

The Marietta.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

VOL. 10.—NO. 43.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson,
Philadelphia, Pa.

IS NOT A BAR ROOM DRINK, OR A SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM, OR AN INTOXICATING BEVERAGE, BUT A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED VEGETABLE EXTRACT, A PURE TONIC, FREE FROM ALCOHOLIC STIMULANT OR INJURIOUS DRUGS, AND WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE

Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia, and
Jaundice.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the
Kidneys, and Disorders arising from a
Disordered Stomach.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
resulting from disorders of the digestive organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Flatulency, Headache,
to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea,
Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or
weight in the Stomach, sour eructations, sinking
or fluttering of the Pit of the Stomach,
rumbling of the Bowels, hurried and difficult
breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or
suffocating sensations when in a lying posture,
dimness of vision, dots or webs before the
sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency
of perspiration, yellowness of the skin
and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, limbs,
&c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh,
constant imaginations of evil, and great depression
of spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU

A Good Appetite,
Strong Nerves,
Healthy Sleep,
Steady Nerves,
Brisk Feelings,
Energetic Feelings,
Healthy Feelings,

A Good Constitution, A Strong Constitution,
A Healthy Constitution, A Sound Constitution.

WILL MAKE THE WEAK STRONG,
Will make the Delicate Healthy,
Will make the Thin Stout,
Will make the Depressed Lively,
Will make the Sallow Complexion Clear,
Will make the Dull eye Clear and Bright.

Will prove a blessing in every family.
Can be used with perfect safety by male
or female, Old or Young.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
There are many preparations sold under the
name of Bitters, but in quart bottles, com-
pounded of the cheapest Whiskey or common
Rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon,
the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander seed.
This class of Bitters has caused the death of
hundreds of our citizens, and they can be sold,
and used to the death of a drunkard. By
their use the system is kept continually under
the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the
worst kind, the desire for liquor is created and
kept up, and the result is the same as the hor-
rendous upon a drunkard's life and death. Be-
ware of them.

For those who desire and will have a liquor
Bitters, we publish the following receipt:
Get one bottle Hoofland's German Bitters and
mix with three quarts of good Whiskey or
Brandy, and the result will be a preparation
that will far excel in medicinal virtues and
true excellence any of the numerous liquor
bitters in the market, and will cost much less
in connection with a good article of liquor
and at a much less price than these inferior
preparations will cost you.

DELICATE CHILDREN.
Those suffering from nervousness, wasting
away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones,
are cured in a very short time; and in such
cases, will be most surprising effect.

DEBILITY.
Resulting from Fevers of any kind—these bitters
will renew your strength in a short time.
FEVER AND AGUE.—These bitters will not re-
turn if these diseases are used. No person in a
fever and ague district should be without them.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor
of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend
Patent Medicines in general, through distrust
of their ingredients and effects, I yet know
of no medicine of this kind which I do not re-
gard as a benefit to man, and I believe myself to
have received from any simple preparation, in the
hope that he may thus contribute to the ben-
efit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's
German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson,
because I was prejudiced against them for a
number of years, under the impression that
they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am
indebted to my friend, Dr. S. M. Brown, esq.,
for the removal of this prejudice by proper
tests, and for encouragement to try them, when
suffering from great and long debility. The
use of three bottles of these bitters, followed
by giving of the present year, to a degree of
bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt
for six months before, and had almost despair-
ed of regaining. I therefore thank God, and
my friend for directing me to the use of them.
W. Newton Brown.

Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS.
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations
or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoo-
fland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths
of the diseases induced by privation and ex-
cess incident to camp life. In the lists
published almost daily in the newspapers, on
the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that
a very large proportion are suffering from de-
bility. Every case of that kind can be readi-
ly cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We
have no hesitation in stating that, if these bit-
ters are freely used among our soldiers, hun-
dreds of lives might be saved that otherwise
would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful
letters from sufferers in the army and hospi-
tals, who have been restored to health by the use
of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.
Beware of counterfeits! See that the sig-
nature of Dr. C. M. Jackson, is on the wrapper
of each bottle.

PRICES. Dozen for \$5.
Large Size, \$1.00 per bottle, or 1 dozen for \$4.
Medium size, 75c per bottle, or 1 dozen for \$3.
The larger size, on account of the quantity
the bottles hold, are much the cheaper.

Should your nearest druggist not have the in-
toxicated, do not be put off by any of the in-
sane preparations that may be offered in its
place, but send to us, and we will forward,
securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,
No. 531 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
JONES & EVANS,
Proprietors.
(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)

For sale by Druggists and dealers in every
town in the United States. [May 30-1y]

Published third Saturday Morning.

