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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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Of extraordinary efficacy for Costiveness, Indigestion, Nervous and Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, General Debility, Liver Complaint, Chills, Fevers, &c. Not griping. Gentle, mild and soothing—cleanses the system of impurities, and builds up constitutions broken by the use of Tobacco, Liquors, &c.

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The children cry for it—its a "Soothing Syrup." For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Singers, Speakers, and all troubled with Throat Complaints, will find this a beneficial Pectoral Remedy.

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Renders the skin clear, smooth and soft. Removes Tan, Freckles, &c.—Ladies of taste and elegance in New York are now using it altogether, to the exclusion of everything else. Try one bottle and see its wonderful quality.

Beware! of all worthless Imitations. None genuine without "Costar's" signature 25c. and 50c. sizes kept by all Druggists. $1.00 sizes sent by mail on receipt of price. $2.00 pays for any three $1.00 sizes by express. $5.00 pays for eight $1.00 sizes by express.
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Sold by LEVIN H. CAMPBELL, Easton, Md., and by all Wholesale Druggists in Baltimore, Md. (feb 1-6m

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

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

1825.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

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

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

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

Hoofland's German Bitters

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

Hoofland's German Tonic

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

DEBILITY.

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

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

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

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

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.
I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or 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, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,*
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

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

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

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

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

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

At the German Medicine Store,
No. 631 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. Jackson & Co.
These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.
aug 29-1y

Woman's Work.

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces,
To keep them fresh and sweet.
Hearing Bible lessons,
Teaching catechism,
Praying for salvation,
From heresy and schism.
Woman's work!

Sewing on the buttons,
Overseeing rations,
Soothing with a kind word
Others lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
Coaxing sullen cooks,
Entertaining company
And reading recent books,
Woman's work!

Burying out of sight
Her own unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts,
Binding up the wounded,
Healing of the sick,
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick,
Woman's work!

Leading little children
And blessing manhood's years,
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers,
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path!
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath,
Woman's work!

Letting fall her own tears
Where only God can see,
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience,
Teaching by example,
Yearning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample,
Woman's work!

At last cometh silence—
A day of deep repose;
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose,
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek,
A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek.

The hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The cold lips know no smile,
The noble heart no thrill,
Her pillows need no smoothing,
She craveth for no care—
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.

A grove in the valley,
Tears, bitter sobs, regret,
Another lesson taught,
That life may not forget,
A face forever hidden,
A race forever run;
"Dust to dust" the preacher saith,
And woman's work is done.

TREED BY A TIGER.

The following thrilling account of an adventure with a South American tiger is taken from Col. Sarmiento's "Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of Tyrants," recently published:

Between the cities of San Luis and San Juan lies an extensive desert, called the Travesia, a word which signifies "want of water." The aspect of that waste is most gloomy and unpromising, and the traveler coming from the east does not fail to provide his *chifles* with a sufficient quantity of water at the last cistern which he passes as he approaches it. This Travesia once witnessed the following strange scene. The consequence of some of the encounters with knives so common among our gauchos had driven one of them in haste from the city of San Luis, and forced him to escape to the Travesia on foot, and with his riding gear on his shoulder, in order to avoid the pursuit of the law.—Two comrades were to join him as soon as they could steal horses for three.

Hunger and thirst was not the only danger which at that time awaited him in the desert.—A tiger that had already tasted human flesh had been following the track of those who had crossed it for a year, and more than eight persons had already been the victims of this preference.

In these regions, where men must contend with this animal for dominion over Nature, the former sometimes falls a victim, upon which the tiger begins to acquire a preference for the taste of human flesh, and when it has once devoted itself to this novel form of chase—pursuit of mankind—it gets the name of 'man eater.' The provincial justice nearest the scene of his depredations calls out the huntsmen of his district, who join, under his authority and guidance, in the pursuit of the beast, which seldom escapes the consequences of his outlawry.

