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 preps a mixture, 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 Fleshes, 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, &c. 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 strength 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 foetal of nervous action, in the system.
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1866.

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

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. 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 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.

POETICAL.

SAY WILT THOU LOVE ME EVER.

Say, wilt thou love me ever,
In this dark world of care;
When all my hopes are shrouded in
The mantle of despair!
When sorrow's cloud shall o'er me hang
And skies grow dark above;
May I depend upon thy faith,
Thy pure and faithful love?

And may I hope that its pure flame
Shall burn within thy breast
Shall find a home forever there
To cheer a welcome guest?
And may no raging storms, dearest,
Its brilliance ever blight,
But may it shine undim'd by age
To all—a beacon light.

Say, wilt thou love me ever,
And cheer me with thy smile;
When my poor heart shall sink beneath
The world's deceitful guile?
Say, shall love's waves forever roll,
With sweet and gentle swell,
Say, wilt thy love be true and firm
While on this earth we dwell?

Say, wilt thou love me ever,
When skies grow dark above,
When sorrow's gate shall open
And on me pours a flood;
When trials, to my eyes, shall cause
The burning tears to start;
Say, wilt my image be enshrined
Within thy loving heart?

My prayers shall ever rise, dearest,
At evening's holy hours,
To God, that He may strew thy path
With fresh and blooming flowers;
And though the heart from its pure love
May oft on earth be driven,
Yet I shall pray that its pure flame
May light our steps to Heaven.

MISCELLANY.

MORMONISM.

But few persons are acquainted with the secret workings of Mormonism, and the iniquity that is covered under the specious guize of christianity. In this part of the Government, the law deals rigidly with bigamists, but in Utah libertines marry women by the dozen, and yet our laws seem not to take any notice of it. For the sake of common decency, is it not time our Government was taking measures to abate this terrible concubinage From a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune we make the following extracts, which will give some insight into the infamies of Mormon licentiousness, and of Brigham Young, the 'werewolf of the devil,' who is the controlling spirit among them:

BRIGHAM'S FAMILY.

The number of Brigham's wives is eighteen, exclusive of those who are merely sealed to him for the next world He has been credited with more than this, and it is now stated that he has less; but I am informed on the best authority that a correct census of his household would show eighteen wives and forty-nine children. Among the latter are a bevy of as handsome young girls as can be found anywhere. These are, of course, in demand, and they are marrying off pretty fast. Sometimes he gives more than one of them to the same man as for instance, to the Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Office, who has two of Brigham's daughters, and is doubly a son-in law of the Prophet. It is said that the old gentleman has recently made it a rule that whoever marries the last daughter of one of his wives, shall take the mother home also. This may account for the reduced estimate of his wives, which has lately been given — One of the Mormon Officials in Salt Lake City has for one of his wives his step-sister, the daughter of his own mother, while the marriage of a man to a mother and her daughter is by no means uncommon An old Dane living near Ogden has four wives, a mother and her three daughters. According to the Mormon view, this is commendable, as it keeps families together. A beautiful girl of eighteen or nineteen was pointed out to me on the street recently by one who knew her well She was brought to this Territory when quite a child, by her mother, who embraced the Mormon faith in the West came here and married an elder The mother is an intelligent, educated woman, the daughter refined and accomplished, and knows something of the world, having made several trips to California, where she has relatives. Yet her step-father, in whose house she is living, is now urging her to marry him, and her own mother is backing up the suit, the arguments being that the marriage will prevent the separation of parent and child in this world, and secure to the latter eternal happiness in the next— The girl loves her mother, and but for the opposition of her relatives in California would no doubt have succumbed to the pressure In the country districts it is said women are really bought and sold like sheep. Two old fellows will make a bargain by which each agrees to become father-in-law to the other, or where there is only one daughter in the case a yoke of cattle or some other equivalent is given. This swapping is not confined to outlying settlements. A prominent Mormon of Salt Lake—a man of intelligence and education—told me that he only consented to let one of his daughters become a second wife at sixteen because he himself married a relative of the suitor of the same age for his own fifth wife. He did not have the slightest shame in the confession, and seemed to think it a good joke.

