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BY W. BLAIR.

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Selected Poetry

My Darling.
I hear in the thicket the brooklet's murmur
A thrush on the lilac spray
Sings, as of old, the vesper-sonnet
Of the slowly waning day
And the fragrance comes down from the chestnut trees
In the meadow where the daisies blow
As it came when the tender twilight came
In the spring of 1899
Far over the dark and shadowy woods
Comes floating the church-bell's chime
And I wander, and dream, in the fading light
As I dreamed in the silent time
When I listened to the church-bell's chime
Till I heard in the sweet bird's strain
And the shimmering light of the moon
Beams full
On the leaves like a silver rain
But never again shall I wait and watch
In the hush of the sweet spring night
For a step in the path of the running copse
And the gleam of a garment white
And never again, "neath the dew-diamonded leaves
Shall I see your love and smile
When the luminous stars through the fleecy haze
Look out in the western sky
Yet a joy which is nameless, and strangely
Thrills off in my heart's deep core
As the sweetest love of the days long
Is thrilled into life once more
O, dear was I to the heart that is cold
And her love's remembrance me still
And the stars shine down on her grave to-night
In the lone churchyard on the hill.
—Chambers' Journal.

Song

Oh Let Me Dream.
Oh tell me not that false love
Nor end my only dream of bliss
My dearest home, still in my heart
Is meeting faithful hearts from this
I cannot think that truth exists
Alone in realms beyond the blue
My heart, so constant, still is true
That other hearts are constant too
Then tell me not, do
The earth would be a desert void
Without a verdant spot for rest
If loving souls could not confide
In even those they love the best
Without the path of the true
From heaven descended love and trust
This world were but a funeral show
Its proper legend "Dust to dust"
Then tell me not, do
Believe me, love is ever true
The glow passion yields its glow from night
As planets' light, and stars from day
When hid in day's exceeding light
Yes, love no change or passion mars
And while the ceaseless ages roll
It blooms, undimmed, and grows
In hearts as the human race
Then tell me not, do

Miscellaneous Reading

Twice Loved!

It was a misty, yet sweet September night. I can see the sky as it hung over Swan's Nest, our sea-side home, starry blue, with here and there a patch of white floating gossamer; and the breeze was cool and fresh, and flooding all the world with golden splendor. I remember how the crimson roses hung about the door heavy with their own sweetness; and what suggestive colors floating up from the flower beds in the dim old garden. I can ever remember the dress I wore—pure white, because that was the dress in which my husband loved me best. Did he love me at all? Or was it my yellow gold that won him?
Immediately after our marriage we went on the Continent, where we rambled about for a year or two, wintering in Rome, and spending our summers amid the Alps. Then we returned home. But the romantic spirit was still upon us; and we took what our country afforded in the way of glossy life. In the midst of this wandering, in a country town, amid the Lakes, my first trouble came. On the second day of our sojourn at the hotel in this place, to which we had come in accordance with my husband's wish, I missed him. He was fishing for trout; one of our party suggested, and in the afternoon we strolled down toward the river. Passing a small cottage, we heard voices, and something familiar made me glance that way. There they stood side by side, my husband and a woman—a young woman with glossy raven-hair! I passed on in silence; but that night, when my husband returned and sought me, I was reserved and cold. I refused to dance, and would not place for him. He followed me from place to place, his eyes full of solicitude. The instant we were in our room he caught my hand in his.
"My darling," he said, "what troubles you?"
For my life I could not tell him. I was afraid to let him know that I doubted his integrity.
"Horace," I questioned timidly, "do you love me?"
His fine eyes opened with astonishment. But he answered passionately, "Love you? Ay, better than you will ever know, Violet."
"Oh, you have you ever loved any one else?"
"Never, Violet, on my honor."
I was happy, yet not entirely satisfied. I was a woman. Eye ate the forbidden fruit with paradise all around her.
"Then who was it?" I faltered, "that woman I saw with you—this afternoon?"
He started, and flushed very red for a moment, then he laughed.
"Oh!" he said, "jealous are you? Then I am sure you love me. But, seriously, dear, I ought to apologize for my long absence. That woman was a friend, an old friend of mine—she is in distress, and I had to help her. Are you satisfied?"
I nodded my head in assent; yet my heart was not quite at rest. After that we went down to the Swan's Nest, our sea-

