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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Marble Works.
B. C. Ramage.
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J. Campbell; Goalder & Robinson.
Hotels.
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City Officers.

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J. H. Davis.
John A. Wilson.
R. Walker.
L. Gardner.

County Officers.

R. R. Walker.
H. A. Tyler.
Clerk—John C. Gardner.
Bynum, Deputy.
Court Clerk.—Jno. A. Wilson.
Sheriff.—William H. Roper.
Assessor.—Thad. W. Thomas.
Jailor.—G. W. Stubblefield.
Magistrates.—District No. 1, E. G. Jacob Bushart. Constable—Morris. District No. 2, Owen Joshua Naylor. Constable—District No. 3, J. W. Boyer. Constable—Bourn. District No. 4, Simson and R. Cross. Constable.
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Court of Common Pleas, of Mayfield. Circuit Boon, Mayfield.
Commonwealth's Attorney.—Clint. L. Hickman.
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Dr. Blanton,
OFFICE AT
HOLCOMBE'S DRUG STORE,
9 o'clock, A. M., to 4 o'clock, P. M
HICKMAN, KY.
Also Residence at MRS. ANDERSON'S on Mill, 2nd door.
[apr10—1y.

Southern Express Company
FORWARD MONEY and Freight to all points in the United States and the Canadas, also to all points in Europe.
OVERTON, STEELE & CO.,
Agents.

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C. L. RANDLE. H. A. TYLER
RANDLE & TYLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Collectors, Real Estate Agents
HICKMAN, KY.
☞ Will attend promptly to all business entrusted them in Southwestern Kentucky and Northwestern Tennessee.
Special attention given to the investigation of Land titles, and the purchase and sale of Real Estate. [jan2ltf

L. DONALDSON,
Attorney at Law,
Tiptonville, Obion County, Tennessee.
WILL practice and attend to all business in the Courts of Obion and adjoining counties, and also in the adjacent counties of South Western Kentucky.
☞ Prompt attention to collection of claims in these localities.
dec19—1y

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WALKER & COWGILL
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WILL practice together in all the Courts of Southwestern Kentucky—County, Quarterly and Justices Courts excepted—and in the Courts of West Tennessee.
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feb15—1y.

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Attorney at Law,
AND
GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT,
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.
WILL promptly attend to all business entrusted to him in Southwestern Kentucky and West Tennessee. jan2-tf

ROULHAC & LAUDERDALE
Atorneys and Counselors At Law,
HICKMAN, KY.
WILL attend promptly to the collection of Claims, to the investigation of Land Titles, purchase and sale of Real Estate, and the prosecution and defence of suits in Southwestern Kentucky, Northwestern Tennessee, and the adjacent part of Missouri.
☞ Office in Miller's Block. [jan2—tf

OSCAR TURNER,
HAS RESUMED THE
PRACTICE OF LAW,
IN THE COUNTIES OF
FULTON, HICKMAN AND GRAVES
AND will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care in said counties, and also in the other counties in this Judicial District.
☞ Address either PADUCAH office, or BLANDVILLE, Ky. [aug31—tf.

A. D. KINGMAN,
Attorney at Law,
HICKMAN, - - - - - KY.

DR. H. C. BUCK,
DENTIST,
HICKMAN, KY.,
OFFICE IN FRANZ'S HALL, CORNER CUMBERLAND AND CINTON STS.
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Hickman, and surrounding country. Will visit patients at their houses.
All kind of Dental Work done in the most improved plan, and with all the modern appliances and improvements.

DR. W. A. FOWLKES,
HICKMAN, KY.,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Hickman, and surrounding country.
During the day he may be found at Holcombe's Drug Store, and at night at Mrs. Fowlkes', 1½ miles from Hickman, on the Troy road. [feb20-1y

Drs. Gourley & Corbett,
Having formed a co-partnership, offer their united professional services to the public.
OFFICE ON CLINTON STREET
LANDRUM BLOCK.
jan2-tf HICKMAN, KY.
FEES DUE when services rendered.

A. A. FARIS, M. D.,
OFFICE—LANDRUM BLOCK,
HICKMAN, : : : KENTUCKY.
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Hickman, and vicinity.
mar28-1y.

