MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

A WOMAN'S printing company is to be organized in St. Louis.

THE Italian sardine is fast giving way to the American "shadine."

A LIFE insurance company for women is in process of organization in St. Louis.

GOOD potatoes and corn have their eyes and ears about them.

"THE good die young," especially during the season of green fruit.

THE Vienna Exposition is now called the "Vienna Exposure." Expositions are played out.

No objection can possibly be made to receiving an epileptic patient at a hospital because he is in a *fit* state of health.

THE Mexican Minister is of opinion that no trouble will ensue from the McKenzie raid into Mexico.

ONE of the Danbury man's clergymen announces the marriage fee at $5; children half price.

GRASSHOPPER shortcakes and potato bug pies are plenty in the Chinese restaurants at San Francisco.

STOCKINGS with red spots are to be worn with low shoes this summer, so that mosquito bites won't show.

THE *Woman's Journal* has captured a Massachusetts girl who walked forty miles in two days to attend a circus.

THE colored farmers of Shelby County, Tenn., have organized an agricultural association of their own.

CHESTER County, Pa., last week admitted to probate a last will and testament written on a slate.

A FIRE in Columbus, Ga., was recently extinguished by the spontaneous fizzical exertion of five dozen of champagne.

THE *Herald*, having correspondents all over the "five quarters of the globe," is now looking out for a sixth quarter.

A CAIRO pound-keeper has resigned because the common council made a fuss about his writing "Hon." before his name.

SAYS a minister, at a marriage, to a farmer: Our joint occupations represent the chief excellence of life. "You til, I tie." (Utility.)

A SMALL bird, somewhat resembling the sparrow, is eating up the devastating grasshopper in Texas, and the farmers are happy.

THERE is more Milwaukee beer sold in New York in a month, than the Milwaukee brewers can brew in a year. The days of miracles are not yet past.

THE one of several competitors who eats the largest meal next week at Atlantic, Ia., is to win the proud title of champion of the State.

THE Danbury *News* man has observed that when a man has trouble he takes to drink, but when a woman meets with misfortune she merely goes over to her mother's and takes tea.

YOUNG ladies who are disgusted with things in general, as many of them profess to be, are reminded that there are three hundred nunneries in the United States.

THERE is a young girl in Brooklyn, N. Y., who for a long time has supposed herself to be dying of love, but a council of eminent physicians called lately pronounce it to be dyspepsia.

A SCOTCH missionary, in speaking of cannibalism, solemnly declares that for his own part he "would rather go hungry for two days than eat an old personal friend."

AN honest lover in Massachusetts has given to his prospective father-in-law a load of wood to replace that consumed during his evening "sparking" visits last winter.

A VERMONT school-teacher has struck the thing at last. He makes unruly boys turn a grindstone one thousand times, while another boy bears on with a stick of wood.

WHY is blind man's buff like sympathy? Because it's a feller feeling for a feller crittur! Another feller says the same would apply to the tow-headed boy who scratches his head.

THREE New Hampshire brothers recently married a mother, a daughter, and a grand-daughter, and it was the oldest of the brothers that married the grand-daughter.

DETROIT holds up for admiration and imitation a boy eleven years old who can keep so still that even the doctor can't tell whether he's alive or not.

PITTSBURG merchants have combined to test the validity of the city ordinance forbidding them to extend their signs over the sidewalk; which they contend is a signy qua non to attract custom.

"GIVE a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess."—*Emerson.*

So many marriages have taken place of late in the senior class of the college at Utica, N. Y. that careful parents and guardians are doubtful of the wisdom of sending their darlings to institutions where education is mixed.

A FRENCH lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with; and being pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied: "No, I thank you; I eat only my acquaintance."

"WELL, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens," said Browning. "Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing!" said Smithwig, "I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all."

THE shoe heel is hereafter to be made upon the idea of common comfort. Paris makes the move, and of course the fashionable world will follow. The heel will be low, and made as near as possible like the natural.

"ELEGANT simplicity" receives a fresh illustration in the case of the Cincinnati school miss who, wishing to discourage extravagance in dress among her poorer schoolmates, appeared at her school exhibition in a calico garment the trimmings of which cost $100.

Which was Beaten.

