VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair. | An Independent Family Newspaper. | $2.00 Per Year

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YOU ALL

HAVE HEARD OF

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in

1825.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA,

Nervous Debility,

JAUNDICE,

Diseases of the Kidneys,

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,

and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE *Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are* entirely different *from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The* TONIC *is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.*

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH P. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that* for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. *In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.*

Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of **C. M. Jackson** *on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.*

Price of the Bitters, $1 00 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $5 00.
Price of the Tonic, $1 50 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $7 50.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

sept 25-'68.

POETICAL.

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

A fig for your upper-ten girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliner figure and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Embl zoned with half they possess;
But give me, in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partrilge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume;
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawns whom the hunters hard press
And her eye is as soft and as bright—
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm hearted and true,
And is kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sister and brother;
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort of a wife—
My girl with the calico dress.

OUR OWN.

BY MARY DELL.

Our own! What can we call our own,
The flower we cull to-day,
The bird, whose song we love so well,
Pass soon from us away.

The heart whose friendship most we prise,
We cannot call our own—
Change o'er the heart doth quickly pass,
And friendship all is flown.

Our youth belongeth but to time,
Who stea s it soon away,
And leaves instead the wrinkled brow,
And locks of silver gray.

What is our own? Ah, naught of earth,
Our life, our youth, our joy—
The flowers that bloom around our path,
Earth's care and blight destroy.

But there is something naught can steal,
If welcomed to our heart—
No changing times, and shifting scenes,
Can cause it to depart.

Immortal Truth, we here with us
May blend if we but try,
And make it ours to share our time,
And immortality.

MISCELLANY.

JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

LOBSTER ISLAND.

A slander iz like a hornet, if yu kant kill it dead the fust blo, yu better not strike at it.

Politeness iz a shrewd way folks haz ov flattering themselfs

I make this distinkshun between *character* and *reputashun*—reputashun iz what the world *thinks* ov us, chanakter iz what the world *knows* ov us

What a ridikulus farce it iz to be continually on the hunt for peace and quiet

No man ever yet increased hiz reputashun bi contradikting lies.

Anxiety alwus steps on itself.

Silence, like darkness, iz generally safe

There iz only two things that i kno ov that a man wont brag ov, one iz lieing and tuther iz jealousy.

It takes brains to make a *smart* man, but good luck often makes a *famous* one.

Opinyuns are like other vegetables, worth just what they will fetch

I think most men had rather be charged with malice than making a blunder.

Love cuts up all sorts of monkey shines, it makes a fool sober and a wize man frisky.

I don't believe in total depravity, every man haz sumthing in him to show that God made him.

I suppose that one reazon whi the 'road to ruin' iz broad, iz tew accommodate the grate amount ov travel in that direckshun.

I think i had rather hear a man brag ab u himself, than tew hear him brag all the time ov sum one else—for i think i like vanity a leetle better than i do sickofansy.

A humbug iz like a bladder, good for noth ing till it iz blowed up, and then ain't good for nothing after it iz pricked.

A bigg nose iz sed tew be a sign of genius—if a man's genius lays in hiz nose, i would say the sign wuz a good one.

Vanity iz seldom malishous.

A woman (like an echo) will have the last word.

Put an Englishman into the garden of Eden, and he would find fault with the whole blassted concern—put a Yankee in, and he will see where he could alter it to advantage—put an Irishman in, and he would want tew boss the thing—put a Duchman in, and he would proceed at once to plant cabbage.

When a man iz squandering his estate, even those who are getting it, call him a phool.

Men mourn for what they hav lost—wim men for what they hain't got.

I judge ov a man's virtew entirely bi hiz phasions—it iz a grate deal eazier tew be a good dove than a decent sarpent.

There are menny ways to find out how honest a man may be, but there aint no way to find out the extent ov his vanity.

A lie iz like a cat, it never comes to yu in a straight line.

Nature iz a kind mother. She couldn't well afford to make us perfekt, and so she made us blind to our failings.

Steddy the heart if yu want to learn hu mun natur; there ain't no human natur in a man's head.

Friendship iz simply the gallantry of self interest.

Beware ov the man with the half shut eyes—he ain't dreaming.

