

A Grammatical Duelist.

Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around him with a stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spoke:

'I arrive,' said he, 'thou arrivest, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive.'

The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked—

'Did you speak to me, sir?'

'I speak,' replied the stranger, 'thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak.'

'How is this?' said the Englishman. 'Do you mean to insult me?'

The stranger replied—

'I insult, thou insultest, we insult, you insult, they insult.'

'This is too much,' said the Englishman; 'I will have satisfaction. If you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me.'

To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied—

'I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come.' And thereupon he arose with great coolness and followed his challenger.

In those days, when every gentleman wore his sword like a man, open and free, and not like cowardly, skulking fellows of this age, who have assassin-knives and hidden revolvers within their shirt-bosoms and vest-pockets, duels were speedily dispatched. They went to a neighboring alley, and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist—

'Now, sir, you must fight me.'

'I fight,' replied the other, 'we fight'—here he made a thrust—'you fight, they fight'—and here he disarmed his adversary.—*Frank Leslie's.*

'THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND.'—'When in Maderia,' writes a traveler, 'I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scenes and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and the darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist and calling to me ever and anon, saying: 'Press on, master, press on, there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transparent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens.' O ye, over whom clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. *Press on—There is Light Beyond.*

The reason the dying never weep is because the manufactory of life have stopped forever; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first that stops work; one by one the others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up—there is no secretion anywhere. So the eye in death weeps not—not that all affection is dead to the heart, because there is not a tear drop in it any more than there is moisture on the lip. It is a striking characteristic of that terrible disease, the cholera, that the patient, however suddenly seized, never sheds a tear, even though surrounded by weeping friends. The feature of the disease is the suspension of the secretion of the system and the most active excretory work, by which the body is drained of its fluids.

What two rebel generals would show most endurance? Hardee—Hood.

SENDING A LETTER TO HEAVEN.—A lady residing in the Rue de Revoli, Paris, returned some time since from a visit she had made in the department of Finistere, bringing with her a young orphan girl, poor, but very pretty, named Yvonne S—, whom she engaged as her waiting maid. Last month, a short time after her return to Paris, the lady died. When the body had been prepared for the coffin, and was for a short time left alone, Yvonne was seen to go stealthily into the room, lift up the shroud, and then hastily leave; the first idea was that she had taken a ring which, at the express desire of the deceased, had been left on her finger. On examination, however, the ring was discovered to be untouched, but a paper was seen attached with a pin to the shroud.—On inspection it was found to be a letter addressed by the young orphan to her mother, who died two years ago, and was as follows:—'My good mother,—I have to tell you that M. B— has made me an offer of marriage. As you are no longer here, I beg you to make known to me in a dream whether I ought to marry him, and to give me your consent. I avail myself, in order to write to you, of the opportunity of my mistress, who is going to heaven.' The letter was addressed 'To my mother in Heaven.' The person alluded to in the letter is one of the tradesmen of the deceased lady, who, having been struck with the good conduct of the young girl, had made her an offer of marriage.

END MAN'S JOKE.—'That was a horrible affair—the murder of Dean, and the sealing up of his remains in a tin box!'

'What Dean!' asked half a dozen voices at once. 'Sar Dean.'

'Mr. Jenkins,' said a tradesman, at Sydney, to a recent arrival there, 'will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?' 'No sir; you are mistaken in the man,' said Jenkins. 'I am not one of the old settlers.'

A goose has many quills, but an author can make a goose of himself with only one quill.

A nobleman, anxious for the education of his son, asked a philosopher the first thing he should learn. 'The extent of his own ignorance,' replied the sage.

Only crows and fools are afraid of a shabby suit of clothes.

FIXED MOUNTAINS.—A great poet says that 'the mountains stand fixed forever.' We know, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to 'slope!'

The more we know the less we say. At death a man arrives at immense knowledge, and doesn't open his mouth.

'Well, my boy, do you know what syntax means?' said a schoolmaster to the child of a teetotaler. 'Yes, sir, the duty upon spirits.'

Wit is brushwood, judgment timber; the one gives the greatest flame, the other the best heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

Conundrums.

WHAT does a cat have that no other animal does?—Kittens.

WHY is old cheese like an American Dollar? Because its almighty—all-mite-y.

WHY is sympathy like blind man's buff? It is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

WHY is the head of liberty on a cent like a poisonous reptile? It is a copperhead.

WHY is a colt like an egg? It must be broken before used.

WHY is a hungry boy like a wild horse? Because he wants a bit in his mouth.