WE were boys together, George Gibson and I. We were employed as salesmen in a grocery store. Business being quite dull, our employer gave us permission to close the store, that we might attend a ball to be given that evening. I had been paying my respects to Miss Kate H——. George also seemed interested in her welfare, and knew that I would be certain to send her my compliments sometime during the day, and request her company to the ball.

In order to get ahead of me, he sent his invitation quite early in the morning. I was not in a good humor after. George [illegible] showed me his note of acceptance; so when evening came, I determined I would not attend the ball or stay [illegible] store. We closed about dark. [illegible] ready to start, but had some [illegible] spare, when, as if to amuse [illegible] picked up an old revolver, [illegible] kept about the store, [illegible] it at different objects in [illegible] how easy he could [illegible]

[illegible] an oil can, which [illegible] inserted a [illegible] the oil [illegible] a stream [illegible]

attend, and had sent me in his stead. Miss Kate accepted his apology, and we attended the ball together. It was late when I returned to the store, and found George still in his uncomfortable position, in a towering rage, and swearing at me profusely.

The bullet had passed through the can, and he dared not remove either hand. I then procured an empty barrel, intending to pump out the oil below the bullet hole; but in order to do this, it was necessary for him to be on the other side of the can. He agreed to the change if I would hold my fingers over the holes until he went around the can. This I was unwise enough to consent to.

No sooner had he got me into this fix than he proceeded to wash his hands; then taking up the lamp he went up-stairs to bed. I was mad; language cannot begin to express my feelings. I swore, I entreated, then I tried to bribe him to relieve me. Like him, I dared not leave the can, for I knew it would cause my dismissal if our employer found the new floor spoiled with oil, besides the damage it would be to the goods.

How I spent the remainder of the night I shall not attempt to describe; it is sufficient to say I stayed there until morning.—*Waverly.*

Cording a Bedstead.

It is a little singular why your wife's mother will persist in sleeping on a cord bedstead. But she does. You don't think so much of this until you are called upon to put it up, which event generally takes place in the evening. The bedstead has been cleaned in the afternoon, and having been soaked through with hot water, is now ready for putting up. Your wife holds the lamp and takes charge of the conversation. The rope has been under water several times in the course of the cleaning, and having swolen to a diameter greater than the holes in the rails, has also got into a fit of coiling up into mysterious and very intricate forms. You at first wonder at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases to be a virtue, and then you scold. The thread which has been wound around the end of the rope to facilitate its introduction in the holes has come off, and you have to roll it up again. Then, after you have pulled it through eight holes, your wife makes the discovery that you have started wrong. The way that rope comes out of those holes again makes your wife get closer to the door. Then you try again, and get it tangled in your legs. By this time you notice that this is the smallest bed-room in the house, and you call the attention of your wife to the fact by observing: "Why on earth don't you open the door! Do you want to smother me?" She opens the door, and you start again, and she helps you with the lamp. First she puts it on the wrong side of the rail, then she moves it so the heat comes up the chimney and scorches your nose. Just as you need it the most you loose sight of it entirely, and turning around find her examining the wall to see how that man has put on the whitewash. This excites you and brings out the perspiration in great profusion, and you declare you will kick the bedstead out of doors if she doesn't come around with that light. Then she comes around. Finally the cord is laid all right, and you proceed to execute the very delicate job of tightening it. The lower ropes are first walked over. This is done by stepping on the first one and sinking it down, hanging to the head-board with the clutch of death. Then you step with the other foot on the next line, spring that down, lose your balance, grab for the head-board, miss it, and come down in a heap. This is repeated more or less times across the length of the bed, the only variety being the new places you bruise. The top cords are tightened in another way, and you now proceed to that. You first put one foot on each rail, which spreads you some, and as you do it the frightful thought strikes you that if one of those feet should slip over, nothing on earth would prevent you from being split through to the chin. Then you pull up the first rope until your eyes seem to be on the point of rolling out of their sockets, and the blood in your veins fairly groans, and on being convinced that you can't pull it any further without crippling yourself, you catch hold of the next rope and draw that up, and grunt. Then you move along to the next, and pull that up, and grunt again. Just as you have got to the middle, and commence to think that you are about through even if your joints will never again set as they did before, you some way or other miss the connection, and find that you have got to go back and do it all over. Here you pause for a few minutes of oracular refreshment, and then slowly and carefully work your way back. You don't jump down and walk back, because you are afraid to spread out in that way again. You sort of waddle back, working the way inch by inch, and with consummate patience. A man thus stretched across a bedstead, never becomes so excited as to lose his presence of mind. It would be instant death if he did. Then he goes over it again, waddling and pulling, groaning and grunting, while his wife moves around with the lamp, and tells him to take it easy, and not scratch the bedstead any more than he can help, and that she can't tell which creaks the most, he or the bedstead. And after he gets through she has the audacity to ask him to bring in the feather beds. In the dead of night that man will steal up to that room and look at the bedstead, and swear.—*Danbury News.*

