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BY
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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OUR ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we,
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream,
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below! how brief and poor and sad!
One heavy sigh.
O life above! how long, how fair and glad!
An endless joy.
Oh! to be done with daily dying here;
Oh! to begin the living in yon sphere!

O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth,
How dull your hue!
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth,
Made fair and new!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!

—*Dr. Bonar.*

A NEW WAY TO DETECT A THIEF.

The father, of Mr. Webster, the great American statesman, was a humorous and jocose personage. As he was once journeying in Massachusetts, not far from his native town, he stopped late one night at an inn in the village of——. In the bar-room were about twenty persons, who called out for him to discover a thief. One of the company, it appeared, had a watch taken from his pocket a few minutes before, and he knew the offender must be in the room with them.

"Come, Mr. Almanac-maker, you know the signs of the times—the hidden things of the seasons—come, tell us who is the thief?"

"Fasten all the doors of the room—let no one leave it," said Mr. Webster; "and here, landlord, go and bring your wife's great brass kettle."

"Wh—ew? Want to know—my stars! my wife's whe—ew!" quoth Boniface.

"Why, you wouldn't be more stuck up if I told you to go to pot?"

Boniface did as commanded. The great brass kettle was placed in the middle of the floor, bottom up—as black, and sooty and smoky as the chimney back.

"You don't want no hot water nor nothing to take off the bristles off,no critter, do you; squire?" said the landland—the preparations looking too much like hog-killing; "the ould 'ooman's gone to bed and the well's dry."

"Now, go to your barn and bring me the biggest cockerill you've got."

"Whew!—you won't bile him, will you?—He's a tough one. I can swear he didn't steal the watch. The old rooster knows when it is time to crow without looking at the watch.

"Go along, or I won't detect the thief."

Boniface went to the barn, and soon returned with a tremendous great rooster, cackling all the way like mad.

The old rooster was thrown under the inverted kettle, and the lamp blown out.

"Now, gentlemen, I don't suppose the thief is in here, but if he is, the rooster will crow when the offender touches the bottom of the kettle with his hands. Walk around in a circle, and the cock will make known the watch stealer. The innocent need not be afraid, you know."

The company then, to humor him and to carry out the joke, walked around the kettle a few minutes.

"All done gentlemen?"

"All done," was the cry—"where's your crowing—we heard no cock-adoo-dle-doo."

"Bring us a light."

A light was brought as ordered.

"Now hold up your hands, good folks."

One held up his hand after another—they were of course black, from coming in contact with the soot of the kettle.

"All up!"

"All up," was the response.

"All black?"

"A—ll—don't know; here's one fellow who hasn't held up his hands."

"Ha, ha, my old boy! let's take a peep at your paws!"

They were examined, and were not black like those of the rest of the company.

"You'll find your watch concealed about him—search him?"

And so it proved. This fellow, not being aware any more than the rest, of the trap that was set for the discovery of the thief, had kept aloof from the kettle, lest when he touched it, the crowing of the rooster should proclaim him as the thief. As the hands of all the others were blackened, the whiteness of his own, of course, showed that he dare not touch the old brass kettle, and that he was the thief.

He was soon lodged in proper custody preparatory to being sent to jail.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—Under the new law, which goes into operation July 1, the postage on weekly newspapers weighing not more than four ounces is five cents quarterly; those published twice a week, ten cents; three times fifteen cents; six times, thirty cents; seven times, thirty five cents, to be prepaid for not less than three months nor more than a year at the office of reception or delivery. Publishers of weekly newspapers may send within their county free. On magazines issued less frequently than once a week, one cent for four ounces to regular subscribers.

Habits of the Shad.

The habits of our fish have been very little attended to in this country. Our sientific men, it is true, have been very precise in their ponderous nomenclature; they have described our fishes even to shape of a scale, or the number of thorns in the dorsal fin, but they have not condecended to note their habits, their food, their length of life, with all such particulars as would interest common readers and be of use to mankind.