WHY is an unmarried lady always in the wrong?—Because she is always a-miss.

WHEN is corn not corn? When it is ground, or when it is turned into a crib.

WHY is it dangerous to go into the woods in spring? Because the trees are all shooting.

'You would be very pretty indeed,' said a gentleman, patronizingly, to a young lady, 'if your eyes were only a little larger.' 'My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them.'

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS.—Rub them over with toasted cheese, and let your feet hang out of bed for a night or two, that the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty, the remedy will be sufficient.

'BIG THING'—Barnum has made arrangements to purchase the 'clothes of the war.' He expects to exhibit them in about ninety days.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

[Translated from A-Norse Song.]

What color, sir, should be a horse,
That's yours, and yours alone?
D'you give it up? Why, sir, of course,
That horse must be your roan.

A NOVEL TELEGRAM.—A gentleman lately travelling to Hector, N. Y., and having a trunk containing much fragile material, writes the following to his son in this city, announcing his safe arrival: 'Bones, Breeches, Bottles, and Bundles, without a Break, Bruise, Bang, or Batter.'

Artemas Ward notifies the gentleman who left phosphorus in his bed at the St. Nicholas Hotel, that if he will leave his address with General Dix, he will hear of something to his advantage.

A little girl who was walking with her mother was tempted by the sight of a basket of oranges, exposed for sale in a store, quietly took one; but afterward, stricken by conscience, returned it. After her return home, she was discovered in tears, and on being asked the cause of her sorrow, replied, sobbing:

'Mamma, I haven't broke any of the commandments, but I think I've cracked one a little.'

She was forgiven.

MISNAMED.—Some things come by odd names. The most uncommon quality in man is called 'common sense;' a paper half a mile long is a 'brief;' and a melancholy ditty, devoid of sense or meaning, is a 'glee.'

A Missouri postmaster thus certifies to the correctness of his official returns: 'I hereby certify that the four goin A Connt is as near Rite as I now how to maik it if there is eny mistake it is not Dun a purpers.'

'Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?' inquired Dr. Whately.

A physiologist replied, 'Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain.'

'Bosh!' replied his grace, 'it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground.'

Report of Changes in Officers' Hospital.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

Admitted:

A. Surg D. S. Gray, 20th Pa Cav.	1st Lt. John Miller, 4th U S C T
do O. H. Adams, 8th N. Y do	do Arch Sampson, 27th do
Capt. A. J. Wadlie, 3d N. H. Vols	do R. J. Ward, 1st do
do J. Mathew, 96th N. Y. do	do J. N. Bruce, 14th N. H. Vols
do M. Moran, 165th do do	do H. M. Porter, 18th Ind. do
do J. L. Suess, 1st do E. do	2d Lt. Henry Kerbs, 35th U S C T
do F. M. Eway, 4th Pa. Cav.	do J. D. Halsey, 60th Ohio Vols

Returned to Duty:

A. Surg N. Willie, 191st Pa. Vols	1st Lt. J. N. Bruce, 14th N. H.
Capt. N. D. Maffit, 25th N Y Cav	[Vols]

Discharged:

Col. J. W. Horn, 6th Md. Vols.	Capt. William Burnham, 2d Conn.
do C. V. DeLand, 1st Mich S S	[Art.]
Lt Col. J. P. Linton, 54th Pa Vols	do J. Stuckay, 138th Pa. Vols.
Maj. C. J. Seymour, 25th N Y Cav	do A. Shumivan, 2d Conn. Art.
Surg. G. A. Wheeler, U. S. Vols	1st Lt. A. Lamson, 27th U S C T
do C. DeHoff, 2d Mass. Cav.	do J. W. Carter, 23d do
Adj. A. Reinvelt, 76th Pa. Vols.	do E. Johnston, 17th Mass Vols
Capt. Wm. Willits, 7th Me. Cav.	2d Lt S. B. Kelly, 121st N Y do
do Wm. Behean, 8th N. Y. Vols	do G. W. Ward, 7th U. S. C. T.

Died:

Capt. W. T. Brigham, 36th Mass.	Vols.
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DEATHS.

Private Wm. Kaiser, co A, 15th	N. Y. H. Art.
do Luther Josselyn, co I, 5th	N. H. Vols.
do William Grimes, do D, 75th Pa.	do
do John McGrash, co G, 69th	N. Y. do
do James Crawford, co B, 105th Ohio	do
do Levi Hann, co D, 53d	Pa. do
do Philip A. Fisher, co D, 107th do	do