

were joyfully paid by the loser?—or need we add that the winner handed them over to the fund speedily commenced for the wounded, and the widows and families of the slain?

OVER-DOING IT.

A well-known Methodist Minister, who was travelling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, stopped one noon on a sultry summer's day at a cottage by the road-side, and requested some refreshment for himself and beast. This was readily granted by the worthy New England dame, so the parson dismounted, and having seen his horse well cared for, entered the cottage and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully set before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country had been literally parched up. The minister entered into conversation with the old lady, and remarked about the dryness of the season. "Yes," she replied, "unless we have some rain soon, all my beets, cabbages, and cucumbers will be good for nothing, and I think that all the ministers ought to pray for rain."

The worthy divine informed her that he was a minister, and that he should be happy to comply with her wish. He accordingly knelt down and prayed fervently that the gates of heaven might be opened, that showers might descend and refresh the earth. He then arose from his knees, and having kindly thanked his hostess, bade her good day, mounted his horse and departed. But he had not been gone more than an hour, when the clouds began to gather, and a tremendous shower of hail and rain descended and with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clear out of the ground. "There!" said she, "that is always the way with those farnal Methodists; they never undertake to do anything but they always over-do it!"

EXPANDING THE CHEST.—Those in easy circumstances, or those who pursue sedentary employment within doors, use their lungs but little, breathe but little air in the chest, and thus independently of positions, contract a wretched small chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect the lungs are like a bladder in their structure, and can stretch open to double their size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest and perfect immunity from consumption.

The Agent, and the only agent required, is the common air we breathe, supposing, however, that no obstacle exists, external to the chest, such as twining it around with stay, or having the shoulders lie upon it. On arising from the bed in the morning place yourself in an erect posture, with your chest thrown back and your shoulders entirely off from the chest, then inhale all the air that can be got in; then hold your breath and throw your arms off behind you—hold your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as many times as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is much more dense, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner, it will become flexible and expandible and will enlarge the capacity and size of the lungs.

—Scientific American.

HINT TO MOTHERS.—If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place, where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what every body wore, how every body looked, and what every body said and did; and if you find any thing in this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees learn to embellish it in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will by this course, render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief, which shall serve only to narrow them.

DEFINING HIS POSITION

Bishop Hughes may be as bad a man as the Bishop of St. Louis, but he lacks his courage. There is a directness about the course of the latter, that allows of no disputation. His bigotry amounts to a passion. He takes delight in strife, and attacks Common Sense with a gusto that smacks of the luxurious. From his "own especial organ,"—the "Shepherd of the Valley"—we clip the following paragraphs:

"The Church we admit is of necessity intolerant; that is, she does everything in her power to check, as effectually as circumstances will admit, the progress of crime and error. Her intolerance follows necessarily from her claim to infallibility; she alone has the right to be intolerant. Heresy she inserts in her catalogue of mortal sins; she endures it when and where she must; but she hates it, and directs all her energy to effect its destruction. If the Catholics ever gain, which they surely will do, though at a distant day, an immense numerical majority, religious freedom in this country is at an end. So say our enemies. So we believe."

"We gain nothing by declaring so earnestly against the doctrine of the civil punishment of spiritual crimes. Our enemies will not believe that we are better than our Church, and—for her—her history is before them; they know what she sanctioned during the middle ages, what she did then and does now where she can; they know too, what they would do, were they in power; they judge us by themselves. They can reason besides, and when we say two and two, they will add, make four, whatever we can do to stop them. Heresy is a mortal sin, kills the soul, sends the entire man, body and soul, to hell; it is, besides, a contagious disease, and affects the interests of unborn millions. Christian Kings, believing this, will not crush it in the shell. Christian States knowing this, will drive it from their bodies when they can."

There is a heartiness about these sentiments that almost atones for their wickedness.

