THE peculiar taint or infection which we call SCROFULA lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases which it originates take various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz., purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous diseases leave you. With feeble, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: **King's Evil or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weaknesses,** and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. Those cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victim far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of *Sarsaparilla* in alterative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood; purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lark within the system or burst out on any part of it.

We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of *Sarsaparilla*, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL,

The World's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need do no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists everywhere, and by

OSBORN & SESSIONS,

PURCHASING AND COMMISSION

Agents, 507 California Street, San Francisco.

HAVING HAD EXTENSIVE EXPERIENCE IN BOTH Wholesale and Retail Trade, we feel confident that to COUNTRY MERCHANTS desiring a resident agent, or to an occasional purchaser, we can offer superior inducements.

Particular attention given to collections, the purchase and sale of Legal Tender Notes, Drafts, stamps, Sewing Machines, etc., or other transactions requiring the services of experienced and reliable agents.

Purchases will be made for cash only, except in cases of special agreement to the contrary.

Geo W. Osborn,

Formerly with Canfield, Pierson & Co., wholesale dealers in Sac cothing, San Francisco.

E. C. Sessions,

Formerly with C. R. Goodwin & Co., wholesale grocers San Francisco; also, Bradbury & Doale, Jacksonville.

September 8, 1866. sept8tf

GREAT SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE public and his friends generally, that he has lately been in San Francisco, where he selected a good assortment of fine and common rifles, shot-guns, revolvers of all different kinds, derringers of the latest patterns, and all kinds of ammunition; such as cartridges, powder, shot; also, powder-flasks, sh t-flasks, hunting-bags of every sort and size.

All orders will be filled with promptness, neatness and dispatch. The manufacturing of new rifles will be done at the shortest notice, and in the most approved style.

Grateful for past patronage, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Shop at Residence on Third Street, first door south of B. F. Dowell's law office.

September 9th, 1865. JOHN MILLER. tf.

WM. HOFFMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

& CONVEYANCER,

OFFICE—First Door North of Beekman's Banking House.

Deeds and other instruments of writing carefully prepared, and acknowledgements taken.

Applications for Homestead Entries, Preemption Rights and Private entry of land procured.

Jacksonville, August 4, 1866.

Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XII. JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1867. NO. 15

SAN FRANCISCO ASSAYING

— AND —

REFINING WORKS,

No. 416, Montgomery St.,

(SUCCESSORS TO KELLOGG, HEWSTON & Co.)

CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000.

Directors.

JOHN PARROTT, CHAS. E. McLANE,
WM. C. RALSTON, A. HAYWARD,
LOUIS A. GARNETT.

LOUIS A. GARNETT, President and Manager. JOHN HEWSTON, Jr., Chemist and Superintendent.

THIS COMPANY HAVING GREATLY enlarged their Refining Works, and introduced many other important improvements, are pleased to announce that they feel warranted in again reducing materially their terms of doing business.

THE TARIFF OF CHARGES

Which they now submit to the public—considered with reference to the cost of material and labor—is lower than in any other part of the world, and secures to the mining interest of this coast an important increase in both the minting and commercial value of bullion.

Their charges will be hereafter as follows:

FOR ASSAYING DEPOSITS FOR UNPARTED GOLD BARS.

One-eighth of one per cent. (heretofore a quarter) for all amounts over $1,600, and two dollars for any smaller sum. Returns made in twenty-four hours.

FOR ASSAYING DEPOSITS FOR UNPARTED SILVER BARS.

Two dollars for the gold contained, up to $1,600, and one-eighth of one per cent. for all amounts over that sum, and one per cent. on the silver contained. Returns made in twenty-four hours.

FOR REFINING DEPOSITS MADE FOR COIN OR FINE BARS.

On Bullion under 300 parts gold, 2 cents per ounce. On bullion from 300½ to 600 parts gold, 4 cents per ounce. On bullion from 600½ to 750 parts gold, 6 cents per ounce. On bullion from 750½ to 949½ parts gold, 8 cents per ounce. Above 950 the only charge will be for coinage. But there will be no charge for refining less than two dollars.

FOR COINING GOLD.

This charge will be the same as at the Mint—a half of one per cent.—and which is paid by us to that institution. But there will be no charge in future for making fine gold or silver bars from bullion refined by us.

