

A Cool Apology.

They had a ball at B—, the other night, which brought out remarkable experiences. Among other events, the following instance of a cool apology took place.

Bill P— is known all over, and Bill was at the ball in all his glory. All his necessaries for pleasure were on hand—good music, pretty girls, and excellent whiskey; the evening passed off rapidly as it always does, and Bill had about nine o'clock, become pretty happy. Stepping up to a young lady he requested the pleasure of dancing with her.

She replied that she was engaged.

'Well,' said Bill, 'are you engaged for the next set?' She said she was.

'Can I dance with you the next then?'

'I am engaged for that also.'

'Can I dance with you to-night?'

'No, sir;' with some hesitation.

'Go to Boston,' said Bill, highly indignant, and turned on his heel.

After a few moments Bill is accosted by the brother of the young lady, and charged with insulting his sister.

Bill apologizes to the lady as follows:

'Miss L—, I understand that I have insulted you?'

'You have, sir.'

'What did I say, Miss L—?'

'You told me to go to Boston.'

'Well,' said Bill, 'I have come to tell you that you needn't go!'

CURIOSITY.—A person of an observing turn of mind, if he has ridden through a country town, has noticed how curious youngsters along the route will fill the windows with their anxious faces, in order to get a glimpse of all passers-by. A Yankee peddler drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and the cook staring from the windows, got off from his cart, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house:

Jonathan—'Has there been a funeral here lately?'

Man of the House—'No; why?'

Jonathan—'I saw there was one pane of glass that didn't have a head in it.'

Man of the House—'You leave blasted quick, or there will be a funeral.'

Fred. Douglas, the well-known colored orator, who spoke at Concert Hall last week, made a neat reply to a gentleman, who, on being introduced to him after the lecture, remarked: 'When last we met, Mr. Douglas, it was under far different circumstances. I was one of a party, twelve years ago, who tried to break up the meeting at which you spoke.' 'So much the better,' answered the deep voice of this powerful champion of his race, 'so much the better, we come to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'—*Troy Times.*

A bounty-jumper in Wood's Theatre, in Cincinnati, the other evening, suddenly discovered, during the performance that one of his old officers had taken up a position to cut off his retreat and was only waiting for the fall of the curtain, to pounce upon him. The jumper's resolution was soon taken, and, with an agility which did credit to his profession, he vaulted over the orchestra upon the stage, pushed through the bevy of damsels who were performing in the 'Seven Sisters,' and was lost to sight among gaudy scenery. The play was stopped, and great excitement ensued. The bounty-jumper was finally caught, however, and carried off in irons.

A STRONG HINT.—'Doctor,' said a waggish parishoner of good old Parson E—, to him one day:—'I think I must have a pew nearer the desk than where I now have it.'

'Why,' said the parson, 'can't you hear well where you are?'

'O yes, but that ain't it. The fact is there are so many people between me and the pulpit, that by the time what you say gets back to where I am, it is flat as dish-water.'

One of Lamb's Best.

Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which without doubt, he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. 'I was,' he said, 'going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and with my penknife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. One hour afterwards, in passing the same garden, on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and, on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me.'

A VOW ACCOMPLISHED.—A well known gentleman of this city, whose beard has not been touched by the steel since the morning of the arrival of the news that Fort Sumter was captured, he having registered a vow that it should remain inviolate until the stars and stripes once more waved over the fort, was on Monday deprived of the majestic golden appendage to his chin by the longest pair of shears that one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the city could supply. He now presents such an appearance that his most intimate friends have to take a second look in order to identify him.—*Taunton Gazette.*

We should not forget that life is a flower, which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to wither.

Practical Phrenology.

Phrenological karacter of Mr. Mark Millberry, Esq., given at the offis of professor Josh Billings, Practical Phrenologis. \$1.00.

Amativness—Bigg, sticks out like a hornit's nest.—Yu ought tew be able tew luv the hole humin family with your bump at onst. Yu will never be widderer long—not eny.

Politicks—Yu hev got it the natural wa. A splendid bump. It feels like a dimocratic bump too. Meny men has got to be constables with yure bump.

Kombativeness—Sliteually, very much. Yu mite fite a woman, but tuff match. I should like to bet on the woman. This bump wants poultisin.

Vittles—Bi thunder, what a bump! I should think yu could eat a hoss and kart, and chase the driver three miles, without eny practis. Thunder and litennin, what a bump! Let Barnum git his hand on this bump, and yuer fortin is maid. What a bump—what a bump!

Musik—A sweet, pretty bump about the size of a Lima bean. If I had this bump I would by me a juice-harp and wander in the Rocky Mountains. Pon mi honor, Mr. Millberry, mi advice is, nuss this bump.

