J. S. Hopkins

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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. Address,

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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, &c. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will hear in mind that these remedies are entirely different 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 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,
JOSEPH 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 they 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

[*From the New York Times.*]

The First Gun.

On the spires of the Green Mountains
The morning sun is glancing,
And down the lovely valleys
The prattling streams are dancing.
Th' auspicious day is dawning
That opens the campaign,
And toward the bright Green Mountains
Our eager glances strain.

VERMONT, the eldest daughter
Of the glorious Old Thirteen,
Within whose rugged borders
No slave was ever seen;
Ticonderoga's story,
The battle of Champlain,
And STARK's prospective widow,
Come to us once again.

'Twas the first day of September,
The year was sixty-eight;
Each day and hour and moment
Was heavy with our fate.
The viper of Disunion
Was hissing into life,
And BLAIR had struck the key-note
To wake another strife.

The Tammany Convention
Had knuckled as of yore,
And the yoke of General HAMPTON
The Northern members wore—
As in the good old times agone,
When TOOMBS proposed to tell
The long roll of his coffled slaves
Where glorious WARREN fell.

The opposing hosts are marshaled;
Behold on either hand
The high contending armies
That make or mar the land;
Here GRANT's victorious standard
By Peace upheld appears;
There the Belial of Rebellion,
Smooth SEYMOUR, cants and sneers.

How anxiously we waited
There opening of the day,
Whose setting sun, we prayed the Lord,
Would drive all doubt away;
How anxiously we lingered
Till far into the night,
Still asking of the lightning,
"What have you of the fight?"

Click—Click! Hush! God be with us!
His finger, writing, see,
In His own vivid lightning,
'Tis God and Liberty;
Hurra! hurra! the clouds have passed,
The sunlight breaks again,
Vermont gives thirty thousand;
We have not hoped in vain.

God bless the old Green Mountains,
And every hill between.
And every vale and hamlet
In all the region seen;
And send the brave example
To cheer the boys in Maine—
They've won full many a battle,
And now must win again.

The "STAR THAT NEVER SETS" shall lead
To many an emprise high,
And her Thirty Thousand voices,
Shall thunder round the sky,
And Freedom's spirit, as of old,
Shall lead to victory—
Her banner, GRANT and COLFAX,
Peace, Union, all men free!

A Caution to Practical Jokers.

The following amusing story appears in the Paris Moniteur:

A ludicrous practical joke was lately played at a hamlet called Yaeron, in a mountain district near Lyons. In this hamlet there lived a harmless idiot, of herculean statute, who habitually did a good day's work in the fields, but was a standing butt for village pleasantry, and was commonly known as the "innocent." One day some young men told the "innocent" that a neighbor was dead, and that he would have to join with others in sitting up all night to watch the corpse. He made no objection, and was introduced into a cottage where a man simulating death was stretched on a bed. The outline of his face, seen through a sheet thrown over it, formed a ghastly spectacle, which, when once seen, is never forgotton. Two candles and some pots of incense were placed at the head of the bed. The party sat round for some time in solemn silence, the idiot behaving with as much propriety as any one else. But one by one the others slipped away, and the "innocent" was left alone in the death chamber. The intention was that the corpse should jump up, walk about, and frighten him out of his poor stock of wits. The conspirators remained within a few yards of the cottage to watch the working of the plot. In less than a quarter of an hour they heard piercing screams, and, holding their sides already with anticipated laughter, they rushed to the cottage to mock at their victim. But as they neared the door they found, to their surprise, that the bawling voice was not of the "innocent," but of their comrade, who had agreed to personate the dead man.—When they entered they found the "innocent" beating the "corpse" with a broken flail, and but for timely succor the part which he had undertaken to play in joke would have been sadly earnest. When he jumped up from his grave clothes the "innocent," instead of being frightened, coolly said, "Dead man, lie still," and proceeded to belabor him with a force which the joker was incapable of resisting.

"John," said a stingy old bunk to his hired man, as he was taking dinner, "do you want to know how many pancakes you've eaten?"

"No."

"You've eaten fourteen."

"Well," said John, "you count and I will eat."

An honest former writes to the chairman of an agricultural society, "Gentlemen, please put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."

A good woman, and as she may be of talking, could more easily close forever her mouth than her heart.

From the Toledo Blade.

NASBY.

A MEETING AT THE CORNERS—ELDER PENNIBACKER COME BACK ON THE NOMINATIONS.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(which is in the Stait uv Kentucky,)
July 27, 1868.