OFFICE: CULL'S ROW, Front Street, five
doors below Flury's Hotel.

TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in ad-
vance, and if subscriptions be not paid within
six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if de-
layed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50
will be charged.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12
lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and
25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Pro-
fessional and Business cards, of six lines or less
at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading col-
umns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths,
the simple announcement, FREE; but for any
additional lines, five cents a line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half
yearly advertisers.

Having recently added a large lot of new
Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the
Job Office of "The Marietta," which will
insure the fine execution of all kinds of Job &
CARD PRINTING, from the smallest
Card to the largest Poster, at prices to suit the
Wartime.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyish wish
To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

These bright and lovely maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this!
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the springtime of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
They followed every tear!
Like the bright buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet oh! it is a lovely death
To fade from earth, like them.

And yet—the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love
Grow to each loving breast,
Like the tendrils of each clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest.

And can we help but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming?
For we know that winter's coming!
With its cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us
Is blooming but to die.

"BURN THIS LETTER."

Burn this letter as soon as read,
Consider all I say unsaid,
Think of me as a willful boy
Inebriate with a golden joy;
Daring to tell thee all his heart;
Trembling at his fool-hardy part.
Madly chasing a fierce desire
Through earth and water, air and fire.
Ready to tend thee day and night
As his endless, sole delight—
Ready to throw his life away
To add to thine a single day.

Burn this letter as soon as read,
Ne'er can thy sayings be unsaid.
Hate me, if thy heart is fierce,
Or, if in a softer mood,
Trample me beneath thy scorn;
Wish that I had ne'er been born:
Bid me, with a frown, to die—
I will meet my destiny;
Or, if in a softer mood,
Banish me to solitude;
Only let me hear thy voice,
In my doom I will rejoice.

Burn this letter as soon as read,
Think of me as one who's dead;
Lying straight beneath the grass
O'er which happy mortals pass;
Nevermore to vex thy sight;
Never more to dim thy light.
When in spring, with moonbeam flood,
Primroses fill all the wood,
(Then I meet thee)—think when snow
Sets the sun, and birds sing low,
Of that eve my heart beguiled,
When I whispered, and you smiled.

Burn this letter. Thou art proud;
High thy race above the crowd;
Careless thou of others pain:
They must love—and thou disdain.
Thou canst light the lamp which none
Quencheth but the churchyard stone,
In thy hand is all my fate;
Thou must yield me love or hate.
All my fate is in thy hand—
But my words forever stand.
I love! Wouldst thou that love gainsay?
Then thou must tear my life away!

LIFE'S BUT A SPAN.

Life is but a span of hours;
One is "Age," the other "Prime,"
Up and down the hill our course is:
"Go in," ponies, "make your time."

Boyhood plies the whip of pleasure;
Youthful folly gives a stroke;
Manhood goads them at his leisure;
"Let 'em rip, they're tough as oak."

"Hi ya! there!" the stakes we'll pocket,
To the winds let care be lent;
Time 2-40, "whip in socket,"
"Give 'em string and let 'em went."

On the sunny road to fifty,
"Prime" is drowned in Lethe's stream;
"Age" is left lame, old, unthrifty;
Life then proves a "one horse team."

"Age" goes on, grows quite unsteady,
Reels and slacks in his pace;
"Kicks the bucket" always ready,
"Gives it up"—death wins the race.

As we become more truly human,
The world becomes to us more truly divine.
What is the key note to good breed-
ing?—B natural.

Advice to Young Men.

A lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following suggestions to young men:

Dear gentlemen between the ages of "eighteen and forty-five," listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent, with music, chess, or other games to lend variety; but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer.—Make shorter calls, and come oftener.—A girl, that is a sensible, true-hearted girl, will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother, and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to. Now, young gentlemen, friends, I'll tell you what the girls will do. For an hour and a half they will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then, beware, monesyllable responses will be all you need expect, and, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs: "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and taking your hat meekly depart, a sadder, and it is to be hoped, a wiser man. Do not get angry, but the next time you come be careful to keep within just bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours"; but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe it beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings, but must still disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't for pity's sake, don't throw down your paper with a "pshaw"—but remember the safe side of ten.

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'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyish wish
To roam like angels there!

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"WHAT COULD HE DO IN HEAVEN?"
It was about thirty years ago or more, when stage-coaches still ran, that an excellent old clergyman, who had a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach. It was cold, wintry weather, and the coachman, as he drove his horses rapidly, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language as to shock all the passengers. The old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy, and turning round to him, said: "What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?"

