The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER, "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE." Editor & Proprietor.

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A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alterative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:—

Scrofula and Scrofulous Complaints, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases, Ulcers, Pimples, Blotches, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Syphilis and Syphilitic Affections, Mercurial Disease, Dropsy, Neuralgia or Tic Douloureux, Debility, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from Impurity of the Blood.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation, of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
Price, $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

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FOR THE CURE OF

Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box; 5 Boxes for $1.00.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these remedies, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our American Almanac in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations they make more profit on. Demand AYER's, and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

All our Remedies are for sale by
JOHN READ, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.
Nov. 16, 1859.—1y.

POETRY.

AN APPEAL.

BY MRS. BROOKS.

Oh, mother cease to break my heart!
I vow it now—I vowed it then—
The kiss he left upon my lips—
His lips shall one day take again!
Ah! well I mind the summer eve!
As low scud swept the waning moon;
And o'er the ripened clover leaf
Floated the balmy breath of June.
Among the dreamy woodland gloom,
Alone we breathed our parting sighs;
Only the silent watchful stars
Looked on us, with their holy eyes.
No golden circlet bound our love—
No vow at sacred alter given,
Yet, in that hour, our married souls
Were registered as one, in heaven.
I will not live a guilty thing—
Pillowed upon another's breast—
While every thought I send to him,
Shall scare God's angels from my rest.
Purjured—before a new born soul!
(If such unholy trust were given;)
Mother! I need a clean white hand
To lead a little child to heaven!
Oh, turn away your cruel eyes!
That gold you sell me for is dim:
What need I bargain for the world?
I have my full round world in him.
Then mother cease to break my heart;
I vow it now—I vowed it then—
The kiss he left upon my lips—
His lips shall one day take agaid!

Local Correspondence.

—xox—

For the "Journal"

MR. BREWRTER—At this late date, when the celebration at this place has been almost forgotten, it is again brought to our recollection by a communication in this week's *Journal*, signed "Defendant," whose only object seems to be to make an uncalled for, unjust and untruthful attack upon some persons whom those acquainted with the circumstances would readily infer to be some of the officers of the schools, who took no part in the celebration for the, as we think, very good reason that they being Superintendents of the schools, should have had a voice in the matter; whereas, they were not consulted as to the propriety of having a celebration nor anything else concerning it, and although living in the village, knew nothing about there going to be one, until late in the evening when owing to previous arrangements, it was impossible for them to attend, they learned that a meeting was to take place that evening, at which time the election of officers, &c took place, and other arrangements were made for the holding of the "hard to surpass celebration." They (the superintendents) very reasonably inferring from the manner of procedure that they were not "counted in," and had neither part nor lot in the matter, gave nothing towards it, and did not attend it, for this, (although upon them devolves the responsible duties of superintendents which duties they have faithfully and conscientiously discharged according to their ability) they are visited with the vile onslaught of 'Defendant,' and notwithstanding they are ardent supporters of the cause of Education generally, Sunday Schools in particular, and Sunday School celebrations when gotten up Democratically, and when they are not willfully or ignorantly excluded by those who take the lead in getting them up; they are held up to the public as the characters who 'opposed' the celebration—which is not true;—they are the persons who have so 'shamefully failed to comprehend the benefits of the Sunday School cause,' and have 'stooped so low as to censure and ridicule'—a charge which has no foundation in truth;—'those who are endeavoring to instruct the young,' they are the individuals who are 'fastly resuming the principles of the original American.' If 'Defendant' had possessed the single virtue—truthfulness, so characteristic a trait of original Indian character, his communication would never have found room for conception, stil' less would it have been published to the world. 'Last but not least,' he says, 'those young men must and undoubtedly will take their places as teachers and patrons, &c' One truth, but we happened to learn it some time ago, and we rejoice in the reflection that when by infirmity, age or dissolution, our seats are vacated in the Sunday School, we have contributed an humble share in qualifying those who shall succeed us, honorably to themselves and profitably to the community, to fill our places as officers, teachers and patrons, of the Heaven born S. S. Institution, and we not only say but with our whole heart wish them success. Does not reason, if he possesses that priceless gem, teach 'Defendant' that 'strips of boys,' or 'young men' if such they were, should not determine within themselves to have S. S. celebrations without consulting or asking the advice or assistance of the officers of the schools. Why does the anonymous writer make an unjust attack, and so unreasonably assail those to whom he refers and then call himself 'Defendant;' unless he be the very identical 'opposed' 'strips of boys who sustains and carries on the Sunday School in the vicinity of Marklesburg.' Why not schools, as there were a plurality? Plaintiff or Assaulter would have been a more appropriate signature, and be he, they or their representative, they are but beating the wind, in fighting an imaginary enemy. We think, however, that our S. S. boys have more respect for truth, than to be the writers of such productions; and we are sorry that 'Defendant' did not in his youthful days enjoy the advantages of a Sunday School, or has so 'shamefully failed to comprehend' or appropriate 'the benefits of the S. S. cause,' and utterly disregarded the moral truths there taught him.