The Champion Growler.

MR. RUSKIN, the champion fault-finder of the age, attributes the reason why weekly bills in England are now double, to the production of the following articles, which are enough to alarm the least nervous pater familias—"iron plates, iron guns, gunpowder, infernal machines, infernal fortresses floating about, infernal fortresses standing still, infernal means of infernal locomotion, infernal lawsuits, infernal parliamentary elocution, infernal beer, infernal gazettes, magazines, statues, pictures." He forgets to enumerate among the list the infernal bomb-shells which John Ruskin himself lets fly into the world of letters—growling, grumbling, never satisfied, never at rest. The old growler occasionally, however, gets off some truths, as when he says: "She (the housewife) can see Gustave Dore's pictures (and she had better see the evil one) for a shilling; she can be carried through any quantity of filthy streets on a tramway for three pence; but it is as much as her life is worth to walk in them, or her modesty is worth to look into a print shop in them." If John Ruskin had his way, our cities would be filled with Grecian temples, our halls hung round with Turner's pictures, our rural scenes would resemble the valley of Rasselas; there would be no more laws or fighting, and the happy peasant would sit all day tuning his reed, and the wheels of life would stand still. But when he wages war upon "infernal beer" he touches a tender spot. Mr. Ruskin may regale himself upon the nectar of the deities, but, especially in this part of the world, at the present moment, the popular refrain is:

> "Gentlemen fine may drink their wine,
> But give us a drop o' good beer."

SOME men in Louisville were betting on the weight of a large mule, when one man, who was a good judge of the weight of live stock got behind the mule and was measuring his hind quarters, when something appeared to loosen up the mule. Just before the expert died he gave it as his opinion that if the mule was as heavy [illegible] as he was behind, he must weigh [illegible] from 47,000 pounds.

[illegible] has arrived in New Orleans, [illegible] passage for Cincinnati. It was, [illegible] invited by General Confusion, [illegible] pretty much his own way [illegible] and its unexpected ap[illegible] effect of hastening [illegible] which has been [illegible]

Overwork and Want of Sleep.

Overwork causes a great deal of ill health in farming communities. Very many farmers, in their efforts to avoid idleness, which they consider a sin and a shame, go to the other extreme and lose both health and happiness thereby. While industry tends to health, *overwork* breaks down the constitution and shortens life. It injures both the body and mind, and if long continued results either in death or premature old age. For this sin, and sin it is to overwork, there is not nearly the excuse on the part of farmers which there was twenty years ago. Now one has machines to take, in a great degree, the place of hand labor, and the farmer who will use them need not break down his health by working too hard. But it is not the farmer who is most liable to overwork. The farmer's wife is generally the greatest sufferer. Every day in the year, Sundays not excepted, she has much to do. Often there is as much required of her as two women ought to perform. As the result of her overwork, health is lost, and she either dies long before her time or lives only to suffer the penalties of the law she has transgressed. For this course there is no justification. No woman ought to work herself to death, and no man is justified in requiring or allowing his wife to do so. He ought to furnish her with household machines, and if her health is poor either help her himself or hire a girl to help her. This killing himself and his wife, which so many farmers do, for the sake of laying up a few dollars which they never expect to use, and which they cannot carry with them when they die, is a miserable speculation as far as profit and loss are concerned and a sinful, shameful thing for any man to do.

