

FIGHT FOR A KISS.—One of our Maine young fellows thus describes his battle, and final victory, in a fair fight for a kiss of his sweetheart:—

"Ah, now, Sarah dear, give me a kiss—just one and be done with it."

"I won't—so, there now."

"Then I'll have to take it, whether or no."

"So at it I went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half of no time. At the next bout, smash went shirt-collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair like a flood in a mill dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One plunge of Sally's elbow, and my ruffles wilted to the consistency and form of an after dinner napkin. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck-tackling began to shiver, parted at the throat, and away went a string of white beads, scampering and running races every way you could think of about the floor. She fought fair, however, I must admit; and when she could fight no longer for want of breath, she yielded handsomely; her arms fell down by her side—those long, white, rosy arms—her hair hung back over the chair, her eyes were half shut, as if she were not able to hold them open a minute longer, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air! Did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin, or a bee on a clover top?"

Some few years since, a merchant who lived upon the eastern sea-board, bargained with an honest quaker for a lot of cider. It was delivered upon the wharf in due time, neatly barrelled, the hunches carefully covered with tin and strongly nailed down. The buyer being a shrewd and careful man, always right after his business, took a notion that he would try the wares before he sent them off. Accordingly he ripped up one tin and knocked out the bung of a barrel, inserted his proof glass and found that the liquor was far from what the quaker had shown him, and what he had bargained for. He tried another and another—it was all the same—a villainous mixture of a hard, musty cider, with molasses and water. He sought out the sanctified seller and demanded an explanation. Old Broadbrim was concerned but not nonplused or in the least abashed. He owned up, for he could not do otherwise, but with the blandest and smoothest manner possible, excused himself by saying, "Friend Jennings, I thought thee was to ship it to a far-off country."

AN AFFECTING STORY.—Thrilling accounts are given in the Marysville papers of the chase of two "lovers" by an enraged third party, (the "parent") who, as we take up the story, was following them across the Yuba river:

"Augustus saw the fury depicted in the old man's face, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, made a dead halt in the road and concluded to surrender. Maria was frantic. Leaping suddenly from her horse, and walking around through mud three feet deep, she gathered her husband by the legs and dragged him to the ground. Then grasping him tightly around the neck, she shouted to her father—who was now within speaking distance—

"You shan't part us! Right here, up to our knees in mud, we will love and die together!"

The old man started back in amazement.

"Yes," muttered the half used up Augustus, "we will die right here in the mud."

"But Maria—my child!" groaned the old man, "are you not my daughter still?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am now his wife, too!"

"And are you married?"

"We are," exclaimed both.

The old man looked daggers for a moment, closely scrutinized the couple as they clung to each other in the mud, and turning his horse's head toward the city, he started off, saying:

"That's all I wanted to know. You can now get out of the mud and come home!"

ROOMS TO LET.—Monsieur Royet, a landscape painter in the Rue Vivienne, had a visit lately from his landlord, who announced that he should raise his rent three hundred francs for the next term. Monsieur R. protested against this. The landlord asserted that he would have no difficulty in getting six hundred francs more for a room so handsomely decorated. "But," said R., "it was I who decorated it. To my pencil it owes all its beauty." The landlord was resolute. "Well, then," said the artist, "you may rent it to some one else." The next day the passers-by read on the door, "An Apartment freshly decorated to rent." A lady made her appearance as an applicant. She was introduced into the painter's room. She had scarcely glanced around it before she ran out of it with a scream. Two or three other persons followed with the same result. The proprietor, astonished, went up at last to the painter's chamber, and shrunk

back in astonishment. The rich panels and fresh garlands of smiling flowers had been replaced by skulls laid on bones, by skeletons, and other horrible devices suggested by the painter's fancy. But the painter had left, and dead whitewash had to replace the "horrors!"

