

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME 24.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1871.

NUMBER 1

Select Poetry.

FOURSCORE.

Her hair is white and her eyes are dim,
But her life is like a quiet hymn,
Chanted low at the close of day,
When the light is fading away.
And she sits in her corner knitting,
While her busy thoughts are fitting,
Over the fourscore years that are fled,
Recalling the distant and the dead.
The faded hopes and the vanished joys,
Yet woven into life's varied maze,
With many a shining thread.
And with memory's retrospected gaze
O'er the years that have sped their flight,
She sees that the dark of life's tapestry wall
Was as useful as the light.
As she sits in her corner knitting,
The tiny and delicate links that fall
From the shining needles, each one fitting
Into a perfect whole,
She thinks how from deeds as noiseless and small

Growth the wonderful web of life,
And the stature of the soul.
The children's children throng around her,
Fair faced and locks of gold;
For many a chord of love has bound her
To the new as well as the old.
Rich with the blessing of God,
Their lights and shadows together cast
O'er the long pathway trod.
Then opens the boundless future before her,
With its "trembling" of bliss,
The higher life that shall soon restore her
The loved and lost of this;
And the holy light of the land immortal
Beams on that time-worn face,
As her steps draw near to the heavenly portal,
The goal of the earthly race.

—Religious Magazine.

CONSOLATION.

There are once-beloved faces
We gaze on no more,
As we stand in the places
That know them of yore;
Death came not upon them—
Their smiles still are bright;
But strangers have won them,
And live in their light.
Yet age has its wrinkles,
And life has its cares;
And each passing year sprinkles
A few silver hairs;
They must watch the cheek shrivel,
And greet the gray hair;
But to us is unchanging—
For us ever fair.
There are ties that must bind us,
Though severed for aye;
There are near leaves that mind us
Of loved ones' summer-day;
There are hopes that still flutter
When hope long has fled,
Like flowers that we scatter
With tears o'er the dead.
But dearer, though broken,
Such ties may become,
More sure than if spoken
Our dear hopes and dumb,
That the triumph and gloom
Of a fatal success,
Which turns into curses
The things that should bless.

Miscellaneous Reading.

MORAL POWER OF MUSCLE.

It is about a dozen years since business—not pleasure, took me to New Jerico, the terminus of civilization and the Wameler Railroad. And "a hard road to travel" that was. It had steeper grades, sharper curves, and more of them than, it is to be hoped, ever put in peril the public life or limb before or since.
It was Saturday afternoon and we were to reach Jerico at some indefinite hour that evening, "time not being of the essence of the contract."
At a place called Bluebun we stopped fifteen minutes to "liquor." There had been a cock-fight, and several other fights, and a big crowd there that day, and everybody was in high glee.
The New Jerico delegation returned by our train, and rougher looking samples of rustic rindowid it would have been difficult to find even in that favored region.
Among them was a strapping six-footer, a very Hercules in proportions, with a cock-who took possession of two seats, depositing his body on one and deadening his legs on the other. One cheek was puffed out by an underlying jerk, while over and anon with a backaction jerk, he would send near a gill of tobacco juice over his shoulder, which those within range had the privilege of dodging or taking the consequence of as they liked. As for his conversation, the curse of Erzulphus, or the table-talk of a Flanders mess-room in Uncle Toby's time, in point of maledictory power, was a weak in comparison.
At the next station a young lady came on board, beautiful as Venus and modest as Dian. How so rare a flower came to bloom in such a wild, was a question to puzzle over. But there was no time to settle it. The lady was staid and all the seats were occupied. I was on the point of offering her mine when a youthful looking gentleman of prepossessing manners and appearance, stepped forward and addressed the beautiful Hercules:
"Allow me," he said politely, "to turn over the back of this seat."
"Hey!" granted the other.
"See you dod darned first," was the gruff response.
"But, sir—" the gentleman began to expostulate.