Experience makes more timid men than it duz wize ones

Advice iz a drug in the market, the supply alwus exceeds the demand.

One ov the safest and most successful tallents i kno ov iz to be a good listener.

Fools are the whet-stones ov society

Better make a weak man your enemy than your friend.

Curiosity iz the instinct of wisdom.

Those who becum disgusted and withdraw from the world, mustn't forgit one thing, that the world will forgit them, a long time before they will forgit the world.

Put man down (for me) az a vain and selfish critter, all hiz talk and ackshuns to the contrary, notwithstanding, nevertheless, to wit, verily, amen

Wize men laff every good chance they kan git. Laffing iz only a weakness in phools.

I giv the world credit for a grate deal more honesty than it can show.

Whenever i find a real handsum woman engaged in the 'wimmins' rights bizzi ness,' then i am going to take my hat under my arm and jine the procession.

Gratitude iz a debt, and like all other debts, iz paid bekauze we are obliged to, not bekause we love to

Praise that ain't deserved iz no better than slander.

Cheap Pleasures.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a nod, a word or a smile does the work. A widow lives in the neighborhood who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them a peck of sweet apples and they will be happy. A child has lost his arrow—all the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over his sober face. A boy has done as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him for a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say 'you scoundrel,' and he feels miserable, but remark, 'I'm sorry,' and he will try to do better. You employ a man; pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. Pleasure is cheap.

Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers, all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No; rather let us take them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children, in the crowded marts where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do so?

A TRUE CHRISTIAN.—This story—good to read in these days of business avarice—is told of Nantucket a generation ago:

It was a very severe winter, and the harbor had been frozen four weeks. The coal in store had long been exhausted, and there was much suffering from want of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burnt to keep up the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the townspeople the ice broke up one fine morning, and a schooner laden with coal was seen approaching. There was much excitement, and before the vessel was moored a coal dealer boarded her and eagerly addressed the honest Quaker skipper, Captain Gifford, 'Well, Cap'en,' said he, 'you've about hit it this cruise. I guess I'll have to take y'ur hull cargo. S'pose you'll want more'n the usual $7 a ton. Wal, I like to do the squar thing by an old friend, and I'll give you $12 a ton for it.' 'Friend,' said Captain Gifford, 'thee can have one ton of my coal if thee likes at $8, but only one ton, all must have a chance.' Just then one of the richest men in the place joined them, saying: 'I want ten tons of your coal at your own price—name it. I have suffered enough for once.' He received the same answer, and so did all—one ton for each family, and $8 as the price of each ton. No love of gain, no solicitation, no regard for individuals could move honest Captain Gifford.

A persistent young man of Hartford, who was opposed in his inclination to marry the girl of his choice by her parents, at last succeeded in winning a reluctant consent, and the date of the marriage ceremony was fixed. After the arrival of the company upon the happy day appointed, the youngster gravely proceeded to address the astonished assembly *thusly*: 'We are much obliged for this gathering on our account, but let me suggest that there is no necessity for any further business, as we were married three weeks ago!'

A lady, while out berrying at North Granville, New York, came upon a corpse with the throat cut from ear to ear. She dropped her pail of fruit and rushed for the villagers, who at one repaired to the scene to find that the corpse had come to life and run off with the berries. The clever rogue had stained his neck and breast with berry juice.

Good words for the young—'dinner's ready.'

A Beautiful Incident.

Some three or four years ago a young couple named Fisk came to this city, (Indianapolis) and the husband embarked in the grocery trade, having several thousand dollars capital at his command. He had left Canada some time previously with a small fortune, but disastrous speculations in the oil regions had diminished his stock of ready money, and his business here proving also unprofitable he was forced to sell out at a sacrifice, and found himself left almost penniless.

At this juncture his noble-hearted wife came forward, put her own fair shoulder to the wheel, and the twain began the battle of life again with unimpaired cheerfulness and zealous determination. Mrs Fisk assumed much of the responsibility, and conducted the business in her own home. She rented a store in Miller's Block, bought and sold all kinds of miscellaneous goods, periodicals, toys in their season, and whatever could be bought low and sold at a good profit. She made long journeys East, visited the manufacturers, bought goods 'away down,' and by selling them below what was asked by other dealers, built up a flourishing trade, as many of our readers can testify of their own knowledge.