RETURNS IN COIN MADE IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

Silver in deposites for coin will be accounted for at the same rate customary at the Mint.

Gold bars of other Assayers in good standing, will be cashed by us at the highest market rates.

Dust and bullion can be forwarded to us from any part of the country, and returns made through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express.

CHARGES AT U. S. BRANCH MINT.

For the convenience of those not familiar with the terms of the Mint, we subjoin the tariff of charges now in force at that institution:

For refining bullion, under 300 parts gold, 3 cents per ounce; for refining bullion from 300½ to 600 parts gold, 5 cents per ounce; for refining bullion from 600½ to 750 parts gold, 7 cents per ounce; for refining bullion from 750½ to 880 parts gold, 11 cents per ounce; for refining bullion from 880½ to 949½ parts gold, 14 cents an ounce; the charge for coinage is half of one per cent., and the charge for making fine silver bars, the same.

Comparing the nett value of deposits for coinage, with the proceeds of unparted gold bars sold in the market—assuming that the bars have cost ½ of one per cent.—they must be sold at the following par rates to equal the return which would have been made had they been deposited for coinage:

850 par to equal Mint return, at refining charge of 11 cents.

815 par to equal Mint return, at refining charge of 11 cents.

865 par to equal San Francisco A. & R. Works return, at refining charge of 8 cents.

mr3m inse

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION, duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Josephine, and to me directed, in favor of Thomas Croxton, administrator of the estate of Peter Dolan, and against C. P. Sprague and George E. Briggs, for the recovery of the sum of One Thousand and fifty-six dollars and sixty-six cents ($1,056 66), with interest, costs and accruing costs, I have levied upon and will, on Saturday, the 25th day of May, 1867, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and four o'clock P. M. of said day, offer for sale, for cash, to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in Kirbyville, in said county, the following described real estate, to-wit: The north half of the Donation Land Claim, together with all the improvements thereon, situated in Josephine county, State of Oregon, and known as the Donation Land Claim of Geo. E. Briggs, on section thirty-five (35), township thirty-nine (39), south of range eight (8) west, containing one hundred and sixty acres more or less.

THOMAS F. FLOYD,
Sheriff of Josephine county, Oregon.

Dated Kirbyville, April 16, 1867. ap20w4

LIME! LIME!

BUILDERS, AND OTHERS WHO DESIRE lime, will find a constant supply, of the best quality, in quantities to suit, at my shop on Main street, between Oregon and Third, opposite Muller & Brentano's store. In my absence, Mr. Alex. Martin will wait upon customers.

STONE CUTTING AND **Stone Mason Work**

done on terms to suit the times. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

JOHN R. PEACOCK.

Jacksonville, April 26, 1867. ap27

HIDES! HIDES!

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR Hides of all kinds, delivered at the market of the undersigned, in Jacksonville.

JOHN ORTH. tf

December 8th 1866.

Be a Woman.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs;
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother; then unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
Woman is the brightest star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty,
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty—
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be no fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, whole-souled true woman.

The Canary Bird Trade.

The German steamers bring large quantities of canary birds, forming a considerable trade. The importation for the current year comprises from fifteen to twenty thousand birds, valued at say eighty thousand dollars. Some curious facts are connected with this business, as obtained by the Journal of Commerce from one of the importers.

The grand bird centre of Europe is the Hartz Mountains, in the State of Hanover, where there are numerous villages specially addicted to raising these little songsters. The inhabitants rely mainly for subsistence upon mining gold and silver ores, but, being poor, almost the entire population, as by a common instinct, devote their spare time to rearing birds and making the little wooden cages in which these creatures are carried to the railway station, forty miles distant, and afterwards transported across the ocean.

The Hartz Mountains are not supposed to be especially adapted to growing canaries, as no difficulty is experienced in raising them in any mild climate, but the people in that region share their dwellings with the birds on equal terms, sacrificing so much of personal comfort as may be necessary for the welfare of their feathered companions. The houses are small, but one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and reserved exclusively for the various processes of nest building and incubation. At the end of the breeding season, the birds are sent to Hamburg or Bremen for shipment, except only a few favorite heads of families, who are then caged until the return of another year. As hatching takes place three times every season, and as there are commonly four or five eggs in every nest, the increase is very rapid. A considerable number perish, however, during the incipient stages of growth, from want of proper attention from the parents; and the trans-Atlantic voyages are attended with a mortality estimated at from twenty-five to forty per cent., which is attributable to confinement in bad weather. These voyages are necessarily made in winter, as the birds lose their voice and plumage in the warm season, and would find few admirers if sent to the market at that time. They are not appreciated if they can't sing and do not appear well.