"Looker here you!" blustered the bully, "don't you offer for to go for to rile me!—that's my advice an' I gives it free gratis, cause I feel a trust in you."
"But this lady is entitled to a seat," the stranger persisted.
"Give her your own, then, dod rot you! an' stop your chin-music, or by Hoky, you will rile me."
As a last resort the gentleman appealed to the conductor, who happened to be passing. But the latter declined to interfere. Such things must be left to courtesy. Besides, it wasn't his place to take part in the disputes of passengers. So saying, he went his way, punching his tickets, and taking no further heed.
"Dod blast you, you hev riled me!"—shouted the bully, springing to his feet and striding up to the young man, who didn't seem quite sensible of his danger, "you've gone and stuck your nose into other people's business, an' I'm going to pull it."
An attempt was made to suit the action to the word; but before the metaphorically offended member had been so much as touched, something—it moved so swiftly I could not be positive it was the gentleman's fist—took flurries directly between the eyes, and sent him sprawling to the other end of the car. He didn't get up immediately and when he did, he seemed a little bewildered as to whether he had been knocked down, or the train run off the track. He had enough at all events, wherever it came from, as was manifest from the subdued air with which he took his departure for the smoking-car, whether his companions soon followed, no doubt chuckling at the result, as usually do the chums of a whipped bully.
Pap Kilderkin, the proprietor of the New Jerico Rest, was the most communicative of hosts. Before bedtime that night, I was thoroughly and accurately "up" in all the gossip of the place, and had its scandalous statistics at my fingers' ends.
Among other things I learned that "stated preaching" had hitherto been among the wants of the community, but that a "supply" had been at last obtained, and the new minister was expected to enter on his duties on the morrow.
"And a fresh'n season he'll hev of it," said Pap.
"Why so?" I asked.
"Oh! Bill Grinker an' 't'other chaps goin' to break him terrorror; an' if you want to see 'em, I'd advise you to be there. And I did go out—'to see 'em,' as Pap Kilderkin suggested, but I trust, for better motives. Pap went too—by what prompted, I prefer not judging.
When we reached the church the minister had not yet made his appearance, though a goodly number of hearers had already assembled. A few minutes later yesterday's delegation to the Bluebun cock-fight, headed by the vanquished bully, with his eyes in full mourning, sauntered in, and walked noisily down the aisle.
"That's Bill Grinker," whispered Pap, "an' 't'other chaps."
"Make way for the mourners!" sang out Bill, crowding with his companions, into a front seat, where a boisterous conversation was struck up, mingled with an incessant cracking of peanuts.
"I can tell you thar program," Pap continued, "a pack of shootin' crackers I'll be teched off doarin' the first hymn, an' a pair o' game chickens as a couple o' 'em chaps got in their pockets, 'll be sought fightin', as soon as the text's gin out, arter which general Ned will be in order."
A sudden silence fell upon the congregation. Not a murmur was heard, and the peanuts ceased to crack. Looking up, I saw the minister in the pulpit and guess my surprise at recognizing him as the young man that had struck out so defiantly from his shoulder the day before.
With a clear, manly voice, he gave out a hymn, which was sung through without interruption. A prayer was offered up among profound and decorous silence.
Another hymn followed, and then a sermon, earnest, plain and practical without a word of can't in it. From the beginning to the end of the exercises, not an unseemingly sound was heard, save a single impatient cough, promptly choked off from one of the invisible chickens.
"I say Bill!" I overheard from one of "t'other chaps," as they made their way out, "that parson's a trump; he preaches a down-right good lick, and fights fair without bitin' or gougin'."
It was easy to see the new minister's status was settled. I have since heard that Bill Grinker has become an exemplary member of the church, and the parson the happy husband of the young lady, as whose champion he first achieved popularity.—By Judge Clark.

