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Choice Poetry.

When we Husked Corn.

October scorching fires the trees,
And naked lies the shivering vine,
While dimly o'er the distant seas
The fading lights of summer shine.
Along the lawn the negro blows
Deep summons on his noon-day horn,
And homeward troop the girls and beaux,
From husking of the corn.

I mind me well that autumn day,
When five and twenty years ago,
We turned our labor into play,
And husked corn for neighbor Lowe.
Ah! wife, we were the blithest pair
That ere to wedded life were born:
For I was gay and you were fair,
A husking of the corn

Oh! how we sung and how laughed!
Our hearts sat lightly on our lips,
As we the golden cider quaffed,
And passed the bowl with rustic quips.
And when slily hints of love went round,
You glanced at me with pouting scorn,
Yet smiled, tho' you fain would frown,
A husking of the corn.

Then when I found the scarlet ear,
And claimed the old traditioned kiss,
You bade me not approach too near,
And pleaded that, and pleaded this -
Away you fled and I pursued,
Till all to faint you were to warn,
And—knew not how I woed,
A husking of the corn.

What is a Year?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream.

'Tis but a single, earnest throb
Of time's old iron heart,
Which tireless now, and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel,
Or but a page upon the book
Which death must shortly seal.

'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary round no more.

Select Story.

"Nine Cheers for old Zim!"

—OR—

Breaking Down the System.

BY U. C. JONES.

In a remote county of Pennsylvania, the scene is laid. The time was the year of 1842, when party spirit rose to 102 deg in the shade in every hamlet, throughout the length and breadth of Uncle Sam's glorious domain.—The respective political parties met in convention at Bugsbury (the county seat) and made their nomination for county officers. As there were many aspirants for the few nominations, it follows, as a matter of course, that there were some bitter disappointments—to no one more so than to "old Zim," who was confident of getting a nomination for Sheriff.

Zimmerman, or "old Zim," as he was familiarly called, was a miserly old codger, who was well to do in the world, yet he was up at every convention for a nomination for something from "time whereof, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." He was reputed wealthy—that is, he owned a farm, and had money, but he never showed the color of it, except he unfortunately got on a spree; then he would sow it broadcast—but that was only a biennial occurrence.

A few evenings after the nominations above noted a knot of the dissatisfied were congregated at the Black Horse Tavern, discussing the merits and demerits of the fortunate nominees.

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, "merit and long service to the party, is no recommendation in this county. The wireworkers and schemers have it all their own way."

"Aye," responded one of the bar-room loafers, they does the pickin' out, and they expect us to do the wotin'."

"But gentlemen," continued Zim, "they will fetch up agin a snag or a sawyer, one of these days. Yes, gentlemen, by the eternal, I'll upset their apple cart and spill their peaches. I'll see whether its the *people* or a set of broken down *political* hacks, as makes the county nominations. By Judas, I'll run as a volunteer candidate for Sheriff, and if I don't lay 'em out, then my name ain't Zimmerman, that's all."

This determination was received with favor by the crowd, and Zim sealed it by a "half" for red eye.

Full soon he was in the field, announced through a card in both papers, to his fellow-citizens, pledging himself to discharge the duties of the office with impartiality—in *case he was elected.*

Right lustily did old Zim go to work, and things appeared to go on swimmingly. He canvassed the county; and the people were profuse in their promises of doing their best for him. In one of his peregrinations, he met Wattles, the nominee of Zim's party, who was also on an electioneering tour.

"Ha! Wattles," said he, "my fine fellow, I'm sorry to see you allow yourself to be the tool of the unholy and corrupt cabal—I say I am sorry to see you sacrificed, but you are bound to be beat. I'll show them that the freemen of this country will not bear dictation, so my friend, if you wish to save yourself from the disgrace of defeat, you had better resign in my favor."

Wattles expressed his own conviction that he should feel very much used up in such an event, but at the same time he had made up his mind to stand the hazard of the die.

Election day at length came, and my worthy friend, armed with a hat full of tickets, stationed himself on the ground of his own precinct, and commenced dealing out his tickets, and urging his claims in the strongest kind of way; miser, as he was, he made his friends swim in Monongahela long before the polls were closed.