No fish is more valued or more valuable than the shad; yet but few of its habits of life are known. The books are silent, and angling gives no information. It was for a long time a commonly received opinion, that the shad spent the Winter in the Gulf of Mexico, and then in the Spring advanced and the snow ceased running, came along the coast and entered the rivers in succession. If this were true, there would be no uniformity, year after year, in the run of shad in each river. The very distinct varieties would all become intermingled. But each river has its own varitety. Those of Connecticut river have long been known as possessing superior size and flavor. The variety that seeks the Hudson as a sweeping ground is easily distinguished from ours. The fact of the distinctness of the varieties in each river tends to the belief that shad go on further than the mouth of the stream in which they are hatched.

The habits of the shad are unlike those of other fish. As soon as the snow-water has ceased running, they press up the river as far as they can reach, in order to deposit their spawn. In following this instinct, they never stop for refreshment or food. Who ever found anything in the maw or stomach of a shad that would indicate the nature of its food? Who ever knew them to bite a baited hook? They do not feed from the time they enter the stream until they sink down thin and exhausted, into deep places at the mouth. For this purpose of nature, the shad has been preparing itself during the quiet luxuries of a Winter, and has become fattened for the use of man, or, if it escapes his net, for the production of its speceies. The shad lives but a single year. It is hatched in the early Summer; decends the streams as soon as large enough; feeds and fattens in the Winter at the mouth of the stream; ascends in the Spring to deposit its spawns; and decends to die at the bottom of the ocean. This fact accounts for the uniformity in the size of the fish. A Connecticut river shad seldom goes beyond seven pounds and the variation in size is comparatively slight. The bass, on the other hand, which is known to live many years, varies from half a pound in weight to fifty even in our river. It has a long time to grow, and show a much greater diversity of size. These considerations have led to the conclusion, that one year was the duration of a shad's life. What was only a matter of conjecture and inference, has only lately provided by artificial fish-breeders.—Somewhere in the State of New York, one of these raisers of fish from spawn, which he fed in early life with crumoled crackers strewn upon the pond where they are kept, has proved their short hold on existence. He raised them for the purpose of supplying the very large fish he had in his tanks and ponds with food. As the science of breeding fish is more known, the habits of the different species will be more easily described.—*Hartford Courant.*

A Frightened Contraband.

A letter received from an army correspondent on the Rappahannock relates the following camp incident:

An amusing incident occurred in camp a night or two since. A portly young contraband, from Charleston, S. C., who escaped from his rebel master at Antietam, and was for a while quartered subsequently in Washington, was engaged by one of our junior staff officers, as his body servant, and brought down here to his quarters to attend him. It chanced that the officer had served his country gallantly at Sharpsburg, where he lost a leg, below the knee, the absence of which had been made up by an artificial limb, which the captain wore with so easy a grace that few persons who met him suspected his misfortune—his sable attendant being among the blessful ignorant as to the existance of the fact.

The captain had been "out to dine," and returned in excited spirits to his tent. Upon retiring, he called his darkey servant to assist him in pulling off his riding-boots.

"Now Jimmy, look sharp," said the captain. "I'm a little—ic—flimsy, t'night. Look sharp, an'—ic—pull steady."

"Ise allers keerful, cap'n says Jimmy, drawing off one long wet boot, with considerable difficulty, and standing it aside.

"Now mind your eye—Jim! The other—ic—is a little tight," and black Jimmy chuckled and showed his shining ivory as he reflected, perhaps, that his master was quite as "tight as deemed his boots to be.

"Easy, now—that's it. Pull away!" continued the captain, good-naturedly, and enjoying the prospective joke, while he loosened the straps about his waist which held his cork leg up—"*now* yov'e got it! Yip—there you are! Oh, lord, oh, lord! oh, *lord!*" screamed the captain, as contraband, corkleg, riding-boot, and ligatures tumbled across the tent, in a heap, and the one-legged officer fell back on his pallet, convulsed with spasmodic laughter. At this moment the door opened, and a lieutenant entered.

