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C. & C. ZARLEY,
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Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care. Collecting, paying taxes, conveyancing, and all other business pertaining to his office.

DR. R. FENTON BURSON, din ooka, Grundy Co Illinois. (june 26 n

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Forwading & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, ILL.
LIBERAL advance made to Farmers, who prefer to ship their grain to their friends in Chicago, or St. Louis. n22-1y

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MRS. HARRIET KILLMER, Female Physician, offers her professional services to her own sex, in Obstetrics, and the diseases incident to women and children. She will also attend professional calls generally. Residence in East Joliet.

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DR. A. C. ALLEN, permanently located in Joliet, is prepared to perform all operations in the profession, in the latest and most approved style. Artificial Jaws from a single Tooth to a full set, inserted on the Atmospheric principle.
Teeth Extracted without pain.
OFFICE on Jefferson St., in Hawley's New Building

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DENTIST.—Office on Chicago Street, atween Jefferson and Van Buren.
☞ All work Warranted. no1-ly

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, and MILWAUKEE, WIS.,
BILLS OF EXCHANGE CASHED OR COLLECTED.
Inquire of the undersigned.
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L. A. FULLER,
AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES AND AMERICAN Express Companies, will forward Freight and Valuables to all points of the country. Notes, Drafts and Bills collected, and proceeds returned promptly.
Joliet, July 13, 1858 n4-tf

Barton Smith, Police Magistrate, and Justice of the Peace, office on Bluff Street in Merchants Row will take pleasure in waiting on all who may entrust him with their Business of any kind in his line.
N.B. On the west Side of the River, Joliet.

Sight Exchange Sold at the lowest
CURRENT RATES AT
MERCHANTS AND DROVERS BANK
Mattesons Building,
Banking Hours, 9 to 12, and 1 to 4.

HOS. HATTON. THOS. HATTON, JR
T. HATTON & CO.,
Banking and Exchange Office,
Cor. Jefferson and Water Street, JOLIET, ILLINOIS,
GOLD AND SILVER Bought and sold.
EXCHANGE on Chicago and New York, in sums to suit purchasers.
COLLECTIONS made and proceeds remitted on day of payment.
INTEREST allowed on Special Deposits.
SIGHT DRAFTS, on England and Ireland for sale.

R. L. KING,
FORMERLY of Chicago, takes the liberty to announce himself to the inhabitants of Joliet, as a competant Teacher of the PIANO. Terms reasonable. Applicants please address through Post office, or leave orders at Mr. Burton's Boarding House, near Young's Hall.
Joliet, June 1, 1858. n50-tf

Joliet Marble Works,
CHARLES E. MUNGER, Manufacturer and dealer in every variety of
MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, FURNITURE, &C., &C.
Near the Rock Island Depot, Joliet, Illinois. Order from abroad respectfully solicited

SHOW RESPECT TO THE DEAD.
CITY MARBLE FACTORY.
J. LENNON, Manufacturer in every variety of
Marble Monuments, Head Stones, &c.
Jefferson Street, north of County Jail,
JOLIET, : : : ILLINOIS.
All work warranted to give entire satisfaction, and at prices to suit the times. Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention. (n2-1y)

PAINTING AND PAPERING.
THE citizens of Joliet and vicinity are respectively informed, that we the subscribers continue the Painting business in all its branches.
SHOP ON JOLIET ST., (opposite the Joliet House.)
Joliet, Sept. 20, 1859. DORR & SCHOTT. n14tf

Cash,
PAID for Barley, at the Joliet Malthouse, Bluff St.
E. PORTER.

AYE, PASS HER BY!

Aye, pass her!—yes, pass he by,
And haughtily and proudly, too;
You must not seem to know her nigh—
She is not half as good as you.

As good as you! O, what a thought!
As well might silent dust compare
With the rich gems of eastern mines,
Or costliest pearls of splendor rare.

Yes, pass her by!—the lowly one,
The cottage born, let her aspire
To mingle with the poor alone,
Nor raise her aspirations higher.

Her parents!—why, they had no name
To fame or fortune ever known;
They were among the humble throng,
Renown'd for virtuous deeds alone.