DR. J. SAUDEK,
HAVING permanently located at Hickman, tenders his services in the various branches of his profession.
— AND —
Treats Diseases of the Womb,
and Female Diseases in general as specialities.
Office—opposite the old Bank house, and next door to Randle & Tyler's law office.
jy4—tf

Bread Cast Upon the Waters.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own. "What do I want with chestnuts?"

"But please, sir, do buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—and"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped immediately.

"Are you very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child, "mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heart broken way," said Ralph, smoothing her hair down with carelessness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a quarter for you, if that will do you any good."

He did not stay to hear the delighted, incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears; he strode on, muttering between his teeth:

"That cuts off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care, though, for the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond!"

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark orbed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down the street, with quick, elastic step, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between tall ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden stair-case to a room where a pale, ghastly looking woman, with large brown eyes like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of the absent fire.

"Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chesnuts so soon!"

"Oh, mother, mother, see!" ejaculated the breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a whole quarter! Only think, mother, a whole quarter!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his tiny silver gift diffused around it, in the widow's poverty-stricken home, he would have grudged still less the temporary privations of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

* * * * *

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory as if her pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver quarter.

* * *

Simson window curtains were drawn [illegible] of the bleak December night—[illegible] was glowing cheerly in the well [illegible] grate, and the dinner table, all in [illegible] with cut glass, rare china, and [illegible] silver, was only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled watch. "Six o'clock and he does not make his appearance."

"There's a man with him in the study, mama—come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door.

But as she opened it the brilliant gas light fell upon the face of an humble looking man, in worn threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, "who is that man—and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him the vacant messengership in the bank."

"And will you?"

"I don't know, Mary—I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my love."

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would not deny me anything."

"And I will keep my word, Mary," said the lover husband, with an affectionate kiss. "I'll write the fellow a note this very evening. I believe I've got his address somewhere about me."

An hour later, when Bobby and Frank and little Minnie were tucked snuggly in bed, in the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife!" said her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded; "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting the self-same night in his poor lodgings, beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from that rich and prosperous bank director, Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha!" he exclaimed joyously as he read the brief words, "we shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation!"

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper that lay on the floor. Moore stooped to recover the estray. It was a fifty dollar bill neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"In great remembrance of the silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on the little chesnut girl twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread on the waters of life, and after many years it had returned to him.

GEN. GRANT will gradually get the impeachers out of the way. He has begun the work by sending Ashley as Governor to Montana. There is a place to which all such men could much more appropriately be sent. However, they'll go there themselves after a while.

A Dreadful Practical Joke on a Bostonian.

Not many days since, a gentleman named Brent, quite well known in art and literary circles, had occasion to visit a book establishment in Boston, and saw there a painting of Raphael Semmes, also one of Stonewall Jackson. While looking at and admiring them, the merchant said:

"You are interested in those rebels?"

Mr. Brent—"Yes they seem to be very fine pictures. Have you any other?"

"You mean of rebels?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, we have pictures of the prominent rebels. Keep them as sort of a curiosity."

"Ah! If you have a complete set I should like to buy them. I am making a collection of leading rebels of the country. If your set is full I shall be very glad to purchase."

"Well, it is full; we have all of them."

"Davis?" "Yes, sir. A very good picture of Davis." "Gen. Johnson?" "Yes, sir. At least we have an engraving of Gen. Johnson, said to be very good." "Gen. Lee?" "Yes, I believe so." "Have you Washington?" "Oh, yes, sir." "John Hancock?" "I know as we have a painting of Hancock. Have an engraving, however." "Patrick Henry?" "Well—no, sir; I believe we have none of him." "Thomas Jefferson?" "No painting of Jefferson. I think we have an engraving. I'll see." "John Adams?" "No; we have no painting or engraving of Adams." "Of Gen. Warren?" The Bostonian says, scratching his head, "Warren? Warren? Warren?" "Yes, sir. General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill?" "No, sir. We have no picture of him."

"I understood you to say that you had the rebels complete. Very sorry your list is so imperfect, for I have long been anxious to obtain pictures of all the prominent rebels—lovers of their country, who dared to fight for the rights of the people. A partial list is not what I want. I will not take any of the pictures this morning. Good day."

The last seen of the Boston merchant he was flattening his nose against a pane of glass watching the retreating form of his anticipated customer, taking in his dimensions.