THE PRESS.—These be the mighty sorcerers that have exorcised the demon of Slavery from the land of Freedom. Day and night, night and day, their manifold leaves, stamped with the electric thoughts of genius, oratory and poetry, were flung out by the strong arms of steam. They were taken up by impulsive winds, and swept from the great city through the wilderness. They rose to the crest of the mountain; they sank to the depths of the valley; they drifted down the mine; they floated out on the ocean, until at length War for the Union, War for freedom to all, War for a perfect civilization, stood harnessed and plumed before the cottage of the people!—*American Flag.*

Gambling in grain is speculating in a lot o' rye.

How He Lost His Tail.

'Gentlemen,' said a tall Kentuckian hauling up, and leisurely taking his seat in a vacant chair, 'don't make fun of that thar dog, if you please,' and with a face of profound melancholy and touching pathos he added 'unless you want to hurt his feelings.'

'Of course not, sir, if you dislike it. But pray, how did he become curtailed of his fair proportions?'

'Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you,' said the Kentuckian, replenishing the spacious hollow of his cheek with a quid of tobacco. 'That thar dog was the greatest b'ar hunter of Kaintucky. A few years ago I used to take my rifle and old Riptearer, of an arternoon and think nothing of killing ten b'ars. One cold day in the middle of winter, bein' troubled a good deal with an old he bear that used to carry off pigs by the dozen, I started with Riptearer determined to kill the old rascal or die in the attempt. Well, arter we had gone about two miles in the woods, we all of a sudden came right smack on the old b'ar with his wife and three cubs. I know'd I couldn't shoot 'em all at once, but I know'd if I killed either of the old 'uns, t'other would make at me, for I could see that they were mortal hungry. So says I: 'Rip what'll we do? *Rip* know'd what I was sayin,' and without waiting to hold any confab about it, he gav a growl and pitched right in among them. With that I let fly at the she b'ar, cos I know'd she was the worst of the two when the cubs was about.

'Over she rolled as dead as a mackeral. Rip he hitched on the b'ar, and they had a mighty tussel for about five minutes, when the b'ar began to roar enough like blue murder. I ran up then and knocked his brains out with the butt-end of my rifle. The cubs were so skeered and cold that I killed 'em all in two minutes with my knife. But Rip took on terrible about my knocking of the b'ar on the head. At fust I thought that he was going to tackle on me, and says I, 'Rip that's down right ungrateful.' With that he sneaked off in a huff, but I could see he was terrible mad yet. Well, I left the b'ars on the ground, concluding to call back with the neighbors for 'em as soon as I could let 'em know. On the way home, Rip kep' ahead of me. Every time he thought how I killed the old b'ar, his tail would stand right up on end—he was powerful mad. It was gettin' on to night and began to grow freezin' cold. About a half a mile from the house, Rip he came to a halt, thinkin' he'd have another look back in the direction of the b'ars. The scent of 'em raised his dander wuss than ever. His tail stood right squar' up, as stiff as a hoe handle. Just then it comes on colder than ever, and Rip's tail friz exactly as it stood. I was in a bad fix—I had no fire to thaw it. While I was thinkin' what I'd do to get it down agin, a buck deer sprung up and started right over a fence about fifty yards ahead. Rip did not wait to be told whar to go, but pitched evil-bent arter the deer. I cracked away with my rifle and just raised the fuzz between his horns. As soon as Rip got to the fence, he thought he'd make a short cut, so he dashed right through, but his tail was so brittle that it broke off between the rails. Poor old Rip was done for good. He never had a tail to show after that—it broke his feelings as well as his tail, and that's how he came to lose it. And now, gentlemen, I'm gettin' a little dry, and if you've no objections, we'll take a horn.'