And what is virtue to the poor?
Born but to till the stubborn soil—
What are their sons? A vulgar herd
Made but for servitude and toil.

And her—that humble, lowly one—
I knew while yet she was a child,
Sporting among the flowers of spring,
That grew amid the mountains wild.

Her's was e'en then a thoughtful eye
Not fitting for a cottage maid;
A something in her mien too high
To brook obscurity's dim shade.

I knew that she would seek to rise,
When childhood's years were passed away
I saw e'en then, the proud free soul
That in her dark eyes deeply lay.

And she has striven to win a place
Among the gifted ones of earth;
She has forgot the deep disgrace
That cleaves to those of mortal birth.

She has no stain upon her name—
She has a conscience purely free;
Integrity's her only dower,
And her worst fault is poverty.

Yet pass her by!—her hot ner win
Encouragement from glances of thine;
It might obscure thy star of Fame
If her's were allowed to shine.

THE LOST DEEDS.

A parting glance around the office, to assure himself all desks, closets, and iron safes are properly secured for the night, and the solicitor's confidential clerk locks up and prepares for home. With coat buttoned to the throat, and hat drawn over his eyes, Mark Edward turns his steps towards home, and cheerfully faces the rough wind and drizzling rain, which unmercifully pelt and buffet him, as he vainly hails omnibus after omnibus to receive the same answer, "Full." But Mark makes no trouble of these out-door inconveniences, for his mind's eye is fixed on the well covered tea table, bright fire, and, best of all, the pretty young wife awaiting his return. The picture is so pleasant, that he cheerfully breaks forth into a line of "Home, Sweet Home," as he turns the corner of the street where stands his own trim, little domicile.

Mrs. Edwards is peering in to the darkness through the folds of the muslin curtains, and has the door open before Mark's hand touches the knocker.

"What a night for you, love," says the little matron, brushing the rain drops from his bushy whiskers, and kissing him compassionately; "and how late you are!"

Edwards looks up at the clock as he struggles out of his dripping coat.

"I am late, indeed," he answers, "but Mr. Pleadwell has started on his trip to the lakes this afternoon, and there were a great many things to attend to before he went. And look here, Fanny—this packet contains some valuable deeds and securities, which will be called for by the owner in a few days; in the meanwhile I have to copy one of them, but don't feel inclined to begin to-night. Where can I place them with safety?"

Fanny suggests his desk, but that is the first article a burglar would be likely to meddle with. The wife's cheeks pales at the idea of such a visitor; and she considers.

"That old escritore in the spare bed room, will not that do?"

Mark still hesitates.

"I had so many injunctions to be careful, and not let them go out of my own possession, that I am afraid of even that."

Fanny reminds him that there is a secret drawer in it

"Don't you remember," she asks, "what trouble we had to find it?"

"Ha, the very place!"

So his wife carries the candle for him, and the valuable packet is deposited in this hidden receptacle. Its only contents are a few highly scented letters, tied together with a piece of ribbon, which Fanny, laughing and blushing, confesses they are Mr. Mark Edwards' love effusions before marriage, carefully preserved to bear witness against him when he becomes cold and cross.

Perhaps it was a restless night and unpleasant dreams which made the clerk so uneasy—even in the hurry of the next day's work—knowing that he had not visited the escritore before leaving home in the morning to ascertain with his own eyes the safety of the papers in his charge. He poo poohs the idea as it presents itself, remembering that *one* key is in his own possession and the other on his wife's housekeeping bunch; but it returns so often, that it is with a feeling of relief that he hears the signal for closing, and feels he is at liberty to return home.

How is it his welcome is not such a smiling one as it usually is? Fanny's spirits depressed, and her eyes look as if they had been clouded with tears.

"Have you had any visitors to day?" her husband carlessly inquires, as he sips his tea.

The hesitating "No" is so faintly pronounced, that the young man, hitherto preoccupied with business, looks up.

"That 'No' sounded like 'Yes.' Who has been here?"

"Only my brother George." Fanny answers, in a low voice, and Mark, frowning, turns away and takes up a book.