Daddy's Boy.
In a certain small town on the Mississippi lived a man who made horse-trading a business. He bought up horses for a city market, and was considered pretty good on a trade.
One day, a long, lean, queer, green-looking specimen of the western country arrived at the dock with a boat-load of horses. He inquired for the horse-jockey.
"Daddy sent me down with some horses," he said in a half-idiotic tone.
"Who's he?"
"That do you want for your horses?"
"Daddy said you could set your price," was the response.
"Let me go down and look at your horses," said Brown, and accordingly they were soon at the boat.
Brown examined the horses, and named the price he would give for this one, and that, and the country bumpkin made no objection, although some of the offers were not more than one-half the real price of the animal. One of the bystanders gently suggested to the countryman that he was being cheated, but he returned:
"Daddy said Brown would set the price himself," and so Brown had it all his own way.
At last they came to another animal which did not look much superior to the rest.
"I must have more for that animal," said the fellow. Daddy says he can run some."
"Run!" said Brown, "that nag can't run worth a cent."
"Daddy said so, and daddy knows."
"Why, I've got one up in the stable that would beat him hollow."
"Guess not," said the fellow. "Let's try 'em." "I'll bet the whole boat load of horses on 'em."
Brown smiled.
"I'll stake five thousand dollars against your boat-load," said Brown, winking to the crowd, "and these men," selecting two, "shall hold the stakes."
Brown's five thousand was intrusted to one, and the other went on board the horse-boat.
One of the crowd started to remonstrate with the poor idiotic fellow, but he only responded:
"Golly! dad told me he could run some and daddy ought to lose 'em if he was such a tamed fool as to tell me that when he couldn't."
Brown's sleek racer was brought down, and Brown mounted him. The countryman led out his animal and climbed on his back looking as uncouth and awkward as the horse he proposed to ride.
The word was given, and they started midst of the laughter of the crowd. At first Brown was ahead, and it looked as though the poor fellow was to be badly beaten, when suddenly his horse plunged forward and the horse-jockey was left far behind. Such going had not been seen in those parts for a long time, and poor Brown was crestfallen, as the cheers of the bystanders fell on his ears.
"I'll take the spandulix," said the countryman, riding up. "Dad was right—The animal can git round a little."
Brown tried to say it was all a joke, but the fellow would have his money.
"I guess I won't trade to-day," he said, as he put it in his old rough pocket-book. I'll go back to daddy."
In vain Brown tried to induce him to trade but he pushed off his boat, resolutely saying, "I'd better go back, and tell daddy!"
Brown was completely "sold" for he knew at once that the green countryman was a little shrewdier than people imagined him, and had just come there purposely to win his money.
Next time he did not ridicule a horse that "daddy" said "could run some."

A Strange Presentment.
The Soranton (Penn.) Republican tells the following story of one of the victims of the late Pittston disaster:
"William James expired about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the Tuesday following the catastrophe, and was the last added to the list of those upon whom the death angel laid his hand in that awful havoc. He was a Welshman, and had been in this country about seven months. On the morning of the dreadful day in question he had taken his breakfast and his wife had made ready his dinner and set the table before him. For sometime he sat wrapped in thought, his arms folded, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the stove, and a deep melancholy apparently brooding over him. He was aroused from his reverie by his wife telling him that his dinner was ready, and that he would be late, as the bell had rung. He started to his feet and gazing upon her for a moment with a look of tenderness and significance, said to her, 'If I should not come back alive would you be in such a hurry getting me out?' The wife answered 'No,' but remarked that 'if he was going at all, it was time he was gone.' He lifted up his pall without saying a word, and after kissing his wife, kissed his four little children, who were sitting playing on the floor. When he had got about fifty yards from his home, he returned again, and kissed his wife and children with great fervency. His wife noticed that he was the victim of gloomy forebodings, and as he turned away she was about to ask him not to go to work if he apprehended any danger. But hope and courage and the pressing necessities of their family overcame her intention, and she let him go. She stood in the door and watched him on his way to the fatal pit. When at a point where he turned out of her sight, he paused and cast a wistful look toward his home and little ones, and seeing his wife, waved with his hand a last adieu. He parted with his loved ones forever.

