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Baltimore Lock Hospital,

Where may be obtained the most speedy remedy for SECRET DISEASES, Gonorrhoea, Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Pain in the loins, Affections of the kidneys, and all those Peculiar Affections arising from a SECRET HABIT, particularly the youth of both sexes, which, if not cured, produce constitutional Debility, renders Marriage impossible, and in the end destroys both Mind and Body.

Young Men

Especially, who have become the victims of *Solitary Vice*, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

DR. JOHNSTON,

OFFICE, No. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK ST., BALTIMORE, SEVEN DOORS FROM BALTIMORE ST., East side, UP THE STEPS.

☞ BE PARTICULAR in observing the name and number, or you will mistake the place.

CURE WARRANTED OR NO CHARGE MADE, IN FROM ONE TO TWO DAYS.

TAKE NOTICE.

DR. JOHNSTON is the only regularly Educated Physician who advertises his very Extensive Practice, and his many Wonderful Cures is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted. Those who wish to be speedily and effectually cured should shun the numerous trifling impostors, who only ruin their health, and apply to DR. JOHNSTON.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known. Many troubled with ringing in the ears and head when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended, sometimes, with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A Certain Disease.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shinbones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." To such, therefore, DR. JOHNSTON pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy, and, from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals in Europe and America, he confidently recommends a safe and speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease. It is a melancholy fact, that thousands fall victims to this dreadful disease, owing to the unskilfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that deadly poison, mercury, ruin the constitution, and then send the unfortunate sufferer to an untimely grave, or else make the residue of life miserable.

Affections of the Bladder.

A disease, the existence of which is generally perceptible by Pain, Uneasiness in Urinary Organs, Weakness of the System, Barrenness, Derangement of the Digestive Organs, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, and peculiar affections of the mind, fits of melancholy, &c.

Take Particular Notice.

Young men who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured, renders marriage impossible and destroys both mind and body.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

Should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

Constitutional Debility.

[illegible]

DR. JOHNSTON'S INVIGORATING REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

[illegible]

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TO STRANGERS.

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GRATIS!

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Dr. Doran's Eclectic Medical Office

[illegible]

FOR SALE, 1 good second hand York Wagon. Apply to [my 26] THOS. GARRETT.

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

BY W. FERGUSON.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had the earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd died to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a godly one:
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light, and life, and joy.

And bade him keep the, gift that when
The parting hour would come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home:
She said his faith in what would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing!
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy—
A mother's gift, remember, boy!

MISCELLANY.

[From the Flag of our Union.]

THE DESERTED BRIDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

And dearer seems each dawning smile,
For having lost its light awhile.—MOORE.

Surrounded by grounds which were laid out with much taste and highly cultivated, was a large, old-fashioned mansion belonging to a gentleman of wealth and good standing in society, by the name of Elmer. It was a bright morning, and the sunshine which here and there had found an opening in the foliage of the flowering vines that in some places had crept even to the eaves, stole in at the window of a lady's boudoir and intermingling with the sprays of delicate blue flowers on the velvet carpet, resembled shreds of gold. The blue damask curtains were looped back, and the sash of one of the windows raised, so as to give free admission to the air, which was deliciously cool and balmy.

The owner of this boudoir, which was fitted up with an elegance that one would hardly look for beneath the roof of an old time-worn, isolated mansion of New England, sat near the open window reading. The blue damask that covered the walls, chairs and lounges, and which would have been so trying to most complexions, showed the delicate bloom of hers to the very best advantage.

She was young—not more than sixteen, and as she sat absorbed in the pages of the volume she was reading, her pure white brow shaded with clustering curls of dusky gold, and the liquid light of her blue eyes breaking like a smile from beneath their long lashes, it would have been difficult to imagine a sweeter, or lovelier picture. So Salonie Mirvin thought, as she lingered a few moments at the threshold of the boudoir, without attracting the notice of the occupant.

Salonie's beauty was of a different kind—dark and lively, and so sparkling that the very atmosphere around her seemed to be luminous. Yet she had many sad hours, but they were reserved for the loneliness of her own chamber. She still stood in the doorway when Alice Elmer looked up.

"Ah, Salonie," said she, "I was thinking of you—of your singing."

"What made you?"