"My brother George," is his *aversion;* and the torment and trouble of his wife's family; always in difficulties, no sooner rescued from one scrape than rushing head long into another; sometimes invisible for months, and suddenly reappearing to levy contributions on any relative able or willing to assist him. Mark had seriously contemplated forbidding his visits; but then Fanny is so tender-hearted, and cherishes such a kindly belief in the prodigal's ultimate reformation, that her husband has not yet mustered sufficient firmness to enforce his wishes, although he knows where his wife's brooch went, and why she wears that old velvet bonnet. Fanny seems to guess what is passing in his mind, by her coming so softly to his side, and stroking his hair, and pressing her lips to his forehead, but neither of them said anything, and Mark leisurely prepares for his task of copying. While he has gone up stairs to fetch his papers, she lights an extra candle and encounsces herself in a corner with her work table, regretting, as she does, that her "poor boy must be bored with this odious writing when he ought to be resting." However, Mark soon comes down the stairs, three at a time, to ask, rather angrily, why she has removed his packet without mentioning it. With astonishment in her looks, his wife denies having done so, and hurries with him to the spare bedroom, asserting her belief that he has overlooked the parcel. Not a thing is out of its place. The old escritore stands exactly as they left it, the lock had not been tampered with, nor was the secret drawer open; and there, undisturbed, lie the love letters; but the small brown paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal, is gone!

The husband, suspecting, he knows not what, looks almost sternly at his wife, whose answering glance is confused and full of terror.

"Tell me the truth, Fanny, my dear Fanny! Are you playing a trick to tease me? Remember, if I cannot produce these papers, I am a ruined man! It would be worse than the loss of money; *that* I might replace, these I cannot. Tell me at once where they are."

"Indeed, Mark, I know no more about them than you do yourself. They must be here; perhaps they have slipped behind the drawer."

Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked. Hammer and chisel are soon fetched, and the back of the escritoire is soon knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could remain unperceived.

Almost beside himself, Mark leads his wife down stairs, and commences questioning her. Where is her key? On the ring; it has not been out of her possession. Has she been out? No. Is she quite sure of that? Quite; besides, as she ventures to remind him, the locks have not been forced, nor is aught else missing, as would have been the case if thieves had entered the house. In uncontrollable agitation, the bewildered young man paces the room, while Fanny, unable to proffer advice, or assist him with any reasonable conjecture, watches him in trembling silence.

Suspicions are crowding upon his mind; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Roberts' brother, and regrets uttered, even within his hearing, that a respectable young man like Mr. Edwards, should lower himself by such a connection, are suddenly remembered and dwelt upon. He pauses before his wife, and sternly demands what errand had brought that brother of hers to his house. That brother of hers! What a speech! All Fanny's sisterly feelings are in arms, and yet she falters, for she is forced to own that it was the want of money.

"And you told him that I had those papers in the house," Mark cries, accusingly.

With a crimson face, she angrily denies it. She did not mention Mark's affairs during their short interview. Is it likely she would do so? Or if she did, would George, poor, foolish fellow that he is, steal up stairs and rob his sister's home? Ridiculous! Impossible!

"Impossible," Mark retorts, "unless he possessed they key."

"It has not been out of my pocket," sobs Fanny.

"Then, where," asks Mark, "are the missing papers?" There little servant-maid away for a holiday—no one in the house, according to Fanny's own confession, but this young man. Where are the papers?

Receiving for reply a torrent of tears and protestations, he flings himself on the sofa, and tries to steady his nerves to the consequences of this extraordinary loss. Meanwhile, Fanny goes on and institutes an unavailing search in every box and cupboard, and drawer where it could be possible to find such a parcel, although it would puzzle her to explain how it could have withdrawn itself from the secret drawer to take refuge elsewhere. At last she returns to the parlor in despair. The packet must have been stolen. But how? When?—By whom? Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted when a tap at the door announces a visitor, and that visitor proves to be her father.

To him the affair is circumstantially detailed, and Mark points out the inevitable loss of his situation and good name if he should be unable to produce the papers or give any clue which might lead to their recovery. To Fanny's dismay, he particularly dwells upon her brother's visit and her half-made endeavor to conceal it; concluding by an entreaty that she will, if retaining any affection for her husband, tell all she knows.