DEFENCE.

Marklesburg, Sept. 29th, '59.

For the "Journal."

Moral Miniatures.—No. 23.

I now call your serious attention, dear friends, to the cultivation of the polite, and necessary accomplishment of modesy. It is one which is always attendant upon real worth, and easily wins *every* heart. But I mean not that bashful timidity which is so oft mistaken for the true trait, and wearies its possessor so much, that it is often abandoned in despair, and an opposite, and evil course begun True modesty is an inmate sense of propriety which leads us to avoid everything which would cause others to censure, and will be displayed as much in private as in public life. An open, honest, behaviour is the natural consequence of a thorough knowledge of the world, and if this learning is properly used, will fix a determination to do nothing inconsistent with decency and honor. There are no greater outlaws against good breeding—says Lord, Chesterfield—than those who throw off their restraints of modesty. Here discretion also must assist or we may—unintentionally destroy our moral courage by a blind following of the will, and actions of others ungoverned by a fixed principle of self meditation—Act by reason alone for you need be ashamed of nothing but vice or ignorance. Pride not yourself upon this, by an unseemly avowal of it, but when assailed in character, defend yourself only by a beautiful statement of facts. Modesty is one of the greatest charms of youth but it graces every station of life.

True modesty is a diserning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks thro' fear
Where 'tis a shame—to be asham'd t' appear
Humility the parent of the first,
He last by vanity produced, and nursed.

A person without some share of modesty is lost to real virtue, and acts merely as do the brutes from momentary impulse. The modesty of women is the loveliest of all their adornments, and prevails more than beauty, power, or wealth. It is said of Jove, in ancient times, that when he created the various passions of human nature (as t'was supposed he did) modesty was forgotton, and when reminded of his mistake—he replied, he knew not where to place her, Finally she was commanded to consort with all the rest, and has *now* become unseperable from them.

EDUCATOR.

Select Miscellany.

From the "Olive Branch."

Steve Alant's Courting Mishap
—OR—
A WARNING TO EAVES DROPPERS.

BY A. L. MESERVE.

'I guess I never told ye what a scrape I got into one time when I was courting my old 'oman there in the corner, did I?'

'I think not.'

'And Steve, you never shall; and I should think ye'd be ashamed of ye'self to think of doing so,' broke in the old gentleman's helpmate. But I am to fast. One day last week it rained all day long up here among the mountains, and I hardly knew what to do with myself. I tried to write, but gave up in dispair, and commenced counting the drops on the window-pane; but as new ones kept falling, and old ones ran down, I fear that I did not enumerate them aright. The question 'What shall I do?' was at last answered by my gazing out through the mist and rain, and my eyes resting on the black chimney and brown roof that warmed and sheltered my old friend, Uncle Steve Alant. Yes, another of his tales would wear away the time, so the next moment saw me on the route for the cottage, which I reached after wading through the mud and mire, and sustaining a combat with a poker that disputed my enterance.

I was warmly welcomed by Old Steve, and my request for another story brought on the conversation that commences this sketch.

'Hold your tongue, old, 'oman, 'tain none of your bread and butter if I do tell about our courtship, for you had nothing to do with it 'cept running away when I arrived; so you darn them stockings and don't interrupt me.'

'Who wouldn't run when you come in the plight ye did?'

'Wall, wall, old 'oman, keep easy while I tell him 'bout it. Wall, to begin at the beginning you see that I had been courting my ole 'oman there, for nigh on to two years, on and off. She was the oldest darter of old Eathan Knox, who lived in Conway where I did, and the old gentleman ownd and bresessed a whopping grate farm, and nine young uns beside Nancy.