A MORMON SLAVE.

Poligamy in its more brutal phases is but slavery of the worst description. Perhaps the following incident related to me by a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, will give a more vivid idea of this than any generalizations. Some months ago, the Rev. Mr. Foote, the Episcopal minister here, employed a young German woman of eighteen or nineteen. She had come to Utah at an early age, and had become the fourth or fifth wife of a Dane over 60 years of age, in one of the Southern settlements. This old rascal worked her hard in the fields, treated her like a beast, and after a few months left her out as a cook to a camp of railroad graders. From the railroad lines he came to Salt Lake, and entered Mr. Foote's service, hoping to get rid of her husband. But she was not to escape so easily. In a short time her husband followed her and demanded her return. She was terribly frightened, and refused to go. He attempted to break into Mr. Foote's house while the family was at church and take her by violence, but failed. Ultimately however, he had a private interview with her, and so terrified the poor girl that despite the assurances of Mr. Foote, and her utter loathing of the life before her, she declared that she must go—and went, though with many tears.

The Art of Happiness.

Not all the wealth of the Indies, not all the power Alexander possessed, can procure for the heart that of lasting peace, that fullness of comfort that all more or less—are in search of. How often when the wide acres of affluence stretch before the eye, does the thought intrude; 'Is the proud owner happier than others?' or does the beauty of the outward but contrast the unquiet restlessness of a sad heart?

There is much in a world spread in loveliness to soothe and comfort the heart, yet man is not so dependent upon the outward as to be made happy by it, if there is not *first* sunshine in the heart. The domain of intellect has a world of satisfaction within its borders, and in the solace of well chosen friendship the heart can almost forget happiness, yet not quite forget it. There must be peace—that peace which is the blessing of heaven at home—in the soul, and then the face of nature, the gift of life, all contribute to the main sum of bliss.

That we are to be made happy in spite of the manhood trials of life—is evident.—'Man was' not 'to mourn,' and he who does so, is a rebel in a universe of love. It is not, perhaps, always how much of our happiness we derive from ourselves. A conscience that speaks peace, an intellect cleared of the mists of error—above all, a contented mind with that portion of earthly good assigned us—these constitute the real happiness of all.—A spirit that looks on life with loving generosity toward others, gains by their prosperity, brightens in their success, and does more to make the possessor happy, than all of wealth or honor without it Added to these heart qualities, the peace of a heart reconciled to its Maker, and there are a thousand innocent joys within the reach of all.

Wealth is not necessary to enjoy the beauty of a landscape, not now necessary to procure the pleasure derived from books.—A small garden—even the cherished plant in the window—is a source of pleasure; and where the mind is waiting to be pleased, the very sounds of life, rural or otherwise, are each musical with joy. Knowledge opens her store house for the winter evening, while piety silvers all of earth with Divine goodness, striking a vista through its deepest sorrow, to that world where the obedient are filled with the fullness of joy.

Appearances Deceptive.

A New England merchant doing a large business, requiring several clerks, a short time since missed several articles of value from his store. He determined to watch the habits of the young men, to discover, if possible, which one, if either of them, was untrustworthy. There was one of them who appeared particularly active and faithful; his dress was inferior to that of the other clerks; and he was not particularly popular among them The merchant learned that this young man remained for half an hour or more after the others left, with the door of the store locked. This circumstance awakened his suspicions, and he arranged a plan to conceal himself in the store so that he might discover what occurred when the clerk supposed himself unobserved. Having sent the young man on an errand just before the hour of closing, he entered his place of concealment. The door was locked as usual, at the proper time. The clerk at once began to sweep and put the establishment in order.

While waiting for the dust to settle, he was seen to go behind the counter, and taking something from beneath it, placed it in the breast of his coat. The merchant was now alive to discover what had been taken, and what was to be done with it. The young man went to the window and sat in silence a few moments apparently examining the package, which he had taken from his breast. The merchant was not left long in doubt. His clerk soon fell upon his knees; he saw that it was a bible he had been reading, and now he offered aloud a simple and touching prayer, for himself, his mother, and his sister, his employer, and particularly for a brother clerk, who, he feared, was yielding to temptation. After he had finished dusting he left the store, unconscious of having had a human eye upon.

