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THE DEMOCRAT

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Political.

Donelson on Fillmore.

The friends of Mr. Fillmore will be interested in studying the following "good sayings" of Major Donelson, which we find collected together by the Nashville Union:

"In 1850 Messrs. Cass, Buchanan, Douglas, Foote, and other leading men of the democratic party, supposed that they had the sanction of the whig party to a Compromise which was a final adjustment of the slavery question, and that the obligation to execute the fugitive slave law impeached no right of the United States, or any territory hereafter to be acquired by the United States. In less than a year however, the President of the Compromise (Fillmore) is found apologizing to the abolitionists, and solemnly assuring them that their tender consciences ought not to be disturbed, because no slave territory can ever hereafter be admitted into the Union."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"If Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, were in the presidential chair, he could not do less than Mr. Fillmore has done to execute the law."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"The Executive (Fillmore) allowed the friends of Wm. H. Seward to retain the bulk of federal patronage."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"It is known to our readers that Gov. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, is a thorough anti-slavery man. He is much belied, even by abolitionists, if he is not a rabid abolitionist, and in favor of repeal. Well-substantiated rumor states that Governor. J. succeeded, by a threat of desertion from the next canvass in Pennsylvania, in forcing the President (Fillmore) to sustain Gov. J.'s friends, who are, to all intents, Mr. Seward's friends. Oh! the wickededness of the world."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"We undertake to affirm that there is no substantial difference between the opinions of President Fillmore and the abolitionist Johnston on the subject of the Compromise, so far as it contains provisions which are repealable by Congress."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"The sanction given to northern fanaticism by the (Fillmore) administration and its organ in the endorsement of the Albany coalition has done, and will do, more to strengthen the cause of secession than a thousand Rhetts could ever do! We prefer to strike at the guilty parties—at the aggressor rather than at him who resists aggression too far."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"They (Galphinism, Gardinerism, Christiana murders and Cuba proclamations) come as inevitably out of the present organization of whiggery as vermin do from the material body when in course of de-composition."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"Have we any guarantee from this assurance that he (Mr. Fillmore) will execute the laws more than Mr. Seward or Wade, or honest John Davis, of Massachusetts, would give if placed in the presidency?"—*A. J. Donelson*

"The President, (Fillmore,) forgetful of his high position and onerous duties, has descended into arena to wield his official influence and patronage in support of the schemes of Wm. H. Seward, and Thurlow weed."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"President Fillmore issues his (Cuba) proclamation drawn in terms so entirely unguarded and indefensible that if Concha (the Cuban captain-general) himself had penned it, it could not have answered his purpose better."

* * * * *

"The truth is, our government has acted meanly in this business, and now acts absurdly in the hope of covering up its meanness."—*A. J. Donelson.*

[From the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.]

MR. CLAY AND MR. BUCHANAN.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over the columns of the Pennsylvanian this morning my attention was drawn to an editorial commenting upon the course of Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, towards Mr. Buchanan. The articles referred to recalled to my mind a fact related to me previous to Mr. B.'s nomination for the Presidency, by "an Old Line Whig," a most worthy and respected merchant of this city, who was ever one of Mr. Clay's devoted friends. In a conversation with him in relation to Buchanan he expressed to me an ardent desire for his nomination as he intended in that case, not only to vote, but to use whatever influence he had in favor of Mr. B, who, he said, although opposed to Mr. Clay in politics, was always on friendly terms with him, for so he had been assured by Mr. Clay himself in the presence of several other persons. He said he had occasion to visit Mr. Clay, in Washington city, in company with the persons above referred to, and in the course of conversation the name of Mr. Buchanan was incidentally mentioned. One of the persons present, under the impression that Mr. Clay was not on friendly terms with Mr. Buchanan, made a remark desparaging to the latter. Mr. Clay instantly, in the most frank and decided manner said: "SIR, I BEG OF YOU NOT TO SAY ONE WORD AGAINST MY FRIEND, JAMES BUCHANAN. I DO ASSURE YOU THAT HE NEVER SAID OR DONE AUGHT IN THE LEAST TO OFFEND ME. HE IS A HIGHMINDED, HONORABLE GENTLEMAN, WHOM I AM PROUD TO CALL MY FRIEND. HE IS A STATESMAN, OF WHOM NOT ONLY PENNSYLVANIA, BUT THE WHOLE UNION HAS GREAT REASON TO BE PROUD, AND IN MY PRESENCE HE MUST NOT BE LIGHTLY SPOKEN OF."