'G'way fum me—g'way fum me—lem-me be! Lemme be! I ain't done nuffin," yelled the contraband, lustily, and rushing to the door, *supposing that he had pulled his master's leg clean off.* "Lemmy go! I din't do nuffin—g'awy! g'way!" And Jimmy put for the woods in his desperation, since which he hasn't been seen or heard from, though his captain has diligently sought for him far and near. Jimmy was a good servant, but we never before were treated to a sight of a thoroughly frightend contraband. There is little doubt the darkey is running yet.—*Boston Transcript.*

MODERN DISCOVERIES.

Bayard Taylor, the celebrated traveler, thus sums up the result of modern discoveries:—"Within the last twenty-five years all the principal features of geography of our own vast interior regions have accurately determined; the great fields of Central Asia have been travelled in various directions from Bokhara Oxus to the Chinese wall; the half known river systems of South America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the Southern pole, has been discovered; the Northwest Passage—the *ignis fatuus* of nearly two centuries has been at last found; the Dead Sea is stripped of its fabulous terrors; the source of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from its keeping; the Mountains of the moon, sought for 2,000 years, have been behind by a Caucasian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chadda to the frontiers of Bordeo; Ceichard and Stuart have penetrated the Wilderness of Australia; the Russians have descended from Irkoutsk to the mouth of the Amoor; the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked and are fast tumbling down and the canvass screens that surround Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise. Such is the principal results of modern exploration. What a quarter of a century, since the form of the earth and the boundaries of its land and water were known, can exhibit such a list of achievements?"

THE FIRST SHOT IN THE REVOLUTION.

The first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington, was Ebenezer Lock, who died at Deering, New Hampshire, about fifty years ago. He resided at Lexington in 1775. The British regulars, at the order of Major Pitcarn, having fired at a few "rebels" on the green in front of the meeting-house, killed some and wounded others, it was a signal for war. "The citizens," writes one, "might be seen coming from all directions, in the roads, over helds, and through the woods, each with his rifle in his hand, his powder-horn hung by his side, and his pockets provided with bullets." Among the number was Ebenezer Lock. The British had posted a reserve of infantry in the rear, in the direction of Boston.—This was in the neighborhood of Mr. Lock, who, instead of hastening to join the party at the green, placed himself in an open cellar at a convenient distance for doing execution. A portion of the reserve was standing on a bridge, and Mr. Lock commenced firing at them. There was no other American in sight. He worked valiantly for some minutes, bringing down one of the enemy at nearly every shot. Up to this time not a gun had been fired elsewhere by the "rebels." The British, greatly disturbed at losing so many men by random firing of an unseen enemy, were not long in discovering the man in the cellar, and discharged a volley of balls, which lodged on the wall opposite. Mr. Lock, remaining unhurt, continued to load and fire with the precision of a finished marksman. He was driven to such close quarters, however, by the British on the right and left, that he was compelled to retreat. He had just one bullet left, and there was now but one way to escape, and that was through an orchard, and not one moment was to be lost; he levelled his gun at the man near by, dropped the weapon, and the man was shot through the heart. The bullets whistled about him. Lock reached the brink of a steep hill, and throwing himself upon the ground, tumbled downwards, rolling as if mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war he moved to New Hampshire,—where he resided till his death, twenty years after. He lived in seclusion and died in peace.

HUMMING-BIRDS ARE HEROES.

