

# The Marietta.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED K. L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "LINDSEY'S BUILDING," second  
floor, on Elbow Lane, between the Post  
Office and Front-St., Marietta,  
Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10  
lines, or less) 75 cents for the first insertion and  
One Dollar and a-half for 3 insertions. Pro-  
fessional and Business cards, of six lines or less,  
at 65 per annum. Notices in the reading col-  
umns, ten cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths,  
the simple announcement, FREE; but for any  
additional lines, ten cents a line.  
A liberal deduction made to yearly and half  
yearly advertisers.

Having just added a "Newbury Moun-  
tain JOBBER PRESS," together with a large  
assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts,  
Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE  
MARIETTA," which will insure the fine and  
speedy execution of all kinds of JOB and  
PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the  
largest POSTER, at reasonable prices.

Reading & Columbia Railroad.

TRAINS of this road run by Reading  
Road time, which is ten minutes faster  
than that of Pennsylvania Railroad.

TRAINS ON THIS ROAD RUN AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT:

7:10 A. M.—Mail Passenger, train for  
Reading and intermediate stations,  
leaving Landville at 7:43 a. m., Manheim at  
8:55; Litz at 9:15; Ephrata at 9:57; Rein-  
holds at 10:38; Sinking Springs at 11:40 and  
arriving at Reading at ten o'clock. At Reading  
connection is made with Fast Express train  
of East Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching New  
York at 2:30 P. M., with train of Philadelphia  
and Reading Railroad, reaching Philadelphia  
at 1:20 P. M., and also with trains for Pot-  
tsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

2:15 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN  
for Reading and intermediate sta-  
tions, connecting at Landville at 2:50 P. M.,  
with Express train of Penna. R. R., both  
East and West, leaving Manheim at 3:25; Litz  
at 4:45; Ephrata at 4:10; Reinholds at 4:37;  
Sinking Springs at 5:03 and arriving at Reading  
at 6:20 P. M. At Reading connection is made  
with trains for Pottsville and Lebanon Valley.

LEAVE READING AT

6:00 A. M.—MAIL PASSENGER train  
for Columbia and intermediate sta-  
tions, leaving Sinking Springs at 6:16; Rein-  
holds at 6:44; Ephrata at 7:11; Litz at  
7:40; Manheim at 7:58, making connection at  
Landville with train of Penna. R. R., Reading  
and Lancaster Railroad, reaching Lancaster at  
8:33 A. M. and Philadelphia at 9  
o'clock. A. M., then connecting the Ferry for  
Wrightsville and Northern Central Railroad,  
at 11:5 A. M. with train of Penna. R. R. Railroad  
for the West.

6:15 P. M.—Mail Passenger Train for  
Columbia and intermediate sta-  
tions, with passengers leaving New-York at 12 M.,  
and Philadelphia at 3:30 P. M., leaving Sinking  
Springs at 6:31; Reinholds at 6:59; Ephra-  
ta at 7:27; Litz at 7:55; Manheim at 8:11; Land-  
ville at 8:27; arriving at Columbia at 9 P. M.

The Pleasure Travel to Ephrata and  
Litz Springs from New-York, Philadelphia,  
Baltimore and other points, is by this schedule  
accommodated several times per day with ex-  
press trains connecting in all directions.

Through tickets to New-York, Phila-  
delphia and Lancaster sold at principal sta-  
tions. Freight carried with utmost prompt-  
ness and dispatch, at the lowest rates.

Further information with regard to Freight  
or passage, may be obtained from the agents  
of the Company.

J. MENDES COHEN, Superintendent.  
E. F. KEEVER, General Freight and Ticket  
Agent.

Stoves! Stoves!!

John Spangler,  
Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

As the season for Stoves is fast approaching  
I would call the attention of all wishing to  
purchase

Parlor or Cooking Stoves,  
to my large and well selected stock, which em-  
braces the best and most desirable Stoves that  
the Eastern markets afford, and which you  
purchased early, which will enable me to dis-  
pose of them advantageously to buyers.