OREGON FLOUR IN NEW YORK.—Knapp, Burrell & Co. of this City, have received a dispatch from Chas. Dimon, of New York, informing them that the invoices of Oregon Imperial Flour, shipped by them to New York, had been sold at the highest figures, viz: $16 in currency per barrel and that it was sought after. Our California neighbors can now prate about "lack of gluten" until they are tired. Oregon flour has been found equal if not superior to the best Eastern or California brands.—*Portland Herald.*

THE War Department has decided that every bounty claimant is regarded as having served to the end of the war, who enlisted for three years and was mustered out because his services were no longer required, he is therefore entitled to additional bounty under the act of July 28, 1866.

THE Madison *Argus* told a newly married friend that he would find a difference between the matrimonial and editorial experience. In one case the devil cries for copy, and in the other the copy cries like the devil.

We have known "copy" to beat the devil badly at that game.

RETURNED.—Dr. O. P. S. Plummer and family arrived yesterday on the steamship Oriflamme, with the intention of making Oregon their future home. The Doctor's old friends welcome him back, and are proud that Oregon is still his choice.—*Herald of 18th.*

Brain-Labor and Stimulants.

An article has been going the rounds of the papers, of late, purporting to show how soon the labor of the brain breaks down the health of men devoted to learning and literature. A close investigation of the matter will show that the neglect of the ordinary laws of health, and the use of stimulants, have more to do with the premature decay of such men than the excess of mental labor. We had, a short time since, a long list of French authors, who have fallen into premature decay. Now, a Paris correspondent of one of the London journals takes up the question long mooted in regard to the effect of hard brain labor on longevity. He notices that most of the talented men of France reach a mature age.

Look, for instance, at some of the men of the Academie Francaise. M. Viennet, although eighty-nine years of age, is yet in the full enjoyment of his intellectual faculties. M. de Segur, at eighty-six, is as alive to all that is going forward as he was thirty years ago; de Pongerville, seventy-six, completed the other day the revision of his fine translation of 'Lucretia,' the fourth edition of which has just appeared; Lebrun at eighty-two, is as hale as ever. Villemain, the father of the Academy, whose election took place in eighteen hundred and twenty-one, is seventy-six; every now and then we hear of his being seriously ill, but for all that he has not the remotest idea of either vacating his fauteuil or of giving up his functions of perpetual secretary, which he fulfills with the most assiduous punctuality. Lamartine is seventy-six, yet his step is elastic, and he holds himself as upright as when he saved the country from republicanism in eighteen hundred and forty-eight. Flourens, seventy-eight, has been ill for ten years, yet attends regularly. Count Charles de Montalembert, and Ponsard, the popular poet—although both ill—are still in the full possession of their brilliant faculties. M. Guizot, seventy-nine, and M. Thiers, sixty-nine, still represent the July monarchy with all their wonted vigor, and each of these veterans Orleanist statesmen enjoy robust health. Berryer, seventy-four the staunch legitimist, is as bright and active as any man of his age; Victor Cousin, the delightful biographer of the celebrated women of Louis XIV's time, although suffering from chest disease, preserves his health by an annual visit to Cannes during the winter. The Duke de Broglie, eighty two, son-in-law to Madame de Stael, is still as polished and strong as though he were made of steel.

The great English statesman, Pitt, is usually put down as an instance of the breaking down of a great intellect under severe toil. One of his biographers says: That Minister who, for nearly a quarter of a century, guided the helm of the State, and weathered the storms which assailed him, died in eighteen hundred and six, on the anniversary of the day on which, twenty-four years previously, he had pronounced in Parliament his first speech, which made him the Prime Minister of the country. In the latter years of his life he was broken down by political reverses and by illness, as well as by the fatigue of perpetual intellectual exertion. Almost continually suffering from affection of the stomach, which deprived him of all appetite, he had accustomed himself to seek in the immoderate use of wine, a stimulus of the physical strength, perhaps a momentary relief from mental suffering. In allowing the habit to gain on him more and more, and assume the character of an imperious want, he completed the ruin of his already shaken constitution, although his powerful energetic faculties struggled energetically to the last against its decay. His inflamed countenance, the profound alteration in his features, formerly noble and calm, revealed sadly to all eyes, the melancholy change in his habits. Austerlitz is said to have killed him.