The clergyman said with his eyes fixed upon him: "I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven."

A PRECIOUS RELIC.—The only gold ever voted by Congress to General Washington is for sale, its owner, who has lost by the war everything else that is valuable, being compelled to part with it. It was given in honor of the evacuation of Boston by the British. On the obverse is a fine medallion profile of Washington, and on the reverse he and his staff are grouped on Bunker's Hill, while the British fleet is seen moving down the bay. It contains \$180 worth of gold. It is in perfect preservation, having been guarded by its owner with the most religious care. Five thousand dollars have already been offered for it: but to the Government, or to a historical society, it would be worth much more.

A HORNED WOMAN.—The New York Observer, of the 12th instant, contains a letter from its correspondent at Larnaca, in the island of Cyprus (Turkish dominions), describing a most remarkable lusus naturae recently discovered there. It is nothing less than a woman with horns growing out of her head! She has one large horn on the side of her head of the size and consistency of an ordinary ram's horn, besides three or four coracles on other parts of her head. The writer states that he has seen her, and that she has been visited by nearly all the consuls and Europeans in that place, some of whom are making an effort to secure her for exhibition.

HARD ON THE SPANIARDS.—It is related of the witty Dominican monk, Bacco, that he had a "great dislike to tobacco," and when once preaching to a crowd of Spanish sailors, he astounded them by telling them that there was no Spanish saint in heaven. A few, he said, had been admitted, but they smoked so many cigars that they made the Virgin sick, and St. Peter set his wits to work to get them out. At length he proclaimed that a bull fight was to be held outside the gate of Paradise. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the fight; and St. Peter immediately closed the gate, and took care never to admit another Spaniard.

MOVING IN STYLE.—We fear General Grant will hardly come up to the military standard of the Potomac Army.—A few days since, riding to the front on horseback, in his usual plain way, he met General Ingalls coming into town in a four-horse field carriage. It is said they were mutually surprised. We learn that soon after an order was issued prohibiting the use of the vehicles referred to during the future portion of the coming campaign.

MANTEL ORNAMENT.—An acorn suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of water in a half-inch glass, will, in a few months, burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree, growing in this way on the mantle shelf of a room, is a very elegant and interesting object.

SOLVED AT LAST.—"What is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces?" said the Captain to Gussie, the other day, up at Normal. Gussie cogitated a minute and then answered, "Because the men have something better to kiss, and the women haven't." The Captain saw it immediately.

If anybody asks Mr. Lincoln anything about the movements of the army, he replies, "Ask Gen. Grant," and if a rejoinder is made, "Gen. Grant will not tell me," he says further, "Neither will he tell me."

DEATH FROM STARVATION.—Mr. Birch, a member of the Cooper-Shop Refreshment Committee, received on Saturday afternoon the photographic copies of the remains of three Union prisoners who had been exchanged by the rebels. These victims of rebel cruelty were received at Annapolis, Maryland, on May 2d, instant. One died on the following day, and the other two on the 4th instant. A large number of other prisoners were also received, but they were so emaciated a condition that many of them died. A photograph of each was taken after death. The three that were shown us may well awaken a train of melancholy reflection. Though the victims to unrelenting cruelty are dead, yet the sunlight pictures of their attenuated atrocity of the rebels who have struggled to overturn the Government. One of these pictures is that of a Kentuckian—once a fine, large, noble specimen of a man—who dared to stand up for his country. He belonged to the 12th Cavalry of Kentucky. The present appearance of his remains looks like an extraordinary freak of Nature. The body, arms, and lower extremities look like those of an infant, with the head, feet, and hands of a giant attached thereto. The countenance still bears marks of intelligence. The bodies of the other two victims are simply skeletons covered with skin. The hands, though shrivelled, are yet one-third wider than the thighs. The soft parts beneath the frame-work of ribs have all fallen away, and thus a ghastly picture is presented, that might well start a tear in the eye of sympathy, make humanity shudder, and the Christian to ponder on the inscrutable ways of an Allwise Providence, in allowing such wretches to live, who could perpetrate such horrible wrongs to human creatures. The excuse of a scarcity of provisions is as false as the black heart of Jeff Davis himself, because our National Government voluntarily offered, and agents urged upon the rebel Government to receive and distribute the necessaries of life among the Union prisoners in all parts of the South. Christian appeals were made, but they had no effect upon the case-hardened wretches who have plunged the nation into rebellion, and thus made themselves swift candidates for Pandemonium.—Torney's Press.