Want of sleep is one of the chief causes of much of the physical and mental trouble of farmers and their families. During the busy season, when the farmer rises at four in the morning and works until six or seven in the evening, then eats his supper, does his chores, and sits up an hour or two later to read his paper or chat with a neighbor, he does not obtain sleep enough to keep either body or mind in perfect health and vigor. The evil consequences of his course may not be apparent for many years, but sooner or later they will come. The waste of the brain is not fully made up. Little by little it decays and insanity or incurable disease is the final result of using the hours which should be devoted to sleep for other purposes. Farmer's wives, who are often kept awake at night by the exhaustion caused by overwork or by the crying and fretting of children, are the greatest sufferers, and year by year a vast number go to the insane asylum or the grave. It is slow but certain suicide to curtail the hours of sleep, and no man, woman or child need expect to long continue in good health without taking the fullest amount of quiet rest.—*Working Farmer.*

The New Horror.

HAVE we, indeed, fallen on the times of which an old Hebrew prophet spoke, when he said, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge?" So far as our country is concerned, this appears to be the case. The want of reverence shown by American children to their parents is spoken of in all other lands in disparagement of our modes of training. The lawlessness of the child has terminated in a fearful parricide in front of our threshold, at which all stood aghast for a moment, but from whose shock many recovered only to take up their plea in behalf of the youth who had murdered his father. The boy of nineteen, who traveled nearly two hundred miles with murder in his heart, sent for his father, and waited for him over night, placed his back against the door, and shot down the man to whom he owed his being, and then went smiling to a prison cell, not only justifies his deed, but has many who take his part. It is safe to say that on his trial he will find multitudes to advocate his cause and plead for his justification by law. This shows a strange state of public morality. The old Hebrew law enjoining obedience to parental will on the part of the child was the one commandment to which a promise of life and happiness was attached. Abraham might sacrifice Isaac, but, if the son had turned upon his father to slay him when the patriarch raised his sacrificial hand, the law of that day would have justified any punishment of the parricide. Under the Roman Republic, no law was enacted to meet the case of a child murdering his father, for the crime was thought simply impossible. By the late Italian law, the parricide was tied up in a bag with a snake, a serpent, and a cock and thrown into the sea to be drowned. In barbarian China, the son who would strike his father would be stoned to death forthwith. But it is reserved for the nation which calls itself proudly the most enlightened on the globe, to apologize for parricide and make the slayer of his father the lion of the hour. In speaking thus, we are not entering upon the merits of the case. There are two sides to every story, and the friends of the dead man have just begun to speak. It may be that the most which has been said of him is true, and it may be, also, that even this would not justify the deliberate murder of a father by his son. It will be a perilous day for any people when the ties of blood are ignored, and the spirit of mutual forbearance and forgiveness which springs from those ties is rudely quenched. If there is a skeleton in every home, it will advantage the world nothing to have it torn from its closet and thrust rudely upon the sight of the curious and unfeeling. Life would not be worth living if it were to be passed amid the grinning death's-heads of domestic Golgothas.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Dueling in Cincinnati and Chicago.

IF ever a nation considered dueling as a serious business, it is the American nation. One day a Cincinnati merchant was challenged by a Chicago banker. The challenge was sent by telegraph, and these telegrams were exchanged: Cincinnati to Chicago—"Challenge accepted. Come on to Cincinnati to settle the conditions." Chicago to Cincinnati—"I shall do no such thing. Why should I, and not you, take the trouble to travel?" Cincinnati to Chicago—"Because my wife is in child-bed." Chicago to Cincinnati—"All right. Expect me in the next train." The Chicago banker found the Cincinnati merchant at the railway station, and asked the latter: "Well, are you ready for the fight? Why in the deuce are you so pale?" "Because I am afraid I am a ruined man. My correspondent at Havre has ceased making me his usual remittances." "By Jove! that's bad!" "I set out for Havre to-morrow; we will fight when I return." "I shan't quit you." They embarked on the same steamship. When they reached Havre the Cincinnati merchant finds his correspondent has run off to Canton with all the money he could raise. They go after him. They find and arrest him at Canton, bring him back to Havre, have him tried, convicted, and put in the penitentiary. This prosecution lasts six months. After they have seen the rogue put in the penitentiary they return to America. They had now been traveling together for two years, and had come to love each other like brothers. Nevertheless, the day after they reached Chicago, the banker said: "By the way, we have almost forgotten our duel. We have to fight." "To be sure we must." The following day they fought on the lake shore with rifles; the distance was twenty paces. Both fell mortally wounded, and expired saying, "All right."—*French Paper.*

SAID a woman to a ph[illegible] weighing two [illegible] child: "Dinn[illegible]

FIELD AND FAMILY.