The language and manner of Mr. Clay effected a total revolution in the mind of my informant towards Mr. B. While on business in London, he called upon him; and also since his return to Wheatland, and each time was treated with great courtesy and kindness by Mr. B., of whom he is now an ardent advocate.

☞THE OLDER I GROW THE MORE INCLINED I AM TO BE WHAT IS CALLED A STATES' RIGHT MAN.—*James Buchanan's speech on the admission of Arkansas in 1836.*

Select Poetry.

In the Summer when the Days were Long.

In Summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood;
Our heart was light, our step was strong,
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In Summer when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came,
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs;
And lways wished your life the same.

In Summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In Summer when the days were long.

And then we sat beneat the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In Summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song,
We plucked wild strawberries ripe and red.
In Summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not,
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men,
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In Summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not, but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In Summer when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In Summer when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong,
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In Summer when the days are long.

I Had Loved her when a Boy.

I met her; she was thin and old;
She stooped, and tread with tottering feet,
The hair was gray that once was gold,
The voice was harsh that once was sweet;
Her hands were dwindled, and her eyes,
Robbed of the girlish light of joy,
Were dim! I felt a sad surprise
That I had loved her when a boy,

But yet a something in her air
Restored to me the vanished time;
My heart grew young and seemed to wear
The brightness of my youthful prime.
I took her withered hand in mine,
Its touch recalled a ghost of joy;
I kissed it with a reverend sigh,—
For I had loved her when a boy.

Select Miscellany.

A Few Facts Worth Keeping in Mind.

From "A Practical Treatise upon the Human Skin," by Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S., we select the following description of the Perspiratory System:

"To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3,528 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube of about a quarter of an inch long, it follows, that in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73½ feet.

"Surely such an amount of drainage as seventy-three feet in every square inch of skin, assuming this to be the average for the whole body, is something wonderful, and the thought naturally intrudes itself: What if this drainage were obstructed? Could we need a stronger argument for enforcing the necessity of attention to the skin? On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeded that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2,268, and the length of the tube 567 inches, or 47 feet.

"To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2,800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 700, consequently, of the number of inches in length. Now, the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk is 2,500; the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000, and the number of inches of perspiratory tube, 1,750,000, that is 145,833 feet, or 48,600 yards, or nearly 28 miles.

"The perspiratory system of the skin is one of the usual channels by which excess of water is removed from the blood, and in effecting this purpose, the perspiratory function becomes a regulator of the temperature of the body.—In health, perspiration is always taking place, even in a passive state of the body, and passes off in the form of an imperceptible vapor, which is therefore termed *insensible perspiration.* But when the muscular system is in exercise, when chemical combination is active, and the nervous system excited, the perspiration is no longer insensible; it becomes perceptible, and more or less abundant, and is then denominated *sensible perspiration.*

"The existence of perspiration in its insensible or sensible state bears relation, however, not merely to the quantity of perspired fluid, but also to the atmosphere. Thus, in a close, damp day, when the atmosphere is warm, and already charged with moisture, it is incapable of receiving that of the skin, and the ordinarily insensible vapor becomes condensed in a sensible form. On the other hand, when the atmosphere is dry, and the body or the air in motion, the moisture is carried away so rapidly that the sensible, under ordinary circumstances becomes an insensible perspiration.—The term 'insensible perspiration,' therefore, properly applies to the imperceptible evaporation from the skin when the body is at rest, or in gentle motion."

Early Methodist Preaching.

The October number of the London Wesleyan Quarterly Review, in an article on the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, has among its paragraphs the following:

"The records of early Methodism in America reveal an account of suffering, endured by the itinerant preachers such as could not, we fear, be borne at the present time. Their suffering were of every kind. The mere drudgery of travelling was of itself, in the state of the country at that time, sufficiently harrassing Boundless forests, infested by wild and hostile Indians, had to be hreaded, often without the semblance of roads, and with no other direction in their wanderings than the 'blaze' on the trees, that is, the portion stripped off from the bark. The settler's log-hut being reached there was nothing but the meanest fare—hard biscuit, often the floor or a plank, rarely the more questionable luxury of a bed, while the hut and the preacher had to be guarded thro' the gloom of night by some portion of the household against the rifle, the tomahawk and the scalping-knife. We often find that in moving from place to place the Methopist evangelist had to join a sort of caravan of travellers, all armed to the teeth, himself among the number, to defend themselves against the stealthy tactics of the 'wild men of the wood.' But human dangers were not the only dangers. The crossing of the rivers by the help of the most fragile means and engineering the most ingenious, their steads swimming or drowning as the case may be, was a daily difficulty in their path. Swamps, bogs, heat, cold, snow, rain, musquitoes, serpents, bears and wolves had to be encountered in constant succession. We can, in these early times, find hardly any clue in the matter of stipend and pay, and we presume they had chiefly to trust in Him who commissioned the ravens to give meat to Elijah. But we do find Bishop Asbury, sometimes dividing his wardrobe and his pocket money—for he carried his treasures in his pocket—and selling his watch to find board for his poorer brethren. Passive heroism may excel active heroism; and men who could suffer these privations year after year, and still hold on their course, were not devoid of the heroic spirit. They could easily have planted themselves on a farm, have located in a town, have taken up some secular, or, if fitted for it, some scholastic employment. For in America then as now, labor of every kind was sure to find a remunerating market. But no; they denounced all this, and fought out the battle manfully against suffering and want, as they did against scorn, derision and contempt. Must they not have heard a voice more commanding than even the voice of their own sensitive nature—the voice of God?"

PUNCH ON LIFE INSURANCE.

He says that the following should be added to the questions usually asked of the applicant:

Did your great grandmother ever complain of having been frightened to death?

Are you in the habit of reading Mr. Allison's histories, or the Morning Advertiser, or any other publications tending to lengthen life?

Do you cross the street carefully, and have you ever been run over by Pickford's vans, and how often?

Have you an admision to the zeological gardens, and if so, do you habitually go close to the dens of the *carnivora*, or get into the serpents' cages?

Is your wife a strong-minded woman?

Do you know any Americans, and is there any chance of your getting into political or other arguments with the owner of a revolver?

Are you a polite man who does not mind running out of a hot opera house to get up in a carriage on a wet night?

Did you ever sit out an Elizabethan drama of modern construction, and how many years ago, and who attended you, medically, afterwards?

Do you run after fancy preachers, and do they make you cry?

What was the general state of your ancestors' health, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries?

Was any member of your family ever swallowed up by an earthquake?

When you go to Gravesend, is it by boat or rail; and in the former case, do you always hold fast by a rope?

Do you always take care not to tread on orange-peel in the street?

Have you ever been afflicted with Irishmen, or any other epidemic?

Who cuts your hair?

☞Mosquito bites are instantaneously cured by bathing with lime water.

The Charmed Squirrel.

A correspondence of a South Carolina paper relates the following which although not embracing anything particularly novel, will be found interesting as being a matter of fact:

"I was one day passing through the forest that surrounds my homestead, and came suddenly upon a squirrel of the common gray species, clinging' head down, to the trunk of a large tree. This was no unusual sight to me, and I would have passed on without further notice, if a strange excitement, which appear-to possess the little animal, had not fixed my attention. From fright or some other cause, a terrible agitation convulsed its frame; it shattered and writhed in agony, while its eyes glazing fearfully, seemed fixed on some object at the root of the tree, and utterly incapable of being turned away from the fascination that had caught its gaze. Astonished beyond measure at this singular exhibition on the part of the squirrel, (for I could not, from the place where I stood, see any adequate cause for it) I went nearer, and discovered at a glance the source of all the trouble.

On the ground, near the root of the tree, lay a hugh rattlesnake in majestic coil, his eyes, like balls of fire, fixed in deadly gaze upon those of the squirrel. They winked not, nor tired, nor ceased, one instand, to emit their mysterious fascinations; and each moment the agony and helplessness of the victim increased, as it slid inch by inch down, towards the jaws of the reptile. Though anxious now to see the end of this strange adventure, my bump of benevolence was too full to suffer me to remain longer an inactive spectator; so seizing a stick, I broke the charm, as I thought, by a sudden blow on the head of the snake, when; to my astonishment, at the same instant, the squirrel fell at my feet, and commenced a struggle for life with blood issuing from its ears as if it had received the same fatal blow I had giving the snake; as the snake with the squirrel wriethed, as life ebbed from one, in the same proportion it ebbed from the other, till they both ceased to live."

A Good Joke.

Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune in his last letter from Texas, says:

They were telling a good story at Austin of what befel some Galveston passengers on the way up in the stage to the seat of Government. I mention no names but perhaps their friends may recognize a trio if I disignate some of them as Col. Cord Wood, Lieut. Topo, and P. Wag, Esq. They had reached a point within three or four stages of Austin, when a pert-looking, talkative lady, with a democrat dont-care-a——tiveness in her actions, entered the coach, and at once announced her mission to be a visit to one of her neighbors to congratulate him upon having recently killed a Know Nothing. Here was a tarter—but the party saw that there was fun in her, and determined upon extracting it. P. Wagg, Esq., at once begged permission to introduce Lieut. Topo as the leading spirit of a Know-Nothing lodge down the country.