Dr. Mary Walker is the new lioness of Richmond, of whom the Examiner says:

"The strong-minded Dr. Mary J. Walker, now in Castle Thunder, is angry for a horse, and anxious for a ride through the streets of Richmond. The 'Doctor,' according to Atlanta authority, rides 'with each foot in a stirrup,' and it would doubtless be an interesting spectacle should she be fortunate enough to have her wishes granted. All Richmond would turn out to see her on horseback. Her costume is as novel as her position. 'Bloomer' costume of blue broadcloth, trimmed with brass buttons; Yankee uniform hat, with cord tassels; surgeon's green silk sash, worn over the right shoulder and across the breast, fastening on the left side. Over her frock she wore a blue cloth military overcoat and cape. Lastly, she wore boots, (and here let us say that, in respect to feet, there was more of her personal parallel to the earth than strict rules of beauty would require,) plain calf-skin boots over her pants, and reaching to the bottom of her dress."

Dr. Edward Beecher, in his sermon at the funeral of Owen Lovejoy, at his home in Illinois, stated that Mr. L. originally sought ordination in the Episcopal Church at the hands of Bishop Chase, who required him to pledge himself in writing that he would not agitate the subject of slavery. He replied:—"My right arm shall drop off before I will sign that pledge. If I should sign it, I should expect it to drop off." The Bishop then agreed that he might lecture on slavery, if he would say nothing about it in the pulpit. "Promise not to preach against sin, and that a prevailing sin! Never." And so he turned to the freedom of the Congregational polity.

Lord Erskine having lived a bachelor to an advanced age finally married his cook for the purpose of securing her services, as she had frequently threatened to leave him. After becoming Lady Erskine, she lost all knowledge of cookery, and it was a mortal affront to hint the possibility of her knowing how any sort of eatables were prepared for the table.

Odds and Ends.

Kindly appreciative words may bring upon the spirit of man a softening dew of humility, instead of feeding within him the boisterous flame of vanity.

Nature makes man love all women, and trusts the trivial matter of special choice to the commonest accident.

He who never releases into sportive-ness is a wearisome companion, but beware of him who jests at everything.

Widows wear their weeds; smokers smoke theirs.

A woman's heart, like the moon, should have but one man in it.

We can tell the rebels that we of the loyal States have a plenty of food, but we shall not be so rude as to throw it in their teeth.

If things go on in the South as they are now going on, the rebel soldiers will soon get to be as naked as so many ladies in a ballroom.

The rebels complain of the burning of some of their piratical towns. Let us send them a little opoldoc. It is said to be good for burns.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that the President "sweetly sleeps in the possession of an easy conscience." As sweetly no doubt as some women sleep or lie in the possession of an easy virtue.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe eulogises the President in the Christian Watchman. We suppose he will properly reward her. He has a good deal of partiality to B. Stowe.

Bayard Taylor is understood to be engaged on a new novel of American life, which will be published in the ensuing autumn. Taylor, instead of being the ninth part of a man, has literary go-ahead-ness for nine common men.

"Why," inquired an enamored youth who was riding with his sweetheart in a wagon, "are your cheeks like my ponies there?"

"Is it because they are red?" she inquired.

"No," he replied "because there is one of them on each side of a waggin' tongue."

"Did you know I was here?" said the bellows to the fire. "Oh! yes; I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

Prentice says; We don't wear earrings as the women do, but our ears are more bored than theirs.

The government may tax our matches, but we challenge the world to match our taxes.

Speaking of rising with the lark, Artemus Ward says he should much prefer to rise with gold.

The Philadelphia Bulletin calls the rebel treasury department "the Waste Paper Establishment."

A grave friend says he and his wife always go to bed quarreling; "and yet," said he, "we never fall out."

"Mr. Bouter, father wants you to come over to our house and preach a funeral!" "To preach a funeral! A sermon I guess you mean. But who is dead, my little son?" "My little brother, sir." "Ah, how old was he?" "He wasn't no old, sir—he died a borning."

An example of what is often termed "taking the starch out" happened recently in a country bank in New England. A pompous, well-dressed individual entered the bank, and, addressing the teller, who is something of a wag, inquired, "Is the cashier in?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier." "I suppose it will," said the teller. "Very well, I will wait." The pen peddler took a chair and sat composurely for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and, seeing no prospect for a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in. "Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Mainbeer Von Dank attended in court, at New York, to get excused from the jury box. "I can't unshand geot Englese," quoth Meinbeer. "What did he say?" asked the judge. "I can't unshand geot Englese," repeated the Dutchman. "Take your seat," cried the judge, "take your seat. That's no excuse, you need not be alarmed, as you are not likely to hear any."