Among the leading Parlor and Cook Stoves  
are the following:

Parlor Stoves,  
Meteor Gas Burner,  
Columbia  
Oval do  
Diamond  
Gem,  
Tropic Egg,  
Monitor,

Cooking Stoves,  
Galileo,  
Royal,  
Waverly,  
Wellington,  
Lehigh,  
Charm,  
Summer Rose,

Also, the Vulcan and Sanford's Heaters, a  
very desirable article for heating two or four  
rooms with very little, if any, more fuel than  
an ordinary parlor stove would consume.

Ranges for cooking, constantly on hand, all  
of which will be sold on reasonable terms.

Call and examine before purchasing  
elsewhere.

JACOB LIBHART, JUN.,  
CABINET MAKER.

AND UNDERTAKER, MARIETTA, PA.

WOULD most respectfully take this meth-  
od of informing the citizens of Marietta  
and the public in general, that, having had  
a lot of seasoned Lumber, is now prepared to  
manufacture all kinds of

CABINET FURNITURE,  
in every style and variety, at short notice.  
He has on hand a lot of Furniture of his own  
manufacture, which for fine finish and good  
workmanship, will rival any City make.

Special attention paid to repairing.  
He is also now prepared to attend, in all its  
branches, the UNDERTAKING business, be-  
ing supplied with an excellent Horse, Licks  
and small Biers, Cooling Box, &c.

COFFINS finished in any style—plain  
or fancy.

Wants Room and Manufactory, near Mc  
Duff's new building, near the "Upper-Sta-  
tion," Marietta, Pa.

Oct. 23.

Soft triangle of straw and lace  
That curves around my blushing face  
With such a coy, bewitching grace,  
No mortal man would dream your place  
Was on my head.

Your airy touch can scarcely press  
The shape from curl or flowing tress,  
So light, so next to nothingness,  
You surely could not well be less  
And be a bonnet.

A bit of straw adorned with leather,  
A yard of lace, a spray of heather,  
Some trifles and a tossing feather,  
These bristles shaken all together—  
Thus were you made.

No cape with a starched netting lined,  
No buckram-crown projects behind;  
For streamers flutter in the wind  
Where flows, in silken mesh confined,  
My Water fall.

Yet most your dainty form I prize,  
As sweeping back upon mine eyes,  
It lets the drirkled hillocks rise,  
Where underneath in ambush lies  
My pair of mice.

But when rough autumn winds sweep  
And all your laces shade aghast, (past  
Then can you shield me from the blast,  
And round my neck a shelter cast,  
To keep me warm?

Alas, a summer friend you are,  
And only kind when skies are blue;  
I know you know the saying true—  
Old friends are better than the new,  
When trouble comes.

So ere the dog-day heats be fled,  
Let me your simy glories spread;  
For soon as Whistles whistles dread,  
I'll tie once more about my head,  
My old set of bonnet.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—Dr. J. Ed-  
monds, a prominent London physician,  
writes as follows to the London Times:  
"I inclose a simple, safe, and accessible  
prescription for the whole range of acid  
corrosive poisons, which, if promptly  
used, will almost invariably save life.  
Mix two ounces of powder-chalk or mag-  
nesia, or one ounce of washing-soda,  
with a pint of milk, and swallow it at  
one draught; then tickle the back of  
the throat with a feather or finger so as  
to produce vomiting. Afterward, drink  
freely of milk and water, and repeat the  
vomiting so as to thoroughly wash out  
the stomach. Any quantity of chalk or  
magnesia may be taken with safety, but  
soda in large quantities is injurious. I  
may add that the narcotics are excepted.  
Milk is an antidote for almost all the  
poisons, and especially if followed by  
vomiting."

The Jewish Talmud has these  
sentences about women:—A good wife  
is heaven's noblest gift. A housewife  
never allows herself to be disturbed from  
her work. Even while conversing she  
is busily spinning. An old, experienced  
woman in a household is an ornament to  
it like a pearl. He who lives in an un-  
married state knows no joys; none of the  
blessings of home, and is without sup-  
port. The man who stands at the death-  
bed of his wife feels like those who saw  
the temple of Jerusalem reduced to  
ashes; for the wife is the temple in  
which each man finds repose and quiet;  
where he rests after the labors of the  
day, and where he can give expression  
to his feelings, joyful and mournful.  
God has given to woman more ability of  
judging correctly than to man.