Lines
TO THE WORN-OUT PORTS OF TYPE IN THE "VILLAGE RECORD" OFFICE.
By an Old Printer.
I'm sitting at my desk, Will;
Before me on the floor
Imagine worn-out fonts of type,
Full twenty thousand score.
And many months have passed, Will,
Since they were bright and new,
And many are the tales they've told,
The false, the strange, the true.
Their beauty all has flown, Will,
You scarcely now may trace,
Upon the snowy medium,
The likeness of their face.
They mind me of a man, Will,
Whose morn of life is full
Of promise, but whose evenings close
Was desolate and dull.
What tales of horror have they told,
Of tempests and of wreck;
Of murder at the midnight hour,
Of swar, full many a "speck";
Of ships that far away at sea
Went down before the blast;
Of stifled cries of agony,
As life's last moment passed;
Of earthquakes and of suicides;
Of falling crops of cotton;
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,
Of boilers bursting, steamboats snagg'd,
Of riots, of duels fought;
Of robbers with their prey escaped,
Of thieves with booty caught.
Of land-slides and of water-spouts;
Of ants and alligators;
Of serpents in the briny deep;
Of giant sweet potatoes;
Of children lost, and children found;
Of finances in disorder;
Of fights among the Bremen,
And troubles on the border.
They've told us of a nation, Will,
Bent sorrowing in the dust,
Of one whom she had called to fill
Her highest, dearest trust;
Of sparkling crowns for youthful brows;
Of royal coronations;
Of plans to rid the earth of kings,
Of temperance reformatory.
Of flood and fire, and accident,
These worn-out types have told,
And how the pestilence has swept
The youthful and the old.
Of marriages, of births, of deaths;
Of things to please or vex us;
Of one man's jumping overboard,
Another gone to Texas.
They've told how long sweet summer
Days
Have turned to our view;
How Autumn's chilly wind hath swept
The leaf-crowned forest through,
How winter's reign hath come and gone,
Dark reign of storm and strife,
And how the smiling spring has warm'd
The pale flowers back to life,
I can't pretend to mention half
Your ink friends have told,
Since, shining bright and beautiful,
They issued from the mould.
How upon some they joy have brought,
Yet faithfully, reared & kept,
Of fast receding years.

A Teaching Story.
In the cemetery of Nashville, Tennessee, a stranger was seen planting a flower over a soldier's grave. When asked, "Was your son buried there?"
"No," was the answer.
"Your son-in-law?"
"No."
"A brother?"
"No."
"A relative?"
"No."
After a moment, the stranger laid down a small board which he held in his hand and said:
"Well, I will tell you when the war broke out, I was a farmer in Illinois. I wanted to enlist, but I was poor. I had a wife and seven children. I was drafted. I had no money to hire a substitute and so I made up my mind that I must leave my poor sickly wife and little children, and go and fight the enemy. After I had got ready to go, a young man whom I know, came to me and said: 'You have a big family which your wife cannot take care of. I will go for you.' He did go in my place, and in the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded, and taken to Nashville hospital. But after long sickness he died, and was buried here and ever since I have wanted to come to Nashville and see his grave; and so I saved up all the spare money I could, and yesterday I came on, and to-day I found my dear friend's grave."
With tears of gratitude running down his cheeks, he took up the small board and pressed it down into the ground in the place of a tombstone. Under the soldier's name were written only these few words:
"HE DIED FOR ME."
The bright spots of a man's life are few enough, though blotting any out; and, since for a moment of mirth we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our checked existence. Life is an April day—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility; and the fruit would be worthless but for the sunshine of smiles.

Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Because he's going to a light.
"When's best to prevent old maids from despairing?"