It is easy to believe that the merchant was deeply affected by what he had seen and heard. The clerks salary was increased several hundred dollars a year, and he was given the position made vacant by the discharge of another whose criminal acts had been discovered.

SET A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Nothing is so easy as to write, and preach, and talk of the obligations we are under to "do justly and walk humbly"; but is altogether different matter to write and talk simply by example. And yet, though the former be useful, how much more valuable and effective is the latter! What are the most beautiful essays on the cardinal virtues, compared with the excellency of a life in which these virtues exist? It was not alone the doctrines advanced with such dignified and persuasive eloquence by our Savior, Jesus Christ; nor the miracles performed by him which made the hearts of men follow after Him; these were rendered doubly effectual by the examples which He set at all times, even under the most trying circumstances. And so it is now, in an humble sense, by mere human hopes. Men may preach, and the world will listen; but profit comes by example. A parent, for instance, inculcates gentleness to his children by many sound precepts; but if they see him treat his beast in a rude and angry manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example, as a gentle and humane man, would have been sufficient for his children, without one word or command.

MATRIMONIAL ADVANCES.—The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his new book, 'The Reform Against Nature,' writes on this subject as follows:

'Full three quarters of the men who get stuck in their bachelor life and are never married, are, in fact, the most inborn adorers of women, such as never in their lives can muster courage for any advance just because the shrine they look upon has too much of the divinity in it for mortal approach. Of course it will not do for unmarried women to put themselves in a way of being suitors to men. That kind of suitorship would even be an offense, and raise a sense of revulsion, nobody would recommend to women that they get over their modesty, but the almost colic stringency of what are called good manners, in this matter might be relaxed, without real impropriety and with great advantage. The present ironclad modesty which is simply ridiculous in either party, might be so far mitigated as to let feeling feel its way, and carry on its own courtship; requiring no restriction save the restriction of words and formal advances, and allowing nature to interpret and work out her problem, hampered by no unnatural coyishness. Women cannot be forward and bold, but they are now a great way farther off than they need be.'

AVOID DISPUTATION.—Upon one point, touching social enjoyment very nearly, *The Moralist* says:

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of anger, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.—Again, if people wish to live well together they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason.

Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said: 'Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day.' But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasons, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is the way to arrive at a good temper.

WHY HE HID IT.—We find an anecdote in the papers which furnishes a reason why the famous John Hancock wrote his signature to the Declaration of Independence in so large and bold a hand. It is known that the British Government offered $3,500 for his head, and according to the Maine Cultivator, when he appended his name to the Declaration, he did it as though he wished to dash his whole soul into it, and rising from his seat he exclaimed. There, John Bull, you can read my name without spectacles—he may double his reward and I will set him at defiance.

A Danbury farmer, whose stack of hay 'growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less,' posted himself one night to find out the cause, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a fellow approaching with a fork. The farmer waited until the thief had got his fork full and was walking off with it, when he came up behind him and set fire to the hay, which soon blazed up terribly. The fellow was effectually cured of stealing hay from that locality.

THE BEST TIME.—The best time to court a woman is when she is young and pretty; the best time to ask a favor is just after a person has been to dinner; the best time to swap horses is before you cross a stream; the best time to pay your debts and addresses is when you make them; the best time to have anything to do with an umbrella is when it rains (provided you can find your own), the best time to correct an evil is when you find it out.

The industrious old lady who walked all over town one week, with a can in her hand, to procure a quart of the milk of human kindness has been more successful in getting a little jam out of the door. She got the jam on her fingers.

Wants.

Many people are in perpetual fear that they will come to want; but when is there a time in any one's life that he don't want something? some one thing and some another.