Robert Burns, being in church  
one Sunday, and having some difficulty  
in procuring a seat, a young lady who  
perceived him kindly made way for him  
in her pew. The text was upon the  
terrors of the Gospel, as denounced  
against sinners, to prove which the  
preacher referred to several passages of  
Scripture, to all of which the lady seem-  
ed very attentive, but somewhat agita-  
ted. Burns, on perceiving this, wrote  
with a pencil, on the blank leaf of her  
Bible, the following lines:

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,  
Nor idle texts pursue;  
'Tis only sinners that he meant—  
Not angels such as you."

When Caesar was advised by his  
friends to be more cautious of the secu-  
rity of his person and not walk among  
the people without arms, or any one to  
defend him, he always replied to the ad-  
monitions, "He that lives in fear, of  
death, every moment feels its torture; I  
will die but once."

"I'm a gone-sucker," as the child  
said when his mother weaned him.

Extraordinary Hairgrowths.

Several phenomena of extraordinary  
hair-growths have occurred; which con-  
stitute strange exceptions to the gener-  
al experience of mankind. Instances of  
hair attaining a marvellous length are  
not infrequent; and it is said that it is  
by no means uncommon, among the Ma-  
lays, for the hair to touch the ground.  
But the phenomenon of a woman with a  
long beard is extremely rare. A woman  
is mentioned, by Eusebius Nigerimber-  
gius, who had a beard reaching below  
her middle. There was also a woman  
at Copenhagen, alluded to by Bartholin,  
who had a profuse beard. A bearded  
woman was a few years since exhibited  
in New-York.

It has long been believed, on the au-  
thority of certain historical statements,  
that the hair continues to grow after  
death. Thus, it is said that, when the  
sarcophagus which contained the head  
of Charles I. was lately opened, the hair  
was found to have attained a marvellous  
length. Wulfers speaks of a woman  
buried at Nuremberg, whose grave  
was entered after a lapse of forty-three  
years, when the hair of the deceased was  
observed streaming through the clefts of  
the coffin—which, I presume, were to  
infer, had become so crammed with  
post-mortem tresses that the subsequent  
accumulation was forced to accommo-  
date itself outside. A sufficient answer  
to these wild statements is afforded in  
the physiological fact that all vital ac-  
tion in the body necessarily ceases with  
life, and, therefore, the post-mortem  
growth of the hair, at least through the  
regular mode of production, must be  
considered as an impossibility.

Peter Massius relates that, at a place  
named "Holy Rock," upon the confines  
of Pisa, a girl was born completely  
covered with hair. The circumstance is  
attributed to the fact that her mother  
was in the habit of indulging in morbid  
ruminations on a picture of St. John the  
Baptist, in his hairy raiment, that hung  
at her bedside. In 1815, Raggiari, gave  
an account of a woman, aged twenty-  
seven, who, from shoulders to knees,  
was covered with soft, black, woolly  
hair, "like that of a poodle dog." In  
1829, a man was seen at Ava, by a mem-  
ber of an embassy to that region, who  
was covered with hair from head to foot.  
On his face, nose and ears it was eight  
inches long, and four or five inches on  
the shoulders and breast. Fry, the trav-  
eller, saw a Fakir who had hair on his  
breast measuring sixteen inches. Olive-  
r, a cotemporaneous French physician,  
speaks, in a recent paper, of a young la-  
dy with an exquisitely fair skin, and  
beautiful deep black hair, who, in the  
course of recovery from a fever, found  
the whole surface of her body in the pec-  
uliar state sometimes exhibited upon  
exposure to cold weather, being covered  
with what are commonly termed "goose  
pimples." These remained, and in the  
course of a few days, each became dark  
at the summit, and presently a little  
black hair appeared. In a month these  
hairs had grown so fast, she was entirely  
covered, excepting only her face, her  
palms, and the soles of her feet, with a  
coat of hairs an inch in length. We are  
told by Elbe that, during the reign of  
Maria Theresa, there was a female hus-  
sar in the army, possessing a strong  
moustache, who served several years,  
rising to the rank of Captain. In the  
last century, there lived a woman called  
the Bearded Virgin of Dresden, whose  
portrait has been preserved. Accord-  
ing to Michellis, her beard, which was  
three inches long, grew from each side  
of her chin, and was of snowy whiteness.  
At first, she cut it every month, then  
every fortnight, and, eventually twice in  
a week. Contrasting strongly with her  
white beard was a moustache of short  
black hair. It is said she had a vorac-  
ious appetite, a loud voice, and was a  
person of undoubted courage and bold-  
ness. A young woman of twenty-two,  
a native of Switzerland, applied at the  
Charing Cross Hospital, London, for a  
certificate of her sex, in order to satisfy  
the scruples of a clergyman before whom  
she had come to be married, who could  
not believe that whiskers and a beard  
four inches long were consistent with  
her representations. It seems that she  
was born with hair upon her face, and  
that at eight years it had attained a  
length of two inches. She stated that  
she had a brother, quite as remarkably  
for the absence of beard. She had no  
moustache. A sister, two years younger,  
possessed the same peculiarities. Sub-  
sequently to her marriage, she was ex-  
hibited in London, under the appellation  
of the "Hairy Prodigy." Dr. Gran, of  
Louisville, has made known the case of