When our fugitive had proceeded six leagues he thought he heard the distant roar of the animal, and a shudder ran through him. The roar of the tiger resembles the screech of the hog, but is prolonged, sharp and piercing, and even when there is no occasion for fear, causes an involuntary tremor of the nerves, as if the flesh shuddered consciously at the menance of death.

The roaring was heard clearer and nearer.—The tiger was already upon the trail of the man, who saw no refuge but a small carob-tree at a great distance. He had to quicken his pace, and finally ran, for the roars behind him began to follow each other more rapidly, and each was clearer and more ringing than the last. At length, flinging his riding gear to one side of the path, the gaucho turned to the tree which he had noticed, and, in spite of the weakness of the trunk, happily a tall one, he succeeded in climbing to the top, and keeping himself half concealed among its boughs, which oscillated violently. Thence he could see the swift approach of the tiger, sniffing the soil and roaring more frequently in proportion to the increasing nearness of his prey. Passing beyond the spot where our traveler had left the path, it lost the track, and becoming enraged, rapidly circled about until it discovered the riding gear, which it dashed to fragments by a single blow. Still more furious from this failure, it resumed its search for the trail, and at last found out the direction in which it led. It soon discerned its prey, under whose weight the slight tree was swaying like a reed upon which a bird has alighted.—The tiger now sprang forward, and in the twinkling of an eye its monstrous forepaws were resting on the slender trunk two yards from the ground, and were imparting to the tree a convulsive trembling calaulated to act upon the nerves of the gaucho, whose position was far from secure. The beast exerted its strength in an ineffectual leap; it circled around the tree, measuring the elevation with eyes reddened by the thirst of blood, and at length, roaring with rage, it crouched down, beating the ground frantically with its tail, its eyes fixed on its prey, its parched mouth half open.

This horrible scene lasted for nearly two mortal hours. The gaucho's constrained attitude, and the fearful fascination exercised over him by the fixed and bloodthirsty stare of the tiger, which irresistibly attracted and retained his glances, had begun to diminish his strength, and he already perceived that the moment was at hand when his exhausted body must fall into the capacious mouth of his pursuer. But at this moment the distant sound of the feet of horses on a rapid gallop gave him hope of rescue. His friends had seen the tiger's footprints, and were hastening on, though without hope of saving him. The scattered fragments of the saddle directed them to the scene of action and it was the work of a moment for them to reach it, to uncoil their lassoes, and fling them over the tiger, now blinded with rage. The beast drawn in opposite directions by the two lassoes, could not evade the swift stabs by which its destined victim took revenge for his prolonged torments. "On that occasion I knew what it was to be afraid," was the expression of Don Juan Facundo Quiroga, as he related this incident to a group of officers.