But now the father interposes. To tamely hear both his children accused of such a crime is more than his rather irascible temper will endure, and he enters a counter accusation that Mark has, for some unworthy end, removed the parcel himself.—Words now become so hot and bitter that Fanny's distress is increased, not lessened by this championship, and she weeps so bitterly and pleads so earnestly with both that Mark, more touched than he would like to confess, abruptly leaves them to shut himself up in his chamber. After some hours, the sound of his footsteps ceasing, the anxious wife creeps softly up stairs and is relieved to find him lying on the bed in an uneasy slumber. Her father persuades her to rest too, but poor Fanny shakes her head, and still sits by his side, leaning her head on his shoulder, and feeling more forlorn and miserable than it had ever been her lot to feel before. What will poor Mark do? And what will become of her if he persists in believing her guilty?

Equally bewildered and almost as unhappy as his daughter, Mr. Roberts tries to sooth her with promises to seek George, and bring him to exculpate himself, but to forgive Mark's hasty speeches, and assist him in investigating this mysterious affair. So, at last, Fanny began to feel more comforted, and to wish her father to leave her; but, tried as he confesses himself, he cannot quit her in such trouble, and they continue to occupy the same position by the fire till night has long given place to morning, and Mr. Roberts' eyes close involuntarily.

A footstep overhead startles them.

"It is only Mark," says Fanny, after a moment's listening. "Poor fellow, I wish he had slept longer."

In the modern six-roomed house every sound is distinctly audible, and they hear him enter the chamber where stands the shattered escritoire. After a short pause, he is heard slowly descending the stairs and his wife raises herself from her reclining position, and smooths her disordered hair.

As he enters the room, Mr. Roberts lays his hand on his daughter's arm. "Look, child, look!" he whispers; and Fanny with astonishment sees that her husbands is fast asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old love letters.

Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well-filled bookcase, and begins deliberately taking down one by one, the handsomely bound volumes of the History of England, which grace the highest shelf; then he draws out a number of loose magazines, hidden there because of there untidy appearance. lays the old love letters quite at the back of them all, replaces the odd numbers, returns the volumes to their shelf, carefully putting them even, locks the glass doors, and is stalking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakens him, snatches the key from his hand. Rubbing his eyes, and wondering, he sees her eager fingers dragging Hume and Smollett from their proud position to assume an inglorious one on the hearth rug and in the fender; the once treasured *Belle Assemble* are scattered in all directions; the highly prized love letters receive similar usage; and then, from behind all the rest, Fanny triumphantly takes out the small, brown paper parcel, tied with pink take, and sealed with the the office seal. Crying and laughing in one breath, the happy little wife is the next moment in her husband's arms, kissing and being kissed *ad libitum*.

Little explanation was needed. The young man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety regarding his trust, had led to his cautiously rising in the night, and unconsciously transferring the packet to what he afterwards remembered as the first hiding place which had presented itself to his mind on bringing it home the preceding evening.

How many times he has asked forgiveness is not recorded; but Fanny is a true woman, quick to resent, but easily appeased; and Mark has taken George and George's affairs in hand so heartily, that the young scapegrace is actually improving, and there is even some hope of Fanny's belief in his total reformation being realized.

Description of a Chinese Battle.

A Chinese battle is as good as a farce.—Some of the little fights at Shanghai were very amusing. One day, when a great many soldiers were out, I saw more of the combat than was pleasant. Having got into the line of fire I was forced to take shelter behind a grave, the bullets striking the grave from each side every second.—Why they came my way it was difficult to discover, for they ought to have passed on the other side of the creek, about twenty yards distant, to the people they were intended for; but to see the dodging of the soldiers, them of the rebels, each trying to evade the other, was amusing. One fellow ready primed and loaded, would rush up the grave hillock, drop his matchlock over the top, and without taking aim blaze away. There is no ramrod required by the shot they use; the bullet or bar of iron is merely dropped in loosed upon the powder. There was a fine scene on an occasion when the Shanghai rebels made a sortie; one of the men was cut off by an Imperial skirmisher, who had his piece loaded. The rebel had no time to charge on him, as he run around a grave, which was high enough to keep his enemy from shooting him when on the opposite side. Hare shooting is nothing to it. Redcap describes hosts of circles, and the Royalist was fast getting blown, when the gods took pity on his wind, for by some unlucky chance the rebel tripped and fell. The soldier was at him in a moment, and, to make sure of his prize, he put the muzzle of the matchlock to Redcap's head and fired, and took to his heels as fast as he could go. It is difficult to say who was the most astonished when Mr. Redcap did precisely the same. The bullet that dropped down readily on the powder, fell out as easily when the barrel was depressed. The rebel got off with a good singing of his long hair.