a woman, aged seventy-eight, healthy,  
and the mother of a large family, whose  
face, at the sides, on the chin and lips,  
was covered, thickly, with coarse hair,  
which she was obliged to shave off as  
often as once in a week. She was very  
masculine in appearance; in fact, the  
long hair of her head was, apparently,  
her sole feminine characteristic.

A Few Plain Questions.—Which is  
the best citizen—the white man who  
staid at home during the rebellion, and  
gave his influence to "the South;" or  
the black man who went to the battle-  
field and gave his assistance to the gov-  
ernment?

Which is the most loyal—the white  
man who by words justified and abetted  
the rebellion; or the black man who by  
deeds aided in crushing it?

Which is the most worthy of belief, in  
a court of justice—the white man, who  
has violated all his oaths for purposes  
of treason; or the black man whose  
simple word alone, in behalf of the cause  
of the Union, has never been broken?

Which is the most deserving of our  
esteem and confidence—the white man  
who murdered by inches thousands of  
our brave soldiers in the vile pens at  
Andersonville, Milton, Salisbury, Belle  
Island, &c.; or the black man who aid-  
ed and piloted them in their escape  
from those vile pens?

Which is most entitled to the ballot  
—the white man, who has fought four  
years to destroy the government; or  
the black man who has fought, ever since  
we would permit him, to preserve it?

Which is most entitled to a voice in  
framing and administering our laws—the  
white traitor, Jefferson Davis, and the  
thousands of white men, equally as dis-  
loyal, who endeavored to build a South-  
ern Confederacy upon the ruins of the  
Union; or the loyal black man, Freder-  
ick Douglas, and the thousands of black  
men equally as loyal, who, with their  
money and their blood, did all they could  
to preserve that Union from destruction?

Which are most entitled to all the  
rights and privileges of citizenship—the  
white rebels whose bullets brought to  
death many of our fathers, brothers and  
loved ones; or the black loyalists whose  
bullets caused many of those white re-  
bels to bite the dust, and aided material-  
ly in restoring peace to the country?

These are questions so plain and di-  
rect that they need neither note nor  
comment; and the heart of every man  
who is loyal to the government and the  
old flag will respond to them with in-  
stinctive correctness.

THE GREAT CHINESE WALL.—A trav-  
eller in the East thus describes this  
vast work of human industry, which is  
said to have cost the country two hun-  
dred thousand lives from sheer physical  
exhaustion. The wall, which is built of  
stone and brick, is twenty feet high, and  
fifteen feet broad, surmounted by a  
double parapet, loop-holed on the north  
side. As far as the eye can follow the  
mountain, it winds over the precipitous  
black rock like a gigantic serpent crawl-  
ing along, with its breath poisoning all  
around; for turn where you will, nothing  
meets the view but the desolate,  
dreary track of rock, unrelieved by a  
blade of grass or tuft of moss, and high  
boulders strewing the pass of the moun-  
tain sides. It was the whim of a tyrant  
to build a wall where nature had built a  
bar far more effectual than any human  
art could construct. However there it  
remains, after a lapse of nearly two  
thousand years, a monument of the folly  
of one man and the patient industry and  
suffering of many thousands.