We hed a meetin at the Corners nite afore last for the purpus uv organizin a Seymore and Blare Club. Ther wuz rather a spectable show uv enthoosiasm at the beginin. Deekin Pogram, who hez an ambishun uv becomin the collector uv the Deestrick, wuz reely affected ez he spoke uv the many good qualities uv our noble standard bearer, Seymore; and Kernel McPelter, who hez his beamin eye onto the Assessorship, wuz simlarly bold and outspoken in his admirashun uv their great qualities. The Kernel wuz espeshly elokent, ez he spoke uv the gratenis uv Gineral Frank Blare, wich he felt that he hed a rite to admire. Ther wuz suthin about him so noble, so grand, patriotic, and so troo, that he felt that he must weave one little oratoricle chaplet for his classikle brow. Ez a soljer, he sheed cheerily support a soljer.

Uv coorse I made the regler speech wich is alluz expectid uv me. I sluug slitely into the biography uv our cheeltains, I tributid meekly to ther good qualities uv head and heart, discusred the platform and commendid it, and wound up with an impressive appeal to the Dimocrisy to rally to ther support without division or hesitancy.

I wuz about gittin fairly lanched into my perorashen, when Elder Pennibacker arose. He remarkt he had a word wich he must say.

"Certinly, Elder," sed I, "say yoor say.—We want all the faithful to speek. Free yoor mind. Gush onto us."

"I shel," sed the Elder, "trust me for that.—To begin with I pronounce this entire biznis a most onmitigated swindle. I may possibly vote the Seymore ticket, but I don't like it. A man who et a crow wunst remarkt that while he *cood* et crow, he *coodent* conshienshusly say that he hankered arter it. Even so with the nominashun. I wuz and am a Pendletonian. I am a beleever in the doctrin uv greenback payments uv the bonds. I haint no bonds myself, but I hate the bloated bond holders. Ez I don't pay no taxes myself, I, in coshmon with the heft uv the Dimocrisy, hate and loath the party wich is grindin us into dust with taxashun for the payment of the unconstooshnel debt. I wuz a Pendletonian, for it wuz the fust step toward repoodiashen, and repoodiashen is a balm for all Dimocratic wounds:

"Now, wat did the delegates wich assembled at Noo York mean when they put sich a man ez Seymore on the track? Wat did they mean when they throwd overboard the Young Eagle uv the West and put in charge uv our banner the hooked backed vulcher Seymore, to prey onto our vitals? I don't fancy the style uv Dimocracy we are havin now-a-days. Durin the war I opposed war vishusly. I wuz foinest bein dragged into servis uv a Government wich I detested, and to fitin for a coz wich I hated. I bed my litle put into order, and I shot Federal pickits at nite reglerly for months, and jined John Morgan's excursion into Ohio. Our convenshun at Shecago declared the war a failyoor and the Dimocrisy opposed to it, but wat followed. Why they nominated townsuat a solger whose sword wuz drippin in gore, and who wuz ez fierce for continyoosin the war on us ez the old gorriller Linkin hissell. Is this Dimocrisy? I ask myself. Ef so count me out.

"Wat different is the sitoonshen now? We declared agin the non-payment uv the bonds in anything but greenbax, wich is equivhlent to not payin uv 'em at all, and forwith went to Noo York, where I, yoor speaker, was enticed by a strange woman, and lost my watch and a black satin vest, my boots and eight dollars and sixteen cents, all the money I hed, wich it would her been the same hed it bin more similarly, and put in nominashen a man wich sleeps onto bonds and spends the heft uv his time a cuttin off coopons! Bretheren, if I hev to pay the debt wat difference does it make to who levyies the tax? I kin stand it as long under Grant ez I kin under Seymore. It ain't the person wich levies the tax wich I objeck too, so much ez it is the levyin of the tax. If I have to pay gold why not as well under Grant ez Seymore?