"These lines." and Alice read:

"While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charmed lute was heard to float
Along its cords, and so entwine
Its sound with theirs, that none knew whether,
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together."

"Did I not know," said Salonie, "that you love music so well you never think of watching for faults, I should think you meant to flatter me."

"No one could find fault with your singing."

"I find that you are no connoisseur, dear Alice. But have you forgotten what your father said this morning?"

"I remember now. You mean what he said about our having company to dine?"

"Yes."

"Some old friends of his, I suppose."

"He said there would be three gentlemen—two from the city, and one who lives about a dozen miles from here."

"That must be Mr. Williams. You have heard me speak of Ella Williams. She is, like me, an only daughter."

"And a dear little fairy she is too," said Alfred Elmer, the brother of Alice, who had a moment before approached the window, and stood peeping in between the branches of a prairie rose.

"I agree with you," said Alice, "and I mean to make her father promise to let her come and make us a good long visit. Now, Salonie, I suppose I must go and consult the worthy Mrs. Beachum, relative to what will be necessary to provide for the entertainment of the expected guests. She will of course have every thing her own way the same as if I didn't say a word; but then such grave consultations give me a certain air of dignity and importance in the estimation of the servants, which it is necessary I should maintain, and is quite flattering to my vanity."

"You talk of dignity," said Alfred, laughing. "Your pretensions to it are much the same as a violet's would be beside a calla or some other queenly flower."

Two or three hours afterward, Mr. Williams and the two other gentlemen arrived. The appearance of one of them, a Mr. Templeton, who was about thirty years of age, was both striking and prepossessing. He was tall, finely formed, his countenance intellectual and full of expression. The other, Cecil Inman, must have been eight or nine years his junior. He was frank and courteous, very lively and spirited, and in half an hour after his arrival, he and Alfred Elmer were on as familiar a footing to all appearance, as if they had been acquainted for years. Salonie Mirvin did not enter the room till half an hour after they came.

"What bird of Paradise is that?" said Cecil Inman, in a low voice to Alfred, as she made her appearance.

"Salonie Mirvin, who has come to keep our little Ally company, these long summer days."

"What a rich bloom, and what dark, brilliant eyes," said Inman.

This interchange of remarks diverted their attention from the object of them, or they would have seen that the rich bloom Inman spoke of, faded utterly away when Mr. Templeton was [illegible] agitation, but it passed over his countenance like a troubled wave and was gone. When a minute afterward Cecil Inman was presented to Salonie, the color had returned to her cheeks while Templeton appeared perfectly self-possessed. No one had observed their mutual agitation except Alice, and it caused her to recall to mind the sadness which she had sometimes noticed in Salonie's deep, dark eyes only a few moments after they had been flooded with sunshine.

It was found when dinner was announced that Mrs. Beachum had exerted her culinary skill quite successfully, which was not lost on Mr. Williams and the host. Somehow Mr. Templeton did not appear to have much desire for food, but he had fine conversational powers that he found opportunity to display to much advantage.

Alfred and Cecil were too deeply engaged in discussing a sporting excursion for the morning, to think of much else, while Salonie's graceful and quiet attentions of the guests, by which she greatly relieved the youthful hostess, with now and then a lively sally or witty remark, made apparently without effort, and which gave a sparkle and brilliancy to the conversation, prevented any one from observing that what was on her plate remained untasted.

In the evening there was music, and those who listened to Salonie's singing would not have thought that the lines read by Alice in the morning misapplied. She was seated at the piano when a duet was asked for by Mr. Elmer.

"Alfred," said she, "will you sing it with me?"

"I would," he replied, "did I not know that Mr. Templeton can sing it ten times as well as I can. Besides, his deep, mellow voice will harmonize so wonderfully with yours."

"My voice has neither the freshness nor the spontaneousness of Miss Mirvin's," said Templeton, "yet I will not refuse to sing with her, if she will permit me."

If there were any reason why Salonie preferred not to sing with him, it was one she did not care to have suspected, so she offered no objection.