WINTER ADVICE.—When the weather  
becomes frosty, cut your cabbage off  
near the head, and carry them, with the  
green leaves on, to a dry cellar. Break  
off superfluous leaves, and pack into a  
tight cask or box, stems upward, and,  
when nearly full, cover with the leaves.  
Secure the barrel or box with a lid  
against rats.

All vegetables and fruits required for  
winter use, apples and potatoes especi-  
ally, are preserved best in barrels and  
boxes in a dry cellar, with light and air  
excluded, and the temperature as near  
to the freezing point as practicable with-  
out actually freezing.

A clergyman at the examination  
of the young scholars of his Sunday  
school, put the following question:  
"Why did the children of Israel set up a  
golden calf?" "Because they had not  
money enough to set up an ox," was the  
pupil's reply.

Woman is said to be a mere delu-  
sion; but it is pleasant sometimes to  
bug delusions.

Kissing.—The following, which we  
copy from one of our exchanges, shows  
that the editor fully understands the  
modus operandi.

"In kissing, ladies should see that  
these rules are strictly observed: The  
gentleman should be taller than the lady  
he intends to kiss. Take her, right  
hand, in yours, and draw her gently to  
you, pass your left hand over her right  
shoulder, diagonally down across her  
back, under her left arm; press her to  
your bosom; at the same time she will  
throw her head back, and you will have  
nothing to do but to lean a little for-  
ward and press your lips to hers; and  
then the thing is done. Don't make a  
noise over it, as if you were firing off  
shooting crackers, nor pounce down  
upon it like a hungry hawk upon an in-  
nocent dove; but gently fold the dam-  
sel in your arms, without smothering her  
standing collar or spoiling her curls, and  
by a sweet pressure on her mouth, reveal  
in the blissfulness of your situation, with-  
out smacking your lips on it as you  
would over a glass of lager-beer."

BIDDING INTO WOMANHOOD.—There is  
a touching beauty in the radiant look of  
a girl just crossing the limits of youth,  
commencing her journey through the  
checkered space of womanhood. It is  
all dew-sprinkle and morning-glory to  
her ardent buoyant spirit, as she presses  
forward exulting in blissful anticipations.  
But the withering heat of the conflict  
of life creeps on; the dewdrops exhale;  
the garlands of hope, scattered and  
dead, strew the path; and, too often,  
ere noontide, the quiet brow and sweet  
smile are exchanged for the weary look  
of one longing for the evening rest, the  
twilight, the night.

Nearly half a million (495,592)  
people in New York live in tenement  
houses and cellars. There is a story of  
an inspector who found four families  
living in one room, chalk lines being  
drawn across in such manner as to mark  
out a quarter of the floor for each fam-  
ily. "How do you get along here?"  
inquired the inspector. "Very well,  
sir," was the reply, "only the man in  
the farthest corner keeps boarders."

Wh n Madge was a very little  
girl, her father found her chubby hands,  
full of the blossoms of a beautiful  
rose, on which he had bestowed great  
care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I  
tell you not to pick one of these flowers  
without leave?" "Yes, papa," said  
Madge, innocently, "but all these had  
leave."

In one of our western towns they  
passed an ordinance forbidding taverns  
to sell liquors on the Sabbath to any  
person except travelers. The next  
Sunday every man in town was seen  
walking about with a portmanteau in  
one hand and a pair of saddle-bags in  
the other.

A young man at Niagara having  
been crossed in love, walked out to the  
precipice, gave one lingering look at  
the gulf beneath him, and then went  
home. His body was found the next  
morning in bed. A very sensible  
young man we think.

A fellow was kicked out of an  
editorial room the other day for im-  
pudently stating that in Germany he had  
seen a fiddle so large that it required  
two horses to draw the bow across the  
strings, which would continue to sound  
six weeks.

A "wild wood" preacher, in dis-  
cussing about Daniel in the lion's den,  
encouragingly says: "And there he  
sat, and sat all night long, and looked  
at the show for nothing. It didn't cost  
a cent."

It is proposed to light the streets  
of a village not a thousand miles from  
this place with red-headed girls. If we  
lived there, says an exchange, we'd play  
tipsy every night, and hug the lamp  
posts.

An editor says that a friend of  
his carries his sense of honor so far as  
to spend all his time in perfect idleness  
because he does not like even to take  
advantage of time.

