

I overheard a moonstruck chap the other day, (writes Darty Doyle,) remark that he loved a certain young lady well enough to die for her. Now, I love somebody very much and—

I'd swear for her—
I'd die for her—
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her;
I'd die for her—
I'd sing for her—
I'd drink the Hudson dry for her;
I'd pray for her—
I'd stay for her—
I'd watch the house all day for her;
I'd "cuss" for her—
I'd "wuss" for her—
I'd always have a "hank" for her;
I'd die for her—
I'd weep for her—
I'd go without my sleep for her;
I'd fight for her—
I'd bite for her—
I'd walk the streets all night for her;
I'd plead for her—
I'd bleed for her—
I'd go without a feed for her;
I'd stoop for her—
I'd hoot for her—
I'd rival whod' come to "toot" for her;
I'd knead for her—
I'd steal for her—
Such is the love I feel for her;
I'd ride for her—
I'd run for her—
I'd swim in quiet wind and tide for her;
I'd try for her—
I'd cry for her—
But hang'd if I die for her;
N. B.—Or any other woman.

FEMALE SENSITIVENESS.

"I don't wonder," says a lady correspondent of the *Clitorian Mercury*, "that some women are old maids, they are so wonderfully squeamish and particular that the very proximity of anything masculine makes them nervous. One of this sort lately took passage on one of the river steamers for Sacramento. I will tell you the story as it was told to me. The young lady desired a state-room for herself, but, unfortunately, they were all taken. She was so pertinacious in her desires, however, that the gentlemanly clerk of the boat gallantly concluded to give up his for her use. On being conducted to it, she started back in utter horror, the trunk, coats, boots, and *etcetera* of the masculine occupant so shocked the poor creature! "Oh, I never could sleep here unless these things are removed."

Off went the chambermaid to the clerk.

"Oh, yes—take 'em out, of course."

The chambermaid proceeded to do so, but by accident left a pair of pantaloons hanging behind the door. The lady was again summoned, and entered the state-room without perceiving them, and the chambermaid shut the door. No sooner had she done so than she heard a scream, and looking about, saw the lady emerging from the room in great agitation.

"Oh! take them out—take them out!" she exclaimed, "I cannot sleep in that place with those things hanging there!"

The chambermaid, who was almost bursting with suppressed laughter, removed the last vestige of masculine apparel, when the delicate and sensitive young lady took possession, "turned in," and no doubt slept without even dreaming of "those things."

EXAMPLES IN ADDITION.

To a church without a parson, ad-minister. To a barrel of liquor, ad-vent.

A deaf person would be glad to have you ad-here.

Your tailor will counsel you to ad-dress.

Poets all desire to ad-verse.

Missionaries are eager to ad-mission.

To those out of employment ad-vocation.

To the custom-house ad-judge.

To the navy it was necessary to ad-monitor.

The Jews are determined to ad-monition.

There's no need for one and another in the streets to ad-mire.

Miners endeavor to ad-ore.

On public occasions it is well to ad-oration.

To your other qualities ad-oration.

To a hungry soldier, say, "ad-my-ration."

With millionaires we'd like to ad-equation.

To wines and liquors ad-age.

The timid should endeavor to ad-vale ("em").

It's hard work for the thirsty man to ad-inter ("em").

None of us should seek to ad-vise.

LINCOLN IN HIS TOMB.

A resident of Columbus, O., on a visit to Springfield, Ill., made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Mr. Lincoln. He thus speaks of it:

"It is not quite two years since I visited here before, yet how changed the scene! Then Lincoln's praises were o'er everybody's lips; his virtues every one seemed to extol; in front of the vault in which lay his remains, an armed sentinel stood guard day and night; the inside was strewed with flowers, brought there every day by ladies from the city. But now no word of praise is heard; his virtues are forgotten; the trumpet of the sentinel is heard no more; no flowers are scattered over his tomb, not one came to visit it, although there were, perhaps, five hundred people around the grounds and in the park adjoining. In a word, there is nothing to remind the visitor of who it is that sleeps within the tomb, except the simple word 'Lincoln' cut on the stone door, in large letters."

THE WHEAT CROP.—Our eccentric friend Terhune says: "If we have as much rain the present month as we had last May, away goes 'Coley and the hounds,' and that he would not give five thousand dollars for the wheat crop of Floyd. We hope it will not be so bad as our friend predicts, but we have a sad, feeling recollection of the result of so much rain last year. Already the wheat crop has been cut short from the immense quantity of rain last fall. The head is very short, and the stalk turning yellow in many places. We must hope for the best, and not predict a failure too soon.—*Rome (Ga.) Commercial.*

QUEER DIALOGUE.—A young lady, only the other day, asked me: "What is your favorite flower?" As she was a fashionable young lady, I supposed, of course, she referred to household matters and innocently answered:

"Extra family."

For some reason or other, all the females in the room set up that endless giggle they are so famous for.

EARLY RESPONSIBILITY.—Now, early responsibility is almost equivalent to early sobriety. If a stock of timber standing upright wavers, lay a beam on it, and put a weight on that, and see how stiff the stick becomes. And if young men waver and vacillate, put responsibility on them, and how it strengthens them! What power it gives them! How it holds all that is bad in them in restraint! How quickly it develops and puts forward all that is good in them.

The I. & C. Railroad.
A correspondent from somewhere, we know not where, furnishes the following intelligence to the *Indianapolis Journal*:

The people of Rochester are having a great deal of trouble in regard to the LaPorte and Peru Railroad. The company which some time ago had the work in hand failed to meet its liabilities with the contractors, and the enterprise stopped with the grading of the road as far as this place. Another company, claiming that it purchased the whole line under mortgage, proposes to complete the road by the first of January next, and asks Fulton county for a donation of \$75,000. The county, through its Commissioners, says it will give \$60,000, and no more; whereupon the new company threatens to vary from the old grade and run three miles off Rochester. Meantime the old company claims that it yet owns the road from Plymouth to Peru; that the new company only purchased that part of the line which is yet in running order—from LaPorte to Plymouth; that it (the old company) will be in funds, and ready to resume work by the 15th of May. Thus the matter stands, and the prospect now is that the people will have to come to Rochester by back for sometime to come.

I CAN AFFORD TO LOSE AN ARM FOR MY COUNTRY.

At the battle of Kenesaw, a Colonel of the Federal army, gallantly leading his regiment in the charge, was brought from his horse by a bullet from the rifle of a sharp-shooter. The wound was a severe one, and weak and fainting, he was compelled to leave his noble courailes, and go to the rear, to be placed under the surgeon's care. He was informed that the amputation of his "good right arm" was necessary. Nervous himself for the amputation, he said to a brother officer, now a resident of Cleveland, who was commissioning him on his misfortune, "I can afford to lose an arm for my country." The wounded officer said to a brother officer, now a resident of Cleveland, who was commissioning him on his misfortune, "I can afford to lose an arm for my country." The wounded officer said to a brother officer, now a resident of Cleveland, who was commissioning him on his misfortune, "I can afford to lose an arm for my country." The wounded officer said to a brother officer, now a resident of Cleveland, who was commissioning him on his misfortune, "I can afford to lose an arm for my country."

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To those out of employment ad-vocation.

To the custom-house ad-judge.

To the navy it was necessary to ad-monitor.

The Jews are determined to ad-monition.

There's no need for one and another in the streets to ad-mire.

Miners endeavor to ad-ore.

On public occasions it is well to ad-oration.

To your other qualities ad-oration.

To a hungry soldier, say, "ad-my-ration."

With millionaires we'd like to ad-equation.

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None of us should seek to ad-vise.

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