"Farewell to thee, Araby's daughter," which she had herself arranged for two voices, was the duet referred to by Mr. Elmer, and when Templeton, whose voice was as rich, full and mellow as Alfred had represented it to be, came to the words:

"How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south, o'er a summer lute blowing;
And hushed all its music, and withered its frame,"

Alice who sat near the piano saw Salonie raise her eyes to Templeton's as her voice blended with his, in singing the last line. There was in them a look, both mournful and reproachful, and a sad, wailing sound in the notes—so Alice imagined—which made her think that the melancholy which she knew sometimes clouded Salonie's lonely hours, had in some way reference to Templeton. He, in the meantime, kept his eyes steadily fixed on the music, though a slight tremor in his voice showed that he was not unconscious of the look she gave him.

When at a late hour the gentlemen had retired for the night, Salonie putting her arm round Alice, drew her to a large cushioned chair.

"Here is room for us both," said she, "and if you are not to tired I should like to say a few words to you which I have often wished to do before."

Alice was neither tired nor sleepy, she said, and so Salonie, while the bright moonlight stole in through the foliage of vines and shrubbery shading the windows, and lay quivering on the carpet like a shower of silvery spray, said in a low voice:

"Templeton and I have met before."

"I knew so," said Alice.

"You saw that I was agitated, and that he was not wholly unmoved."

"He was as much agitated as you were, Salonie—it was very plain to see that he was."

"I think you were mistaken. At any rate, I regret this meeting."

"How long has it been since you saw him?"

"Four years. I am now twenty-two—when we parted, I was only eighteen. Then I expected to see him again in a few weeks instead of four years."

"And what prevented?"

"I never knew. When he left me, it was for the purpose of going to New York city on business. When he returned we were to be married. Everything was in readiness, even to my bridal dress. I received one letter from him informing me of his safe arrival, and that he thought he should not be detained so long as he had anticipated. I answered this letter, but he never wrote again. About two weeks afterward I saw his name among those of the passengers who had sailed for England in one of the New York packets."

"And did you never hear from him again?"

"Once, about two years afterwards, I was at Newport, and heard his name mentioned by some ladies who were sitting near me. They said that a few months previously he had returned from Europe, and that during his absence he had met with an American lady to whom he was married."

"Did they mention her name?"

"Yes, Miranda Lawton. I formerly knew her well, and I knew that she was [illegible] acquainted with him, but he always appeared to dislike her."

"I didn't once think that Mr. Templeton was married," said Alice, in a tone of disappointment.

"As I said before, I regret this meeting—deeply regret it," said Salonie. "I feel humbled at being so much moved by again seeing one, who by breaking his solemnly pledged vows, has rendered himself unworthy of my esteem. There, dear Alice, I have revealed to you the little love passage which has cast a shadow upon the last four years of my life, and now, when by hard striving, I was beginning to find here and there a gleam of sunshine, he has unexpectedly stole upon me, and I shall be again for a long time haunted by his ideal presence."

As they parted at the head of the staircase, the clock told the hour of midnight.

When in the morning, they all assembled at the breakfast-table, Salonie looked a little pale, yet she was full of vivacity and spirit. Templeton was as fluent in conversation, and perfectly easy and graceful, though on one or two occasions he appeared to be somewhat absent-minded. After the meal was finished, by the manner in which he watched Salonie's movements, he evidently intended to speak with her apart. She became aware of his design, and sedulously avoided giving him the opportunity he sought.

About sunset, a walk in the garden and adjacent grounds was proposed. Cecil Inman hastened to offer his arm to Alice, as if he feared that he should be anticipated by Templeton, while Salonie, at the same time taking the arm of Alfred, said laughingly, that he must be her beau. Templeton bit his lips with vexation and joined Mr. Williams and Mr. Elmer.

They strolled on in different directions, as fancy dictated. That selected by Alfred and Salonie, led to a spot which commanded a view of a fine sheet of water, the surface of which, broken into ripples by the freshening breeze, sparkled brightly in the declining sunbeams. Even the trunks of the trees, which on one side of the lake pressed closely to the water's edge, were lit up with a dusky glow.

"Salonie, here is a nice romantic seat for you," said Alfred, pointing to a smooth block of granite beneath a large oak, "where you can sit and admire the beautiful scene to your heart's content, while I go and gather some of the lilies in yonder creek. They are all closed now, but this morning they looked like stars on the clear, blue water."

Without waiting to hear if she had any objection to his leaving her, he was the next minute at the foot of the steep bank which bounded the narrow strip of sand at the water's edge, and stepping into a small skiff, secured to a birch that drooped over the waves, he was soon within reach of the lilies.