side home, and settled into sober married life. I had for some months my bliss was perfect, and then that dreadful night came. Horace had been gone all day. He had not come home to dinner as was his custom; so after having ordered tea, I dressed myself and sat down in the rose-shaded porch to await him. Sunset, dusk, evening; the moon soaring up above the sea. Dinner and supper had both got spoiled; the flowers in my hair were fading, and I was sick and weary with waiting and suspense. Horace had never remained away so long since our marriage. What could detain him now? Very slowly the evening went by. The clock struck the twelfth, and I dropped out of sight, leaving me in the old willow, and the surf beat with a weary, sobbing sound.
I worked myself up into a perfect tremor of alarm and nervous excitement; and by degrees, the old doubt, or fear, or what ever it was, stole back to my mind. My husband was cruel to keep me in such suspense. He did not love me! It never occurred to me that he might be detained against his will. When at last, the clock struck the stroke of three, I caught the quick tramp of his horse's feet. But it did not greatly relieve me. I yielded to my peevish, wayward will, and kept my seat. When he reached the porch he sprung down flushed and eager.
"Violet," he cried, "the moment he caught sight of me, and you are up yet? I am so sorry."
He approached, both hands extended. But I turned from him and walked into the hall.
He stood for a moment, in silent astonishment, then followed and took my hand, though I kept my face persistently averted.
"Violet," he said, "what is it? Are you ill, tired? I was sorry to keep you waiting, but these circumstances—"
"Never mind the circumstance now!" I exclaimed, pettishly. "I am very tired, and now that you are safe, I will go to bed."
He loosened his hold on my hand, but looked after me, as I left him, with a glance I shall never forget. I can see him now as he stood in the moonlight, so handsome and noble; and I love him so well! I wonder why I turned from him that night. Heaven knows how it pained me, but the spelled will of a temper, that has been my ruin, urged me on.
Did you ever speak a harsh word to one you love, and feel something within you prompting you to speak another? Then you understand how it was that I left my husband standing there, weary and suppers.
"Violet, dear," he said softly, as I paused involuntarily at the head of the stairs "come back and let me explain; you know I've not kept you waiting willingly."
But I went on without a word; not to our chamber, but to a dressing room exclusively my own, and closed and locked the door. I am sure the Evil One must have had control of me that night. In a blind while he came up stairs, and tried the lock of my door; and then he called my name softly; but I did not answer—and he went away.
A dozen times that night I lifted my head from my tear-strewn pillow, to go out to him, to implore his forgiveness; but pride kept me back. Thus I lay sleepless till morning. It was a wild morning, too, with drifting rain and sobbing winds, and the sea thundering on the strand.
My husband was in the breakfast-room when I went down. He turned and said kindly, "Good morning, dear. Are you quite well?"
"Quite well, thank you," I responded, crossing to a window on the opposite side of the room.
He rose, and I hoped he was coming to my side; but he only looked at his watch and said, "Be kind enough to let me have breakfast at once, Violet, if you can. I am in a hurry, for I have important matters to look after."
I rang the bell at once, and placed myself at the head of the table. When the cheerful repast was over, and my husband rose to go, I felt the hot tears blinding me. I could not let him leave me in anger. I had made a step towards him when he spoke, and his words roused all my old anger and discontent.
"Violet, dear, I may not be here to dinner. Don't wait for me; it is impossible."
"Make no excuses, sir," I replied laughingly, none are needed.
"Oh, these sad, reproachful eyes! But his lips uttered no retort. He only said, "Goodbye, dear," and went out.
I watched him from the window, hidden behind a curtain, as he rode away through the driving rain.
The memory of that day comes back to me like a terrible dream. Towards evening my agony became unendurable; and as the rain ceased, I determined to drive over to my father's house, in the neighboring village. About half way we met a close carriage, containing a lady and gentleman.
"Why, that's Mr. Read!" exclaimed my coachman, as the vehicle dashed past our pheton.
One glance confirmed his words. It was my husband, and by his side was the same woman that I had seen with him once before. My resolution was taken on the instant. I ordered my servant to drive back to Swan's Nest. I would not await my husband's return; and I said to myself I could not even charge him with his infidelity; I would go away at once, and never let him see my face again.
In a short time I was ready for my departure. I wrote a note for Horace, telling him that I believe our marriage had been an unwise one, and that I should be happier with my own friends. I begged him not to hunt me down as a fugitive; but to leave me to follow the bent of my