"Likewise is my soul vexed at another thing wich I can't or won't give over. On my way to Noo York where I wuz so vilely yoosed, I was compelled for twenty miles either to stand up or set down in the same seat with a dirty nigger, Joe Williams, *a delegate to the Convenshen*, whose mother I wunst owned. That he is a mulatto dod't help the matter. That delegates on the train fancied they saw in his face my feachres reflected, don't make it any better. He is a nigger, and my politikle faith is based upon the endoorin rock that a nigger aint ez good ez a white man. That is Dimocratic doctrine. I took it in with my mother's milk and cant get rid uv it. And yit I wuz compelled to associate with this nigger on terms uv ekality all the way down to Noo York, where I lost my vest, et settry, and his seat in the Convensnun wuz next to mine. I stood this, but at our boardin house, only two squares from where I lost my boots, &c., with the American flag floating over our heads I wuz compelled in consekence uv the house being crowded to sleep with him. And the infamous stinkin nigger absolootely hed the impudence tu object to the arrangement becoz ez he sed my *feet smelt!*—Then the iron entered my soul! Then I felt that the Dimocracy wuz trooly a sucked egg—a shell without any meat in it.

"When I saw that nigger in that convention, I felt that the pillers uv the Republic wuz a totterin, that the choas waz come agin. I felt that Republikin intsooshuns wuz forever destroyed and that henceforth and forever there wuz no place for me in my native land."

And the tears rolled down the Elder's nose, the pearly white thereof formin pendents wich glittered like diamonds in contrast with the red nose at the end uv wich they hung.

"Now, wat is to be done? Am I to accept niggers ez my ekals? Am I to vote beside uv the Joe Williams uv Kentucky? Am I to ride with em, and eat with em, and sleep with em, and hev the stinken wretches object to the oder uv of my feet, and all this at the bidding uv Dimocrisy? Why this very thing is wat Dimocrisy hez alluz opposed. Opposition to this is the corner stun uv the party. Take out nigger-hating and repoodiashun, and wat is there heft to die for? With Seymore paying gold and Joe Williams sleepin with me, wat compensation her I for the loss uv my vest, my boots, my eight dollars and my watch? Wat better are we then the Ablishhists? They hev gained ther pint, for this is wat they went into the biznis for. When I get ready to do it I'll jinem. I hev done!"

The Deekin, McPelter and Isaiker Gavitt wuz bain over in a minute. They pronounced the poor old man as a disorganizer and a bolter, and ez one who hedn't that faith wich shood animate all troo Dimocrats. Wat el we coodent understand it, wat then? sed the Deekin. Kin you understand the mysteries of nacher? Kin you understand why one tree bears sour apples and one sweet? But you eat the apples, askin no questions for conscience sake. Even so.—Watever the Convenshun hez is Dimocrisy—take it and thank the Lord. Bascom stood lookin on serenely. He knows perfeckly well that watever any uv us receeve from the Government will evenchooally find its way into his till. You can't enthooze a man who hez ded wood on a good thing no matter how the cat jumps. I riz and remarked that I shood not set the Corners onto the Elder, out uv respeck for his gray hares, tho his infidelity and contoomacy richly deserved it. He mistakhs the nacher uv Dimocrisy. Like a wire bridge, it swings to and fro with every wind, but the two ends are sekoorly ankered. One butement is votes, and leadin from that to the other is Post Offis. To make these pints, wat difference is it how the bridge bends and sways? Just now it sweeps down the stream to nigger ekality, and twists so ez to include Seymore and his gold, but halleloogy, at the other end uv the devious path is Post Offis. "To continue me in this orfis," sed I, "aint you willin to sleep with Joe Williams, or any other nigger? Wood you hev Deekin Pogram's paper distributed by an Ablisnist? Wood yoo have a nigger lover in this place ez a nucleus for a settlement of nigger lovers.—Wood you—"

Joe Bigler rose and remarkt that sich a consummashun wuz most deboutly not to be wished. He hatid the northern character, and wanted no more of it here. Ef the nigger must be mixed with the white race he wanted em mixed only with the proud shivelry uv the South, ez it alluz hed ben done. He—"

"Josef!" said I in agony; "please dunt interrupt this discussion."

"I wont," sed he, "I am only taking part in it. I want, ef the nigger must fade out under missegenashen, that the white blood that ez in em shel be ez it alluz hes bin, Southern white blood. Lovin Deekin Pogram, reverenein the memory uv Squire Gavitt and respectin Kernel McPelter, dont I rejoice to see about me on every side their faces repeated over and over again? It dont matter to me that they's shaded. The sons uv Pogram, Gavitt and McPelter will take their places and carry forard the good work.—Ez to bond and greenbax I quite agree with the Elder. Never havin paid a cent of taxes in my life, wich results from my never hevin any property to tax, I feel that I am bein pounded into the dust by the bloated bondholder. To maintain these leeches in luxury Bascom hez to charge ten instead of five cents for drinks, whic hez doubled the mortgages on Elder Pennibacker's farm within two years. This is what the Elder objecks to; at this rate his farm will fail him in his old age, and then wat is he to do? No niggers to work it, coastooshnelly opposed to workin himself, and no liker cept for money wich he hezn't and can't get. Wat a dreery prospeck. I weep, and that we may hev more to weep, I adjourn this meetin. We'll organize this club at some fucher period ez I'm too much affected to go on with bizeness now.