Brief Facts about Bees.
There are three classes of bees in a hive—the worker, queen and drone.
Queens are raised by peculiar food and treatment from eggs that would otherwise produce workers.
The worker is an undeveloped female. Workers, in the absence of a queen, sometimes lay eggs. These invariably produce drones.
The queen lives from two to five years. The worker from two to three months in the working season, and from six to eight during the season of rest.
The queen is perfected in fifteen or sixteen days from the egg, the worker in twenty-one, and the drone in twenty-four.
The queen usually commences laying from seven to twelve days after leaving the cell, and is capable of laying from 2000 to 3000 eggs in a day.
The impregnation of the queen always takes place outside of the hive, on the wing, and generally the fourth or fifth day after leaving the cell. Excepting in rare cases, one impregnation answers for life.
The drone she has mated with dies immediately.
The egg of an impregnated queen produces nothing like a drone; and it is generally conceded that impregnation does not affect the drone progeny; consequently the male progeny of a pure Italian queen is pure without regard to the drone she has mated with.
The queen and worker are provided with stings; but while the latter will use it only upon provocation, the former will use it at her own rank. The drones have no stings.
Wax, like fat, is an animal product, and is secreted by the bees in thin scales on the under side of the body. While doing this they consume large quantities of honey—from fifteen to twenty pounds for every pound of wax secreted.
A frightened bee, or one filled with honey, is not disposed to sting.
A good swarm contains about twenty thousand bees.
A strong or medium hive, with a good laying queen, is never seriously troubled with the moth worm; but a hive without a queen or the means of raising one is sure to be taken by them.
Bees recognise each other by their scent.
The first one or two weeks of the young bee's life is spent inside the hive, as nurse or wax worker.
The range of a bee's flight for food is generally within two or three miles; much greater range is but little benefit to them.
"Luck"—What is it?
The man who marries the prettiest girl of the place is said to be a "lucky fellow," and so of him who draws the highest prize at a lottery, or who by the "fortunate" turn of affairs, clears the gulf between want and wealth in an hour. And yet the histories of all times tell us that, with a terrible uniformity and certainty, the men who become suddenly possessed of unearned millions die in misery.
Within five years a well-to-do farmer drew a quarter of a million of dollars in a prize in a lottery. The whole country eyed him with envy. But he has since died from a style of living induced by his good fortune, and his only son has turned out a drunkard.
The man whose first bet on the race-course, whose first bet at the card-table, whose first risk at faro, whose maiden lottery ticket, brings money largely into his pocket, is a ruined man at the very instant the world pronounces him "lucky."
Any man, especially a young man, starting out in life with the conviction that money can be better made than by earning it, is a lost man—lost already to society, lost to his family and lost to himself.
An alarming number of the sons of rich men are at this moment helpless drunkards. Young men of education, of many qualities, of a generous nature, honorable and high-minded; but the demon of drink has taken such possession of them that a father's breaking heart, a mother's tears and a sister's agony avail not to draw them from deep damnation. Elegant leisure was their ruin.
The best way to save a child from ruin is to bring him up to "help father." Make children feel that they must do something to support the family, to help along their two feelings arise which are their salvation—those of affection and pride; for we naturally love those whom we help, or those with whom we struggle together, for a desired object, and nothing so improves a child as to make him feel that he can do something, and that which he does is appreciated.

A Wife's Prayer.
A wife's prayer, nearly as beautiful as the prayer of Naomi, is expressed in these words:
"Lord bless and preserve that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and a comfort unto him, a shelter in all his sorrows; a meat helper in all his accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes; make me dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness and discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make me humble and obedient, useful and obedient; that we may delight in each according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen."
"This world is all a show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "but if you have no objections I'd like to see the show a little longer."

Education of Business Men.
The times are changed. It is no longer considered essential that only professional men, so styled, be admitted to the privilege of a liberal and thorough education; nor on the other hand, that all who receive diplomas at our colleges, must, as a matter of course, enter upon some one of the three professions, in order to make a better display of their education. Now-a-days, the thing has taken another face. Now the Agriculturist sees the value of a thorough education, as much for himself and his own class, as for any one else. Now learning is coming to be regarded merely as a display. It is taking new shapes, and entering into fresh and practical combinations; and making itself felt as a moving power, rather than merely an empty exhibition. All this is healthful and good. It argues well for our future. It promises great performances for the generations that are yet to be born. Commerce especially is the characteristic of our age and times. All men are engaged in trading some way or other, and a very large proportion of our population devote themselves to it as a lifelong pursuit. There is an urgent necessity, therefore, that such men be properly educated to their occupation. He who intends bringing the energies, talents, industry of his whole existence to bear upon one practical calling, owes it to himself, by considerations not less of improvement than of profit, to qualify himself well for the perfect discharge of every responsibility that may belong to his vocation. American merchants, as a class, are rapidly taking rank with the first men on the face of the earth. Not by the force of pretension at all, but as a consequence of that spirit of enterprise, liberality, and comprehensive intelligence, that places them practically at the head of our population. For them a liberal course of preparation for their profession is quite as necessary, as it can be for a lawyer, doctor, or a clergyman. But the system of education would properly be of a different character from that hitherto pursued under public institutions. It would have to be greatly modified, and made more consonant with the exigencies of the times, the present wants of society, and the broad and enlarging prospects of the future. Humanity needs to be taught quite as much as the dead languages. The true relations of the man of commerce to the world, are of as much importance as the significance of the digamma, or the origin of the dumb old pyramids. We repeat it, is a good sign in these times to see our business men profiting in every way by the experiences of the past. We are glad to receive social or political opinions of second hand, and from men who practically can never hope to know as much as themselves. Commerce now is King. Merchants and Princes. They send messages all over the wide globe. They search out the hidden ways in which civilization may follow; and send intelligence into quarters where it would not otherwise penetrate in the natural course of long and dismal ages. J. S. G.
New Oxford, Pa.