Bishop Hughes should awaken to his position. If he does not, the prelate of St. Louis will throw him completely into the shade.—*New York Dutchman.*

A DROP OF WATER.—What queer things inhabit a drop of water! We saw a globule magnified the other day, and were really horrified at the results. The leader of the infinitesimals appeared to be an animated jew's harp. Another of lesser grade wore the appearance of a manure fork, and for the space of half a minute gave himself up to the lascivious pleasure which seemed to flow from waltzing, with what was doubtless a feminine animalcule in the shape of a bass viol, with two sets of strings. Some were got up on the principle of gridirons, the handle acting as the steering apparatus. Many of them were circular in their construction, and were got up with all the spokes and regularity of cart-wheels—these, perhaps, were in the express business, and did the carrying trade for animalcule in some far distant drop on the other side of the tumbler. One queer-looking specimen—a sort of old foggy animalcule was made like a balloon, his digestive powers being in the more buoyant part of the machine while his eyes were carried in a sort of parachute which hung beneath. We examined matters for over an hour, and yet, in all that time, we never saw a single wriggle that could lay claim to any kind of common sense, either in his looks or movements. A queer little world of monstrosities it would puzzle even a nightmare to produce.—*New York Dutchman.*

HOUSEHOLD DEFINITIONS.—Home—the place where children have their own way, and married men resort when they have nowhere else to keep themselves. Wife—the woman who is expected to purchase without means, and sew on buttons before they come off. Baby—the thing on account of which the mother should not go to the opera, consequently need never have a new hat. Dinner—the meal which is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens home to eat, whether at twelve or at half-past three.

A KENTUCKY LAWYER'S APPEAL.—"The thunder roared, the moon rolled, the stars winked, the sky was a complete web—gentlemen of the jury—of darkling darkness on that night; and yet this man did with malice aforethought steal forth into the shades of a lonely farmer's house, and then there maliciously poisoned his brindle yaller dog. Convict him, and the prayers of a nation are yours!"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

"Fanny Fern says, 'If there was but one woman in the world, the men would have a terrible time'—Fanny is right; but we would ask her what kind of a time the women would have if there was but one man in existence!"—*Exchange.*

What kind of a time would they have? Why of course no grass would grow under their slippers!—The Wars of Roses, the battles of Waterloo and Bunker Hill, would be a farce to it. Black eyes would be the rage, and both caps and characters would be torn to tatters. I imagine that would not be much of a millennium either to the moving cause of the disturbance. He would be as crazy as a fly in a drum, or as dizzy as a bee in a ten acre lot of honeysuckles, uncertain where to alight. He'd roll his bewildered eyes from one exquisite organization to another, and frantically and diplomatically exclaim—"How happy would I be with either were I other dear charmer away!"

"What kind of a time would the women have were there only one man in the world?" "Why they'd resort to arms of course!—What kind of a time would they have? What is that to me? They might 'take their own time,' every 'Miss Lucy' of 'em, for all I should care; and so might the said man himself; for with me the limited supply would not increase the value of the article."

—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

FANNY FERN.

THE USE OF SLANDER.—Slander is often beneficial to the victim, particularly when the victim is a candidate for Congress. We recollect a case in point. A man somewhere out west "got sent to Washington." He was totally unqualified in every respect for the position. A friend at Washington once asked him:

"How the duce did you manage to get elected?"

"Why, I stole a pig."

"Hey!—What?—How? Is stealing pigs a qualification for Congress?"

"No; but as soon as it was known, the papers on 'other side took it up, and of course I had to defend me. A great noise was made about it—we called it an attempt to destroy the spotless reputation of an innocent man for party purposes—the people got roused, and I got in."

At the next election his opponent was elected. His friend meeting him one day, asked how it happened.

"Oh! blast the feller!" he replied, "he smelt the rat, and got the start of me. He stole a sheep!"

WHAT IT WILL LEAD TO.—The revolution now going on in China will lead to some queer results. It will put up the price of tea, silks, and powder crackers. Putting up the price of tea will put up the price of coffee, and reduce the demand, for tea-pots and sugar-tongs. A short crop of young Hyson will check tea drinking—gossip will become a rarity—while loquacious old women will stay at home, and become as taciturn as "marble statues on a marble slab." As we said before, things are wonderfully linked together. Who could have thought that the onslaught of the troops, under Colonel Chan-Wang, or Major Bohea, could, by any possibility, give a check to the hospitality of our Fifth Avenue people? No one; and yet we have seen that such will be the case.