RICE CAKE.—Take six eggs, with their weight in fine sugar and in butter also, and half their weight of flour of rice, half of wheaten flour. Throw in the rice after the flour; add the butter, and bake the cake about an hour and ten minutes. Give any flavor that is liked. Rice cakes for breakfast are made simply of flour and rice, mixed in the usual way, with a little milk.

CORN MEAL FRITTERS.—Take two and a half cups of sour milk, one and a half cups cream, three eggs, a little salt, heaping teaspoon soda. Mix with one-third flour, and two-thirds corn meal, thick enough to just drop from a spoon. Drop by the spoonful into hot lard. They require a longer time to fry than doughnuts.

RHUBARB PUDDING.—Line your pudding dish with slices of bread and butter, cover with cut up rhubarb, stewed with sugar, then slices of bread and butter, and so alternately until your dish is full, having the rhubarb and sugar on top. Pour in half a cup of water, cover with a plate, and bake half an hour. Eat it warm, not hot.

POTTED FISH.—Cut a fish of twelve inches in length into four equal parts, rub a little salt on the ends of each piece, and place them in an earthen pot, and whole spices and cider vinegar enough to cover. Tie on a paper cover and place an earthen cover over this to keep in all the steam; set in a moderate oven for three hours. Fish cooked in this way is delicious, and will keep for two weeks.

SALT PORK.—For the benefit of those who are obliged to use salt pork, the following plan improves it wonderfully: Cut as many slices as will be required for breakfast the evening previous and soak till morning in sweet milk and water. Then rinse till the water is clear and fry. It is very nearly as good as fresh pork. For a change rolling it in corn meal is a good imitation of fresh fish.

HARD SOAP.—Take five pounds of soda ash, dissolve in three gallons of soft water. Take two and a half pounds of lime, and slake with boiling water. When the soda ash comes to boil pour over it the lime and stir well; when settled, pour off the clear lye. Take ten pounds of grease, add the lye and let it boil. Pour more boiling water over the lime and stir well. When settled add to the grease until you have ten gallons. While making, if the lye settles to the bottom, add more weak lye or water. Boil from two to four hours. When cold cut in bars.

CARE OF A CANARY BIRD.—Hang the cage where the drafts do not strike the bird. Give canary and rape seed, plenty of fresh water, cuttle-fish bone, and clean gravel on the bottom of the cage often. Also, give the birds fresh water to bathe in every day. After they have bathed, remove the dish, which should be shallow. The room should not be overheated. A little pepper, occasionally, regulates them. Do not give them cake or sugar. When moulting feed them on rape seed slightly moistened. Hard boiled eggs and crackers grated are excellent. Bad seed will kill birds. Cabbage and sweet apples are good for them, and now an l then an egg.

SOUP WITH NEW CARROTS.—Clean and slice half a dozen carrots, four onions, two turnips, a small plant of celery, and two leeks, which you put in a saucepan with a small piece of butter; set on a fire, stir now and then until they begin to turn yellowish; add then broth or water enough to cover the whole well, and simmer for about two hours. Turn the whole into a colander, and mash it through; put back on the fire, add salt and pepper to taste, also broth or water if it be too thick; simmer for a few minutes; put a few slices of toasted bread in a soup dish, turn the contents of the saucepan over, cover the dish for two or three minutes, and serve. It is called *soupe a la Crecy.*

SOUPE OR POTTAGE PRINTANIER.—Clean and cut in dice—or use a vegetable cutter—about six carrots, as many turnips and leeks, and blanch them ten minutes in boiling water and salt; take off and drain; put the whole in a saucepan with a dozen small onions whole, a dozen small red radishes, the eatable part of a dozen asparagus, half a pint of green peas, a head of lettuce, the leaves of which should be broken in pieces about half an inch long; cover the whole with broth or water (broth is better,) add salt and pepper to taste, and about a table-spoonful of sugar; simmer until the whole is well cooked, and serve. A handful of chopped chervil may be added a minute or two before serving, if at hand. This is a most excellent soup, especially if made with broth. It is also called *potage a la paysanne*, or *soup a la jardiniere.*