There were, however, some very ugly wounds, and where surgery is at such a discount, the poor wounded must suffer severely. The Chinese rarely if ever amputate. They use strong drawing plaster to extract the ball. The missionary hospitals at Canton and Shanghai, under the indefatigable managers, Drs. Hobson and Lockhart, as also that under the good care of Dr. Parker, late Plenipotentiary for the United States to China.

Worldly Ambition.

The tide of time sweeps continually onward. It pauses not for mighty men or mighty events. The days of Alexander, the conquer of the world—the times of Grecian glory, and all the great events to which we might allude, have been swept away with the same irresistible rapidity; and the mighty waves are still rolling onward toward the ocean of eternity. It is worth but little to be known in the world's history. Those who have reached the highest pinnacle in the world's temple of greatness, have soon been superceded by those whose progression or difference of opinion or action, have thrown them into the shade leaving either the wise or the vulgar portion of the moderns to wonder at their stupidity. We would throw our influence against worldly ambition. Immortal deeds are not popular with the masses of mankind they originate, and are developed in humanity. What, to the great portion of the world was the crucifixion of Christ?—What a small portion of the generation inhabiting the world at that period believed in his mission, even confirmed as it was by the most astonishing miracles. How few were his faithful followers. And yet that event, insignificant as it seemed to the world at that time, will be one of the most important that ever occured, long after the heroes and events upon which applause of of the world has been lavished, and forgotten. There will be a time when the poor man who has given a crust to his fellow pilgrim, will be a greater hero than Napolean Bonaparte—when the unknown mire will outweigh the gold that bought an empire.

Let us not set too great an estimate upon the position we are to occupy in the eye of the world. Human opinions are worth but little, no matter how strongly backed by wealth, or an innate sense of superior wisdom. There has been a continual "squabble," since the days of Adam, about the events that have passed before the world. and there never was a time when the opinions of men were infallible.

Black Days.

Have you ever known days that were black? Have you ever known days in which everything went wrong, as though some invisible hand turned your whole life topsy turvy? Did every sharp instrument you handled pierce or cut you of its own accord? Did some undiscoverable individual throw your neatly arranged work into confusion, and abstract the book in which you were deeply interested? Did the current of your thoughts, which usually flowed with pleasant freedom, suddenly become stagnant? Did the persons you least wished to see force themselves into your presence, and those you loved best remain absent?

Did you labor with more than wonted zeal, yet accomplish nothing? Such unbalanced days, when life seems a game of cross purposes, will come to most of us; and how is their unholy spell to be broken? Very often the presence of a being gifted with a strong, pure heart, genial temperment, and sympathetic nature, will chase all the shadows, restore serenity to the ruffled temper, and evoke order out of confusion, even as the voice, the look of one single angel can put to flight a legion of evil spirits.

BAD FOR THE COW.—When George Stephenson, the celebrated Scotch engineer, had completed his model of a locomotive, he presented himself before the British Parliament, and asked for the attention and support of that body, the grave M. P's., looked sneeringly at his invention, and asked:

'So you have made a carriage to run only by steam, have you?'

'Yes, my lords.'

'And you expect your carriage to run on parallel rails, so that it can't get off, do you?'

'Yes, my lords.'

'Well, now, Mr Stephenson, let us show you how absurd your claim is. Suppose, when your carriage is running upon these rails, at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, (if you are extravagant enough to even suppose that such a thing is possible.) a cow should get in its way. You can't turn out for her—what then?'