Thus matters went on until one day about a week ago during business hours, and while the shop was full of customers, a dove flew lightly into the store through the door! Every one present was astonished, and the more so because the dove appeared to be rather in the pursuit of some purpose than frightened and lost. It did not flutter wildly about, but moved gently over the heads of the customers and the shop people till it came to Mrs Fisk, when it perched confidingly on her shoulder, rested for a few moments, turning its mild beaming eyes full upon her face, and then fluttered out and away as quietly as it came.

Of course many remarks were made concerning the incident, but it had almost been forgotten when next day a letter came to Mr and Mrs. Fisk, from Canada, announcing that they had been left a legacy of $15,000 in gold!

Selling out their business here, for which they received nearly $8,000 cash, the light-hearted couple left last night for Canada, followed by the hearty good will of their many friends in this city. To some minds this little incident may appear of no consequence, but others will have pleasure in believing that the gentle dove indeed brought a message to the faithful and true-hearted wife, although she was not privileged to understand it.—*Saturday Evening Mirror.*

An Omaha Goose Race.

The Omaha *Republican* has the following account of a 'goose race' that came off in that city:

Over two thousand people gathered on the banks above the pond, and along the lower end of Farnham street, yesterday, to witness Bob Hart and Sully in their great wash-tub goose feat. Promptly at the advertised time, Hart made his appearance, followed by his competitor for the golden peanut offered by Colonel Hanford. Each sat in an ordinary wash tub, to which was attached six pairs of geese, driven and guided by an ordinary carriage whip.

The most deafening applause, shouts and yells greeted the contestants as they were towed into the pond. Striking the Farnham street bank, both started side by side, talking and urging on the feathered racers the same as a jockey would do in a trial of speed among horses. Half way across the pond Sully's team switched off and bolted for the weeds, giving Bob the lead by three and a half lengths. Recovering his course Sully made splendid headway, gaining rapidly on the Hart outfit. One of his geese, however, attempting to dive, kicked a rear goose in the eye.

The kicked bird at once cackled, his defiance and soon demoralized the entire team to such an extent that victory was impossible. Hart would have come in O. K., only for his 'wheel geese' balking badly and upsetting the tub. Sully began laughing at his opponent's disaster, when his team made a sudden right flank movement, which left the driver in the mud. The assembled multitude yelled the louder at the accidents. Righting their crafts, both parties made for shore, leading their teams. Both took the prize.

While Thad Stevens was a young lawyer, he once had a case before a bad-tempered judge of an obscure Pennsylvania Court—Under what he considered a very erroneous ruling, it was decided against him; whereupon he threw down his books and picked up his hat in a high state of indignation, and was about to leave the court-room, scattering imprecations all around him. The judge straightened himself to his full height, assumed an air of offended majesty, and asked Thad if he meant to express his contempt for this Court? Thad turned to him very deferentially, made a respectful bow, and replied, in feigned amazement—'*Express* my contempt for this Court! No, sir! I am trying to *conceal* it, your Honor,' adding, as he turned to leave, 'but I find it dashed hard to do it.'

A lawyer in a certain city, not remarkable for his cleanliness of person, appeared at a party a while ago with a rose in his button hole. 'Where do you suppose it came from?' said he to a brother lawyer who was admiring it. The latter looked up and down the entire length of the questioner, and with great deliberation responded, 'Why, I suppose it grew there.'

Lost—Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are lost forever.

An exchange calls the Grecian bend backgammon.

An Adroit Sell.

One day a gentleman called in at the store of Mr. Ralph Hardman, with a violin box under his arm. He purchased a necktie, for which he paid fifty cents, and then asked permission to leave his box while he did a few errands down town. Old Hardman—a dealer in new and second hand clothing—had no objection.

'It is a violin,' said the gentleman, 'which I prize very highly. It was given me by an old Italian, who died at my father's house. I beg you to be careful of it, sir.'

Mr. Hardman promised, and the owner of the precious viol departed.