BIRD LOVE.—An instance is given by Lord Kame of an affectionate canary, who, while singing a love song to its mate, sitting upon the eggs in her nest, became so delirious with joy that fluttering its wings, with other manifestation of great emotion, it suddenly fell dead in the bottom of the cage. Upon this the mother-expectant left her nest, gazed long and mournfully upon her deceased lord, and from that time rejecting all food, soon expired by his side.

COLD FEET.—Cold feet are the avenues to death of multitudes every year: it is a sign of imperfect circulation, of want of vigour of constitution. In the case of cold feet, the amount of blood wanting there collects at some other part of the body which happens to be weakest. When the lungs are weakest, the extra blood gathers there in the shape of a common cold, or often spitting of blood. Clergymen, either public speakers, and singers, by improper exposure often render the throat the weakest part; to such cold feet give hoarseness or a raw burning feeling, most felt at the bottom of the neck.

THE CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN.—The forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of a true gentleman—indeed we may say that power, physical, moral, purely social, or political, is one of the touchstones of genuine gentleness. The power which the husband has over the wife—in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her, the father of his children, the teacher over his pupils, the old over the young, and the young over the aged, the strong over the weak, the officer over his men, the master of a vessel over his hands, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the rich over the poor, the educated over the unlettered, and the experienced over the confiding, the keeper of a secret over whom it touches, the gifted over the ordinary man—even the cleaver over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or total abstinence from it, where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light.

POWER OF ENDURING COLD.—The mysterious compensation by which we adapt ourselves to the climate are more striking here than in the tropics. In the polar zone the assault is immediate and sudden, and, unlike the insidious fatality of hot countries, produces its result rapidly. It requires hardly a single winter to tell who are to be heat-making and acclimatized men. Peterson, for instance, who has resided for two years at Upernivik, seldom enters a room with a fire. Another of our party, George Rily with a vigorous constitution, established habits of free exposure, and active, cheerful temperament, has so inured himself to the cold, that he sleeps on our sledge, journeys without a blanket, or any other covering than his walking suit, while the outside temperature is 30 degrees below zero.—*Dr. Kane's Journal.*

FACETIAE.

"Well I suppose you have been out to look at Texas—did you see anything of old friend — out there?" "Yes, gone deranged." "Gone deranged! the devil! How? what does he do? real crazy?" Yes, indeed he doesn't know his own hogs from his neighbors."

The head clerk of a large mercantile house was bragging rather largely of the amount of business done by his "firm." "You may judge of its extent," said he, "when I tell you that the quills for our correspondence only, cost two thousand dollars a year!" "Pooh!" said the clerk of another house who was sitting by; "what is that to our correspondence, when I save four thousand dollars a year in ink, from merely committing to dot the 'i's'."

A countryman passing over a railroad in northern New York, which is proverbially slow, asked the conductor why a cow-catcher was attached to the rear car instead of the usual place; he was informed by that officer that it was "in order to prevent the cows on that road running into the train."

TELEGRAPH CALIGRAPHY.—A lady at the West End, on receiving, a few days ago, a telegraphic message from her son in the north of England, complained of the shocking hand he wrote, asserting that his being in a hurry was no excuse for such a scrawl.—*Punch.*

RUSSIAN INFANTRY.—The baby son of Grand Duke Nicholas has been named by the Emperor Alexander as the colonel of a regiment, to be called henceforth, in honor of their commander, the Top-and-bottom-of-skys.—*ib.*

SIGN OF THE TIMES.—A gentleman of highly respectable exterior, in a first-class railway carriage, the train having arrived at the terminus, and the guard demanding the passengers' tickets, by a slight mistake, arising from inadvertence, produces his ticket of leave.—*ib.*

A STRANGE GO.—A poor Irishman seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked "what was the matter?" He was answered, "A man was going to be buried." "Oh," replied he, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests who often is a little absent-minded, observed gravely, "I have often remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

Emerson, in a lecture on the Anglo-Americans, says: "Americans would ride in steamers made of lucifer matches, if they could thereby save five minutes in crossing the Atlantic."

A debating society have under consideration the question—"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The result is expected to be—"No! but impossible."