The election over, evening came on apace, and the eager expectants gathered in the bar-room to await the counting of the votes, and the returns to come in from the different townships. Old Zim was flourishing about, treating the crowd, expressing full confidence in the success of his effort to "break down the system."

Seated in a remote corner, were a number of wags, in a low, but earnest conversation, and any one who might have chanced to see them would at once have concluded that something was to follow. The consultation soon broke up and the plot began in about fifteen minutes to develop itself. The clatter of a horse's hoofs were heard on the frozen ground—a solitary horseman rode up to the door, and flinging the reins over a post, rushed into the bar-room, where he was soon raised on the top of a table, and silence commanded.

"Here," said he, drawing a strip of paper from his pocket, "are the returns from Lower Buffalo township—Wattles 50, McGregor 40, Zimmerman 190!—majority for Zimmerman, 100!"

"Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Huzza! huzza! huzza!"

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, taking off his hat, "I'm obliged to you for this expression of yours—that is to say, let us take a horn all round!"

Of course the crowd acquiesced in this proposition, and the welkin rang with loud huzzas. But hark!—scarcely had the crowd imbibed before another horseman came galloping up to the inn.

"Beegum township, one hundred majority for Zimmerman!"

"Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Again did old Zim attempt to speak, but his feelings overcame him—and he ended by inviting the entire company to just call for what they wanted. Again the glasses jingled as the excited multitude wedged themselves towards the bar—and again we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs.

"Dublin township, one hundred majority for Zimmerman!"

"Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The excited candidate was wild with joy and excitement, and he again invited the party to drink

Another horseman came—another, and still another—each one bringing an overwhelming majority for old Zim, from the township he represented.

Alas! that it should be the same mad wag under various disguises that brought old Zim the glorious news. The column, as footed up, gave Zim a cool thousand majority

Did'nt he spend a cool thirty? The landlord's till groaned under the weight of old Zim's deposits.

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, "my heart is full, (his head was'nt anything else) and I can only say that the glory of this contest belongs to you. But I feel a (brick in your hat,' said a wag.) pride that I have been the humble instrument of breaking down the system."—[Nine cheers]

Thus matters progressed until those who were completely "sowed up" were laid out, and the remainder found their way home—some charitable friends of the Sheriff elect, toting him on a shutter to his domicil.

Early in the morning, the village wags, with throbbing temples, met at the tavern to "take a hair from the dog that bit them," as well as to laugh over the "saw" played on old Zim—but scarcely had they commenced worship, before in stalks the old gentleman still under the delusion that he had carried the day—nay more, he insisted on spending a V, by way of a morning whet. The wags were determined to keep it up as long as possible, and again drank and congratulated him on his success. In the midst of the "noise and confusion," in bounded an inky printer's devil, who deposited an extra on the table, containing the returns. Eagerly did old Zim seize it, and hover over it, but a minute. The conclusion of it is all sufficient for the reader. It read as follows:

"By the above, it will be seen that Democracy has again triumphed, as Wattles' [dem.] majority over Tibbets, [whig,] is one hundred and fifty. Zimmerman, [volunteer,] had three votes in Beegum, two in Dublin, one in Lower Buffalo and one in this borough, [supposed to be cast by *himself*,] making a total of seven votes."

The extra dropped from old Zim's hands; he moved towards the door, then looking around full at the gaping crowd, he said leisurely—"Gentlemen, you may go to ———!" And rushing from the bar-room he was never again heard of in Bugsbury.

For the Ladies.

About Hoops.

The New York Post has an article about hoops—which are becoming an important branch of manufacture—in which it gives some items as to their cost, preparation, &c.

The styles of skirts are numerous, varying in shape, size and cost. Not less than seventy-five kinds are sold at the establishment referred to, the wholesale prices of which range from six dollars to seventy five a dozen.—There are, for example, the Skeleton skirt; several varieties of the Zephyr skirt, the La Grange skirt, the Congress, La Sylphide, and the Union skirt. Silk, muslin, haircloth, castus cloth, and other materials, are employed in their manufacture, besides the tape, cord, bone and steel which are needed to give them their set. In the matter of hoops, a general preference is expressed for the round whalebone, which, when boiled in oil, loses that brittleness which has been the main objection to its use. Some, however, perfer steel and others insist upon cord, which, with crinoline, constitutes a sort of compromise fashion.