A writer on the subject says: "It is a most pugnacious bird. Many time have I thought to secure a fine male, which I had, perhaps, been following from tree to tree, and at last seen quietly perched on a leafless twig, when my deadly attention has been anticipated by one less so in fact, but, to all appearances, equally so in will. Another humming-bire rushes in, knocks the one I court off his perch, and the two go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye. Another time this flying fight is sustained in midair, the belligerents higher and higher, till the one worsted in battle darts away seeking shelter, followed by the victory, who never relinquishes the pursuit till the vanquished, by doubling and hiding, succeeds in making his escape.—These fierce raids are not waged alone between members of the same species. The exquisite frill-necked coquetts and royal blue myrtle-suckers are greatly addicted to fighting. The pugnacity of this species is very remarkable. It is very seldom that two males meet without an aerial battle. The contest commences with a sharp choleric shriek; after which, with dilated throats, the feathers of the whole of thier bodies erected on end, and their tails, and the least powerful soon falls to the ground or flies away. I have never known one of these battles to last longer than about ten seconds; and in the specimens I have had under my notice in cages their fighting has mostly end in the spliting of the tongue of one of the two, which then surely dies from being unable to feed.

NEW INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP.—The new internal stamp invented by Commissioner Lewis, and probably to be adopted in place of them now in use, will have a border around the vignette, on which are to be printed, at the top, figures representing three or four years, '63, '64, '65, and on the sides and bottom the names of the months, and figures for the days, from 1 to 30. The method of cancellation will be to cut out with a knife before affixing a stamp, the whole border, except the letters and figures representing the date at which the instrument is issued.—This will, of course, render the use of a stamp twice impossible. Stamps of a similar character have been suggested for postage. The frauds upon the Treasury, under the present system of revenue stamps, are very great, amounting, according to one computation, to $200,000 in New York city alone.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—What a noisy creature man would be were his voice in proportion to his weight, as that of the locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling sized man would weigh down not short of four thousand of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren could not out weigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighed as much as sixteen thousands of our locusts, and that the note of a locust, can be heard the sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limbs ought to be able to make himself heard at distance of one thousand miles.

SOUTHERN EXTRACTS.

The following extracts from Southern papers, though giving no news of importance, are of interest as helping to an inside view of affairs in the Rebel Confederacy:

The Tax Question in Rebeldom-Consternation in Richmond.

[From John R. Thompson's correspondence of the Jackson, Mississippi Appeal.]

[Special Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

RICHMOND, March 30, 1863.

The tax bill, as published in the Examiner of this morning, carries consternation to the whole merchantile community. Half the merchants and manufacturers talk of discontinuing their business. Were the direct Confederate tax all they had to pay, they might bear up under the burden, but the State tax is yet more oppreesive, and when the city tax is added, the camel's back, in many instances, must break, and no hope for profitable within the last few months that everybody was turning auctioneer, and many new houses have been started weekly. When this class of persons are called upon to pay, in addition to their licenses, two and a half per cent. upon the gross amount of their sales, the number of sellers will most probably dwindle considerably. The retailers of spirituous liquors are mulcted in a license of one hundred dollars, and required to hand over five per cent. of their gross amount of sales, a fact in which we might rejoice if it were at all likely to diminish the traffic of the bar-rooms, but these people can pay any thing.

Of theatres, there are so few in the Confederacy that the very high levy upon them is not likely to bring in a large revenue, otherwise five per cent. on all receipts, with $500 license, would be a very important thing for Mr. Memminger. The receipts of the new theatre in this city are hardly less than twelve hundred dollars nightly—here is a matter of three hundred and sixty dollars a week—so that if there were many such places of entertainment, their combined contributions would go far to pay the expenses of one of our armies in the field. But the most onerous burden of all in the tax bill is that imposed upon the bankers, who must pay five hundred dollars license and twenty per cent. upon their gross profits, nearly one-third of all they make in the prosecusion of their banking operations. If this does not drive the money-changers out of the capital, then these gentlemen must be exceedingly patrotic, or making fortunes monthly by the sale of gold and silver and the dealings of the stock exchange. It is a thousand pities the tax bill could not reach the unlicensed bankers whose financial labors are conducted by gas-light in secret apartments, with bits of ivory and the ordinary playing cards. One per cent. upon the gross receipts of two or three establishments in Richmond would enable Mr. Mallory to buy half a dozen first-class iron-clad English steam frigates for the navy. It is true that the tax bill has not as yet passed the Senate, but it will hardly be modified there by any lightening of the burdens imposed in the House, and our people had best make up their minds at once to meet them with cheerfulness.