Egyptian Ladies Indoors.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the customs of orientals is the singular notions entertained as to the social relations of women.—The dominion of the opposite sex is an institution entirely Western. In the east a woman is looked upon as the slave of her lord, born only to his bidding, unworthy of his confidence and unfit for honorable association. The eye of the traveler, upon arriving in Egypt and circulating among its singular people is first struck by the veiled faces of the women. Their dress upon the whole is a model of inconvenience, but exemplifies at a glance the jealous subordination and seclusion in which the females are kept. A pair of neat feet encased in yellow or red leather over-boots, the lower portion of black or blue silk, balloon shaped pants and a pair of sparkling oftimes bewitching black eyes peering from beneath a white veil and black scarf, are all that escape concealment. The veil which extends to the knees, is an evidence of chastity, white indicating respectability. The poorer classes of women wear them of coarse blue cotton cloth. To see an Egyptian woman in public without a veil is considered indecent, and she is not secured in the least against rude remarks and jeers of the crowd. The higher the social standing of her lord, the greater the seclusion exacted from the woman. Frequently in the evening gilded coaches of the rich, with closed curtains, may be seen driving along the bazaars, or in a more humble attitude, a woman, or rather bundle of silk, mounted astride a highly caparisoned donkey, followed by a neatly dressed donkey-boy. In contrast with the rigid restrictions placed upon women in public, in the establishments of the rich great taste is displayed and no little expense incurred to make their imprisonment attractive and luxurious.—From without the buildings present no regularity of design, and are enclosed within a blank wall completely excluding the rude gaze of outsiders. All that can be seen are a series of dormer windows, opening toward the wind for ventilation, balconies and bay windows, some beautifully arched with stone or wood chiseled in the most chaste form of Saracenic designs, and in the absence of glass, both balconies and windows filled with very fine trellis-work, which completely obstructs the piercing curiosity of a stranger. Within the walls and courts, however, art has often done her best efforts. Fountains and innumerable alabaster and plaster vases, filled with fragrant and blooming flowers, niches beautifully worked cornices, baths, paved floors, frescoed and even gilt ceilings, cabinets worked in arabesques, and divans for indolent repose. Surrounded by these pleasures of the senses, women of the better class passes her useless existence to gratify the passions and dissipate the *ennui* of her lord and master. Wealth, to an Oriental, seems to have no other value than as a medium for the indulgence of indolence.—While one man revels in unbounded affluence, thousands struggle beneath the scourge of filth, rags, and poverty and hopeless oppression.—The markets of Constantinople, with their Circassian and Georgian beauties, born and reared amid the romantic wilds of the mountains of their native land, mostly supply the demands of the Egyptian trade.

Goughs Apostrophe to Cold Water.

The celebrated apostrophe to water given in one of John B. Gough's temperance lectures is a gem. It is said to have originated with a Texas Baptist minister. It is somewhat modified as used by Mr. Gough. Pouring a goblet of water and advancing towards his audience, and lifting it above his head, he said:

"Look at that, ye thirsty ones of earth!—Behold it! Behold its purity! How it glitters, as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a beverage that was brewed by the hand of the Almighty himself! Not in simmering still or smoking fires, choked with poisonous gasses and surrounded by the stenches of sickening odors and rank corruption does our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the deer wanders and the child loves to play; there God brews it; and down in the deep valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the storm clouds broods and the thunders crash; and away far out on the wide sea where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roll the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it—that beverage of life—health giving water—and everywhere it is a thing of beauty; glimmer in the dew drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice gem—till the trees all seemed turned into living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun or a white gauze around the midnight moon, sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glaciers, dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright curtain softly about the windy world and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven; all checkered over with the celestial flowers by the mystic hand of reflection, still always it is beautiful, that blessed life water.—No poison bubbles on the brink; its foam brings no sadness or murder!

Ashamed of One's Name.

When one starts in life, his name is a mere convenience, but not a symbol. It serves to distinguish between man and man, and is, as it were, a handle by which we seize one man, rather than another. But, in progress of time, by the law of association, we cluster about a man's name all the circumstances of his history, the elements of his character, the prominent traits of his disposition. The name becomes a history. The moment that it is sounded in our ears, we do not think of the name itself, but of a life, personally, and character. In fact, the name is a potrait painted in letters. What is specially curious is, that to its wearer, the name may suggest one train of association, but to all others another, a different and often repugnant idea. It would be a curious literature, if one could put in paralled lines what each man thought of himself, and what all other men thought of him.

No person should be ashamed of his name.—No person should ask for anything without being willing to take the responsibility of the request. The habit of standing up frankly to one's own actions, opinions, or feelings, and taking the proper personal responsibility belonging to everything concerning his own personality, is manly and wholesome. If we were writing letters, like Lord Chesterfield, to a son, we should say never write any letter that you are unwilling to sign. If there are reasons which make it improper for you to give your name, then you should not write at all. I will not say that there are never cases in which anonymousness is permissible. But they are rare, and extreme cases. In general it is a safe rule of conduct not to do anything to which one is unwilling to put his name. *A good name is better than great riches.* This habit of acting in all things frankly, openly courageously, and of taking the consequences of ones thoughts and actions, cannot fail to result, in individuals, and in communities, in a high and noble type of manhood.