And we wuz compelled to adjourn. But will organize yit.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich is Postmaster.)

From Harper's Weekly.

The Bondholding Aristocracy.

Who are they—The Poor People Chiefly Interested in the United States Bonds.

The Democratic platform, and orators and papers, with the old Democratic policy of exciting the poor against the rich, and "the people" against the Government not only insist upon paying the debt in paper, but demand what they call one currency for the laborer and the office holder, and the pensioner and the soldier, the producer and the bondholder. This is, of course, intended as "gag," and it is the very poorest kind. It is meant to suggest that there is a lazy and luxurious class of community, a bloated aristocracy of bondholders, whom the virtuous and toiling "Democracy" are to bring to grief. It is worth while, therefore, to expose this aristocracy and privileged class, which is fattening upon the life blood of the nation.—Who are thes e rascally feliows who are to be made to suffer?

Beside the three or four hundred millions of the bonds held abroad, mainly in Germany, they are the investments of saving banks, of fire, marine, and life insurance companies, and of trust estates. As we have before stated, the saving banks in New York held nearly fifty millions of dollars; in Massachusetts, twenty-five millions; in Rhode Island thirteen millions, and so in other States. The life insurance companies in the city of New York invest twenty millions of dollars in these funds; the marine and fire insurance companies about forty-six millions of dollars. The various guarantee companies in New York hold a hundred millions of United States stock. Probably, as a careful estimate in the Evening Post showed, at least two-thirds of the fund are owned by such companies:

Having thus discovered where the money is, let us now inquire who are the proprietors of it—who are these lazy rogues that put money in the saving banks and snap their fingers at the toiling "masses?" In the State of New York the depositers in saving banks are nearly five hundred thousand in number, and in Massachusetts more than three hundred thousand. The Post, of which we had spoken, had before it a list of the occupation of the principal depositors in one of the saving banks of this State, and we find this body of Sybarites to be composed of persons who are even more laborious than delegates to a Democratic Convection. All the branches of hard workers are represented in this army. The largest in the number are domestic servants; then technical laborers; then seamstresses; 4th, the clerks; 5th, the tailors; 6th, waiters; and 7th, cartmen. This is the luxurious aristocracy which is to be brought low.—These are the useless members of society, having invested their all in the promises of the United States, are now to find these promises as valuable as brown paper if the Democrats can only persuade the people to repudiate.

It is against this pampered body, against domestics and seamstresses and clerks and waiters and cartmen—it is against the poorest and hardest working members of society, that the Democratic Convention raises it cry of repudiation. When these persons invested in the Government bonds the Government told them they were to be paid in gold. "Pay 'em in paper," shout the Democratic leaders. When they took the bond the Government declared them free from taxation. "Tax 'em roundly," cried the Democratic leaders. "But," plead the poor laborers, "we lent money to save the Government." "Ho! ho!" scream the Democratic chiefs, "didn't we tell the Government four years ago that it couldn't save itself and ought to surrender? If you trusted it you must pay the penalty."

If the people care so little about it that they permit the Democratic chiefs to obtain control of the Government, they will pay the penalty, and they will deserve to pay it.

The New York Herald says, by way of a joke on the leg drama, that a great many people have fallen down and worshiped the fatted calf.

A crafty occupation—Ship building.

A Thousand Dollar Bill.

Away back in the State of New York lived a dutch farmer well-to-do in the world, who always kept about him a thousand dollar bill. With this in his pocket and a shabby coat upon his back, he prided himself on playing tricks with strangers, particularly such country merchants as had recently commenced business in the neighborhood, and were not acquainted with his pecuniary circumstances.

As an instance of this kind, he went lately to a merchant with his clothes all in rags, his toes sticking out through his shoes, his hat without a crown, and his beard a fortnight old, and ordered a few dollars worth of goods. The merchant stared at him, but as there was no great hazard in laying out articles for him, none of which were to be cut until he executed the command. When the goods were ready the merchant stated still more to hear his scurvy looking customer ask him to charge them.