Wall, as I said, I had been courting near on two years, and that season I worked for the old gentleman for eight dollars a month, and was to take my pay half in an old brindle cow, and the rest in corn. I worked tarnal cheap cause I wanted to be near Nancy. Wall, things went on prosperous enough between Nancy and I, till long late in the fall of the year, when a schoolmaster came to the settlement from some of the down country towns, to keep the district school. He was mighty dressed up, and was sented all over with cologne, or some other smell.—Old Capten Knox was the committy man so, of course, he comed to his house to board first, and I seed in a minet that he was powerfully struck with Nancy. This made me feel awfully, but I felt worse before the week was gone, for I discovered hat she was kinder hankered arter his company.'

'Now, Steve, stop your foolish gab, for you know I never loved anybody but you in my life.'

'Don't 'rupt me, old 'oman, don't cause I'm telling the truth jest as I should if I was sworn. And as I was saying, it made me feel dreadful bad, 'cause I loved Nancy like all pressed. Wall, things kept a growing worse and worse, till at last my case looked kinder desperate I can tell ye. The old capten who had always looked on kinder pleasantly, and praised me up to everybody he seed, now changed his tune, and there was nobopy like Bill Simpson. I didn't think much of Bill I can tell ye, and every time I looked at him, I couldn't help thinking of that varse that was writ by some grate poet, which runs arter this fashion:—

"'Taint all in brining up,
Let folks say what they will;
For though you scour a puter cup,
It will be puter still.'

'Wall, one night arter they had all gone to bed 'cept the old Capten, Bill Simpson, Nancy and I, tha old gentleman, arter piling on a whole armful of wood, turned to me and said, 'Come, Steve, let us go to bed; for we must be up bright and airly in the morning to finish digging them taters,' thus giving me the hint that my company want wanted. I tell ye I felt kinder cheap then, and I looked at Nancy to see what she thought on it; but she never looked up, but kept on knitting with all her might; and so as I seed no encouragement in that quarter I sneeked up the ladder to bed, which was rite over the kitchen.

'Wall, I laid and laid, feeling awfully I can tell ye, until I heard the old man go off to bed, leaving the coast clear for Bill and Nancy. Then I could stand it no longer, and I determined to find out what they were talking about, for I could hear them clacking mighty busy, so I outer bed and crawled along on all fours to a big crack in the loose floor, exactly over where they were sitting, and by putting my ear down close I could hear every word that was said, and see all the manuvers between them. Bill kept saying soft things to Nancy, and hitching his chair a little closer, till at last they warant more than a foot a part. I kept growing madder and colder. But as I begun to think it best to crawl back into the straw and die of a broken heart or commit suicide, and jest as Bill begun to make up his mouth to give Nancy a buss, dreadful to tell on, I jumped, and the rough board I was on tipped up, and down I went ker whack rite between Bill and Nancy. Nancy jumped up and gin one awful screech, for she thought the Old Nick himself had come down the chimney. What Bill did I ever knowed, for I hurried up the ladder agin awful quick I can tell ye, and jest as I was getting into bed, I heard old Capten Knox holler, and ask Nancy if the cat hadn't broke every dish on the dresser.

'Wall, I didn't sleep much that night, but the next morning when we went out to milking, I asked Nancy rite off if she wouldn't have me, and she sed yes, and now we have been married these forty years come next March.'

THE HUNTER'S LAST SHOT.

A TALE OF AN OLD MAN'S REVENGE.

To see an old hunter or trapper in his Buckskin garb, armed with rifle knife and tomahawk, is not a very unusual thing in the city of St. Louis, for that town is the headquarters of the North Western Fur Company, and the names of the Chateau-Aubrey's, &c., are historically fixed there to.

Some years ago I was sitting in the reading room of the Virginia Hotel there, conversing with a gentleman on business, when an old man dressed and completely armed as a hunter or trapper is when in his accustomed wilds, entered and minutely scanned the features of every one present. He was evidently quite old, and very thin, and feeble, looking as if he had recently risen from a couch of sickness.—Yet his dark eye beamed brightly, even fiercely, in its sunken socket, and his erect form seemed to struggle against the mortal darkness which pervaded it.

The old man shook his head as he finished his gaze around the room and muttering in a low voice, "The cuss is not here!" he turned away.

Having finished my business, I also left and went to the Planter's House where I boarded. When I arrived, it lacked but a few minutes of dinner time and the guests were gathering in the sitting room waiting for a gong to sound. I had just entered when the old hunter, who had before attracted my attention also came in, and as before commenced an inspection of every countenance.