A Woman's Dreams.

She sat alone in the moonlight, her beautiful cheek resting upon her hand, so soft and white and dimpled. You could tell, as you looked at her, that her thoughts were far away, and that she was thinking of something beautiful. Her eyes were wistful; her lips were softly pressed together; the dimples in her cheeks had died out, and only the dimple in her chin remained, that little rosy cleft, the impress of Love's finger. She was less glowing than at times, but none the less lovely. I thought to myself, as I looked at her, that she was nearer heaven than we coarser mortals, and I longed to know wither her pure heart turned itself. I approached her; she did not hear me. I spoke; she did not answer. I touched her softly on the arm; she [illegible] and smiled as for a moment, such as an angel might have given.

"You are thinking very intently," I said.

She answered, "Yes," in a subdued tone of voice; as though that which was on her mind was too holy for discussion. But I persisted.

"Will you tell me what your thoughts were?" I asked.

She shook her head. "You could not understand," she said.

"I could try," I said, humbly. "I am coarse and rude, I know, but I could strive to comprehend."

She smiled sweetly, but still with that faraway look in her dark eyes.

"No, not *coarse*," she said, "but you are a *man*. It is so different with men; were you a woman you would understand it at once. Now perhaps, you may smile, may laugh at me."

"Believe me, *no*," I whispered; "I adore the beautiful, the true, the pure. Let me know your sweet thoughts."

She gave me her hand. "I will tell you," she said. "I have thought of nothing else all day. Last night I lay awake thinking of it. I am sure I must be right; but if I am wrong, oh! if I am wrong, Edgar, I tremble to think of it."

"You cannot be wrong," I said.

She gave me her other hand.

"You think not?" she said; "ah! but you cannot be so good a judge as a woman, I think—I believe—"

"Yes, yes," I whispered, bending nearer; "yes, Angeline."

"I am almost *sure*," she said, in accents softer than the ripple of falling water, "almost sure, Edgar, the blue fringe will look better on my new walking suit than purple velvet. Don't you think so?"

How He Whiped Him.

A young John Phœnix tells how it was as follows:

I'll tell you how it was. You [illegible] Bill and me went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt in my pocket and found my knife and it was gone; and I said: "Bill, you stole my knife;" and he said I was another; and I said, go there yourself; and he said I was no such thing; and I said I was a liar, and I could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and he said I never had the measles, and I said for him to fork over that knife or I'd fix him for a tombstone on Laurel Hill; and he said my grandmother was no gentleman; and I said he dersen't take it up; but he did, you bet; you never—well, you never did; then I got up again and said he was too much afraid to do it again, and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and throwed him down on the top of me like several bricks; and I tell you it beat all—and so did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked at the dog and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back, and I didn't catch him until I got clear home; and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye very black?

IT is reported that Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, has ninety-seven palaces. The Emperor of Russia sixty-two; the King of Prussia seventy-four; Napoleon eleven official ones, and ninety-three which he might occupy as chief of the State. Francis Joseph of Austria has upward of one hundred. Isabella of Spain had fifty-two, but she has now only one, which formerly was a private boarding-house.

The Influence of Pretty Women in Washington.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Republican, a Radical sheet, writes as follows:

But just as long as women are weak and men are powerful, some of the evils of the department will never be remedied. It is so much more comfortable to a jaded man, worn out in the arduous duties as head of a bureau, to see a fresh, young, pretty faced woman at an adjoining desk, rather than one with all the sweet juices of life squeezed out of her, whether by age or misfortune, it matters not which. The first one is the oil of the machinery of every day life; the latter is the adhesive gum which needs cleansing away. Women who look with longing eyes to an active life in the Departments at Washington, had better consult their mirrors first, unless Secretary Boutwell makes new laws to meet individual cases. It is true, a few "crones" may be found in the basement of the building, but as you ascend into the upper realms of the castle, new visions of beauty greet the eye until the spectator is lost in a dazzling dream of enchantment as glorious in its bewilderment as a Turkish harem. In many cases these handsome young women belong to Washington families. They have good homes, with the comforts of life, without paying for them. This enables them to spend their wages in the adornment of their persons. These are girls whose lives Mrs. Swisshelm so bitterly deplored. These are the women who practice the Grecian bend, and who dot our avenues of a brilliant afternoon as the butterflies do the clover heath. Petted darlings at home, petted darlings at the Treasury, no wonder they are spared their duties if they have a headache, or a new dress to make. No soldier's widow or starving daughter of the Republic can drive them from their warm nests for the reason "that a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Gen. Schneck says he has tried in vain to get a place for a young girl who had two brothers killed in the army, and who lost her father also in the army. There are other beautiful women there, the mention of whose names is enough to bring the blush to every honest woman's cheek, some public man's pretty plaything, and yet for such as those the widows and daughters of our noble soldiers must stand aside and sing the "song of the shirt" or another quite as sad. Has the sun of another day arisen? With trembling form and bowed head we shall wait and see.