"Salonie," said a voice near her.

She started to her feet, looked round, and beheld Templeton.

"Mr. Templeton," she said, "why are you here? You must have seen that I wished to avoid you."

"I did, but in justice to myself I ask you to give me a few moments of your time."

"Of what avail will it be?"

"There are things, which I wish to explain."

"The neglect with which you treated me, after we parted four years ago, carries with it its own explanation."

"I can at least give you the reason for my doing as I did."

"If any exist which will exonerate you from the implication of perfidy, shall be glad to hear them."

"You may judge for yourself. In the first place let me ask if you received any letters from me, after I left you for New York?"

"I received one, which was written the next day after you arrived there."

"And did you answer it?"

"I did—I wrote immediately."

"I received no answer, but not wishing to be precipitate, I wrote oncemore, and should even have written a third time, had I not been prevented by the receipt of an anonymous letter. I have it with me, and should like to have you read it."

He unfolded the letter, and handed it to Salonie. It said:

"The writer of this has been informed that you are soon to be married to a young lady by the name of Salonie Mirvin. If you imagine she has any affection for you, you are deceived. It is your wealth which has excited her regard; her heart is in possession of another. She is even now in this city, and if you desire proof of what I tell you, station yourself near the front entrance of the large and fashionable hotel, kept by Thomas Blandon in —— street, at nine o'clock this evening; and you will see her leave the hotel in company with a man, who wears his hair, which is black, falling in short curls over his coat-collar, and in whom, if you ever chanced to see him, you will recognize her *ci-devant* music teacher."

"And did you go watch near the hotel as directed?" said Salonie.

"I did."

"And the result?"

"I saw you, as I should then have been willing to take my oath, descend the steps of the hotel, accompanied by a small and rather youthful-looking man, with black curls falling over his coat-collar, in the same manner as is mentioned in the letter."

"And did you see his companion's face?"

"No, I did not—it was concealed by her veil, but her form, her air, and her dress were [illegible] them? You might have then found that you were deceived."

"That was what I intended to do, but while I stood gazing at them, half bewildered, they stepped into a hackney coach, which drove away at a speed which baffled my attempts to overtake it. I then went back to the hotel, and requested leave to be permitted to look at the book where the names of the guests were registered. The favor was readily granted, and the name of Salonie Mirvin was soon found. This I considered as evidence sufficiently conclusive. I inquired if a lady by the name of Salonie Mirvin was expected to return to the hotel, and was told that she was not, as she had previously to going out that evening requested the gentleman who called for her to pay her bill. The next day, falling in with an old friend who was soon going to Europe, I decided to go with him."

"Where you met Miranda Lawton, who is now your wife?"

"She *was* my wife—she is now dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes—I supposed you knew it."

"No, it has been my task to try to forget you, and all that appertained to you. There has ever been among my friends, a tacit understanding to remain silent in my presence, concerning what called up so many unpleasant reminiscences, so that I had not even heard your name mentioned, till I saw you so unexpectedly last evening, since two years ago, when some ladies, who were strangers to me, mentioned in my hearing, that you were married."

"Yes, I married Mirando Lawton from a sense of duty—a feeling of gratitude, rather than on account of any livelier emotion. She had nursed me through a long and dangerous illness. After my recovery, I was told that it was a common report, that she was secretly attached to me, so without waiting to reflect as much as I should have done, I proposed and was accepted. I soon found that I had taken a wrong step, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I always treated her with kindness, during the short time she lived. One day, after she found there was no hope of her recovery, she said to me, that she had bartered her peace of mind, for what she imagined would secure her happiness; but that, haunted by the memory of the means she had employed to attain her object, it had proved to be like the tempting fruit we read of, which turns to ashes when it touches the lip. I asked for no explanation, for I found that she was agitated and exhausted. After remaining silent for some time, she said:

"'If you wish to know the meaning of what I have told you, look in the upper drawer of the rosewood cabinet in my dressing-room. You will there find a letter which will explain all.—But do not look now—wait till I am gone.'