Therefore, NEVER write anonymous letters.—*Beecher.*

Severe upon Frank Blair—A Little Bit of History.

The New York Sun contains the following exceedingly good thing:

A well known gentleman of this city was conversing with Gen. F. P. Blair, Jr., not long since, upon the power of Congress to reconstruct the South. Gen. Blair warmly maintained that the reconstruction laws were unconstitutional, and that there was no authority in the National Government to endow negroes with the elective franchise in the conquered States. "You are mistaken," said his friend; "the Supreme Court has fully decided the question in favor of the power exercised by Congress."

"How so?" asked the General, "I never heard of any such decision."

"I will give you the points," was the answer.

"I. The Supreme Court has decided that the National Government has the same rights and powers as regards the States lately in *rebellion,* as it would have toward States or territories conquered in war with a foreign power.

"II. The Supreme Court decided years ago that in New Mexico, which we had just then conquered in the war with Mexico, the orders of Gen. Kearney, the Military Governor of that Territory, had all the force of law, and must be obeyed as such.

"III. Among these orders of Gen. Kearney in New Mexico, was a code of laws which he promulgated some time about 1847, by which the right of suffrage was conferred upon all males of lawful age, without distinction of color, negroes included.

"IV. This code, which was thus imposed on New Mexico by the military power, the Supreme Court decided to be the rightful law of the Territory, until it should be set aside by express act of Congress.

"V. The apparent author of this negro suffrage code was Francis P. Blair, Jr., whose name was attached to it as Attorney General of the Territory."

"That's true," responded Gen. Blair, "but I didn't suppose any d—d black Republican knew it."

TIME DOES IT.—Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man first emerges from the school and enters upon the career of life it is painfully amusing to witness his self sufficiency—he would have all the world to understand that he has "learned out"—that he is master of all knowledge and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older he grows wiser, he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches to three-score years, he is prepared to adopt as his own the sentiment of John Wesley: "When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things, as I was before.—At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

FATAL AFFRAY BETWEEN BROTHERS.—*One Kills the Other.*—We learn that a serious difficulty occurred in Horntown, Virginia, on Saturday night last, between two brothers, named Joseph and Elisha English, the former a hotel keeper at that place. It appears that during some dispute about property, Elisha made towards his brother with a drawn knife, stabbing at him and cutting his clothes in shreds. He escaped through a window and went to a neighbors. Elisha, it is alleged, pursued him, whereupon, in self-defence, Joseph seized a hoe and knocked his brother Elisha down, from the effects of which he died on Tuesday night. The hotel keeper is a small, quiet, gentlemanly man, while his brother was large and muscular.—*Newtown (Md.) Record.*

HAPPINESS.—This forever looking forward for enjoyment, don't pay. From what we know of it, we would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true course is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us, every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice when he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment, when he gains what he sighs for.

TO KEEP TOMATOES.—Tomatoes may be kept almost any length of time and come out almost as good and fresh as when first picked by preserving in *pure cider vinegar,* diluted with water. One gill of vinegar and two of water.—Pick when ripe but not very soft, leave the stems on and do not break the skin. Put into wood or stone and put the liquid on them cold. After you get through putting them in, place something upon them to keep them under the liquid, and take out as you may wish to use them. Can use them as you would tomatoes fresh from the vines. It will not fail you if your vinegar is pure and diluted according to directions. Try it.

"The Grecian Bend."

The latest "agony" in the fashionable world is the "pannier"—which seems to have created no little "bustle" among the fashionable young ladies of our usually quiet city. The pannier is a new thing. It is, we believe, a "rump" invention, gotten up expressly and for no other purpose than to assist in getting their "back up." We had curiosity enough to examine one of these "infernal machines." It is made of linen, and stuffed with moss, cotton or hair, and padded so as to rest easy, like a saddle blanket on a sore-backed horse. It is about 16 inches long one way and about 8 or 10 inches the other, and some are thicker than others, with two tapes attached to tie them about the body, as you would a saddle on a horse. One of these panniers attached to a young lady, together with the new style of dress, is what gives them the appearance of having the "Grecian bend." If there is comfort in these new-fangled concerns, we "can't see it," but we suppose, as they are fashionable, that young ladies will "grin and bear it," and subject themselves to all kinds of ludicrous remarks on account of the "Grecian bend" their bodies will be subjected to.