Toward noon, while the old clothing dealer was very deeply engaged in selling a suit of shoddy for hang-up Prussian Tricot, a stranger entered the store—a remarkably well dressed man, with a distinguished look. The violin box was in sight upon a shelf, and as no one was near to prevent, the new comer slipped around and opened the box, and took out the instrument—a very dark hued and ancient looking one.

'Hallo!' cried Hardman, when he heard the sound of the viol, 'what for you touch dat, eh?'

The stranger explained that he was a professor—that he was a leader of an orchestra—and that he could never see a violin without trying it. And then he drew the bow across the strings, playing a few passages of a fine old German waltz.

'My soul!' he cried, after he had run his fingers over the instrument awhile, 'that is the best violin I ever saw! There's not a better one in the city—a perfectly genuine old Cremona! I will give you a hundred dollars for it.'

Hardman said it was not his.

'I'll give you a hundred and fifty!' 'Two hundred!'

Mr. Hardman was forced to explain how the violin came to be left in the store.

The stranger had taken out his pocket-book, drawn forth two one hundred dollar bank notes. He put them back, remarking:

'I must have that violin if money will buy it. When the owner returns will you ask him to wait for me? If he cannot wait ask him to meet me here at six o'clock. If he cannot do that, ask him to call at the office of the Treasurer of the Academy of Music, and inquire for the Director of the Orchestra. Will you do it?'

Hardman said he would.

'But,' suggested the stranger, 'you need not tell the man what I said about his viol, nor what I've offered; because he may have an idea of what treasure he possesses. You will be careful and circumspect.'

The stranger went away, and Ralph Hardman reflected. In the course of an hour the owner of the violin returned, and asked for his box. But the shoddy man had been captivated by the golden bait.

'What would the gentleman sell his violin for?'

At first the gentleman would not listen to the proposition, but after a deal of talk he confessed that he himself was not a professor, and could not well afford to keep such a valuable instrument. He would sell it for one hundred and seventy-five dollars and not a penny less.

Ralph Hardman paid the money, and became the legal possessor of the violin, ready to receive anywhere from three to five hundred dollars from the director of the orchestra, as he might be able.

But the director did not come. At the end of a week Hardman carried the violin to a professional friend, and inquired of him its real value. His friend examined it, and said:

'Two dollars and a half, without the box.'

Ralph Hardman was strongly of the opinion that the gentleman who left the violin in his care was a swindler, and that the director was a partner in the business, and that, together, they had made him their victim.—That night shoddy was marked up ten per cent.

A HARD STORY.—Here is a California story which is almost incredible: A hired man on a Napa farm was detailed to keep a watch on the cornfield, and not let the black marauders invade the premises, but like many other men in a similar situation, tried to plan a method whereby so much labor would not have to be performed; so he hit upon the plan of soaking some corn in whisky and placing it in the field so that the crows would surely get drunk, and then he though he would have a sure thing on them, and could kill them easily. He had tried to shoot them with a shot gun, but crows can smell powder a long way. After soaking some corn over night, he put a bountiful supply in the field early next morning, and in about two or three hours he went out to see how things were progressing, and mark you what follows. One of the crows, a little larger than the rest, had gathered up and taken possession of almost all the corn, and had built himself a bar out of clods of earth, and was retailing the whisky soaked corn to the other crows, charging them three grains of sprouted corn for one soaked grain. Our hired man had not the heart to kill any of the creatures that seemed in their actions like mankind.

A TOUGH MEAL.—A citizen of Chicago used to go home late slightly inebriated, and take a lunch usually set aside for him by his considerate wife. One night beside the usual dish of cabbage and pork, she set a wash bowl filled with caps in starch. The lamp had long been extinguished when the staggering sot returned home, and by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, he stuck his fork into the wrong dish. He worked away at his mouthful of caps very patiently for some time, but, finally, being unable to masticate them, he said to his wife, 'Old woman, where did you get your cabbage? They are so darned stringy that I can't chew them.' 'My gracious! if the stupid feller ain't eating up all my caps that I put starch in over night!'

A Gentle Hint.

Old Deacon Hopkins was a worthy soul and very generally respected for his outward show of piety and religious zeal, and I have no doubt that he felt at heart most of what he professed. In a certain direction he felt a morbid desire to steal. His chief employment was the making of soap from ashes which he gathered in the neighborhood; and in making his soap, he was obliged to keep two or three big kettles of lye boiling, to which end an abundance of fuel was necessary.