The most popular styles of skirts at present appear to be the Union, the Skeleton and La Sylphide. The letter is a simple, tasteful article, bell shaped, and in size a just medium between the ungraceful straight petticoat, with its folds collapsing round the hips and legs, and the full blown ultra mode which is such an annoyance to the wearers' companions in the theatre or an omnibus. It has three bones, the lengths of which are fifty-six inches at the top, seventy-four in the middle and ninety-five at the bottom. These are considered the proper proportions, though we have seen some skirts at Genin's which, at the lower bone, measure no less than one hundred and fifteen inches in circumference. As for the number of hoops, tastes differ. Some ladies go as high as six, while few are content with less than two.

The skirts most universally worn last summer were the "Skeleton Skirts." They were first made of round whalebone hoops, held together by tape: but these were complained of as being apt to trip up the wearer. A deep border of muslin was then added, which rendered them all that could be desired. Their great merit consisted in their extreme lightness. During the busy season, three thousand a day were made of this kind alone. Another style is called "the Union skirt." It is made of white or dark cloth, with the lower part quilted in large diamonds, finished round the bottom with jute cord. Above the quilting is a whalebone hoop, and about a quarter of a yard above that, another. The back is then finished by three small hoops of whalebone, which form skirts one above another and extend over the hips. There are joined by tapes a quarter of a yard in length, which are suspended from the front of the binding and attached to the hoop in front of the skirt.

In regard to hoops, we are told that every day adds something to the novelties which are said to combine all the dvantages, with none of the difficulties, of those which preceded them. The gutta-percha hoops, a late invention, have proved quite impracticable in wearing. They break immediately, and will not bear stretching twice in one place. Another strong objection is the fact that, on becoming warm, they emit an unpleasant odor, which soon renders them intolerable. The steel hoops, a still later production, are free from some of these objections, but are neither so elastic or flexible as the round whalebone boiled in oil, which is the best material for hoops we have seen. Made of very highly tempered steel, they are also very expensive, $6 each being the price asked for some, which were only of common materials. They are also very apt to break, an example of which was afforded a few evenings since at one of Thalberg's concerts. A lady's steel hoop broke and sprung into her leg nearly an inch deep; the wound was very severe, and may make amputation necessary.

Few persons are aware of the extent to which the business of making hooped skirts—a business scarcely three years old—is now carried in this city. One firm in the business, besides their establishments in Connecticut and other places, occupy three floors of a building in Broadway, two hundred feet deep and thirty wide, in the manufacture. In the busy season, three hundred girls, (a charming congregation, by the way, to the admirers of female beauty,) earning from five and a half to ten dollars a week, are employed in cutting out and sewing skirts, three thousand of which are turned out in a day. One hundred and fifty of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machines, and a variety of ingenious labor-saving inventions are constantly in play, so that *a single skirt is made in ten minutes.* We have known a husband enter the store, give an order for his wife's skirt, have it patterned and made, and receive it all done up and ready to be carried home before he had half smoked his cigar.

A ton of cord is consumed in a week in the manufacture, and not less than $6,000 worth of whalebone in a month; and then what acres of muslin and crinoline—what lengths of thread and tape—what enormous quantities of little brazen tubes to unite the hoops, will in process of time be consumed, it has not entered into the head of man to estimate. The imagination fairly breaks down in the contemplation Though the new fashion has not triumphed universally, it is irresistibly contagious.—Wherever it is seen it is admired and adopted. Perhaps it is not extravagant to conjecture that the day may yet come when, secure in these in moving towers of bone and steel, our invincible wives and daughters will laugh at the exploded theories of female frailty, and when every woman's petticoat will be her castle.

Select Miscellany.

An Arctic Adventure.

Kane's Arctic Expediton abounds in adventures like the following, which makes one shiver to read. Dr. Kane and an Esquimaux hunter take a trip after seals:

"I started with Hans and five dogs, all we could muster from our disabled pack, and reached the 'Pinnacly Berg' in a single hour's run. But where was the water? where were the seal? The floes had closed, and the crushed ice was all that told of our intended hunting ground.