'Then 'twill be bad for the cow, my lords!'

☞ A friend was lately asked the question:

"What is your fighting weight?"

"I will wait a long while before I do any fighting," was the response.

Self Made.

"And beside," said cousin Clara, as if to crown the catalogue of excellencies, "he is a self-made man!" It was evident she could add nothing to that.

"No, no, I thank you," echoed Bertha, laughing, "none of your self made people for me; I've seen enough of that."

"Enough of that! Why, they are the very best made people in the world, those who have made themselves."

"Not so fast, my sage cousin; tastes differ, and here I must presume to differ from you."

"But why, my child, especially in this case. What have you to say about William?"

"Simply this, cousin mine—that I would not, on any account, subject him to the penalty of bigamy."

"Bigamy! you shocking child, what do you mean?"

"Simply what I say; he is wedded already."

"Another wife! Never; it can't be.—It is some malicious slander."

"I—I don't mean exactly married by bell, book, and candle, or that sort of thing. Nevertheless his heart is preoccupied; he is wedded to his profession. I want no second place, and that I should most assuredly have; I am too late to take the first, in spite of all his protestations. Can't I see? I have just been spending three months with Julia, and she married one of your self-made men. I'd sooner be an old maid. He neglects her just as entirely as if she had no matter of claim upon him.—She is a dutiful wife, devoting herself to his comfort when he is at home, and small thanks she gets. He is wedded to his business, and gives himself to it, body and soul. The force of habit is so strong, that he has no idea there is any other way.—you see, Mr. Paynes began life by devoting all his energies to making his own way; and having his own way to make, and himself to make, there is little of him left for anything else. He has no idea but that the time is wasted that is spent in any other way than in getting on. He has set success before him as his aim, and success is a balloon, that ever rises as you reach up to it. He has been so long in the habit of marching over or setting aside all obstacles to his progress, and his gaze is so fixed upon the goal, that wife and children are just as readily set aside as anything else that stands in his way. As far as he is concerned, Julia spends her life utterly alone, and yet he would be astonished at any imputation of neglect. She is always provided for; his home is pleasant; he lets her do as she pleases, and supplys her with all she wants! Does he? Poor Julia! I have seen her sigh, when her woman's heart was too proud to complain or too full to speak."

"But Mr. Paynes has fine social qualities; he is very agreeable."

"I grant you, he can be agreeable when it suits his purpose, but he wants the early training, the feeling that it is not beneath his notice to try to make home pleasant, to do his part toward it. He was educated in an atmosphere of work, and he is always restless. The household never has an air of repose. You can see in his eye, if he is caught for a moment in household enjoyment, that he really grudges the time. All time is wasted that is not spent in getting on! Nay, none of your self made men for me. I never saw one yet, who was a good husband or a father. The habit of life is too strong."

"But, my dear Bertha, men must work."

"But, my dear Clara, work is not man's chief end. You learned better than that in your catechism. Employment is good and healthful; overwork, labor, is the curse; and woe be to him that hugs his curse, and tries to make it out a blessing! Sorrow for the captive who learns to love his chain!"

"Well, Bertha dear, there may be some reason in what you say; but in this land where will you do better?"

"I'll trust to Providence, and if there be nothing better, I'll live alone. It is no more than Julia does, and there is no law against it."

"But Julia has position and influence."

"Yes; and, poor child, she tries to console herself with that—rather cold comfort, especially as she has not ambition, and has a warm and loving heart."

"Well, remember, child, your uncle is self-made too."

"Can't help it. Isn't he almost as bad? The curse follows him. Imagine him preaching any of the sweet charities of life! Picture him to yourself in society, or taking a day's recreation, or spending an evening at home without going to sleep! You know better; he is fastened to the car like the rest of them, and thinks he must move or be crushed. Oh! I am weary of this constant atmosphere of work—no rest, no repose. Repose! Do you suppose anybody knows what it means? No; if there happens to be an hour in which there is nothing to do, it is spent in planning how the next task is to be performed—as if it would not come soon enough, without going out to meet it. No wonder men are crazy or paralyzed, and don't live out half their days. Good night."

