

POETRY.

From the Home Journal.
The Summer is over.
Softly Autumn winds were sighing
Over pale, sweet flowers dying.

VARIETY.

How Capt. John Duncan Got That Dent in his Head.

You want to know how Capt. John Duncan got that dent in his head; very well, I'll tell you all I know about it.
I met him at Buenos Ayres, South America, in the year 1855—not long ago, you see; he was in command of a tidy little Scotch brig, called the "Sandy."

and says he, "Mr. Jones!" (he always called me by heroic names,) Mr. Jones!" Says I, "What?"
Says he, "Do you see that dent, Mr. Jones?" and he put his finger to his right or left temple, I forget which, but luckily that's a point of small consequence.

our wants and to the genuineness of the money with which we paid him, kindly filled our glasses without waiting to be asked, and as kindly took the requisite amount of change in return.
As the glasses were placed on the table, Captain John Duncan—and he was as polite a man as ever refrained from the gambler's profession—made a low bow. So low did he bow that his head rested on the table and he slept.

I had to be carried from the field by some of my men who placed me, by order of the King, in the royal tent and couch, where his Majesty attended to my wants himself.
The battle was gained, and gradually I recovered from my wound. And that's the way I got that dent in my head.

PATENT MEDICINES.—The following is a pretty good burlesque on the patent medicine advertisements of the day:
Oil of bricksbats and compound unadulterated concentrated syrup of paving stones, manufactured only by Dr. Hammelgrass Hol-

GREENVILLE MARBLE YARD.
THE subscriber, has on hand and is constantly receiving a large and varied assortment of
American and Italian Marble,
To which he would call the attention of those in want of a suitable Monument to mark the spot where repose the remains of their departed relatives and friends.