Pat and the Post Office Clerk.
"Faith, en' have yez iver a letter fer me, yer honor?"
"What name?" asked the urbane official.
"Why me own name, av course. Whose else?"
"What is your name?" continued the official, still urbane.
"Faith, an' it was my father's afore me an' would be yet, but he's gone dead."
"Confound you, what do you call yourself?" losing his temper.
"Bogad," says Pat, firmly, "I call myself a gentleman, an' it's a pity there ain't a couple us."
"Stand back!" commanded the official, with dignity.
"The devil aback I'll stand until I get my letter."
"How can I give it to you, if you won't tell me who you are, you stupid, thick-headed bogtrotter."
"An' is that what you're paid for—abusin' honest people that ask for their rights? Gi' me the letter, or be the whiskers of Kate Kerney's cat, I'll cut me voss agin ye while I get the papers."
"You blundering block-head, broke in the really angry-ek, 'can you tell me how your letter is addressed?"
"Dhress! how should it be dhressed, barrin' a sheet av paper, like any other. Come, hand up, av ye."
"The deuce take you! Won't you tell me who you are?"
"Faith, an' I'm an Irishman; bred an' born seed, bresin' an' generation." Me father was cousin to one-eyed Harry Magra, the process server, an' me mother belonged to the Mooney's of Kilmathouand. You're an ignorant old disciple, an' if you'll only creep out of your hole, I'll welt yer hide like a new shoe. An' av ye git any satisfaction out of me, me name's not Barney O'Flynn."
"Oh, that's your name, is it sir?" said the satisfied official, seizing and shuffling a pile of letters. "There's your letter, sir."
Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland to make a tour, and to see the Naives. One of them, a drizzly day, but the other, the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine, that the first of them found would be too much for them. A diminutive fellow, with an old frieze-coat and a piece of a hat, was trying to plow with a pony under the shelter of a row of trees.
"Pat," said our friend.
"Yes, yer honor," he replied.
"If the devil were to come just now, which of us three would he take?"
"Sure he'd take me yer honor!"
"Why so, Pat?"
"Cause he's sure of yer honors at any time."
BE CAREFUL.—Several anecdotes turn off that inexhaustible theme for merriment the sorrows of matrimony. In passing through the streets a bier was struck against the corner of a house, and the corpse reanimated by the shock. Some years afterwards, when the woman died in good earnest, her husband called to the bearers. "Pray gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners."

Footprints of the Creator.—A French infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, called the "Great Sahara," in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacle might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling in the burning sand called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this, till at last one evening when he arose from his knees the would-be philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile:
"How do you know there is a God?"
The guide fixed his eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly: "How do I know that a man and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so, said he pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the desert, 'that footprint is not of man.'"
A sentimental young gentleman, learning that one of his female acquaintances was about to ascend in a balloon with a aeronaut, addressed her as follows:
"Forbear, sweet girl, the task before you is a little sad, anxious, tedious, and that you will mount full of sorrow. But greatly fear you're afraid."
When angels see a mortal rise,
So mild, so beautiful and so fair,
They'll woo her spirit to the skies,
And keep their angel sister there."
These lines fell under the eye of another gentleman friend of the young lady who at once put the finishing touch upon them, thus:
"That graceless chap, with whom you've despised all you do or say."
"When sailing in the upper sky,
"Will get you in the 'milky way.'"
GRAPES OR THORNS.
We must not hope to be growers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!
"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious captain to a brave son of Erin after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?"
"Do?" replied Pat, "an' may it please yer honor, I walked boldly up to one of the enemy and out off his fut."
"Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general.
"Ah, an faith, that was of alridy," says Pat.

