

"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

[WHOLE NO. 397]

Unless a particular time is specified when handed in, advertisements will be published until ordered out, and charged for.

A bachelor sea captain, who was remarking one day that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a young lady that she had no objections to be his first mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

round Julia, as I have already ascribed, and then climbing a very large tree, put the rope through a fork; and then descended. By this he could raise Julia as high as the fork of the tree where she would be entirely out of sight to any person below, owing to the thickness of the timber.

Julia was the ghost that told John Kinsler to marry Jane Morton; and Sambo had always acted, 'Beelzebub' when necessary. — B

I bore no grudge on account of Julia's manner of courting me—on the contrary, I felt rather pleased and complimented. In about six months from that time we were married.

Years have since rolled by. A robust boy and a pretty little girl have blessed our union, and never have I repented for one moment that Julia was the ghost, for that she became my wife.

Hard on the Minister.

A minister was traveling in the backwoods, and espying a cabin, entered it on

(she being present alone, and rightly judging his errand) when she saw him approaching seized the Bible, and as he entered was to all intents busily engaged in perusing the volume. He noticed, however, that she held the letters reversed, or down. After the usual courtesies the minister inquired

'Oh, 'bout the old prophets,' was the evidently self-satisfactory reply. 'It is very edifying to read of the sufferings of Christ,' said the minister. 'And so that good man is dead, is he?' asked the matron, evidently getting interested. 'Certainly he is.' 'Well, that is just the way. I've been

"John a long time to get him to take the newspapers, but he won't. Every body in the world might die, and we not hear a word 'bout it," said the woman, in a rapid tone.

"Ah, woman, you are in the dark!" said the preacher, with an elongated face.

"Yes, I know we are. I've been at John a long time to put a window in at

'I know that I am weak; and I guess if you had had the bilious fever, and been taking sassafras and catarract pills as long as I have, you'd be weak too,' replied the woman, in rather an angry tone of voice, and half an octave higher than usual.

A Marriage Maker.
When Professor Aytoun was making proposals for marriage to his first wife—a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson—the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her father.
‘Certainly,’ said Aytoun; ‘but as I am a

The lady proceeded to the library, and making her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added: Shall I accept his offer, papa? He said he is too diffident to name the sub-

'Then,' said old Christopher, 'I had better write my reply and pin it to your sock.'

He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing room. There the anxious snitler read the answer to his message, which was in these words, 'With the author's compliments.'

No Charge.
Nevada undoubtedly sets a praiseworthy example in legal proceedings. A prominent lawyer of that State had a suit of importance before Bob Wagstaff, Justice of the Peace in Sarah City, a small mining district in the upper part of the country. After the evidence had been taken, and the lawyers had finished their talkee-talk-

"I say, wife, I'm glad this coffee don't
we me any thing."

'Because it would never settle.'

A New Orleans wife lawyer, confronted a court with a swollen and inflamed countenance of his wife, was asked by the judge what he had to say about that.

'Why, that's erysipelas; it's an hereditary complaint in my family,' was the response.

The most consummate egotism that we have heard was that of steerage passenger sleep in a raging storm.

'Wake up,' cried one of his comrades, 'the ship is sinking!'

'Well, what is the use of waking, then?' he answered, as he turned over for another nap.

Mr. John Chamberlain, of Ellipsisburg, N. Y., has a new machine for shooting crows. It consists of three gun barrels, so arranged that one cap fires all. He places some carrion in the field, a short distance from his barn, brings the machine to bear on the point, and when a crowd of crows have collected, fires. With three shots recently he killed forty, forty-five and fifty-one crows.

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