Strange Doctrines in the Confederate Congress.

[Special Correspondence of the Daily Chattanooga Rebel.]

RICHMOND, VA., March 30th, 1863.

Aside from numerous measures relating to the army, currency, &c., the significant bill of the session is one organizing the Supreme Court of the Confederate States—significant, as it is the most distinct and permanent enunctation of the individuality of the separate States that have established a general agency known as the Confederate Government, yet uttered by Congress, or rather to be uttered, for the bill has only passed the Senate, and awaits the action of the House. The bill, as it passed the Senate (a few days since), recognizes the judiciary or the respective States as the ultimate resort for all actions within their limits, except those which relate to the General Agency in its connection with foreign Governments. The measure was debated at great length on both sides. On the one it was contended that the restrictive feature of the bill would bring the Courts of the States in conflict with each other, and with the General Government, and the latter would be unable to enforce its legislation; and, on the other, it was urged that the consent of the States alone within their respective limits, gave vitality and validity to the laws of Congress, unless backed by force (which was not to be thought of,) and that their consent found expression through the State judiciary, which should determine questions between the State and the Confederacy, just as the corresponding branch of the General Government decided questions relating to the Confederacy and the rest of the world.

Some twenty-five or thirty speeches were made during the debate, but they have not been published—scarcely glanced at by the Richmond press. Very strange political doctrines were elicited during the discussion, very remarkable conceptions of the nature of the Governmental structure of these States were delivered. *Among them, this one, by a distinguished Senator: No State has a right to secede, and if one seceded hereafter, he was in favor of forcing her back with the bayonet*—or words to that effect. Truly a notable sentence. On the ears of the weather-beaten and war-worn soldiers who dropped in the lobby, on their return to camps, it must have sounded with a perplexing dissonance; since they had thought proper at one time to stake their fortunes, nay, their lives, on an abstract principle, the preservation of which they innocently believed was worth the venture.

Rosecrans' Army the Backbone of the Anaconda.

[From the Chattanooga Rebel, April 2.]

Rosecrans' army in Middle Tennessee constitutes the backbone of the subjugating anaconda of the North. If that army were crushed, scattered and driven back upon the Ohio, peace would follow in thirty days. With a reinforcement of twenty thousand men Bragg could crush scatter and drive back that army. The defeat of Rosecrans would tend more to discomfit the enemy than any other event of the war. With twenty thousand more men he could be signally defeated. The war may as well be settled now as at any other time—for it must end some day.

High Life in Richmond—Fat Feeding on the Public Square.

[From the Richmond Examiner.]

LUNCHING AT THE CAPITOL.—We reckon the tables spread daily around the statue of Washington, into the enclosure of which beef and chicken bones are thrown, are the most democratic set in the Confederacy. But while the table is most democratic, the prices are most aristocratic. Here a fip piece of poor, collapsed pie costs twenty-five cents; a cup of coffee, Confederate in ingredients and first principles, one dollar, and four little ginger cakes, with a scanty allowance of ginger and molasses, thirty cents.—But here can be seen, while the Legislative bodies are in session, ranged in a row, side by side, the burly Congressmen and the grave Senator, the dirty lobby member and the lazy rotunda lounger and newsboys, sipping their coffee and breaking their cracker in perfect harmony, in the lull of interesting debate in the chambers. Verily the presiding officers of the bodies occasionally call a *pro tem.* to the chair, and descend to the undignified pastime of munching pies and cakes, and sipping coffee in the rotunda.

The deities presiding over the tables are a trio of good-looking mulatto women, and their average receipts are from seventy dollars to one hundred and upward per day. We presume the privilege by which they hold seats and stands in the rotunda is based on convenience, or it may be, like some of the members in the chambers above and below, they could establish no right to them at all, if called upon.