Pat and the Post Office Clerk.
"Faith, en' have yez iver a letter fer me, yer honor?"
"What name?" asked the urbane official.
"Why me own name, av course. Whose else?"
"What is your name?" continued the official, still urbane.
"Faith, an' it was my father's afore me an' would be yet, but he's gone dead."
"Confound you, what do you call yourself?" losing his temper.
"Bogad," says Pat, firmly, "I call myself a gentleman, an' it's a pity there ain't a couple us."
"Stand back!" commanded the official, with dignity.
"The devil aback I'll stand until I get my letter."
"How can I give it to you, if you won't tell me who you are, you stupid, thick-headed bogtrotter."
"An' is that what you're paid for—abusin' honest people that ask for their rights? Gi' me the letter, or be the whiskers of Kate Kerney's cat, I'll cut me voss agin ye while I get the papers."
"You blundering block-head, broke in the really angry-ek, 'can you tell me how your letter is addressed?"
"Dhress! how should it be dhressed, barrin' a sheet av paper, like any other. Come, hand up, av ye."
"The deuce take you! Won't you tell me who you are?"
"Faith, an' I'm an Irishman; bred an' born seed, bresin' an' generation." Me father was cousin to one-eyed Harry Magra, the process server, an' me mother belonged to the Mooney's of Kilmathouand. You're an ignorant old disciple, an' if you'll only creep out of your hole, I'll welt yer hide like a new shoe. An' av ye git any satisfaction out of me, me name's not Barney O'Flynn."
"Oh, that's your name, is it sir?" said the satisfied official, seizing and shuffling a pile of letters. "There's your letter, sir."
Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland to make a tour, and to see the Naives. One of them, a drizzly day, but the other, the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine, that the first of them found would be too much for them. A diminutive fellow, with an old frieze-coat and a piece of a hat, was trying to plow with a pony under the shelter of a row of trees.
"Pat," said our friend.
"Yes, yer honor," he replied.
"If the devil were to come just now, which of us three would he take?"
"Sure he'd take me yer honor!"
"Why so, Pat?"
"Cause he's sure of yer honors at any time."
BE CAREFUL.—Several anecdotes turn off that inexhaustible theme for merriment the sorrows of matrimony. In passing through the streets a bier was struck against the corner of a house, and the corpse reanimated by the shock. Some years afterwards, when the woman died in good earnest, her husband called to the bearers. "Pray gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners."

Footprints of the Creator.—A French infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, called the "Great Sahara," in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacle might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling in the burning sand called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this, till at last one evening when he arose from his knees the would-be philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile:
"How do you know there is a God?"
The guide fixed his eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly: "How do I know that a man and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so, said he pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the desert, 'that footprint is not of man.'"
A sentimental young gentleman, learning that one of his female acquaintances was about to ascend in a balloon with a aeronaut, addressed her as follows:
"Forbear, sweet girl, the task before you is a little sad, anxious, tedious, and that you will mount full of sorrow. But greatly fear you're afraid."
When angels see a mortal rise,
So mild, so beautiful and so fair,
They'll woo her spirit to the skies,
And keep their angel sister there."
These lines fell under the eye of another gentleman friend of the young lady who at once put the finishing touch upon them, thus:
"That graceless chap, with whom you've despised all you do or say."
"When sailing in the upper sky,
"Will get you in the 'milky way.'"
GRAPES OR THORNS.
We must not hope to be growers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!
"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious captain to a brave son of Erin after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?"
"Do?" replied Pat, "an' may it please yer honor, I walked boldly up to one of the enemy and out off his fut."
"Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general.
"Ah, an faith, that was of alridy," says Pat.