own inclination. I put the note on the table, and went out from the house, where my life had been as happy. In less than a week, my father and I were on our way to Italy.
At the expiration of two wretched years we returned; and I learned from our lawyer that my husband had sailed for India, first making over to me, in fee simple, all his real estate. He never, so the lawyer said, expected to return. I went back to Swan's Nest. Everything was unchanged. The rooms were just as I had left them. My husband would not let me be troubled with the housekeeper's bill.
"That's the best of it," he said.
"Only once," she replied, and then the letter contained another "and" was on my dressing table.
I went for it myself and read there in my old room.
"Violet," it began, "you must pardon this intrusion. It will be the last, for in all human probability, the disease that now consumes me will soon give me a grave in a foreign land. But there was a few things I wish to say before I die. I was wrong not to explain all to you from the first. But I desired to spare you what you might consider disagreeable. I thought you could and would trust me. It was my sister you saw. She was vain and frivolous, and eloped with a profligate. Marriage was illegal, and Ethel was disgraced. She came to me for help. I could not refuse her. I was taking her to a safe asylum when I was absent that night. You understand it all now. Don't be troubled, dear, but forget me, and be happy. My sister is dead now, and I have not I fear long to live. God bless you, dear! In heaven all these wrongs will be righted."
For two years I lived alone at Swan's Nest—two years of unexpressed agony; then the news came, as I had long expected, bound from Calcutta, that Miss Honora Read was one of the passengers. That was the death of hope!
Another year dragged by. One sweet May evening I strolled down to the seashore. The sun was setting of gold and the purple, and a full moon came up, flooding the great sea, and the long stretch of glittering sand with misty splendor. The tide rolled in with a low, musical murmur. I sat down on a rock.
Far out upon the bar a stately vessel swung at anchor, and a little boat that it was towing in. I watched the tiny craft with a kind of fascination. Presently it grated on the sand, and a man sprang ashore.
A wild nameless hope took shape in my heart. I arose and tottered forward, blind and half unconscious. The instant after a strong arm clasped me.
I looked up in the face above me. It was wan and worn, and changed by suffering, but I knew it in an instant.
"Oh, Horace! my husband!" I cried, "forgive me."
Then I felt his tears upon my cheek, his kisses on my lips, and I sank into his arms, and he carried me to his room.
It is all over—the remorse, the loneliness and the aching heart! We live at Swan's Nest—my dear forgiving husband and myself.
"I had engaged my passage," she said "in the steamer that was lost. But I fell ill and could not come then; and that sickness has restored me to you; thank God!"
I thank him also daily and hourly, for this undeserved, this perfect bliss.

Thoughtlessness.—Young man, in the flush of early strength, stop and think ere you take a downward step. Many a precious life is wrecked through thoughtlessness alone. If you find yourself in low company, do not sit carelessly by till you are gradually, but surely, drawn into the whirlpool of chess and drink of the consequences of such a course. A rational thought will lead you to seek the society of your superiors; and you must improve by the association. A benevolent use of your example and influence for the elevation of your inferiors, is a noble thing; even the most depraved are not beyond such help. But the young man of impulsive character must, at least, think, and beware lest he fall himself a victim.
Think before you touch the wine; see the effects upon thousands, and know that you are no stronger than they were in their youth. Think before, in the dark hour of temptation, you borrow without leave, lest you become a thief. Think well ere a lie or an oath passes your lips; for a man of pure speech only can merit respect. Ah! think on things true and lovely, and of good report; that there may be better men and happier women in the world.
Fat and Lean Men.—Most persons want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if a man were as a pig, valuable in proportion to his fat. The race is not to the swift, plough horse has but a moderate amount of flesh. Heavy men are not those which experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches. Thin men, the world over, are the men for endurance, are the wily and hardy; thin people live the longest. The truth is, fat is a disease, and as a proof, fat people are never well a day at a time. For mere looks, moderate roundness is most desirable, to have enough flesh to cover all irregularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allow nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous laughing mood, and live chiefly on albuminates, such as boiled cracked wheat, and rye, and oats, and corn, and barley, with sweet milk, and butter-milk, and meats. Such is the best fatness known.
A negro once gave the following toast: "De Governor ob our State. He come in wid very little opposition; he go out wid none at all."

