

WIT AND WISDOM.

A MAN who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he "kept a hothouse."

THE following laconic inscription is engraved upon a tombstone of a person who lived opposite to a churchyard: "Removed from over the way."

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his sweetheart?—"Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

WHICH is the most modest piece of furniture?—The clock; it always covers its face with its hands, and runs itself down, however good its work may be.

MRS. PARTINGTON expresses her apprehensions, that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.

But he that filches my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriching him,
Makes me poor indeed.—*Shakspeare.*

'Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?' 'Certainly, I do not even know what my own name may be in a year from now.'

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; carefully root out all angry feelings; and expect a good crop of happiness.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit." "JOHN, WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."

"MR. SMITH," said a witty lawyer to his landlord, a boarding-house keeper, "if a man were to give you a hundred dollars to keep for him, and he died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Smith, "I'd pray for another like him."

IF you have an enemy, act kindly to him and you will make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are accomplished.

"BO" TO A GOOSE.—Ben Johnson having heard that Lord Craven was very anxious to see him, went to his lordship's house. Being in a somewhat tattered condition, the porter refused to admit him, and addressed him in impertinent language, which Ben did not fail to return. While they were wrangling, Lord Craven happened to come out, and desired to know the cause of the quarrel. Johnson immediately said:

"I understood your lordship wishes to see me."

"You, friend," replied the lord, "who are you?"

"Ben Johnson," replied the other.

"No, no; you cannot be Ben Johnson, who wrote the *Silent Woman*; you look as if you could not say bo to a goose!"

"Bo!" cried Ben.

"Very well," said his lordship, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront, "I am now convinced of your identity."

THE GREATEST BLESSING—A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.