For the Crutch.

Conundrums.

WHAT reptile is the best mathematician? The Adder.

WHAT serpent is the most observing? The Sea-Serpent.

DOES the scarcity of cotton account for our Naval vessels having taken so many prizes *in tow*?

WHEN is a fish-hook like an Irish school-boy. When it needs a *baiting*.

WHAT did Paddy when angling, find in the rocks. A fish(?) *sure*—(fissure.)

WHAT is the difference between a 'sea-dog' and a dog seen? The difference is *in-tense*.

WHEN is an old man like a flag? When he moves by the aid of a staff.

WHAT is the difference between a place for coals, and a large woman? One is a grate, and the other is a grate her.

A Beautiful Faith.

A pious woman, hunting up the children of wazt, one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say:

'Pull the string up high; pull the string up high.'

She looked up and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted a latch, and she opened the door on two little half-naked children all alone. Very cold and painful they looked.

'Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?' asked the good woman.

'God takes care of us,' said the oldest.

'Are you not cold? No fire on a cold day like this?'

'Oh! when we are very cold, we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy and Tommy puts his arms around me, and we say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep;' then we get warm,' said the little girl.

'And what do you have to eat, pray?'

'When Granny comes home she fetches us something. Granny says that God has enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say, 'Our Father,' and 'Give us this day our daily bread,' every day. God is our Father.'

A military officer living in barracks, ordered his Irish servant to boil him an egg for breakfast, adding an injunction to 'boil it soft.' The officer took up a newspaper and read for ten minutes, then wondered why his egg did not arrive, rang the bell. 'My egg?' 'I'm seeing about it, sir.' Another five minutes elapsed. 'Where's the egg?' 'Not done, sir.' 'Not done! Do you mean to keep me waiting all day? Bring it directly, sir.' Still no egg came. The bell rang once more. 'Where is the egg?' thundered the officer.—'Yer honor,' cried Thomas, in alarm, 'didn't you tell me to bile it soft, sir? and hawen't I biled it this quarter of an hour and it isn't soft yet.'

A MUSICAL LECTURE.—'What is a slur?'

'Almost any remark one singer makes about another.'

'What is a rest?'

'Going out of the choir for refreshments during sermon time.'

'What is called singing with 'an understanding?'

'Marking time on the floor with your foot.'

'What is a staccato movement?'

'Leaving the choir in a huff, because one is dissatisfied with the leader.'

'What is a swell?'

'A professor of music, who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.'

A Western editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in 'trade.' At the end of the year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin maker.

DEATHS.

Sergt. Jehell Dubois, co D, 51st	N. Y.	Vols.
do G. H. Davis, co C, 26th	Mass.	do
Corpl. Thomas Casserly, co G, 191st	Pa.	do
do Amos P. Reese, co I, 89th	Ohio	do
do William A. Wright, co G, 8th	Mich.	do
do John Hamilton, co D, 6th	N. H.	do
do William Martin, co C, 18th	Ind.	do
do Caleb S. Brown, co H, 4th	Del.	do
Privt. William Mabbs, co H, 190th	Pa.	do
do George Buberbaugh, co K, 87th	do	do
do Jacob Clark, co G, 191st	do	do
do Alexander Oramer, co C, 2d	Ohio	do
do Nicholas Bauschatz, co C, 15th	N. Y. H. Art.	do
do Gilbertson James, co K, 111th	do	Vols.
do Jacob Walter, co —, 32d	Ill.	do
do William Parker, co H, 12th	U. S. Inf.	do
do Charles Fritz, co D, 155th	N. Y. Vols.	do
do Daniel V. B. Morgan, co E, 93d	do	do
do Levi B. Sherman, co H, 4th	do	H. Art.
do William H. Martin, co G, 162d	do	Vols.
do John W. Waddle, co I, 19th	Wis.	do
do William Balzer, co F, 19th	do	do
do Esseltine John, co A, 30th	Ind.	do
do Amos Richards, co C, 60th	Ohio	do
do George McHarry, co H, 53d	Pa.	do
do John Holly, co C, 9th	Ill.	do
do Nathaniel Stubbs, co A, 17th	U. S. Inf.	do
do Andrew Gammun, co A, 3d	N. C. Vols.	do
do John Conrad, co K, 111th	N. Y.	do
do John Burns, co E, 164th	do	do
do William McLaughlin, co C, 112th	do	do
do Hiram G. Ferris, co F, 5th	do	H. Art.
do Thomas St. John, co E, 7th	do	do
do Emanuel C. Reffut, co F, 184th	Pa.	Vols.