Systematic Agriculture.

The Commissioner of Agriculture in his last report says: "Hitherto this country has been characterized by random farming for immediate results with no reference to future advantages and no persistent following of any prescribed course. It has been a speculative business with a constant endeavor to overreach the soil, even at the risk of its bankruptcy. Cotton, wheat, wool, hops, and other products have been periodically [illegible] natural excrements, and [illegible] ere cool reason shall hold undisturbed sway among our husbandmen; but there are evidences of more stable views, and more systematic practices are beginning to prevail. In the central settlements of the West, farm animals, the basis of systematic farming, are held in higher esteem than formerly, and a preparation at least is made for some simple rotation in crops. More stability exists under adversity, as in case of wool growers, many of whom, farseeing and wise, and confident of future profit in the midst of present discouragement. There is a disposition in the South to produce their own bread and meat, and hold their cotton as a surplus, bearing a better price when the quantity does not suffice to glut the market. These and many other signs of thoughtfulness and growing wisdom are apparent.

What Has Passed for Money.

Many things have been used at different times for money: Cowrie shells in Africa; wampum, or beads made of clam shells, by the American Indians; soap in Mexico. The Carthaginians used leather as money, probably bearing some mark or stamp. Frederick II, at the siege of Milan, reviving this custom, issued stamped leather as money. In 1350, John the Good, King of France, who was taken prisoner by the celebrated Black Prince, and sent to England until ransomed, also issued leather money, having a small silver nail in the middle. Salt is the money in Abyssinnia; codfish in Iceland and Newfoundland. "Living money," slaves and oxen, passed current in ancient Greece and among the Anglo Saxons, in payment of debts. Adam Smith says that, in his day, there was a village in Scotland, where it was not uncommon for women to carry nails instead of money to the baker's shop and to the ale-house. Marco Polo found in China, money made from the bark of the mulberry tree, bearing the stamp of the sovereign, being the earliest specimen of paper money, to counterfeit which was punished with death. Tobacco was generally used as money in Virginia up to 1660, fifty-seven years after the foundation of that colony, and men bought wives for such weight of tobacco; while in Canada the beaverskin being the great staple, it was in like manner made a unit, and all transactions estimated in beaver. The Legislature of Massachusetts once enacted that wheat should be received in payment of all debts, and the Convention in France, during the revolution, on the proposition of Jean Bon Saint Andrea, long discussed the propriety of adopting wheat as money, as the measure of the value of all things. Platina was coined in Russia from 1828 to 1845. But the metals best adapted and most generally used as coin, are copper, nickel, silver, and gold, the first two being now used for coins of small value, to make change; the two latter, commonly designated "the precious metals," as measures of values and legal tenders. On the continent of Europe a composition of silver and copper, called bullion, has long been used for small coins, which are made current at a much higher value than that of the metals they contain.

In China Sycee silver is the principal currency. It is merely ingot silver of a uniform fineness, paid and received by weight. Spanish dollars also circulate there, but only after they have been stamped as proof that they are of the standard fineness. As Asia Minor produced gold, its earliest coinage was of that metal. Italy and Sicily possessing copper, bronze was first coined there.

Heroditus says the Lydians were the first people known to have coined gold and silver. They had gold coins at the close of the ninth century B. C.; Greece Proper only at the close of the eighth century B. C. Servius Tullius, King of Rome, made the pound weight of copper current money. The Romans first coined silver 281 B. C., and gold, 207 B. C. Some nations, although they worked the metals with skill, seem never to have coined money. Such was the case with the Irish, of whom no coins are known prior to the English invasion in the 12th century.