There is a man out west whose  
memory is so short it only reaches to  
his knees, consequently he never pays  
for his boots.

The faces of soldiers coming out  
of an engagement, and those of a young  
woman going into one are powdered.

He is not thoroughly wise who  
can't play the fool on occasion.

SHOE-MAKING MACHINERY.—The shoe  
business is in a most thriving condition.  
The war reduced a large part of the  
country to bare feet, and as the exist-  
ing shoe factories had during the war  
only been able to supply the loyal States,  
the extension of their market makes  
them very busy. Wonderful progress  
has been made in the shoe business with-  
in a few years. A machine is had for  
everything, and girls to tend machines,  
and men to finish when the machines  
stop. There is a machine to roll the  
leather, which was formerly hammered;  
a machine to split the leather, which  
was done slowly by hand in other times;  
a machine to form the soles, which form-  
erly were cut to patterns by hand; a  
machine to skive the stuffings, which is  
now done at a rapid rate; a machine to  
cut the soles, which in olden times  
was done with the knife and rimmed  
out with an iron; machines to stitch  
the upper leathers or cloths, and bind  
the edges; and finally, a more impor-  
tant machine that sews the upper to the  
sole; and then there are machines for  
putting on the heels and forming them.  
By these means, from five to ten times  
the work can be done by a given number  
of hands that could have been accom-  
plished twenty years ago under the old  
system, and we are assured it is done  
quite as well or better than then.

LOWEVVV.—Galen, one of the most  
distinguished physicians among the an-  
cients, lived very sparingly after the  
age of twenty-eight, and died in his hun-  
dred and fortieth year. Ketchum, who  
never tasted spirit or wine, and worked  
hard all his life, reached a hundred and  
eighty-five years. Jenkins, a poor York-  
shire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest  
diet, was one hundred and sixty-nine  
years old when he died. Old Parr lived  
to a hundred and ninety-three; his diet  
being milk, cheese, whey, small beer,  
and coarse bread. The favorite diet of  
Henry Francisco, who lived to one hun-  
dred and forty, was tea, bread, and but-  
ter, and baked apples. Ephraim Pratt,  
of Shutesbury, Massachusetts, who died  
aged one hundred and seventeen, lived  
chiefly on milk; and even that in small  
quantity; his son Michael, by similar  
means, lived to be a hundred and three  
years old. Father Cull, a Methodist  
clergyman, died last year at the age of  
one hundred and five, the main diet of  
his life having been salted swine's flesh  
(bacon) and bread made of Indian meal.  
From these statements, nine general  
readers out of ten will jump to the con-  
clusion that milk is "healthy," as are  
baked apples and bacon. These conclu-  
sions do not legitimately follow. The  
only inference that can be safely drawn  
is from the only fact running through  
all these cases—that plain food and a  
life of steady labor tend to a great age.

Hall's Journal of Health.

Sir Isaac Newton's nephew was a  
clergyman, and, it is said, whenever he  
performed the marriage ceremony for a  
couple he always refused the fee, saying  
"Go your ways, poor wretches, I have  
done you mischief enough already."—  
Was he, or was not, a subject for the  
lunatic asylum?

The friends of a celebrated wit  
expressed some surprise that, with his  
age and fondness for the bottle, he  
should have thought it necessary to mar-  
ry. "A wife was necessary," he said;  
"my acquaintances began to say that I  
drank too much for a single man."

Upon the reading of the Declara-  
tion of Independence at Ypsilanti, Mich-  
igan, by a citizen of that place, a gen-  
tleman from the rural districts made  
this comment:—"O, he read it well  
enough; but darned if I believe he wrote  
it."

"You have been sorely tried,"  
said a sympathizing friend to Joe Crow-  
der, weeping over the coffin of his third  
wife. "Yes," responded the bereaved  
one, "I have always had the dreadfulest  
luck with women."

"What is the difference between  
occupation and business?" It is thus  
expounded by Lord Palmerston:—"The  
French are in occupation of Rome, but  
they have no business there."

The horse is not an affectionate  
animal; he don't seem to care about his  
master much. We have seen one attach-  
ed to a wagon though.

When does a lady drink music?  
When she takes her piano for to tea.  
Did you ever?

Why is B an industrious letter  
Ans.—Because it makes rubes into  
brushes.