"She then told me where I could find the key, and neither of us alluded to the subject again. But I felt in no haste to 'draw her frailties from their dread abode,' and it was not till weeks after she died, that I opened the drawer of the cabinet. I found a letter directed to me, and dated a short time before her last illness, in which she confessed that she was the author of the anonymous letter I showed you, and that it was she, dressed like you, whom I saw leave the hotel. 'In a word,' she added, I was determined to prevent you from marrying Salonie Mirvin, and succeeded. It was not that I had anything against her, but I imagined that if you thought her unworthy, I should be your choice.'"

"She said nothing about intercepting our letters?"

"No, though she undoubtedly did intercept them. Having told you what was necessary for my exculpation, we will let her who wronged us both, rest in peace. And shall we not, Salonie, suffer the waters of oblivion to roll over the bitter memories of the past? If I was quick to condemn, the lessons gained from experience will for the future make me less hasty."

The look of confidence and trust with which she placed her hand in his, was the only answer she gave, and was all that he required.

In a few minutes they were joined by Alfred, who for some reason had lingered a long time over his pleasant task of gathering lilies.

When Templeton, having remained a week after the departure of Mr. Williams, left the hospitable mansion of Mr. Elmer, everything was arranged for his marriage with Salonie Mirvin. He was accompanied by Cecil Inman, who had made such good use of his time, as to win a promise from Alice, that she would be his bride when she was a year older—a promise which received the full and hearty approval of her father.

As for Alfred Elmer, the opinion he expressed to Alice and Salonie, when peeping into the window through the vines, relative to Ellen Williams, is unchanged; and though he is, as yet, only nineteen, it will probably remain so, as the Elmers have always been distinguished for their constancy.

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.—The above fertilizer, manufactured by Prof. Mapes (being the article chiefly used in this section, others, as yet, not having been much tried, is confirming this season its previous high reputation. For wheat, grass and corn it has been found equally valuable, and some of our farmers who have made extensive use of it, prefer it to guano. One of them informs us that he experimented in different parts of his corn field, in alternate sections in the hills, with Mapes' super-phosphate, ashes and plaster, guano, bonedust, and manure from the henery, properly composted. Its singular appearance on various colors and heights, attracted much attention of passers by—the part where the phosphate had been applied in the hill, and the corn dropped on it, being considerably ahead of any other portion.

Its effects have been particularly striking on pastures and mowing grounds, and we know of no application equal to it, from our own observation of its effects, to renovate such fields and lawns where the grass has run out, and where it would be inexpedient to plow it up. We have latterly heard it very highly spoken of by those who have tried it as a manure for pear trees, slightly dug in around the trunk.

One kind of manure for all kinds of soils, and under all circumstances, is hardly more rational than one kind of medicine for all diseases. What Mapes' super-phosphate of lime has done, within our knowledge, in three or four counties around Philadelphia, it may not do everywhere else; but we advise those farmers, who require something more than their barnyards can yield them, and who can obtain it, to buy a portion the present season.—*Farm Journal.*

Farmers, we beg of you to sow a great crop of buckwheat. The grain, besides its use for human food, is one of the most valuable for poultry feeding, and to fit up a horse quick with a sleek coat there is no grain equal to buckwheat. For ordinary stock feed it is not as valuable as corn, barley, rye, wheat or peas. Indian corn should never be planted upon buckwheat stubble. We are not aware that it injures any other crop.

HOW TO COOK A POTATO.—Wash it well, but let there be no scraping. At the thickest end cut off a piece the size of a sixpence. This is the safety valve through which the steam escapes, and all rents in the skin are thereby prevented, just as the valve prevents a rupture in the steam boiler.

TO POLISH STOVES.—Mix powder of black lead with a little gin or alcohol, and lay it on the stove with a piece of linen rag. Then take a dry soft brush, dip it in some dry black lead powder, and rub the stove to a beautiful brightness.

To take stains out of mahogany.—Take spirits of salts six parts; salts of lemon one part.—Mix; then drop a little on the stains, and rub till they disappear.

To set colors fast in calico and other goods—dissolve one tablespoonful of gall in a gallon of warm water, and wash the article in it without soap.

GOOD ADVICE.—The Fairmount True Virginian says that the Rev. Able Stevens, in an address delivered in that place during the session of the Methodist E. Conference, in speaking of the power of the press, said that if there was any man in the audience who pretended to do business and not advertise, that man has yet to learn the first principles of trade. So we think. We hope some of the speaker's brethren will profit by this sound advice.