Love's Sacrifice.
Some years ago a Russian nobleman was traveling on special business in the interior of Russia. It was the beginning of winter, but the frost had set in early. His carriage rolled up to the inn, and he demanded a relay of horses to carry him to the next station, where he intended to pass the night. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed, for he said there was danger in traveling so late—the wolves were out. But the nobleman thought the man merely wanted to keep him as a guest; he said it was too early for wolves, and ordered the horses to be put to. He then drove off, with his wife and his only daughter, in the carriage with him. On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as he loved his own life. They rolled over the hardened snow and there seemed no sign of danger. The moon shined pale light and brought out into burnished silver the road on which they were going. At length the little girl said to her father:
"What was that strange, howling noise that I just heard?"
"Oh, nothing but the wind sighing through the trees," the father replied.
The child shut her eyes and was quiet. But she said again:
"Listen, father; it is not like the wind, I think."
The father listened, and far far away in the distance behind him, through the clear, cold, frosty air, he heard a noise which he too well knew the meaning of. He then put down the window and spoke to his servant:
"The wolves, I fear, are after us; make haste—tell the man to drive faster, and get your pistols ready."
The postilion drove faster. But the same mournful sound which the child had heard approached nearer and nearer. "It was clear that a pack of wolves had scattered them out. The nobleman tried to calm the fears of the wife and child. At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard. So he said to his servant:
"When they come up with us, do you single out one and fire, and I will single out another, and while the rest are devouring them we shall get on."
As soon as he put down the window he saw the pack in full cry behind, the large dog-wolf at their head. Two shots were fired and two of the wolves fell. The others instantly set upon and devoured them, and meanwhile the carriage gained ground. But the nobleman only made them more ferocious, and they were soon upon the carriage again. Again two more shots were fired, and two fell and were devoured. But the carriage was soon overtaken, and the post-horse was yet far distant. The nobleman then ordered the postilion to loose one of his leaders that they might gain a little time. This was done, and the poor horse frantically plunged into the forest and the wolves after him, and was soon torn to pieces. Then another horse was sent off, and shared the same fate. The carriage labored on as fast as it could on the point of making the last fatal attack. But the travelers were safe. The post-horse was still distant.
At length the servant said to the nobleman:
"I have served you ever since I was a child; I love you as my own self. Nothing can save you but one thing. Let me save you. I ask you only to look after my wife and little ones."
The nobleman remonstrated, but in vain. When the wolves next came, the faithful fellow threw himself among them. The panting horses galloped on with the carriage, and the gates of the post-house just closed in upon it as the fearful pack were on the point of making the last fatal attack. But the travelers were safe. The post-horse was still distant.
The next morning they went out and saw the place where the faithful servant had been pulled down by the wolves. His bones only were there; and on the spot the nobleman erected a pillar, on which was written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend." But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Mystery.