The baby wants to stick his thumb in his eye, kick over the tea pot, and wants three meals a day. The little boy wants a top, a rocking horse, and a licking at regular intervals. The little girl wants a doll, and wants to play out of doors with the boys. A little older, the girl wants a beau, and the boy wants a bow and arrow.

The young lady wants a piano and a Grecian bend, invitations to the opera, and exclusive use of the front parlor on Sunday nights.

The young man wants a fast horse, credit at the tailor's, a moustache, gin cock-tails, and no words from the old man.

There are millions of wants on this earth, without considering whether or not the other planets are inhabited. A vast multitude want situations, while another horde, finding themselves in a bad situation, want to get out of it—One wants a new bonnet, another wants a divorce. Grant wants peace, and Mrs. Dr. Walker wants a Government office. Thousands want lodging at night. Thirsty loafer knocks at the saloon door at 5 o'clock, A. M; he wants to get in. Captured covey in jail; he wants to get out Some want glory, and enlist at thirteen dollars a month to get it. Some want hair on the top of their head; some want a leg or an eye; thousands want to get married; a few want to die, and all want money. —*Fat Contributer.*

THE FIRST WHITE MAN.—A negro preacher gets of the following:

'Strate am de road and narrow am de paff which leads off to glory.' Brederen beleeb-ers: You am sensible dis nite in cumin here to hear de word, and hab it splained and demonstrated to you; yes you is, and I tend to splane it as clear as de libin day. We are all wicked here below. Its a fac my dearly belubed free lunch tacklers, an I'll tell you how it cum. You see old Adam was the fust man, and Eve was de tudder. Cain was a wicked man, kase he killed his brudder. Adam and Eve were bote black men, and so was Cain and Abul. Now I spose it seems to strike your understanding how de fust white man cum. Why I let you know. You see when Cain killed his brudder, de massa say, 'You Cain, whar am yer brudder Abul?' Cain say, 'Dunno, Massa.' But de nigger node all de time. Massa git mad and cum agin—spoke mighty sharp dis time, 'Cain, whar am your brudder Abul, you nigga?' Cain now got scared, and he turned white, and dis am de way de fust man cum upon this earf; and if it hadent been fur dat nigga, Cain, we'd never been trubled wid so sassy whites upon dis circumler globe. De quire will please sing de forty sebent hymn, ticler meter. Pass round de sasser, brudder Moze.

An honest German, who is employed at one of the tobacco manufactories in New York, was listening recently to an account from a brother workman of the principles and doctrines of Mormonism. Among other things, he was told that the world was expected to come to an end in two or three months. Remarking that the German was much interested in the matter the others determined to victimize their listener by suggesting to him that it was for him to be making preparation.

"Ven do you think it will be comes to an end?" he asked.

"Oh, probably in about three months," answered the jokers

"Ho! vell! I no cares for dat!" exclaimed Hans, with a smile of satisfaction, "*I pe going to Puffalo this fall.*"

Josh Billings says: 'You ain't obliged to ask a gal's mammy if you may go home with her from a partee; git the gal's koncent, and sail in; its proper enuff to ask her to take yure arm, but mind you, you have got no right to put yure arm around her waste unless you meet a bear on the rode, and, then you are bound to take yure arm away jest as soon as the bear gets safely by.'

A teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of a little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good," by giving a New Testament to a bad boy who had ill-treated her. The story was appreciated, for a few minutes afterward, one boy struck another, and, being asked the reason, said he was trying to get a Testament. Here was a practical bearing quite unexpected.

A shoemaker with one eye, who works in this neighborhood, complained that one of his lamps did not burn. One of his shopmates, who is a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with astonishment exclaimed, "Faith, and what do you want of two lamps? Ye havent but one eye!"

'Tommy, my son, fetch in a stick of wood. 'Ah! my dear mother,' responded the youth, 'the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should have said—'Thomas, my son, transport from the recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of this edifice one of the curtailed excrescences of a defunct log.'

Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has leaders, columns and reviews.—Exchange.

Yes, and when a lady stands at the helm, it has BREAST WORKS.—Sullivan Union.

Provided they have not been taken by the INFANTRY!