MULBERRIES.—Mulberries seem to have nearly gone out of fashion. Perhaps the perfect failure of the multicaulis speculation disgusted people with every thing that bore the name of mulberry. At all events, we see trees much less frequently now than formerly. The Persian, or, as it is more generally called, the English, is a fine flavored fruit, and is worth growing wherever the climate will allow. Downing's Everbearing is a seedling of the multicaulis, and remains a long time in bearing, although it does not give a very large amount of fruit at once. The fruit is much esteemed by many for cooking. Hick's everbearing is a Kentucky seedling, and though a better bearer than the Downing, its fruit is inferior to that in quality. This tree is valued at the South for planting in poultry yards. It is a rapid grower, spreads widely, and makes a dense shade, while its abundant fruit furnishes food to the fowls. A new variety is mentioned in the French journals, which originated in Hungary, and is called *Morus alba Feggvernekiana.* Though the name is long, the tree is not, as it grows about six feet high, and is spoken of as a dwarf of remarkable beauty.—*Agriculturist.*

Wonders of Orthography.

The pithy saying of Lord Brougham, "The school master is abroad," has become one of the popular proverbs of the age. But he is abroad rather than in the school-house, one would think, from the following specimens of orthography:

A young lawyer in an interior city one early morning locked his office door, and left upon it this mysterious sentence: "Gon to brexfust."

In a small New England town a druggist was surprised and disturbed to receive at the hands of a dirty looking customer he following perscription:

"Please give the baer sumpthing to phyzic him 15 cents worth."

Rufus Choate, or somebody else, said that the ways of Providence and the decisions of a petit jury are past accounting for. We may safely say the same of the spelling of the latter, since a Pittsburgh jury handed up to the judge a communication endorsed, "To the onerable gug."

The proprietor of a country store once worked himself nearly into brain fever endeavoring to make intelligible the following note given to him by a small boy, the son of one of his customers:

"mister Gream

Wunt you let my boay hev a pare of ezy toad shuz."

However, he was probably not more horrified than the schoolmaster who received a letter from a man who wrote:—

"I have desided to enter my boay into your scul."

The letter which one person wrote to an editor when discontinuing his paper, contained internal evidence of its assertions;

"I think foalks ottent to speend their munny for paypurs, my dad didn't and evearybody sed he waz the intelligentest man in the country and hed the smartest family uf boiz that ever dug taters."

"This house for sail," was what a traveler [illegible] of a humble [illegible] He called [illegible]

can raise the wind," was the response of the man, with a sly twinkle in his eye, and the traveler moved mournfully on his way.

One Idea of Justice.

IRISH claim originality in about everything, and certainly their notions of justice are odd enough. At Ballinakill quarter sessions a short time ago a woman, named Ellen Moore, was indicted for having stolen a shawl. Evidence having been given in support of the charge, the jury retired to consider the verdict. After a considerable lapse of time one of the jurors was observed to emerge from the room in which they were confined, and to be about leaving the court. He was immediately stopped by the deputy clerk of the peace, who asked him where he was going? "Ah, begor," replied the juror, "I wouldn't stay there; they're all boxin' and fightin' inside." Notwithstanding this painful state of affairs, the juror was ordered back to the room and a constable placed at the door to prevent the escape of any survivors of the fray. At last the prisoner was found guilty, and the verdict being delivered the jury were discharged, when one of them was heard to remark, "Only I threatened to 'lick' him he'd never agree." The only objection to the system of jurymen thrashing each other into harmony is that skill in the noble art of self-defense will of course give immense advantage to any juryman who may possess it, and that weight and muscular development will also have considerable influence over their deliberations. Besides, there is the risk that after a long period of deliberation nothing may be left of them but a few bones.—*Exchange.*

Profanity.