HARD TO PLEASE.—A countryman in one of the western counties, with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door, when the following conversation took place:

"Do you want any meal, ma'am?"

"What do you ask for a bushel?"

"Tenpence, ma'am—prime."

"Oh, I can get it for five."

(In a despairing voice)—"Dear Lady, will you take a bushel for nothing?"

"Is it sifted?"

Some days ago, a pretty, bright little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Rosa, was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family, and he finally wound up by saying, "I don't love you." "Ah, but you've got to love me," said the child. "How so?" asked the tormentor. "Why," said Rosa, "the Bible says you must love them that hate you, and I'm sure I hate you."

A BEAUTIFUL HINT. Roger's own version of his nearest approximation to the nuptial tie was that, when a young man, he admired and sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he then and still thought he had ever seen. At the end of a London season at a ball she said, "I go to-morrow to Worthing. Are you coming there?" He did not go. Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh he saw the attention of every one directed towards a large party that had just entered, in the centre of which was a lady on the arm of her husband. Stepping onward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing."

Agricultural.

CLEARING AND DRAINING MARSH LANDS.—The reclaiming of marshes is a matter of much importance to those countries whose farms are disfigured by such waste places. They are not like wood lots, constantly increasing in value, but are wholly useless, and often the source of Malaria, injurious too all within its influence. And when cleared and drained they become the most easily cultivated and productive portion of the farm, often paying in a single year the whole expense of bringing them into condition for cropping.

Ditching may in most instances, be best performed in autumn, but the work of clearing then commenced can be continued in winter, as long as the depth of snow will permit. The bushes will cut easier then—the timber of shrubs growing in such places generally proving brittle when frozen. In a black alder swamp considerable fuel may be saved—the fine brush may be left in heaps to dry until early summer. As soon as drained and cleared most farmers sow with oats and red-top with no other cultivation than a thorough harrowing. A fine sod will soon form either for pasture or mowing—or the land may be cultivated in corn, potatoes, and different spring grains.

SAVE THE CORN COBS.—Since the introduction of corn shellers the cobs are left unbroken, and the cob of some of the largest varieties of corn will be found of some value as an article of fuel. A cord of cobs will be worth as much for summer fires as a cord of wood, and they are in many cases preferable, making a quick, hot fire which will last as long as a fire is needed at one time. Besides, ashes made from corn cobs are more valuable than the ashes of any other description of fuel now in use, as they contain a large portion of alkali. The ashes should be carefully secured, as by applying a handful of them to a few feet of ground, where any crop is sown, they will repay the farmer better than so much guano or any of the highly recommended fertilizers.

HOW TO KEEP FAT STOCK.—Good hay is not only the basis of fattening, if you feed in winter, but all you need for wintering stock which is in order in the fall. A skilful farmer can make healthy cattle grow all winter by taxing his ingenuity to see how much good hay he can manage to get them to eat; and this is the great secret in keeping stock. He who attempts the experiment, as very many do, of trying to winter on the least possible quantity of hay, will find himself in the end in very much the condition of the economist who tried to see with how much salt he could winter his pork. When warm weather came however, he had not only lost his salt, but pork.

CHANGE OF FOOD FOR ANIMALS.—The kind of food for animals should be changed frequently. A horse long kept on shorts will be affected with a fever in his legs and feet, producing a result similar to founder. Shorts, corn meal or cob meal should

never be given except in a mixed state with cut hay or straw. This will require them to eat slower and the food is better prepared for digestion. If given alone, it ferments rapidly in the stomach, produces a general fever, injures the digestive powers, and finally produces a stiffness throughout the limbs. When these results are discovered the remedy is a change of food. Continued feeding on oats alone will produce the same results as shorts or meal and as many a founder is caused by it as by feeding or drinking when the horse is warm. If necessity compels a person to feed a horse on shorts, corn meal, cob meal, a supply of salt should be added to prevent fermentation in the stomach.—*Western Aglist.*

CORN STALKS FOR HEAVES.—A gentleman in the American Agriculturist, states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare afflicted with the heaves, by feeding her on cornstalks, and that the disease never returned. The writer quotes Judge Buel's opinion as to cornstalks being a remedy, that distinguished agriculturist having had a horse afflicted with that disorder which disappeared after being so fed.