Suddenly his eye flashed with a fire more fierce than I ever saw glow in human face before, and he strode up to a young fellow who bore the name of being the most daring hunter of the North-West Company of which he was trading agent when on the hunt, the most reckless gambler and wildest bauchee of the crowd when he was in the city. His name was Auguste St. Vrain. Only three days before I had seen him on Bloody Island in the river opposite to St. Louis, stand at [illegible] the city, and not a nerve trembled, nor did his face pale, but he 'winged' his man as cooly as if he had been shooting at a bird. Yet now, when that old man stepped up before him, and he caught a glance of his fierce eye, his courage and presence of mind, seemed utterly to fail him, and trembling, while the old man's voice loud and clear as a bugle, rang in his ear.

'I have sought you long, Auguste St. Vrain and found you. Remember Edele!'

As he spoke, the omnicious click of the old man's rifle was heard. Astonished into silence the crowd drew to either side whilst St. Vrain tearing his shirt bosom open and said in a low hopeless tone:

'Fire old man, I deserve it!'

The old hunter had scarce waited for the word, for before St. Vrain's last word was spoken, the bullet from the old hunter's rifle had passed through his heart. He sank a corpse to the floor murmuring only one word 'Edele.'

The old man stood and gazed on the body a moment then he muttered, 'It is right—I have fired my last shot!'

In a moment he was seized—he made no resistance—and hurried off to prison. As I was then practising attorney in the courts of that city, feeling a sympathy for the old man, I offered my services. He received me calmly and kindly, but his voice was very feeble, as he replied:

'It's little use you can do for me, sir, for I have fired my last shot, and tramped my last tramp. But as you seem to be about the only friend I've got around here I may as well ease my mind and tell you why I shot St. Vrain. Two years ago, I would have sooner shot myself than raise my hand to harm a hair of his head. He was young, handsome, brave as ever drew bead on a grizzly's eye. I loved him.' the old man's voice grew husky, his lip quivered, he paused a moment and then he went on:

'I was not the only one that loved him—my Edele—then only sixteen, the image of her poor dead mother—she loved him and he pretended to love her. He promised to marry her and under that promise ruined her. Age and shame made her keep the secret until it could no longer be kept; then he fled from her, left her to bring a babe into the world, and there to die broken hearted, with it upon her bosom. Both of them sleep in one grave on the bank of the Yellowstone. For a time I thought I should have to lay down there too, before I found him, but I care not for life now.'

I tried to cheer up the old man. I told him the mere recital of his wrongs before a western jury would acquit him. But he only shook his head and muttered: 'My last shot is fired, I am at the end of my last tramp.'——

One week afterwards, a few of us, who had discovered in him a brother of the 'mystic tie,' gave him honorable burial in a neighboring cemetery for he passed away as quietly as if he had laid down by a pleasant camp fire to rest after a long and weary hunt.

Green were the sprigs cast in his grave and true the hands which threw them.'

Alphabetical Advice.

The following advice is given to our readers:

A—Allways attend to your occupation and avoid ale-houses and artful woman.

B—Be benevolent but not prodigal—Bury all bickerings in the bosom of forgetfulness.

C—Contrive to collect cash and keep it.

D—Do your duty and defy the devil

E—Early endeavor to eradiate every error both of head and heart.

F—Fight fairly when you do fight—but the best way is not fight at all, Fiddle not for fools.

G—Grace, goodness, gumption and a little goose grease, enables a man to slip through the world mighty easy. Get them and glory in them.

H—Havor hope in your heart if you would be happy: but hark ye, hope cannot rot the hemp of the hangman.

I—Inquisitiveness is insufferable—indulge not in it.

J—Juleps may be called the justice of joy and the yeast of pest; but let them alone, for too much joking often destroys the joviality of the social circle.

K—Kindness kindless the fire of friendship; a kiss always avails more than a kick.

L—Love the ladies, 'look before you leap' eschew loaferism.

M—Make no mischief by meddling with other folks' matters.

N—Never be caught napping except in the night time.

O—Order is heaven's first law—obey it.

P—Pursue the plain path of prohibity. put in practice what you will in precept.

Q—Quarrel not, quibble not, be not fond of asking questions, or addicted to queries.

R—Rum ruins respectability, renounce, renew and and renovate.

S—Seek salvation, O ye sinners! become saints, and you are safe.

T—Take time by the forelock; try to urn every moment to account.

U—Union unites with unity; in the whole universe there is unison; be ye therefore united for the sake of the union.

V—Vanity has no connection with valor, remember that.

