

THE EVENING NEWS.

Wednesday, October 19, 1870.

BREVITIES.

The best thing to give to the poor—give them employment.

The war increased the sale of lager in Buffalo 11,576 barrels the last quarter.

J. Van Emburgh of Harrison, N. J., having lived 103 years and buried five wives, died recently.

It is very difficult to keep your own peace of mind, if people thrust pieces of theirs upon you.

A Westchester farmer took laudanum to strengthen his wife. She didn't scare well, but he died.

Daniel is said to have been almost the only person who was not spoiled by being lionized.

Bairsville, Indiana, is crowing loudly over the possession of a young girl who drinks 25 glasses of beer at a single sitting of not over two hours.

The court orders you to conclude," said a judge to a tedious lawyer. "Very well, your honor; then I conclude that the court shall listen to me."

Nicaragua has a whole lake of mineral water, which not only cures all cutaneous diseases, but takes away all appetite for liquor.

A great cry comes from India for women doctors, as men are not permitted to visit the women, who, when sick, suffer from every neglect.

Maine has two women holding the office of Justice of the Peace—Miss Inez A. Blanchard having received an appointment.

Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford is obliging. The other night she arose good-naturally after midnight, and married a couple who anxiously called upon her.

The Spaniards have a saying: "At thirteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty to her equal; at thirty to anybody that will have her."

A bill posted on a wall in a village in the west of England announces that "a lecture will be delivered in the open air, and a collection taken at the door to defray expenses."

A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

The meat which is seized by inspectors in the London markets as unfit for food is not wasted, but melted into fat, and sold to the manufacturers of fresh butter.

M. Eulenstein, a virtuoso in the matter of jewsharps, has been astonishing audiences at the Royal Institution, London, by playing on sixteen of these dulcet instruments at once.

The "heart" is the best card in the change game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

An old lady recently in court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked to take off her bonnet, obstinately refused to do so, saying: "There is no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet."

An epitaph of a husband and wife, in a country churchyard, we are informed, concludes with a holy quotation meant to be polite, but which may certainly be construed in two ways. It is the following: "The warfare is accomplished."

A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pool of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our faces." "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

The Rev. William T. Catto, a colored minister of Newark, N. J., is in trouble about a stove. Mr. Catto used to preach in Orange, and when he left the church owed him \$20. As they couldn't pay, he carried off the stove, and now they accuse him of stealing it.

When the "Great American Traveler," alias Daniel Pratt, was in Pasqueville several years ago, he "took rooms" at a hotel. After he had "hung round" a week or so without mentioning pay, inquiring his host one afternoon what he did for living, "I travel," he replied. "Well," said mine host, "after supper let's see you travel."

Recently as a peddler was entering the premises of a citizen of Montgomery County, Ky., he was attacked by a mastiff, which sprang to his neck and got such a hold that the poor man was strangled to death. He was found lying in the yard, his neck presenting a horrid appearance.

Husband—"If I were to lose you I would never be such a fool as to marry again."

Wife—"If I were to lose you I would marry directly."

Husband—"Then my death would be aggravated by at least one person."

Wife—"By whom?"

Husband—"My successor."

"You say Mrs. Smith, that you have lived with the defendant eight years, Does the court understand from this that you were married to him?"

"In course it does."

"Have you a marriage certificate?"

"Yes, your honor, three of 'em—two girls and a boy."

"I sympathize sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours!" "Ah yes, he was very good, and then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of a husband she has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

A wee laddie was brought before one of the Glasgow bailies, who, after reading him a lecture, asked, "Where did you learn so much wickedness?" "Do you ken the pump in Glesford street?" "No," replied the bailey. "Weel, then, d'ye ken the pump in Brigate?" "Yes, sure," was the reply. "Weel, then, ye may gang there and pump as long as ye like, for I'm hanged if ye pump me."

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