California furnishes a story of diabolical and mysterious which it would be difficult to surpass outside the legends and traditions of the age of ogres, giants, magicians and other evil things. According to this tale of the grotesque it would appear that some time ago a man named Gregory Summerfield, a person said to have been of extraordinary attainments, literary and scientific, was murdered by being thrown from the platform of a car on the Union Pacific Railroad at Cape Horn. A San Francisco lawyer, of excellent reputation, named Leonidas Parker, being the only person on the platform with him at the time, suspicion was directed against him, and he was arrested as being the perpetrator of the crime. Twice tried, he was both times mysteriously acquitted. Parker has recently died, and, as is said, has left a written statement in which, while acknowledging that he did kill Summerfield, he explains wherefore. He says that a short time before the death of Summerfield, that person, who was known as "The Man with a Secret," came into his office in San Francisco and told him, with the air of the discoverer in his eye, that he had fathomed the great secret of making water burn. He had discovered a preparation of potassium, which would separate the particles, and ignite the liberated oxygen, thus creating and recreating its own force, and so consuming until all the particles were destroyed. For the possession of this secret he demanded the sum of \$1,000,000, to be raised in San Francisco, under the penalty, otherwise, of the destruction of the world by his setting fire to the Pacific ocean. Parker at first thought the man a lunatic, but on the trial of one of his potassium-pills in a basin of water in his office, he saw, to his surprise, that by its influence the water was changed into a liquid that blazed to the ceiling until it was consumed. He imparted his discovery of this dreadful compound to several gentlemen of San Francisco—a leading banker, a bishop, a chemist, two State University Professors, a physician, a judge, and two Protestant divines—who, with himself, witnessed the experiment on a grand scale in a mountain lake ten miles from San Francisco, the waters of which, in fifteen minutes, were entirely consumed. Summerfield growing importunate, the committee became alarmed. He demanded the money, and finally, as a last resort, it was determined to destroy the man who held the fate of the world in his hands. Parker, who knew the gorges and the windings of the Pacific Railroad, was chosen as his executioner. Summerfield was deceived by Parker to the spot, and hence the tragedy. In the conclusion of his document he says: "I selected Cape Horn as the best adapted to the purpose, and *** the public knows the rest. Having been fully acquitted by two tribunals of the law, I make this final appeal to my fellow men throughout to reverse the judgment already pronounced." To this mysterious document an affair but one fact remains to be added. Parker himself died insane just after writing his statement, a victim to newspaper comments upon his connection with the extraordinary case of Summerfield.
Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.
The absent feel and fear every ill.
Self-praise depreciates.
The dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer.
All women, let them be ever so homely are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for beauty.
Squires and knight-errants are subject to much hunger and ill-luck.
Liberty may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them.
Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.
Every one is the son of his own works.
No padlocks, bolts or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.
Wit and humor belong to genius alone.
There is no book so bad but something good may be found in it.
We are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.
We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven.
Circumstances fix the bag.
It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing.
This term is equally applicable to all ranks—Wherever ignorant is vulgar.
By the streets of "by-and-by" one arrives at the house of Never.
Between the yes and no of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin.
A soldier had better smell gunpowder than musk.
Other men's pains are easily borne.
When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished.
Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.
The jest that gives pain is no jest.
"Grandpa, where do the people get their fashions from?"
"From Philadelphia."
"Well, where do the Philadelphia people get them?"
"From England."
"Ah! and where do the English get them from?"
"From France."
"But where do the French get them from?"
"Why, right straight from the devil—now stop your noise."
A man named Aron Bedbug, of Montgomery county, intends petitioning the Legislature to change his name. He says that his sweetheart, whose name is Olivia, is unwilling that he should be called a bedbug; herself, O Bedbug, and the little ones, little bedbugs.