"A Know-Nothing, is he?" questioned the irate lady.

"He is."

"Well, if ever I should catch him in my house, courting one of my daughters, I'd run him out with the dogs, and then send the niggers to dig his tracks out of the yard. I scorn 'em!"

"But here is Col. Cord Wood, my good woman; he is Prsident of the Know Nothing party in all Texas, and ——"

"Yes, I know him—I recollect him of old. I remember him when he escaped from the Tennessee penitentiary, ran off with another man's wife and came to Texas. He's a specimen, and there's plenty more like him in the organization as you call it. If I was a man I'd—but."

And here she stopped for want of breath. The worthy colonel enjoyed the joke as well as the rest of them, and all had a hearty laugh when the ferocious lady was set down at her place of destination—her vlsit of congratulation.

MELANCHOLY WARNING TO SNUFF DIPPERS.

Although the habit of snuff dipping has been proven by medical men to be injurious and in many cases fatal to the human system, yet the practice seems to be followed by females with an avidity which would signify that the habit is graceful, healthful and delightful. What an infatuation! To look at the pale and swarthy faces in our community with lips bedaubed with the pernicious compound, one might exclaim in astonishment "why will ye die." Well do we remember how rosy the cheeks, how gay was the step of an esteemed female of our acquaintance, who but, half a year ago, seemed the personification of health and beauty, but who now lies beneath the cold earth, solely from the use of snuff. While her soul glowed warm with animation, and her heart beat high with hopes for the future, never did she dream that her own hands were doing for her the work of death—that by a single practice she was stopping up the avenues of life, by clogging her lungs with snuff. The unfortunate young lady referred to was known and beloved throughout this community, and we mention the facts hoping that others may take warning.—*Danville Register.*

CORNS.—The following receipt is said, by the New York Chronicle, to be a sure and easy cure for corns: Tie a piece of raw cotton to the corn, and wit it several times a day with spirits of turpentine; this will, in three days, cure the corn without the least apparent pain.

The White House Race.

There's an old white horse whose name is Buck
Du da, dn da,
His dam was Freedom and his sire Good Luck,
Du da, du da day.

CORUS.

We're bound to work all night,
We're bound to clear the track,
I'll bet my money on the Keystone nag,
Will anybody bet on the "*black.*"

The Keystone horse is sound and good,
Du da, du da,
He's full of Democratic blood,
Du da, du da day.

CHORUS.

We're bound to, &c.

The Mustang horse is a grey little hack,
Du da, du da,
That's been well fed at the public rack,
Du da, du da day.

CHORUS.

We're bound to, &c.

The Keystone is a full blood horse,
Du da, du da,
That will not baulk or bolt the course,
Du da, du da day.

CHORUS.

We're bound to, &c.

The Mustang horse, when he tries to trot,
Du da, du da,
Goes round and round in the same little spot,
Du da, du da day.

CHORUS.

We're bound to, &c.

The Keystone goes at a killing pace,
Du da, du da,
He's bound to win in the four mile race,
Du da, du da day.

CHORUS.

We're bound to, &c.

Then do your best with the Mustang nag,
Du da, du da,
The Keystone horse won't clear the track,
Du da, du da day.

CHORUS.

We're bound to work all night,
We're bound to clear the track,
I'll bet my money on the Keystone nag,
Will anybody bet on the "*black.*"

Examining a Lawyer.

The following examination of a certain candidate for admission to the bar is decidedly a good one. The examiner commences with the following:

"Do you smoke?"

"I do sir."

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"Yes, sir." (Extending a short six.)

"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect fees."

"What is the second?"

"To increase the number of his clients."

"When does your position towards your client change?"

"When making a bill of cost."

"Explain?"

"When they occupy the antagonistic position, I assume the character of plaintiff and they defendant."

"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the side?"

"Cheek, by jowl."

"Enough, sir—you promise to become an ornament to your profession. Now are you aware of the duty you owe me?"

"I am, sir."

"Describe it?"

"Is to invite you to drink."

"But suppose I decline!"

[Candidate scratches his head.]

"There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I can't answer the question."

"You are right, and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively. Let us have a dring, and I will sign your certificate."

EARLY RISING.