INCIDENT.—At a second class hotel at Frankfort, Ky., a few days since, a little girl entered the bar-room, and in a pitiful tone told the bar keeper that her mother sent her there to get eight cents.

"Eight cents!" said the bar keeper.

"Yes sir."

"What does your mother want of eight cents? I don't owe her anything."

"Well," said the child, "father spends all his money here for rum, and and we have no bread to-day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread."

A loafer suggested to the barkeeper to kick her out.

"No," said the bar keeper, "I'll give her mother the money, and if her father comes back here again, I'll kick him out."

Humanity owes that barkeeper a vote of thanks.

A dissatisfied husband consoles himself for his wife's humors at table by drinking a silent toast to the martyred memory of Bluebeard.

Miscellaneous.

The whole channel of the Mediteranean must be strewn with human bones. Carthagenians; Syrians, Sidonians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Romans—there they lie, side by side, beneath the eternal waters, and the modern ship that brings freight from Alexandria, sails in its whole course over buried nations. It may be the corruption of the dead that adds that brightness to the prosphoresence of the waves. The Orientals have a superstition on this subject, which represents the spirits of the departed as hovering, whether on land or water, over the spot where the ruins of their earthly tenements are found; so that in ploughing the Mediterranean we sail through armies of ghosts more multitudinous than the waves. These patient spirits sometimes ride on the foam, and at others repose in those delicious little hollows which look like excavated emerals between the crests of the waves. It is their armies all thronging together, they believe, that constitutes the phosphoresence of the sea wherever there is light; and the billows flash with the luminousness of vanished generations, that concentrate, as it were, the starlight on their wings.

HEROISM.—Man can do nothing greater than to lay down his life for his country. The human mind can conceive of nothing grander or sublimer, than the act of one who immolates himself on the altar of his country, and quits the world, in order that others may be greater and happier. And this has been done for us by multiplied thousands. During four long years, the Eternal gates have been constantly lifted up, to let in the shades of our countrymen, who went up in fluttering cohorts from the whirlpool of battle. Their broken tabernacles lie upon every hill, and plain, and wilderness, in the dark and fatal land of slavery; and years hence, the whistling plowman will stop in silence and dismay as he upturns a heroe's skull from the furrow.—*Daily Flag.*

In a recent case in Indiana, a Justice complacently remarked in summing up the testimony: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible, the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is a matter of indifference which way you give your verdict."

The following is from the Zanesville Times: Among the marriages occurring in this city last week, was one of a highly respectable young woman, to an individual who was a Southerner, and at the beginning of the war a slave, notwithstanding the fact of his having, to all appearance, no negro blood in his veins.

A Wealthy man who lately died in Toledo, Ohio, left a will bequeathing half of his wealth (being childless) to his wife for her use as long as she remains single, the other half to be given to her when she marries again. If such acts were more frequent, charming widows would be more charming and widowhood much shorter lived.

A gentleman in the springtime of life, when walking with a lady stumbled and fell. On his resuming his perpendicular, the lady remaked, "She was sorry for his unfortunate *faux pas.*' "I didn't hurt my fore paws," said he, "I only barked my knee."

At a 4th of July celebration in Marion county, Illinois, a young lady offered the following toast: "The young men of America—*their* arms our support; *our* arms their reward. Fall in, men, fall in."

A teacher said to a little girl at school: "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her."

A clergyman gave the following toast that was not very gallant, at a late fireman's celebration: "Our fire engines may they be like old maids—ever ready but never wanted!"

A young man being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

An editor says that when he was in prison for libelling a Justice of the Peace, the jailor had the "cheek" to ask him to give the prison a puff.

Twenty-five years ago, but a single house and a log cabin stood upon the site of what is now the large and flourishing city of St. Paul, Minnesota.

"How does that look?" said Mr. Cramp, holding out his brawny hand and looking at it with admiration. "That looks as though you were out of soap," replied Amos.

A couple were married in Ohio the other day, not leaving their sleigh, but the obliging magistrate standing on the curbstone.

There is an artesian well in Indiana which squirts up 200,000 gallons of sulphur water a day.

When guns go off do they return again? No, but we hear from them.

Woman is a delusion: still men will hug delusions.

The skeleton of the theater—the dead-head.

The fair sex recognize cotton as their "bosom friend."

When is an infant like a cannibal? When it eats its "pap."