'Taint de white, nor yet de black folks what hab de most influence in dis world, but the yaller boys,' said old Aunt Chloe, as she jingled a few gold coins that had come down from a former generation.

A full Hand.

Although the 'flush times' have passed away on the Mississippi, they still have some queer and sometimes rough customers on the river boats. On a recent trip of the 'Highflyer,' crowded with passengers, the clerk had allotted the last stateroom, and was about to close his office, when he was astonished by the apparition of a tall Missourian, who exclaimed:

'I say, stranger, I want one of them chambers.'

'Sorry, sir,' said the official blandly, 'but our state rooms are all taken.'

'The deuce they are!' responded Missouri, 'I've paid my fare, an I want wun of them chambers.'

'Allow me to see your ticket,' said the still polite clerk.

Putting his hand to the back of his neck, the passenger pulled out a ten inch bowie-knife, and driving it quivering into the counter, said:

'I'm from Pike county, young feller, and thar's my ticket. I want wun of them chambers.'

Before the steel had ceased to vibrate, the prompt clerk quietly thrust a loaded and capped six-shooter under Pike's nose, and coolly answered,

'I've only got six chambers, and you see *they are all full.*'

The Missourian edged out of 'range,' and putting up his 'toothpick,' ejaculated: 'A full hand's good, by the hokies!' and strode off to seek such quarters as he could find.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

A VERY OBTUSE WITNESS.—Pat Fogerty went all the way from Manchester to London to thrash Mick Fitzpatric, winding up the performance with the assistance of an 'awful horse shoe.' He was detected and brought before justice. A part of the examination is annexed:

Court.—Well sir, you came from Manchester, did you?

Pat—Your honor has answered correct.

Court—You see the complainant's head, it was cut by some sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?

Pat—Ain't yer honor after saying some sharp instrument did?

Court (becoming restive)—I see you mean to equivocate. No sir *you* cut that head, you came here to cut it did you not? Now, sir, what brought you to London?

Pat—The locomotive, sir.

Court—(waxing warm)—Equivocating again, you scoundrel; (raising up the horse shoe before Pat,) do you see this horse shoe, sir?

Pat—Is it a horse shoe, your honor?

Court—Don't you see it is, sir? Are you blind? can you not tell at once that it is a horse shoe?

Pat—Bedad, no, your honor.

Court (angrily)—No!

Pat—No your honor, but can yourself tell?

Court—Of course I can, you stupid Irishman!

Pat (soliquizing aloud)—Oh! glory be to goodness, see what education is, yer honor; sure a poor ignorant creature like myself wouldn't know a horse shoe from a mare's.

'What makes you so grum, Tom?' 'Oh, I've had to endure a sad trial to my feelings.' 'What on earth was it?' 'Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma' was looking on.'

A well dressed young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologise. Not a word, sir, cried she, 'it's not hard enough to hurt anybody.'

It takes the Tennessee editors a great while to cool down. One of them has just charged another with lying infamously hellishly, and with forty devil power.'

A writer asks through the Farmer's Department of a cotemporary, if any one can inform a poor man the best way to start a little nursery—Get married!

A little boy was once asked if he had a liking for oats. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I like them very much—to throw stones at.'

What is that which a rich man wants, the poor man has, the miser spends, and the spendthrift saves? Nothing.

Some learned exchange wants to know if it is possible for a nigger to have the white swelling.

When wine is in, wit is out.

What is beauty without soap?

Never quit certainty for hope.

A good watch prevents harm.

Table of interest—the dinner table.

Who pardons bad, injures good.

Wisdom is greater than wealth.

What good great men might do.

Wise men learn others' harm.

A burning shame—incendiarism.

Be sparing of wine and pleasures.

Be silent until it is time to speak.

Grate understanding—stove legs.

Humanity gains more than pride.

Height of laziness—a loafer's head.

When sorrow sleeps, wake it not.

Cook's motto—onions is strength.

Better wear out shoes than sheets.

To avoid corpulence—quit eating.

The work of time—striking hours.

Canine fancy—calf of the leg.

A waiter's relation—nap kin.