An Appeal to Peace Democrats.

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

Those weak-minded Confederates who were some time ago eargerly looking to the symptoms of discontent and "Peace Democracy" at the Northwest must be somewhat mortified at present. What has become of our Northwestern friends and sympathizers? Why comes no word of cheer from Vallandigham? Is Richardson gone dumb? Has the house of Cox hung her harp upon the buckeyes? Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Scarcity of Paper.

The Augusta Constitutionalist, of Saturday April 4, appears on a half sheet. The editor says:

"The destruction of the Bath Paper Mills, from which we derive our supplies of printing-paper, may entail on us the necessity of suspending the issue of the Constitutionalist. At this time it seems impossible to obtain paper from any other source. All the paper-mills of the Confederacy are now monopolized to their fullest capacity by press engagments. Under these circumstances, we prefer not to receive any more subscriptions. We request all persons contemplating remitances, by mail or express, to withhold them—at least, until we can announce definitely whether we will be able to continue the issue of this paper. Should we be compelled to suspend, we will resume our publication as soon thereafter as practicable.—It is wholly impossible, however, to make any calculation as to when that can be.

"These remarks apply equally to the publication of the Southern Field and Fireside."

Advice on Sundry Subjects.

Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuble than that which you first intended to appropriate.

Never put salt into your soup before you have tasted it. We have known gentlemen very much enraged by doing so.

Never burn your fingers if you can help it. People burn their fingers every day when they might have escaped if they had been careful.

Don't put your feet upon the table. True, the members of Congress do so, but you are not a member of Congress.

If you form one of a large mixed company, and a diffident stranger enters the room and takes a seat among you, say something to him, for Heaven's sake, even although it be only "Fine evening, sir." Do not let him set bold upright, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of bashfulness, without any relief.—Ask how he has been; tell him you know his friend so and so—anything that will do to break the icy stiffness in which very decent fellows are sometimes frozen on their *debut* before a new circle.

USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

REMEDY FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.—The best application for burns and scalds, as we know from personal experience, is a preparation of of olive oil and pulverized lime, mixed to the consistancy of a salve, spread smoothly upon a fine cloth and laid upon the burnt or scalded part. The relief to the suffeter in all cases, however severe, is almost instantaneously effectual.

GOOD COFFEE.—One-half the usual quantity of coffee and one-half carrots. Slice the carrots dry, and brown like coffee. Put the carrots into the coffee-pot with a little cold water then add the coffee, and when warm put in more water, and as soon as it boils it is ready for use. Do not grind the carrots. We have used carrots ten years, and prefer this beverage to clear coffee.—*Germantown Telagraph.*

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg, three tabelespoonsful of melted butter. The soda may be replaced by a half teaspoonful of saleratus. Bake half an hour. Eat with sause.

SPONG CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, four eggs. Beat the yolks and sugar together—whites separately—and pour into the other. It must be made quickly.

ROLLS.—One quart of sifted flour.—Pour into the middle of it one pint of warm milk, with a lump of butter as large as half an egg melted in it. Salt. Four spoonfuls of yeast. Set the sponge at about seven in the evening; make it up at about ten, adding as little flour as possible. Set it to rise until morning, then make it very lightly into round or long rolls.—Let them raise until time to bake for breakfast. They requires about an hour to rise, and half an hour to bake.

COUNTERFEIT POSTAL CURRENCY.—The counterfeit 50 cents postal notes are distinguished from the genuine by having but two curved lines on each side of the figures 50 and below the words "or designated U. S. depository," while the genuine have three.

The Editor of the Nashville Union says the *dearest* spot on earth is home, for wood $40 per cord and other things in propotion.

Why are jokes like nuts? Because the drier they are the better they crack.

☞For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers generally throughout the United States.
☞For sale by L. H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers' prices. [July 21 1860-1y