Select the largest and flattest onions and the largest potatoes for seed, or the crop will degenerate.

A certain preacher in the Far West gave out for his text a certain chapter and verse of *Clover*. The Deacon arose and told him it was *Timothy*. "Oh, yes," replied the divine, "it is Timothy; I knew it was some kind of grass."

GRASS IN RUM.—An old fellow in Missouri, who was in the habit of "not belonging to the temperance society," was in the act of taking a nip one day before a young Virginian. "What do you drink?" asked the latter. "Brandy and water," was the reply. "Why dont you drink mint juleps?" "Mint juleps?" queried the old man "why what in the name of drinks is that?" "A most delicious drink," was the answer, "and I'll show you how to make it, as I see you have mint growing almost at your door." The young fellow soon produced the julep, and the old man was delighted with it. About a month after, on his return home, the Virginian thought he would stop at his old friend's and "indulge," but judge of his surprise when his inquiries at the door for his friend were answered by an aged female darkey with, "Oh, massa's dead and gone dis two weeks!" "Dead!" exclaimed the young man, "why how strange! What did he die of?" "Oh, I d'no" returned the woman, "only a fellow come along about a mont ago, and larnt him to drink *grass in de rum*, and it killed him in two weeks."

SINGULAR WAGER.—A young woman had laid a wager she would descend into a vault, in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid himself in the vault, and as the girl seized a skull, cried, in a hollow voice:

"Leave me my head!"

"There it is," said the girl, throwing it down and catching up another.

"Leave me my head!" cried the same voice.

"Nay, nay," said the heroic lass, "you cannot have two heads;" so brought the skull, and won the wager.

CONFIDENCE.—"You say you have confidence in the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes sir."

"State to the court, if you please, what caused this confidence."

"Why you see, sir, there's allers reports about eatin house men and I used to think"—

"Never mind what you used to think; tell us what you know."

"Well sir, one day I goes down to Cookem's shop an sez to the waiter, sez I, give's a veal pie."

"Well sir proceed."

"Well, just then Mr. Cookem comes up, and sez he, 'How du, Smith, what ye going to hev.'"

"Weal pie," sez I.

"Good" sez he, "I'll take one too;" so he sets down and eats one of his own weal pies right before me."

"Did that cause your confidence in him?"

"Yes indeed sir; when an eatin house keeper sets down afore his customers, an' deliberately eats one of his own weal pies, no man refuses to feel confidence—it shows him to be an honest man."

VALEDICTORY OF AN EDITOR.—The following is the valedictory article of an editor out West; "The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper, to the present time, he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list, or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires, to recruit his moral constitution."

Among the Tartars, if a man deceives a woman by false promises and she in consequence becomes crazy, he is instantly choked to death. Serves him right, too—any man ought to be choked to death who sets a woman crazy—and especially if he be a Tartar, for women have the sole right to be considered tartars.

A creature, who spends its whole time in dressing, gambling, prating and gadding, is a being originally, indeed, of the rational make; but who has sunk itself beneath its rank, and it is to be considered at present as nearly on a level with the monkey species.

Most ladies think it is the summit of misfortune to be ugly. This is a mistake, quite frequently. The chances are, as the world goes, that homely women are altogether the best at heart, head and soul. A pretty face often presides over a false heart and a weak head, with the smallest shadow of a soul.

No one can be happy who does not apply his energies to some good purpose. The drone is a burden to himself, and a nuisance to the world.

Punch has a caricature satirizing the present absurd fashion which threatens to place the bonnet on the extreme verge of the organ of philoprogenitiveness. The picture represents a lady dressed a la mode, with a boy behind her holding her bonnet on a stick near the back of her head.

SUMMER COSTUME AT THE DIGGINS'.—After all, California is a good deal of a country. For summer costume, in the "free and easy" part of the climate, the men folks wear a straw hat, pinewood apron and jack-knife. The woman hav'nt settled in that part of the nation yet.

In India when a horse can and will not draw, instead of whipping, spurring or burning him as is frequently practiced in more civilized countries, they quietly get a rope, and attaching it to one of the fore feet, one or two men take hold of it, advancing a few paces ahead of the horse, pull their best. No matter how stubborn the animal may be, a few doses of such treatment will effect a perfect cure.