Now it so happened that the deacon's nearest neighbor was Captain Jack Parsons; whose calling kept him upon the salt water the greater part of the time. Captain Jack was a great hand at keeping his family supplied with well seasoned wood. As he owned an extensive wood lot, he often had a vast pile of it cut and hauled to his house, and there worked up and stacked. It furthermore chanced that the rear door of the good deacon's soap house opened directly upon the rear of Captain Jack's huge wood-pile. The temptation was strong. Surely there could be no harm in taking a few of the scattering sticks; the Captain would never miss them. But the disease grew with the necessity of feeding the fires, and he fancied—kind old soul—that the captain would never miss the abstracted fuel. But he was destined to rather an unlooked for enlightenment, as we shall see.

The question was before the church of introducing instrumental music into the choir. One of the singers had a bass viol, which he was willing to play, if the brethren would permit; and both he and the chorister declared that it would help the singing wonderfully. But this was before the days when fiddles were tolerated in sacred places, and several of the brethren objected. Deacon Hopkins was emphatic and bitter in opposition. At a very full meeting of the church he expressed himself decidedly. Captain Jack, who chanced to be on shore, was present, and favored the introduction of the viol.

'Bring it in!' cried the deacon, 'and I'll go out! I won't be seen where that big fiddle is tolerated!'

'Will you stick to that pledge, deacon?' asked the captain.

'Yes, sir!' replied the irate functionary.

'Then' said Captain Jack, with a curious twink e of the eye, 'you shan't be troubled with the fiddle in the church. I'll buy it and hang it on my wood pile!'

The poor deacon shrank away behind his enormous shirt collar, while the friends of the 'big fiddle' carried their point.

WATER IN FEVERS.—As is well known, the use of water in fevers was formerly prohibited. Among the early settlers of northern New York was a man suffering from a violent fever. His physician had given up all hopes of his recovery, and had given the information on his last visit. During the night following, the sick man told his watcher, as he must die, it could certainly do no harm for him to have what water he wanted, and begged the watcher to go to a spring near by and get a pitcher full. So earnest were his entreaties, the man went and got it, and the sick man drank a quart pitcher full of the water; drank until he was satisfied.—He soon fell into a quiet sleep, and after some hours woke up in a profuse perspiration, and felt better. His medical attendant was astonished in the morning to find him convalescent, and he soon recovered his health.

A FAIR TURN.—'I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn any thing neater than any other man in town.'

'Yes, Mr. Smith, I think so.'

'Ahem! Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is nobody on earth can turn a thing as well as I can whittle.'

'Pooh! nonsense, Mr. Smith. Talk about whittling—what can you whittle as nice as I can turn?'

'Anything—everything, Mr. Jones. You just name the article that I can't whittle that you can turn, and I will give this dollar if I do not do it to the satisfaction of these gentlemen present.' (Here Mr. Smith tables the dollar.)

'Ahem! well, then, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones, just for a trial, you know—you whittle the one while I turn the other.'

'A fair sell.' Mr. Smith stared a moment and vamosed. The forfeited dollar was quickly disposed of by those present with great glee and satisfaction.

TOO BAD.—Miss Betsey Pearl is 'fair, fat and forty,' and unmarried. She manages to obtain an honest and comfortable living by keeping a small shop of 'notions' in the lower part of the city. She is a spruce old dame, and among other articles vends spruce beer. One evening a customer called for a glass of the beverage inquiring at the same time if it was new made beer.

'No,' exclaimed a bystander, just as the worthy dame was about to reply in the affirmative, 'I can assure you it is old maid beer.'

The wag was seen suddenly to leave the lady's premises with a glass flying after him.

Sixty times was Major General John W. Geary under fire, and he was never defeated when in command. In one of the fiercest battles of the war his first born son was shot down near him, but he never faltered. His field service was of the hardest kind from the opening of the war to its close.

'Mamma,' said a precocious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, 'if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em.'

A boy in one of our schools says the German Diet is composed of sour kraut, Sweitzer kaas and lager beer.