Dr. Wilson Philip, in his "Treatise on Indigestion," says:

"Although it is of consequence to the debilitated to go early to bed, there are few things more hurtful to them than remaining in it too long. Getting up at an hour or two earlier, often gives a degree of vigor which nothing else can procure. For those who are not much debilitated and sleep well, the best rule is to get out of bed soon after waking in the morning. This at first may appear too early, for the debilitated require more sleep than the healthy; but rising early will gradually prolong the sleep on the succeeding night till the quantity the patient enjoys is equal to his demand for it. Lying late is not only hurtful, by the relaxation it occasion, but also by occupying that part of the day at which exercise is most beneficial."

Lord Chatham says:

"I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber—'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself, or any one else, to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.' "

☞John Adams was at one time called upon by some one to contribute to foreign missions, when he abruptly answered: "I have nothing to give for that purpose, but there are here in this vicinity six ministers, not one of whom will preach in each other's pulpit. Now; I will contribute as much and more than any one else to to civilize these six clergymen.

MUGGINS' PORTER.

Muggins has a sharp porter. This chap returned from the post office the other day with Muggins' papers, and informed that individual that there was a letter in the post office that he could not get.

"Could'nt get it!" Why could'nt you get it, you stupid?"

"There's five cents to pay on it."

"Why didn't you pay for it?" asked Muggins with indignation.

"I had'nt CENTS enough!" replied the urchin, grinning archly.

"You fool!" said Muggins, storming; "here, take this five cents and get that letter in little less than no time!"

"No use, I tell you," replied the fellow, "they won't let me have it."

"The dickens they won't—I'd like to know the reason!"

"Becase," replied the fellow, looking back to see that the door was open, "*becase the letter was'nt for you!*"

The chap retreated from the room suddenly, while an ink-stand followed his noggin, at a speed of about "54 40."

QUERIES FOR LAW STUDENTS.

What is the difference between a fine and a recovery? A fine is for getting drunk. When is it necessary to commence a fresh suit?—When the other has become too ventilating or seedy. What is a release? To exchange the society of your ugly aunt for that of your beautiful cousin. What is a clerical error?—Preaching a three hours' sermon. What are the breaches of trust? Trousers procured on tick. What are incumbrances? Your poor relations. What is a mortgage in possession? An uncle. Mention some of the principal law books that you have studied? Hoyle's law of Whist, Cribbage, etc. What are original wrists? Pot hooks and hangers. What steps should you take to an injunction? I should put it into hot water and let it remain there until wanted.

A TOPER'S OBJECTION TO WATER.—An old toper was urged to drink the beverage prepared by God himself to nourish and invigorate his creatures and beautify his footstool.

"No," said toper; "water is dangerous—very. It drowns people—it gets into their chests; into their heads; water on the brain for instance. And then, too, it makes that infernal steam what's allers blowin, a feller up.—Water! No, I will drink none on't let them drink what likes.'

☞Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodation of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

☞The editor of a paper in Schenectady, in describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says that "when the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

☞"Wife," said a married man, looking for a boot-jack after she was in bed, "I have a place for all things, and you ought to know it by this time." "Yes," replied she, "I ought to know where you keep you late hours, but I do not."

☞Pious Darkey.—"Sam, why you not talk to your massa, and tell him to lay up his treasure in Heaven?"

Practical Sam.—"What for? What de use of laying up treasure dere, where he neber see 'um again, eh, nigger?"

☞An Irish sailor, as he was riding, made a pause, and his horse, in beating off the flies, caught his hind foot in the stirrup, when the sailor observing it, exclaimed:

"Hould now, Dobbin, if you are going to get on, I will get off."

☞"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter at a mass-meeting, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent Republic." "You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

☞"You look very sorrowful this morning, Mr. Spizwhizzle!" "Yes, and you'd look sorrowful too, if you had twenty thousand dollars left you and was shockingly puzzled to know what to do with it."

☞Mrs. Partington says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions, is to "make the engineers bile their water on shore." In her opinion all the bustin is done by cooking steam on board.

☞Why are women like beets? Because the younger they are the sweeter.

When is a man a four-handed animal?—When he doubles his fists.

☞Prosperity is the only test that a vulgar man can't pass through. If a man has anything mean in his disposition, a little good luck is sure to bring it out.

☞A bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying that he never "set up" with a girl in his life.

☞A policeman on night duty send us this observation: "It seems to me that with many young men, the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home."

☞It is said that a mixture of honey with the purest charcoal will make the teeth white as snow.

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