From the Paducah Kentuckian.

DEAR SIR:—Allow me to say to you and your readers, that I have been greatly perplexed and troubled for the last ten years or more about a certain matter that comes to pass nearly every day in the whole year, in the streets of Paducah. I thought for a long time I would say something about it, that in part it was none of my business. But I have seen so long and so often, that I have lost all patience on the subject, until I have become so big with the idea that I must be delivered. Well, Mr. Editor, here she comes. Dry weather or wet weather, cold or hot, Winter and Summer, all the time, every day, wagons, carts, sleds, drawn by old horses, old mules, young horses, fat horses and poor oxen of all colors and sizes, ages and values, rolling, truding moving and hauling along from the feed stores in Paducah and other places, bales of hay raised and grown and purchased in the States of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, all going out into Jackson's Purchase to feed horses, mules and oxen to raise the next crop with. This hay, thus purchased, takes out of this Judicial District from $20,000 to $40,000 per annum, never to return. So it is evident that our people and farmers pay this annual tax out of their hard earnings as tillers of the soil. Now if there is any law of necessity that compels them to submit to seek a burden, then resignation to it, is the best they can do. But strange to tell not only is there no necessity for it, but the farmers thus act as a matter of choice. They have an abundance of good meadow and grape lands, none better, all round them, grow two crops each year, and still the country, except Fulton county, has next to no meadows. They will, during the sickliest time of the year, tug and toil and stretch and tiptoe, gathering fodder at the expense of their corn, spending as much labor to secure one thousand bundles of fodder as would make ready for use or market ten bales of hay.

Yet these same people, that have thus imposed on themselves and the value of their land[illegible] unutterable ho[illegible] for roads or other [illegible] country. The[illegible] hay to feed [illegible] plow their [illegible] Money enough [illegible] Jackson's Purchase to the REPAIR[illegible] purchase hay, within the last fifteen years, to have made three good turnpike roads through the whole back country. How is it possible for any people to become independent and prosperous, who manage so badly in matters of their best interest? When shall we have an improvement for the future in sowing meadows and raising all the hay we want, and more too, so as to save a heavy annual tax paid to our Northern States and people. Gentlemen, readers, and farmers, the remedy is with you; will you apply it? That you will, is the hope of your old friend and fellow-citizen.

FARMER'S FRIEND.

WE are often asked by our farmers if the next crop of cotton will be [illegible] as in 1866. It is believed by many that the law was suspended for only one year, and will revive after the expiration of that time. For the benefit of all concerned, we publish the following repealing act:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That all cotton grown in the United States after the year 1867 shall be exempt from internal tax; and cotton imported from foreign countries, on and after November 1st, 1868, shall be exempt from duty.

Approved, Feb. 3, 1868.

THE PINDAR.—The port Gibson (Miss.) *Standard* has an article on the pindar, or gooberpea. It says:

"Our friend, Mr. J. H. Hendrick, informs us that they raised this season, from about one half acre of ground, eighty-three bushels of pindars, most of which he shipped to market. We believe they are worth two dollars and fifty cents per bushel in St. Louis. Even at two dollars per bushel, there is no cotton crop will pay like that. It would be a very poor acre of ground that would not produce at least one hundred bushels; and a very poor one hundred bushels of pindars that would not bring two hundred dollars net. Can any farmer do that with cotton? The labor and expense of culture are comparatively nothing; and there is a sure and increasing market for them. The consumption is continually on the increase."

A LADY had occasion to write to one of her amateurs, and used paper which was very highly scented. A few evenings afterwards he called to see her, and spoke of having received the billet doux, and of its being so sweet scented. "Ah yes," says she, "you ought to smell my drawers." The young man, of course, blushed. Discovering her mistake, she attempted to rectify it. "Oh!" says she, "I meant my bureau drawers."

SAMSON.—Who was the strongest man? Samson? Who was Samson? A Nazarite, bound by a vow not to taste wine or strong drink. What did he drink to revive his spirit after the labor of slaying a thousand Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass? Water—simple water. Ever since that day, what has been found to be the best drink for hard working men, and for imparting strength? Water—pure water.

Phunnygraphs.

What tune is the greatest favorite?—Fortune.