"Charge them!" exclaimed the man of merchandise, "ha! ha! we're not in the habit of charging our goods to everybody. We keep a sharp look out for breakers."

"Won't you charge em den?"

"Not to you I thank you. You must have a better coat on your back to expect to get credit irom us."

"Den if you won't charge 'em," continued the Dutchman, with great moderation, "I must dry an' pay for 'em down if so be supposin' I can muster money enough."

Then taking a thousand dollar bill from his pocket, he extended it to the merchant with a sly leer on his face and said:

"Will you change that?"

"That—that! a thousand dollar bill! Is it possible that a man of your appearance—"

"What, misther, be you scart, eh? Did you never see a thousand dollar bill before?"

"A man of your appearance," continued the merchant in astonishment, "with a thousand dollar bill in his possession; I could have sworn—"

"None of your swearing here, if you please, misther, but give me mine change that I may be off to mine farm again."

"Off to your farm? A thousand dollar bill! And who are you it I may be so bold?"

"Who be's I? Why, don't you know your own neighbors name? My name is Fritz Van Volger, a poor farmer mit so more as one thousand acres of land and die small bill in my pocket, dat was—so, so, if you will change it and let me gone, I'll thank you."

"Change it! Lord, sir, where shall I get money of a morning to change a thousand dollar bill?"

"Den I can't buy dese tings as you can't change mine little bill, and you won't trust me."

"Trust you, Mr. Van Volger! that I will to the amount of a thousand dollars if you wish. You did not suppose I was afraid to trust you, did you!" said the merchant, growing very complaisant.

"Ha! ha!" roared the Dutchman, as loud as he could laugh; "you begin to haul in your horns a little, does you? Strange what wonders a thousand dollar bill work in a man's opinion. So you will trust me now, will you?"

"Certainly—certainly, sir."

"No, I'll be vip'd if you shall—if so be, suppose' I can find silver enough in mine pocket to pay you."

As he said this, he hauled out an old stocking full of silver, paid for the goods, and, giving another "Ha! ha!" at the astonishment and sudden change of opinion of the merchant, he departed.

A Hint to Ladies.

It is a distinguished characteristic of a cultivated women to adorn and beautify her person. In proportion as she becomes refined or debased, she pays more or less regard to her personal appearance. The love of admiration is, as it ought to be, strong in every woman's nature, and hence it is that the decoration of her person is always regarded as of paramount importance. The three most beautiful things on earth are women, children and flowers—each equally by nature pure and attractive. Women knows she is beautiful, she loves to be admired by man; endeavors to render herself as attractive as possible to man's eyes, and therefore it is that she avails herself of all the benefits of dress and ornaments. Women is gifted by nature with great natural attraction. Her complexion is, if not ruined by paint and powder, fair and delicate, her hair abundant and lustrous her form the very perfection of grace and loveliness. Women's chief ornament is her hair.—No matter how regular and contour of the features may be—how lustrous the eye—how sweet the voice or graceful the form, if the hair is not soft, glossy and beautiful, the chief attraction is wanting. A lady remarkable for her beauty of hair, remarked in our hearing, the other day, that she owed to the moderate and constant use of "Barrett's Hair Restorative" a deep obligation, for by it she had become locally famous for the abundance and lustre of her hair. Using it constantly ourselves, we can add our testimony that as a dressing and restorative combined Barrett's is superior to any hair preparation we have ever used. It is reasonable in price, tod, costing only one dollar for a large bottle full of the mixture.—*Cincinnati Daily Globe.*

☞ Mrs. Partington has come to the conclusion that there is no use trying to eaten soft water when it rains hard.

A very benevolent old lady has taken the idea into her head of knitting a pair of hose for a fire engine.

Why are potatoes and corn like hardened sinners? They have eyes and see not—ears and hear not.

Aquatic sports—milkmen racing their horses through the streets.

Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns and women with pins.

The seriousness of a young girl is rarely so innocent as her fun.

The religion and ailment at the sea-shore—Dip-theory.

The beggar's avocation—praying for his daily bread.

☞ When is money like a bullet? When it is spent.

The boarding-house mystery—Hash.

A side issue—Woman at the creation.

The hard-ships of the ocean—Iron-clads.

A big card of fortune—The trump of fame.

Join the Sons of Temperance.