Marriage in Lapland.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents and friends. When a young man has formed an attachment for a female, it is the fashion for her friends to meet to behold the young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed, in starting, the advantage of one third of the distance so that it is impossible, except willing herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun the suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being criminal for the young man to regard the notion of marriage. But if the virgin have an affection for him, though at first she run quite fast to try his love, she will, without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed, pretend casually and a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark at the end of the race.—Thus none are to marry against their will; and that is the reason that in this poor country the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands, where so many feign love and cause unhappiness.

☞ Several months since, while traveling on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, when they stopped at Prince's Tank, we overheard the following conversation between a young gentleman from Georgia, who was on the train, and a small boy in the road:

Passenger — "Young America, what place is this?"

Boy—"Pin Hook, sir."

Pass—"What do the cars stop for?"

Boy—"To take in water."

Pass—"What river is that?" pointing to the water in the ditch.

Boy—"I don't know."

Pass—"What do you know?"

Boy—"I know the cars bring lots of d——d fools along this way."

The young gentleman drew his head in and was soon fast asleep.

☞ No woman can be a lady who can wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated, she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman.

How a Soldier's Wife "Gin in."

The Boston *Courier* details this incident as having happened there—as patriotic as it is amusing:

On Tuesday morning, the anxious wife of a Marblehead volunteer who had received marching orders, refused to get his things together for him, supposing by that means to prevent his going with his company; but her husband was not made of any such soft material, and started off without a change of undergarments of any kind. She "could not believe he could go off so," but thought he would stop short of the railroad depot, and return to her fond bosom. In this she was mistaken. Hubby joined his companions in arms, unprovided for a campaign as he was, and in a few minutes the train had put miles between himself and the wife he had left behind.—He did not feel altogether right about her conduct, but his condition was that of perfect bliss compared to the state of her mind and affections, when she came to a realizing sense of the fearful fact that she had sent her gallant husband off to the wars without a second shirt to his back, or any of the little "goodies" which fond wives usually put up for their husbands when they start on a journey. It soon occurred to her that she might reach Boston before the regiment started for Washington in the afternoon, and she went right to work to fill the largest valise she could find with whatever she could lay her hands on, which might contribute to his inward or outward comfort. Thus heavily laden, she made her way through the drenching rain to the depot. On arriving in Boston she was informed that the regiment was to form on the common, and hither she proceeded; but no soldiers were there, and despair almost overcame her. With a heart heavier than even the valise she carried, she wended her way to a stable kept by an acquaintanee, from whom she hoped to obtain some information as to the probable whereabouts of her much abused spouse. In taking this step she was fortunate, and ascertained that he was quartered in Faneuil Hall. Away she dashed, regardless of the wind or rain, "walking the water like a thing of life," until she reached the old Cradle of Liberty. Her valise performed the office of a "free pass" for her with the sentinels, and in less than a minute she was the most delighted of wives, and he the most surprised of bus bands. She remained in the city until the regiment left for the south yesterday.

Love in a Car.

We have heard of love in a cottage; love by the sea shore, and love under difficulties, but never until last Saturday night did we witness love in a city passenger railroad car. Having business that required our attention in the northwestern section of the city until a late hour, we, at half past 11 o'clock, found our way into one of the Madison avenue cars. (No, 40) At the corner of Franklin and Eutow St's, a young lady and gentleman entered the car and occupied a seat in the corner.—Being a great admirer of females we stole a glance at the young lady, and were recompensed by beholding a very lovely young Miss, with black hair and eyes—the latter appearing as if Cupid, the God of Love, had rented the premises and seemed to dispute the sway of man. Her companion was one of those specimens known as the *genus homo*. He was attired in a bran new suit of Harrison street store clothes, and appeared as gay as a peacock. The first thing that he did after seating himself was to encircle the neck of his companion within his left arm, while his right hand lovingly grasped her soft and delicate left. Not being used to such scenes, (we being a bachelor,) we kept our neither eye open and noted down proceedings in our mind.

'Clara,' began the passionate lover, 'ain't this nice; I swow it's bettert han riding in the old wagon.'