W—Women and wine bring want, woe and wretchedness, when wickedly indulged in.

X—'Xtra 'xertion accomplished 'xtraordinary ends.

Z—Zigzag is a characteristic of a zany. Take a straight course through life and zealously pursue it.

&—& mind your own business & let others alone, &c., &c.

What we call Duties.—Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can.

Every man ought to help his neighbor, if he can.

Every man and woman ought to get married, if they can.

Every man should be honest and sober, if he can.

Every man should do his work to suit his customers, if he can.

Every man should please his wife, if he can.

Every wife should rule her husband, if she can.

Every lawyer should tell the truth, if he can.

Every preacher should be a christian, if he can.

And finally, every reader may attend to the above, if he can.

A Retort Direct—A clergyman from a neighboring town and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment and being assured he was not much hurt said to him: "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, I see they do; but I can't.

☞ The attempt to govern by loud speaking, stamping, thumping upon desks or using an unnecessary amount of words, is vain. Subjection to wholesome laws, properly administered, is as much a part of essential education, as the knowledge acquired from books and teachers.

☞ An Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time and didn't like the country. 'I was sick all the time I was there,' said he 'and if I had lived there till this time I'd been dead a year ago'.

(BY REQUEST.)

Sorrow Shall Come Again No More.

Tune—Hard times come again no more.

1 What to me are earth's pleasures, and
What its flowing tears,—
What are all the sorrows I deplore?
There's a song ever swelling—still lingers
on my ears—
Oh! sorrow shall come again no more,
Chorus:
'Tis a song from the home of the weary—
Sorrow—sorrow is forever o'er;
Happy now—ever happy on Canaan's peaceful shore—
Oh! sorrow shall come again no more.
2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay—
I covet not this world's gilded store;
There are voices now calling, from the bright realms of day—
Oh! sorrow shall come again no more.
'Tis a song, &c.
3 Though here I'm sad and drooping, and weep my life away—
With a lone heart still clinging to the shore;
Yet I hear happy voices, which ever seem to say—
Oh! sorrow shall come again no more
'Tis a song, &c.
4 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave—
'Tis a song that I've heard upon the shore;
'Tis a sweet thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave—
Oh! sorrow shall come again no more.
'Tis a song, &c.

☞ In a neighboring village lives a person who has always refused to give anything towards the support of religious worship. A few years ago a new church was built, and the gentleman to the surprise of all, gave a bell for the new stucture. On being asked the reason, he said he never put his money where he could not hear it ring.

Modern Meaning of Old Words.—Aristocrat: One who considers the respectability of his grandfather to be sufficient payment for his debts.

Abstemious Man: One who never takes wine or spirits at home.

Apprentice: A lad learning by experience, the tyrranny necessary to be a master.

Balance of Power: Common sense.

Laws: Authority for public whipping the wicked, poor.

Nuisance: The disturbance caused by your neighbor in making his fortune.

Oversight: To leave your old umbrella in a news-room and bring away a new one.

Precocity: The impertinence of your child

Remorse: The feelings of pick-pockets caught in the act.

Unfortunate Man: One born with a science.

Suggestive: Advice given by a servant to his master.

☞ A sick boy, dreadfully sick from chewing tobacco, lay on a store box. Another boy sympathized with and cheered him by saying:

'Grin and bear it, Bill, we're all got to come to it sometime. You'll get over it bym'by.'

☞ Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people, who profess to expect salivation, go to church without their purses, when a recollection is to be taken.

☞ A spirited woman caught her husband in the act of breaking up her hoops. The exertion, or something else, had a singular effect upon him, for his hair flew out by handfulls.

☞ "Brethren," said an aged preacher at a revival meeting, "I fear I must compare some here to my crop of wheat and potatoes—for you have eyes and see not, ears have ye and hear not.

☞ A New York milkman somewhat resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great prophet (profit) out of the water.

☞ 'Are you the mate?' said an Irishman in New Orleans to the cook of a ship lying in port. 'No,' said he, 'but I'm the man as boils the mate.'

A Tough Story.—There is a place in Maine so rocky that when down easters plant corn, they look for crevices in the rocks and shoot the grains in with a musket.

☞ Don't carry your handkerchief in your breast pocket. If you do, says Punch, you take a wiper to your besom.

Quite Correct.—A Hartford paper thinks it is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

☞ The following epitaph in Washington, is on a little boy who fell a victim to a prevailing disease:

'The little hero who lies here,
Was conquered by the die-a-rea.'