FELL OUT OF HIS TROUSERS.—The broad-striped trousers are all the rage. Somebody has said that it takes two pairs of them to properly bring out the entire stripes and bars of some patterns. Quit an accident occurred to an ambitious young squintaroon on Washington street 'other day; he had just been put into a pair of Ben Salvo's cut and thoroughly-fitted pants,—the bars and cross-bars were so infernal wide apart that the unfortunate individual fell through them. He was fortunately rescued from his perilous situation by officer Starkweather, and taken to a place of safety.

Mix ignorance with sudden wealth, and we produce a chucklehead, whose insolence will be equal to a hundred pounds to the square inch. We can imagine no greater nuisance than an ill-bred man suddenly raised to the rank of a millionaire.

Judge! you say, if I punch a man, even in fun, he can take me up for assault and battery!

"Yes sir, I said that, and what I said I repeat: If you punch a man you are guilty of a breach of the peace, and can be arrested for it."

"Ain't there no exceptions?"

"No, sir; no exceptions whatever."

"Judge, I think you are mistaken. Suppose, for instance, I should brandy-punch him; then what?"

"No levity in court, sir! Sheriff expose this man to the atmosphere! Call the next case—Wencks versus Bullion."

"During your travels in Canada, Mr. Slocum, did you meet with anything that arrested your attention?"

"Yes, sir—a deputy Sheriff. He not only arrested my attention but my person, and marched us both off to Lincoln county jail, for 'crossing the line' without paying duty on a yaller dog and a brindle terrier."

"That's sufficient—call the next witness!"

A couple of sons of the Emerald Isle met near the Custom House one day, when after the usual salutations, one said to the other, "Well Patrick, poor Harton is dead," (alluding to one of their acquaintances who died suddenly.) "Oh yes it's sickly here; a great many have died here this year that never died before," returned Patrick.

Pappy, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the camomile fight the rhinoscow?"

"Sartin, my son—but don't get your trowsers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has got for natral history—isn't it? No longer ago than yesterday he had eight pair of trowsers hanging by their tails from the clothes line."

"No! Bless his little heart, come to his mother."

ABSALOM.—A spirit-rapper has lately had a communication from Absalom, in which that Prince begs David's pardon for his rebelliousness, and says that his custom ever since his death, has been to wear a wig for fear of another accident similar to the one which befel him on earth.

Kissing, says the Boston Post, is all the fashion in Paraguay. The ladies are very pretty amiable also, for when they hold up their faces for a salute, they always take out their quids of tobacco, and deposit them on the rim of your hat.

DISPOSING OF A CHURCH.—The New Yorkers have a queer way of disposing of their churches. Here is a sample, being a notice on Christ Church, in that city:—

"To let, this church for religious meetings, lectures, hotel, stable, or any other purpose.—Apply," &c.

HABIT.—A cradle in which even conscience is rocked to sleep. It is only the first crime that causes pain. A cheat becomes a thief as naturally as the pollywog becomes a bull-frog, or the rich man's son a night brawler.

Three spoonfuls of brandy make one cocktail three cocktails one go, three goes one spree, three sprees a muss with the night police and one visit to the penitentiary. Cut this out and paste it in your hat.

A young lady, who had just finished reading a late novel which spoke of Spanish belles as using cigarettes, called at a tobacconist's store recently, and inquired, "Have you any female cigars?"

Punch is a good doctor at times. He gives the following for the benefit of wart-wearers: "Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper that if it will not go away you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint, be as good as your word."

Mrs. Harris says her darter Jane was only married a little over a year when she had two boys, both sons. Smart gal, that Jane.

AFAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.—A drunken husband returning to a red-headed wife.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not."—This will apply to a great many articles. Among the number are brandy cocktails and painted women.

Naoma, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married. Courage ladies.