were not born in Ireland?'

'Born in Ireland,' replied Tim.—'Sure I was. But this your honor, I kem from Cork to New Orleans last summer, an' there the bloody muled musketeers run their bills into every inch of me, and sucked out every drop of Irish blood, good luck to'em, an' now I am a full blooded American.'

There was some philosophy, as well as fun, in this reasoning, but it had no effect and the last we seen of Tim, he was on his way to the city hall, to look for the man that sells natural papers.

How young men can consent to loaf about the corners as they do, when a good dose of arsenic can be purchased for a sixpence, is really surprising. It's something we can't understand.

A Gem of Poetry.

Gaid Nicht and Joy be wi' ye a'

The best of joys manna hie an end,
The best of friends manna part I trow,
The longest day will wear away,
And I manna bid farewell to you,
The tear will tell when hearts are fu',
For words, gin they hae sense ava,
They're broken, faltering, and few;
Gaid nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!

Oh! we hae wandered far and wide,
O'er Scotia's lands of frith and fell I
And manna a simple flower we pu'd,
And twined it wi' the heather bell,
We've ranged the dingles and the dell,
The cot-house, and the baron's ha';
Now we manna take a last farewell;
Gaid nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!

My harp, farewell! thy strains are past,
Of gleefu' mirth and heartfu' care;
The voice of sang manna cease at last,
And minstrelsy itself decay!
But oh! I whaur sorrow canna win,
Nor parting tears are shed ava,
May we meet neighbor, kith, and kin,
And joy for aye be wi' us a'!

Our Chip Basket.
It is said that the following is a copy of an advertisement recently posted in Springfield, Ohio:
TERPENTINE & CALOMY.

Dr. Lewis J. H. late of the Mammoth Cave, who wishes it understood that he is opposed to the use of 'Calomy,' and in favor of the use of 'Terpentine,' has opened an office for the practice of medicine, surgery, and lacerdemis in the basement story of the

opposite the bank, and the next door to the Old Root Doctor's Foundry where he may at all times be found except when absent.

The following is the list of some of the diseases which he cures, in all cases, without fail, whether called in time or not:

Gonorrhoea, Hippopotamus, Hydrates, Eclampsia, Hydrostatics, Metempsychosis, so quick as to stagger credulity, Salivary, Yaller, John Dice, Obesity, Hemorrhoids, Scrophulous, Lockjaw, Falling out, Information of the Glands, Information of the Brains, Potato Rot, Black Tongue, Night Mare, Information on the Stomach, Diarrhoea, Sore Mouth from taking Markury, Pore Stomach, Hydraulic Fits, Conjunctivitis, Fit, Silt room, Big Head, Marcorobarris, Abbeider, Delirium, Trancens, Leprosy and all the incurable diseases.

In addition to his regular duties as a physician, Dr. H. will devote a portion of his time to his old and favorite profession of

that he practised with such manifest success under the title of Count Nesselrode, in former years, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio and Indiana. All Ghosts laid at the reduced price of five dollars per head so quick as to stagger credulity, and no questions asked, except such as may be absolutely necessary to success.

The highest price paid for old horse shoes.

A GOOD STORY.—A short time since, they had a queer case of circuit judge in the western district of Tennessee. He was a good lawyer, and cared nothing for appearance, and less for dress. The latter he knew nothing about it being left entirely to Betty his wife. Betty was absent from home once when he started round on his circuit, leaving the judge to pack his cloths for the trip. He did so, but instead of folding his shirts, he seized on a pile of his wife's what-do-you-call-em, used for a like purpose. A learned brother who roomed with him, was much amused a few mornings afterwards at the queer appearance of the judge, nothing being in sight but his head, arms and feet, his looks of bewilderment, and his sotto voice reflections which were, 'I wonder what made Betty cut off my shirt sleeves? I don't see!' It is probable that he heard the reason the next time that he saw Betty, but not before, as the 'bar kept dark on the matter that round. We think he had a very poor knowledge of chemistry as an applied science.

A young lady who was very much tormented by the visits of a spooney young man, requested the fellow to give her his daughter's picture; overjoyed at the request she gave him the picture taken and presented it to the young lady. She gave it the servant and asked, 'would you know that gentleman if he should call?' The servant answered in the affirmative. Well, when he comes tell him that I am engaged.'

A newspaper being a day behindhand in the publication of a report for which its readers were anxious, and feeling it necessary to apologize, does it gracefully, thus: 'But what are twenty four hours compared to eternity?'

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Wonderful Medicine.

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