"Ascending a berg, however, we could see to the north and west the dark cloud stratus which betokens water. It ran through our old battle-ground, the 'Bergy Belt'—the labyrinth of our wandering after the frozen party of last winter. I had not been over it since, and the feeling it gave me was anything but joyous.

"In a couple of hours we emerged upon a plain, unlimited to the eye, and smooth as a billiard-table. Feathers of young frosting gave a plush-like nap to its surface, and toward the horizon dark columns of frost-smoke pointed clearly to the open water. This ice was firm enough: our experience satisfied us that it was not a very recent freezing. We pushed on without hesitation; cheering ourselves with the expectation of coming every minute to the seals. We passed a second ice-growth; it was not so strong as the one we had just come over, but still safe for a party like ours. On we went at a brisker gallop, maybe for another mile, when Hans sang out, at the top of his voice, 'Pusey! pusemut! seal, seal!' At the same instant the dogs bounded forward, and as I looked up, I saw crowds of gray nesik, the rough or hispid seal of the whalers, disporting in an open sea of water.

"I had hardly welcomed the spectacle, when I saw that we had passed upon a new belt of ice that was obviously unsafe. To the right, and left, and front, was one great expanse of snow-flowered ice. The nearest solid floe was a mere lump, which stood like an island in the white level. To turn was impossible; we had to keep up our gait. We urged on the dogs with whip and voice, the ice rolling like leather beneath the sledge runners; it was more than a mile to the lump of solid ice. Fear gave to the poor beasts their utmost speed, and our voices were soon hushed to silence.

"The suspense, unrelieved by action or effort, was intolerable. We knew there was no remedy but to reach the floe, and that everything depended upon our dogs, and our dogs alone. A moment's check would plunge the whole concern into the rapid tide-way. No presence of mind or resource, bodily or mental, could avail us. The seals—for we were now near enough to see their expressive faces—were looking at us with that strange curiosity which seems to be their characteristic expression. We must have passed some fifty of them, breast-high out of water, mocking us by their self-complacency.

"This desperate race against fate could not last. The rolling of the tough salt water ice terrified our dogs, and when within fifty paces from the floe they paused. The left hand runner went through; our leader, Toodlamick, followed; and in one second the entire left of the sledge was submerged. My first thought was to liberate the dogs. I leaned forward to cut poor Tood's traces, and the next minute was swimming in a little circle of pasty ice and water alongside him. Hans, dear, good fellow, drew near to help me, uttering piteous expressions in broken English; but I ordered him to throw himself on his belly, with his hands and legs extended, and to make for the island by cogging himself forward with his jack-knife. In the meantime—a mere instant—I was floundering about with sledge dogs, and lines, in confuse pudddle around me.

"I succeeded in cutting poor Tood's lines, and letting him scramble to the ice—for the poor fellow was drowning me with his piteous caresses—and made my way for the sledge; but I found that it would not buoy me, and that I had no resource but to try the circumference of the hole. Around this I paddled faithfully, the miserable ice always yielding when my hopes of a lodment were greatest During this process I enlarged my circle of operations to a very uncomfortable diameter, and was beginning to feel weaker after every effort. Hans, meanwhile, had reached the firm ice, and was on his knees, like a good Moravian, praying incoherently in English and Esquimaux; at every fresh crushing in of the ice he would ejaculate, 'God!' and when I recommenced my paddling, he recommenced his prayers.

"I was nearly gone. My knife had been lost in cutting out the dogs, and a spare one which I carried in my trowsers pocket was so enveloped in the wet skins that I could not reach it. I owed my extrication at last to a newly broken team-dog, who was still fast to the sledge, and in struggling carried one of the runners chock against the edge of the circle. All my previous attempts to use the sledge as a bridge had failed, for it broke through to the much greater injury of the ice. I felt that it was a last chance. I threw myself on my back, so as to lessen as much as possible my weight, and placed the nape of my neck against the rim of the edge of the ice, and then, with caution, slowly bent my leg, and placing the ball of my mocasined foot against the sledge, I pressed steadily against the runner, listening to the half-yielding crunch of the ice beneath.