'Yes, Josh,' feebly articulated Clara.—'But don't hug me so, the folks are looking at us.'

'Well, let them look,' retorted Josh.—'Guess they would like to be in my place.' (We, for one, did most heartily envy his situation.)

'Yes, but Josh you know that thy will laugh at us,' meekly rejoined his companion.

'Let them laugh,' exclaimed the irate lover. 'Don't I love you, and don't you love me, and ain't we going to get married to morrow?'

Josh at this moment appeared as if a brilliant idea had struck him, for he suddenly bent over and kissed his fair companion square in the mouth.

'There,' said he exultingly. 'Ain't that nice? You don't allers get that sort.' Then turning to the occupants of the car, he exclaimed: 'Strangers, me and this young woman have come down from the country to get married. She is a nice gal, and I am going to do the right thing by her.

During the delivery of this concise speech, Clara's face was suffused with blushes, noticing which her ardent lover remarked, 'Don't get so all fired red about the gills, Cara. You know that we are going to be married, and what's the use to fluster up?'

This last speech settled the business of the passengers. They gave one shout and relieved their bodies of a charge of laughter that had almost strangled them.

At the corner of Calvert and Baltimore streets we vacated the car, leaving the happy couple as contented as if the future denoted nothing but sunshine and pleasure, and such we trust it may prove.—*New York paper.*

A General Settler.

"By the Mexican laws, if a man kills another in a duel, he becomes answerable for all his debts."—*Morning Paper.*

If this law did but prevail in the United States, the custom of duelling might at least be turned to account; for a man whose life might be embittered by debt, need not give himself the trouble of committing suicide; but by selecting a rich man for the task of shooting him, he performs, in his last moments, an act of justice to his creditors.—However desirable it may be that parties who quarrel should give satisfaction to one another, how much more desirable would it be to extend the sphere of satisfaction to those who survive.

☞ At an evening party lately, a young man from England was boasting of the pedigree, wealth and importance of his ancestors.

"O yes," said Sam H., "your father and mine spent part of their lives together."

"Where was that?" sharply inquired the other.

"In the Bloomingdale poor house," was the stinging reply.

Not long ago the New York *Tribune* asked why no attempt is made in the South to arm the blacks and organize them into military companies. Prentice answers the question in his usual way, thus: 'Why should black companies and regiments be exposed in war when niggers are worth $1,500 apiece?"

☞ Husband—"Mary, my love, this apple-dumpling is not half done."

Wife—"Well, finish it, then, my dear."

☞ The ashes of a smoked cigar are little thought of—those of man, scarcely more.

The Teeth.

Natural teeth, clean, sound and perfect, are essential to the comeliness of any human face. Defective teeth mar the handsomest features, and cause us to turn away our gaze with a kind of disgust from a countenance of otherwise faultlessly beautiful. Sound teeth not only add to the comfort and personal appearance, but contribute largely to the health of all; hence special attention should be paid to them daily, from the time of early childhood, from the time when the first permanent tooth makes its appearance, about the sixth year.

Whenever it is practicable, every tooth in a child's head should be minutely examined by a careful, conscientious and skillful dentist every few months; and the great importance of special attention to their cleanliness, the avoidance of cold and hot drinks, of the use of any "picks" harder than wood or quills, and all the dentrifices prepared by unknown hands should be pressed upon the minds of the young with great assiduity.

Harm has been done by propegating the notion that sugar is injurious to the teeth, by divesting attention from real causes of decay. The eating of any amount of pure sugar cannot injure the teeth directly because it is wholly disolved and passes into the stomach.

But let it be remembered that the practice of eating sugars or candies or any other sweet meats largely, will inevitably cause a disorder of the stomach and degenerate gases there which will undermind the health of the teeth.

By insisting too much on the fact that sugars and candies destroy the teeth, an impression will grow that if these are mainly avoided, the person so doing will have good teeth and this leads the mind away from the necessity of keeping the mouth clean and the stomach healthful.—If they are well done, and teeth are kept plugged in a finished style, the teeth naturally or hereditary "poor" may be kept in a good state of preservation for a great many years.

All forms of dyspepsia have a tendency to dest