WHY will men "take the name of God in vain? What possible advantage is to be gained by it? And yet this wanton, vulgar sin of profanity is evidently on the increase. Oaths fall upon the ears in the cars and at the corners of the street.

There are among us not a few who feel that a simple assertion or plain statement of obvious facts will pass for nothing, unless they swear to its truth by all the names of the Deity, and blister their lips with every variety of hot and sulphurous oaths. If we observe such persons closely, we shall generally find that the fierceness of profanity is in inverse ratio to the affluence of their ideas.

We venture to affirm that the profanest men within the circle of our knowledge, are all afflicted with a chronic weakness of the intellect. The utterance of an oath, though it may prevent a vacuum in sound, is no indication of sense. It requires no genius to swear. The reckless taking of sacred names in vain, is as little characteristic of true independence of thought as it is of high moral culture. In this breathing and beautiful world, filled, as it were, with the presence of the Deity, and fragrant with its incense from a thousand altars of praise, it would be no servility should we catch the spirit of reverent worshipers, and illustrate in ourselves the sentiment that the "Christian is the highest state of man."

CONSUMPTION.—For the cure of this distressing disease there has been no medicine yet discovered that can show more evidence of real merit than Allen's Lung Balsam. This unequaled expectorant for curing consumption, and all diseases leading to it, such as affections of the throat, lungs, and all diseases of the pulmonary organs, is introduced to the suffering public after its merits for the cure of such diseases have been fully tested by the medical faculty. The Balsam is, consequently, recommended by physicians who have become acquainted with its great success.

EDITORIAL NOTICES are so common that it is almost impossible for an editor to express his honest opinion of the merits of any article without being suspected of interested motives. This fact, however, shall not deter us from saying what we think of a new addition to the Materia Medica to which our attention has been recently directed. We refer to DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, a remedy which is making its way into more families just now than all the other advertised medicines put together. Its popularity, as far as we can judge, is not based on empty pretension. There seems to be no question about the potency of its tonic and alterative properties, while it possesses the great negative recommendation of containing neither alcohol nor mineral poison. That it is a specific for Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, and many complaints of nervous origin, we have reason to know; and we are assured on good authority that as a general invigorant, regulating and purifying medicine, it has no equal. It is stated that its ingredients, (obtained from the wilds of California,) are new to the medical world; and its extraordinary effects certainly warrant the conclusion that it is a compound of agents hitherto unknown. If popularity is any criterion, there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the Vinegar Bitters, for the sale of the article is immense and continually increasing.

IN South Carolina, capital punishment has just been extended to the killing of Souls. His Christian name was Levi.

HEADACHE, LANGUOR AND MELANCHOLY generally spring from a Disordered Stomach, Costiveness, or a Torpid Liver. Each may be readily removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a few doses of which will be found to stimulate the Liver and Stomach to healthy action, removing all Biliousness, and producing regular evacuations of the bowels.

Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—*Sanford's Liver Invigorator*—a purely Vegetable *Cathartic* and *Tonic*—for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick Headache, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. *Beware of imitations.*

IF you have Fever and Ague, try Shallenberger's Antidote. You will then know of ONE remedy that never fails. The cure is immediate.

Robbed of Health.

The richest of us is poor indeed. The summer, pleasant and enjoyable as it is, is very apt to lay us open to this kind of depredation. The high temperature weakens the body and impairs its vitality, and as the strength and energy of the system decline, disease following in the trail of debility, obtains a foothold somewhere in the frame, in the stomach, perhaps, or the liver, or the head, or the bowels, or the nerves. In summer, therefore, it is of great importance to keep the body strong, and all its functions in healthy activity. To promote, or rather to insure this condition of the human machine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the standard tonic of the age, is the one thing needful. As a wholesome invigorant it stands at the head of all medicines of the class to which it belongs. But this is only one of its many valuable properties. Its mild and painless cathartic action, its anti-bilious properties, and the certainty with which it eliminates from the blood and other animal fluids all acrid matter that tends to produce or foster disease, almost entitle this wonderful preventive and curative, to the much abused appellation, a universal medicine. It is so harmless that the most delicate female invalid may take it with safety, yet so powerful that no form of bilious or nervous disease, no phase of indigestion, no case of chronic constipation, no type of intermittent fever, can resist its sanitary operation.