Special Notices.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURE
EFFECTED BY DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE.—
Prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburg.

NEW YORK, March 10, 1852.

This is to certify that I have been troubled for almost four years with a choking sensation, sometimes so bad as almost to suffocate me; I employed two regular physicians but to no purpose. I was then persuaded to try a bottle of Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg. I took two teaspoonful at one dose. It soon began to operate, when it made thorough work. (I had a regular worm factory within me.) I should judge it brought away from me some two quarts of worms; they had the appearance of having burst. I took the remainder of bottle in two doses. The effect was it brought away about one quart more, all chopped to pieces. I now feel like a different person.

The above is from a widow lady, forty six years of age resident of this city. For further particulars, the public are referred to Mrs. Hardie, No. 3 Manhattan place, or to E. L. Theall, Druggist, corner of Rutgers and Monroe streets.

Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. McLANE'S Celebrated Vermifuge, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURG, PA. All other Vermifuges, in comparison, are worthless. Dr. McLANE'S genuine Vermifuge, also his Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug stores. None genuine without the signature of FLEMING BROS.

"YE HAVE EYES AND SEE NOT!"
If you are sceptical in regard to the virtues of Mrs. M. N. Gardner's Indian Balsam of Liverwort and Hound, which is now snatching thousands from the jaws of death and raising the despairing to new life. Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and even Consumption, in its early stages, yield to its magic influence, and it is infallible in its tendency. Over one hundred thousand bottles have been sold in a single county, and from the character of such certificates as the following, it seems to us the Medicine of the Age.

DAILY HER OFFICE, Boston, July 31, 1857.

Mrs. Weeks & Patten: Gentlemen—Some weeks ago, my son, a young man 21 years of age caught a severe cold by unusual labor and exposure. His throat became much swollen, and it was with great difficulty he could be heard when he attempted to speak so nearly destroyed was his voice. His condition I assure you was dangerous and alarming. In this condition of his sufferings I procured a bottle of Mrs. Gardner's Syrup, which he used according to directions for two or three days, at the end of which time he recovered his health. By this excellent compound applied in good time, I have no doubt that a long, and it may be, a fatal sickness was prevented.

I feel that this much is due to one of the very best medicines now before the public. Yours, &c.

WM. H. LADD.

Wm. T. Baird Agent for Woodstock.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.
The applicability of these extraordinary medicaments to the disorders of all climates, renders them indispensable to all who journey by sea or land. Scurvy, the most terrible scourge of seafaring men, is eradicated by the use of the Ointment; while the Pills, by their alterative and cathartic operation upon the stomach, the secretions and the bowels, soon relieve the worst cases of bilious fever, diarrhoea and stomach complaint. Taken as a preventive, they fortify the system against the disorder consequent upon change of temperature, and deprive the process of acclimation of its principal danger. Emigrants to the Far West had better go there unprovided with implements of labor, than without these unequalled exquisites.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.—Incipient Consumption and Bronchitis may be effectually cured by these remedies if judiciously administered; but for fevers, liver complaints, and disorders of the alimentary organs, they completely stand at the head of all the curative preparations of the time. Proprietor W. B. Moffat, 335 Broadway, New York.

W. T. BAIRD, Agent for the County of Canton.

A. P. HAYWOOD, Agent for Hamilton.

The fact that nearly six thousand bottles of G. W. Stone's Vegetable Liquid Cathartic have been sold within four months, and it being introduced to the public for the first time in May last, is more significant than all other praise which can be bestowed upon it. No other remedy ever gained public favor with such rapidity.

Wanted Immediately.

SOCKS, Mitts, Gray Hosiery, and Hosiery Trunks, all of good quality.
G. SCHUCHMAN,
Dec. 20.