Footprints of the Creator.—A French infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, called the "Great Sahara," in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacle might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling in the burning sand called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this, till at last one evening when he arose from his knees the would-be philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile:
"How do you know there is a God?"
The guide fixed his eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly: "How do I know that a man and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so, said he pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the desert, 'that footprint is not of man.'"
A sentimental young gentleman, learning that one of his female acquaintances was about to ascend in a balloon with a aeronaut, addressed her as follows:
"Forbear, sweet girl, the task before you is a little sad, anxious, tedious, and that you will mount full of sorrow. But greatly fear you're afraid."
When angels see a mortal rise,
So mild, so beautiful and so fair,
They'll woo her spirit to the skies,
And keep their angel sister there."
These lines fell under the eye of another gentleman friend of the young lady who at once put the finishing touch upon them, thus:
"That graceless chap, with whom you've despised all you do or say."
"When sailing in the upper sky,
"Will get you in the 'milky way.'"
GRAPES OR THORNS.
We must not hope to be growers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!
"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious captain to a brave son of Erin after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?"
"Do?" replied Pat, "an' may it please yer honor, I walked boldly up to one of the enemy and out off his fut."
"Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general.
"Ah, an faith, that was of alridy," says Pat.

Footprints of the Creator.—A French infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, called the "Great Sahara," in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacle might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling in the burning sand called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this, till at last one evening when he arose from his knees the would-be philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile:
"How do you know there is a God?"
The guide fixed his eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly: "How do I know that a man and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so, said he pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the desert, 'that footprint is not of man.'"
A sentimental young gentleman, learning that one of his female acquaintances was about to ascend in a balloon with a aeronaut, addressed her as follows:
"Forbear, sweet girl, the task before you is a little sad, anxious, tedious, and that you will mount full of sorrow. But greatly fear you're afraid."
When angels see a mortal rise,
So mild, so beautiful and so fair,
They'll woo her spirit to the skies,
And keep their angel sister there."
These lines fell under the eye of another gentleman friend of the young lady who at once put the finishing touch upon them, thus:
"That graceless chap, with whom you've despised all you do or say."
"When sailing in the upper sky,
"Will get you in the 'milky way.'"
GRAPES OR THORNS.
We must not hope to be growers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!
"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious captain to a brave son of Erin after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?"
"Do?" replied Pat, "an' may it please yer honor, I walked boldly up to one of the enemy and out off his fut."
"Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general.
"Ah, an faith, that was of alridy," says Pat.

Footprints of the Creator.—A French infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, called the "Great Sahara," in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacle might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling in the burning sand called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this, till at last one evening when he arose from his knees the would-be philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile:
"How do you know there is a God?"
The guide fixed his eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly: "How do I know that a man and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so, said he pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the desert, 'that footprint is not of man.'"
A sentimental young gentleman, learning that one of his female acquaintances was about to ascend in a balloon with a aeronaut, addressed her as follows:
"Forbear, sweet girl, the task before you is a little sad, anxious, tedious, and that you will mount full of sorrow. But greatly fear you're afraid."
When angels see a mortal rise,
So mild, so beautiful and so fair,
They'll woo her spirit to the skies,
And keep their angel sister there."
These lines fell under the eye of another gentleman friend of the young lady who at once put the finishing touch upon them, thus:
"That graceless chap, with whom you've despised all you do or say."
"When sailing in the upper sky,
"Will get you in the 'milky way.'"
GRAPES OR THORNS.
We must not hope to be growers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!
"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious captain to a brave son of Erin after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?"
"Do?" replied Pat, "an' may it please yer honor, I walked boldly up to one of the enemy and out off his fut."
"Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general.
"Ah, an faith, that was of alridy," says Pat.

Footprints of the Creator.—A French infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, called the "Great Sahara," in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacle might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling in the burning sand called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this, till at last one evening when he arose from his knees the would-be philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile:
"How do you know there is a God?"
The guide fixed his eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly: "How do I know that a man