Never entrust a secret to a belle—it is sure to be toll'd.

A woman's heart, like the moon, should have only one man in it.

"There's sweet music in dreams," said an old gentleman. "Yes, there may be," said his wife; "but I hear nothing of it, except a snore."

Why do medical men generally wear black clothes? Because they are chiefly occupied in preparing grave subjects.

A certain Mr. David Fender, popping the question in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say yes, dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender.

What time by the clock is the best for a pun. A joke takes better when it strikes one.

An Irishman was one day observing to a friend that he had an excellent telescope. "Do you see yonder church?" said he. "It is scarcely discernible, but when I look at it through my telescope, it brings it so close that I can hear the organ playing."

A gentleman meeting another in the street who was consumptive, accosted him thus: "Ah! my friend, you walk slowly." "Yes," replied the man, but I'm going fast."

Old Mrs. Darnly is a pattern of household economy. She says she made a pair of socks to last fifteen years, by merely knitting a few feet to them every winter, and legs every other winter.

AN inquisitive chap asked a soldier with an empty sleeve, "how he lost his arm?"

"In a thrashing machine," answered the soldier.

"Were you running the machine?"

"Well, no; General Lee was."

BOB JOHNSON was taking a drink with Senator Chandler in Washington, when the Senator, touching Bob's glass with his, said: "Well, Bob Johnson, here's to you, you damned rebel!" Mr. Johnson replied: "Well, Chandler, here's to you, you damned radical!"

AN instance of connubial affection is narrated as occurring lately in New Hampshire. A couple had quarreled during the whole term of their married life. At last the husband was taken ill and evidently about to die. His wife came to his bedside, where, after she had seen his condition, the following colloquy ensued:

"Wy, daddy, your feet are cold, your hands are cold, and your nose is cold."

"Wa'al let 'um be cold."

"Wy, daddy, you're goin' to die."

"Wa'al I guess I know wet I'm about."

"Wy, daddy, wut's to become of me if you die?" [illegible] I want [illegible] got [illegible] opposing Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall not inquire. All I have got to say is, that he will get floored if he interrupts me again."

"Wherever you find many men you will find many minds," exclaimed a public speaker. "Taint so, by jingo," responded one of his auditors, "if you'd ask the whole crowd to take a drink, you'd find them all of one mind." The lecturer "caved" without trying the experiment.

GAMBLING.—Let every man avoid all sorts of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself even to toss up for a penny, for this is often the beginning of a habit of gambling; and this ruinous crime comes on by slow degrees. While a man is minding his work, he is playing the best game, and he is sure to win. He that gambles is often reduced to beggary and despair. He is often tempted to commit crimes for which his life is forfeited to his country, or perhaps he puts an end himself to his miserable existence. If a gambler losses, he injures himself; if he wins, he injures a companion or a friend. And could any honest man enjoy money gained in such a way?

HOW MANY?—A young man asked an old man for his daughter in marriage. The answer was: "Go into the orchard and bring in a number of apples. Give me one half of the whole number and the mother half of the balance and half an apple over, and to the daughter one half of the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself, without cutting an apple; and then, if she is willing you can have her. He solved the question. How many did he bring?

HOW TO FIT HORSE COLLARS.—The collar should be purchased of the proper size; just before putting it on for the first time, immerse it in water, letting it remain about a minute, and immediately put it on the horse, being careful to have the hames so adjusted at the top and bottom as to fit the shoulder, and then put the horse to work. The collar, by being wet, will adapt itself to the shoulder, and should dry on the horse. When taken off it should be left in the same shape it occupied on the horse, and ever after you will have a snug fitting collar and no wounds.—*Valley Farmer.*

MATTHEW LANSING used to say: "If you wish to have a shoe made of durable material, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of an old toper, for he never lets in water."

MAYOR HALL, of New York, requests the press of the country to caution the people against patronizing gift or lottery or dollar store enterprises.

A THEOLOGICAL discussion, involving the points of difference between the Baptists and Reformers, is to commence in Murray, on the 20th inst. Rev. D. B. Ray, of Tenn., Baptist, and Rev. T. W. Caskey, of Paducah, Reformer, are the disputants. Both are men of ability and worthy representatives of their respective denominations.—*Jackson Purchase, Mayfield, Ky.*