"Presently I felt my head was pillowed by the ice, and that my wet fur jumper was sliding up the surface. Next came my shoulders—they were fairly on. One more decided push, and I was launched up on the ice and safe. I reached the ice floe, and was frictioned by Hans with frightful zeal. We saved all the dogs; but the sledge, kayacks, tent, guns, snow-shoes, and everything besides, was left behind. The thermometer at eight degrees will keep them frozen fast in the sledge till we can come and cut them out."

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

The Gift Book Sale.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

WE bow the knee to the Almighty Dollar. This is natural. Until recently, I had not been aware that in this world there are many ways of "raising the wind" in order to get suddenly rich. My attention was called, a few evenings ago, to a circular, of which the following is a fac-simile:

"EVANS & CO'S GIFT BOOK SALE."

Now open at 125 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Branch from 409 Broadway, N. Y.—upwards of $200,000 worth of new books and other property, to be disposed of for only $125,000. Our plan to insure a rapid sale. All books will be sold as low as the usual retail prices, many of them for less. A gift worth from 25 cents to $100 will be delivered with each book without additional expense. Books now selling at $1 each. A complete catalogue may be obtained at our store. Alone (by Marion Harland.) American Evening entertainments; A Long Look Ahead; Angel Whispers; Amy Lee; American Agitators; American's Own Book; Adventures of Hunters and Travellers; Anna Clayton, or the Mother's Arabian Nights; Attache in Madrid; Bertha and Lily; Book of One Thousand Anecdotes; Cabin Boy; Combe's Constitution of Man; Courtesies of Married Life; Charles Sumner's Speeches; Country Margins and Rambles; Camp Fires of the Red Men; Lives of the Three Judsons.

(I must here stop enumerating the literary et ceteras; suffice it to say that the catalogue embraces almost every department of literature, theological, philosophical, biographical, every thing. But it may not be out of place to direct the reader's attention to the following items for novelty's sake:)

"One of the following articles to be by us selected will be given to each purchaser of a book at the time of sale:

125 Pat. Eng. Lever Gold Watches, each worth	$100.00
250 Pat. Anchor Lever (18 k. case) gold Watches	50.00
500 Silv. Lepine Watches, warranted,	12.00
500 Sets Cam. Ear-rings & Breastpins,	12.00
500 Parlor Time Pieces,	12.00
2,500 Gold Pens, with Silver pencils,	2.00
2,000 Gents. Heavy Gold Rings,	1.50
25,000 Pairs of Pocket Scissors,	0.25

(Here I am again obliged to cut from the list many of the other articles advertised, I will content myself with the concluding part of the circular.)

"☞ One of the above articles will be given to the Purchaser of each book at the time the Book is sold. ☞An equal proportion of the whole will be given with each 1,000 books."

"A remarkable circular this," I thought. "I must go and try my luck, but will consult my friend." And to my friend I showed the circular. After reading it, he proposed to go and see if the premises of the persons engaged in the business were to be carried out in practice. I had no objections, of course. To the store we both bent our way, determined to make the booksellers pay dearly for the whistle, if they showed a disposition to defraud us. The store was thronged with men and women, many of whom were well dressed. On the counter lay an extensive assortment of books of all sizes. After surveying the collection, I fixed upon the "Lives of the three Judsons," and my friend chose the "Wild scenes in South Africa, by R. G. Cumming" The book which I selected, was superbly bound, and illustrated with two portraits, one of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, and the other of Fanny Forester; while the book of my friend's choice was plainly bound, and adorned with several engravings, I paid $1, for the one; my friend $1.25 for the other. He was presented with a neat gold pen with silver pencils; I received another book called "Moore's Sacred Melodies." I had hoped to get, in addition to the book I had bought, some really nice jewel; but I had received another book instead! My friend had better luck: he got two jewels besides the book. At all events the two books I had were excellent, and in one of them I got the full value of my money, besides obtaining a gift.

We returned home. I showed my books to my wife; then getting ink and pen, I wrote on the margin of the "Lives of the three Judsons the following words: "Mrs. Elizabeth H. M., from her husband, Christmas, 1856." The other book I stowed away in my book-case, without writing my name in it. The "Lives of the three Judsons" was a book which my wife had wonted, her life long. She reads it now, and with attention.

She wishes I would again go to that store and invest another dollar in the goods. I will see.

THE ALLOY OF GOLD.