OUR NEW SHIELD.
Here is a Dutchman's idea of his boy baby, which will do to read if you can get the right twist of your mouth:
You didn't hear the news? Well, well, you're kinder a funny doo—
Vr, everybody knows it yet.
Don't you dink it's drue?
Yes, yes, dot's so—we got a son—
Vr, old woman and me—
Und he's der smartest leetle child.
You ever yet kin see?
He came der wry last night in March,
Der sassy, leetle Moo,
Of he'd vained a leetle vile.
He'd been a April fool!
But dot baby he know'd a ding or two
Dey say so he looks like me,
Dot's cause I'm been he's fader,
Dot comed for dat, you see.
He's got the nicest leetle shmoed,
Und leetle hands und feet,
Und der handsome vrid to de his eyes—
Oh! he's got enuff to be a boy—
Vat's dot? I bet you dot I'm broad,
I veel like I'm vild!
I vood'n shwab him for a farm,
No, he's der nice child.
Come in der house, and sav him vonce,
Hush now! Don't wake him up,
He's got a awful bar of lungs;
He kin shigweel a blensed pup.
See, der he is! now und he nice?
He vonds to suck on someding; I guess
He's leetle deroot ish dry.

Woman at Twenty-One.
When a young girl reaches the age of 15 or 16 years, she begins to think of the mysterious subject of matrimony; a state the delights of which her youthful imagination shows forth in the most capricious forms. It is made the topic of light and incidental discourse among her companions, and it is resorted to with increasing interest every time it is brought upon the tapis. When she grows a little older, she ceases to smatter about matrimony, and thinks more intently on the all-important subject. It engrosses her thoughts by day, her dreams by night, and she pictures to herself the felicity of being wedded to the youth of whom she cherishes a secret, but consuming flame. She surveys herself in the mirror, and, as it generally falls a flattering tale, she turns from it with a pleasing conviction that her beauty will enable her, to conquer the heart of the most absurd and that whoever else may die in a state of "single blessedness," she is destined to become, ere many years roll by, a happy bride.
From the age of 18 to 20 is "the very winning time" of female life. During that period the female heart is more susceptible to the soft and tender influences of love than of any other; and we appeal to our fair readers to say, whether, if inclination was alone consulted in the business, more marriages would not take place during the ticklish season, than in any by which it is preceded or followed. It is the grand climax of love; and she who passes it, without entering into the state matrimony, may chance to pass several years of her life ere she is caught in the meshes of Hy-men. The truth is, that the majority of women begin to be more thoughtful when they have turned the age of twenty. The giddiness of the girl gives place to the sobriety of reflection; and reason reigns where passion previously held undisputed sway. The care and the anxiety of life press themselves more palpably to her mind; she weakens the effect of the sanguine anticipation of unmingled felicity in the marriage state, which the mind had formed in its youthful day-dreams. In short, to use a common phrase, let women after 20, look before they leap.
"To Die is Gain."
It is a universal statement universally disbelieved. I have searched the graves of twenty graveyards, and not a marble slab or shaft, plainly wrought in chiseled or costly design, bore this immortal assertion. I have prayed above a hundred coffins, and watched the faces of the mourners anxiously; not one betrayed a knowledge of this sentence. I have carried a bright face to the funeral chamber and spoken the words of cheerful faith; and men have marvelled, revealing their scepticism by their surprise. I have found it hard to persuade men that death is sunrise; but when I compare the conditions of this life with those of the next; when I set the body sensual over against the word immortal; and when I behold, over against the mind emancipated; when I have bowed myself over the white face beautiful as it lay in death, unruined peace, and remembered how passionate and pained the dying, heard their murmured words of wonder, their exclamation of rapture, and seen a light, not of this world, fall upon their faces as they touched the margin of the great change, I have said, "Death, thou art a gain." — Rev. W. H. Murray.

Forty Years Ago.—Forty years ago literature meant learning, and was supported by common sense. Refined nonsense had no advocates, and was pretty generally kicked out of doors.
Forty years ago young ladies of the first respectability learned music—but it was the music of the spinning-wheel, and ceased the necessary steps of dancing in following it. Their piano forte was a loom, their parasol a broom handle, and their novels a Bible.
Forty years ago the young gentlemen went court, chopped wood at the door, and went to school in the winter to learn reading, writing and arithmetic.
Forty years ago there were no such things as balls in the summer, and few in the winter except snowballs.
Forty years ago if a mechanic proposed to do you work you might depend on his word; it would be done.
Forty years ago, when a mechanic finished his work he was paid for it.
Forty years ago printers were paid, and were therefore enabled to pay their debts. What a falling off!
Some gentlemen called upon an old woman, and inquired if she had a bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied:
"Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, when you ask me such a question?"
"Then, calling to the little girl, she said:—'Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen.'"
They desired she would not take the trouble, but she insisted that they should "see she was not a heathen." According to the Bible was brought, nicely covered; on opening it, the old woman exclaimed:
"Well, how glad I am that you called and asked me about the Bible! Here are my spectacles! I have been looking for them these three years, and did not know where to find them."
"John," said a poverty-stricken man to his son, "I've made all my will to-day."
"Ah," replied John. "You were liberal to me, no doubt."
"Yes, John, I came down handsome. I've made you the whole State of Virginia, to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you could better."
Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.