These "panniers" will make some young ladies look rather "forward," in fact *lean* that way. They will appear as if they had eaten an overdose of green apples and buttermilk, and were suffering from a fearful attack of colic with a slight touch of toothache and an inkling of dyspepsia. The "Grecian bend," we suppose will be all the 'go' for a while, at least, and we hope will not be carried to such an extent as will make our handsome young ladies look as if they had been to a boarding school for six months, and led on nothing but dried apples and hot water. Ah! young ladies, what next?

They said you wore your dresses short
To show your pretty feet;
You wore no veils, or bonnets large,
To hide your faces sweet;
And now, because Dame Fashion chose
A Pannier to you send,
They say you stoop like your grandmas,
And call it "Grecian bend."

WHO STONED STEPHEN.—The Buffalo Democrat narrates this good story of one of the miniature men, vulgarly called children:

A teacher in a Sunday school in B——, examining a class of little boys from a Scripture catechism. The first question was:

"Who stoned Stephen?"

Answer—"The Jews."

Second question—"Where did they stone him?"

Answer—"Beyond the limits of the city."

The third question—"Why did they take him beyond the limits of the city?" was not in the book, and proved a poser to the whole class; it passed from head to foot without an answer being attempted. At length a little fellow, who had been scratching his head all the while, looked up and said:

"*Well, I don't know, unless it was to get a fair fling at him!*"

Some time ago an affectionate wife departed this life, for the benefit of her husband, who remained in this "vale of tears," she ordered to be placed upon her tombstone the following verses:

"Weep not for me, my dearest dear!
I am not dead, but sleeping here.
Repent my love, before you die,
For you must come and sleep with I."

In a year or so afterwards the affectionate husband, believing it not good for man to live alone, took unto himself another spouse, and under the first verse were placed the following explanatory lines:

"I will not weep, my dearest life,
For I have got another wife.
I cannot come and sleep with thee,
For I must go and sleep with she."

PRETTY SHARP BOY.—One pleasant day last summer, I took my seat in the stage coach bound from Fall River to C——. Among the passengers was a little gentleman, who had possibly seen five summers. The coach being quite full, he sat in the lap of another person. While on the way, something was said about pickpockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked:

"My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your pocket."

"No, you couldn't," replied he, "I've been looking out for you all the time!"

☞ The following lines—evidently the concoction of some uxorious lawyer—were found scratched upon a window pane of an inn in a Welsh county town:

"Fee simple or a simple fee,
And all the fees entail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female."

☞ A country youth came to town to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be all undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

☞ An exchange says: "The earliest mention of a banking transaction was when Pharaoh received a *check* on the Red Sea, which was crossed by Moses and Aaron." There was A-run on that Pharaoh Bank.

☞ "Here, I can't pass you," said the doorkeeper of a Western Theatre. "You needn't pass me," said the irrepressible dead-head whom he addressed, "just you stand where you are, and I'll pass you." And he passed.

☞ "My dear," said a rural wife to her husband, on his return from town, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in the bonnets in the city?" "The ladies' faces, my love."

A young lady being reproved for indifference to a suitor who had offended her by his slovenly dress, replied, "why should I *pine* for him when he will not *spruce* for me."

"Mother," said a little girl, while looking at a funeral, "I wish I was dead."

"Why?" asked the astonished parent.

"Because I would like to see my funeral."

It is both better and safer to grow in love than to fall in love.

A beau-knot—The marriage tie.

Legal tender—A lawyer's offer of marriage