The Superintendent of the N. York Assay Office contradicts the statemext that alloyed gold had been passed by the assayers of that office. He says:

The Director of the Mint having publicly denied this allegation, so far as the Mint is concerned, it becomes necessary for me to make a similar denial on the part of the Assay Office. I beg leave to state, therefore, that not a particle of evidence exists at this office, or has been presented to it, that the alleged experiment has ever been made. The whole matter rests only upon the *ipse dixt* of "a modern chemist."

It is proper to add, that gold exists in a variety of forms, some of them possessing not the slightest resemblance to gold; and that a "modern chemist" might easily practice a deception even upon intelligent witnesses. If gold in one of these disguised forms be melted up with a given quantity of gold coins, an apparent increase of gold will be the result. This solution of the mystery best accords with the facts that have transpired.

ANOTHER BLOW AT THE HOOPS.

A few days since, as a Roxbury friend, at the close of his labors of the day, was enjoying a comfortable ride home from his office in the city, in an omnibus partly filled with ladies, a gentleman upon the sidewalk signalled the driver to stop, and throwing open the door, sprang into the vehicle. His first step towards a seat, unfortunately, influenced by the sudden motion of the coach, brought his foot in contact with a lady's dress; and as, with a hasty expression, he strove to extricate it from the embraces of the hoop, he was suddenly plunged forward and in a twinkling found his left foot in the same unfortunate connection with a hoop on the other side. This was more than our hero had bargained for. For a moment he seemed fairly nonplussed. "Good heavens, madam!" said he, and then nervously pulling the strap, he cried: "Stop, driver, stop! *stop!* STOP! I thought I was getting into an omnibus; *but I find it's a cooper's shop!*"

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

That a man can write a readable article before he understands grammar, punctuation, or the art of preparing MS. for the press.

That we elevate ourselves by attempting to bring down and depreciate those who are above us.

That other people and their private affairs ever form the great staple of conversation among refined and properly educated people.

That a girl of fifteen can make up for her general ignorance by incessant gabble.

That the having made a fortune is enough to entitle a man to respect.

That it is in good taste to wear jewelry in profusion at breakfast or dinner.

That a moustache indicates want of brains.

That the greatest talkers are the greatest thinkers.

HOW MUCH SHOULD A COW EAT?

Cows, to give milk, require more food than most farmers imagine. J. W. Johnson, writing from Munich to the Country Gentleman, gives an interesting report of some experiments which have been made in Bavaria, from which the following is an extract:

"Our trials have confirmed the view that cows, to give the greatest possible quantity of milk, must daily receive and consume one-thirtieth of their live weight in hay, or an equivalent therefor. If more food be given, it goes to the formation of flesh and fat, without occasioning a corresponding increase in the yield of milk, but if, on the contrary, less food be furnished, the amount and value of the milk will be greatly diminished."

☞Mrs. Bloomer imagines that the reason that women differ from men, is because they are schooled and educated differently. Nothing, however, could be more unfounded.—Girls differ from boys, not identically, but radically. The first thing a boy does after he is weaned, is to straddle the bannisters, and ride down stairs. The first thing a girl sets her heart on is a doll and a set of half fledged cups and saucers. Girls are given to neatness and hate soiled garments of all kinds; boys, on the contrary, set a high value on dirt, and are never so happy as when sailing a shingle ship, with a brown paper sail, in a mud puddle.—Mrs. Bloomer may reason as she may, but she will find in the end that Nature is stronger than either philosophy or suspenders.

A MEAN EDITOR.—The editor of a Western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it, the man said, "You can easily get it fixed." "Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar." "Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor, here's the quarter; but I'll thank you to stop my paper at once."

VERY HEATING.—An itinerant quack doctor in Texas, was applied to by one of Col. Hays' rangers, to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow from his head; where it had been lodged for some time. "I cannot 'xtract this, stranger," said the doctor; "bekase to do so would go nigh killing you; but I can give you a pill that will melt it in your head."

BIDDING.—"Who bids more?" cried the auctioneer, just at the moment as Charles Matthews entered the room. "I bid more," cried the wit. "And pray, sir," said the auctioneer, "what do you bid?" "I bid you good night," cried the wit, and bolted instanter. The place was in a roar, for everybody knew Matthews.

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