

# The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.

### SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,  
And the world seems upside down,  
Don't waste your time in fretting;  
But drive away that frown;  
Since life is oft perplexing,  
'Tis much the wisest plan  
To bear all trials bravely,  
And smile whenever you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,  
And thus despoil to-day?  
For when you borrow trouble,  
You always have to pay.  
It is a good-old maxim,  
Which should be often preached,  
Don't cross the bridge before you,  
Before the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,  
If you would keep in mind  
That thought that good and evil  
Are always here combined.  
There must be something wanting,  
And though you roll in wealth,  
You may miss from your casket  
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,  
You may have an empty purse;  
(And earth has many trials  
Which I consider worse).  
But wether joy or sorrow  
Fill up your mortal span,  
'Twill make your pathway brighter  
To smile when'er you can.

### SMILE AND BE CONTENTED.

The world grows old, and men grow cold  
To each, while seeking treasure,  
And what with want, and care, and toil  
We scarce have time for pleasure;  
But never mind, that is a loss  
Not much to be lamented;  
Life rolls on gaily, if we will  
But smile and be contented.

If we were poor, and would be rich,  
It will not be by pining;  
No, steady hearts and hopeful minds  
Are life's bright sylvan lining.  
There's ne'er a man that dared to hope,  
Hath of his choice repented;  
The happiest souls on earth are those  
Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come to rack the heart  
And fortune bids you sorrow,  
From hope we may a blessing read,  
And consolation borrow;  
If thorns may come and roses bloom,  
It cannot be breved;  
So make the best of life you can,  
And smile and be contented.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### "DON'T TELL BETSEY JANE."

#### AN AMUSING LITTLE STORY.

"And, for your life, don't tell Betsey Jane!"

Mr. Nicodemus Harding, having uttered this caution in a low, earnest tone of voice, alighted from a Concord wagon in front of his own farm-house door, and stood there a few minutes in a brown study, watching the figure of his brother-in-law and the lawyer, as he drove back towards the village of W—, where the two men had just come.

"Now, Betsey Jane was Mr. Nicodemus Harding's wife, a stirring, notable soul, who made more butter and cheese, and took more eggs and fowls to market in the course of a season, than any other woman for miles around. Strong healthy, and hearty, she made the household fly to use her own energetic expression; and if Nicodemus Harding owned his farm that day, and was well-to-do, in fact a rich man to boot, it was owing in no small measure to the skill and energy, and general go-ahead-ness of his Betsey Jane.

What was it, then, that the ungrateful man was not about to tell her?

"It would never do, never!" thought Nicodemus to himself, shaking his head. "She'd be wanting a new carpet, or a new silk gown, or the house all painted over, or some such nonsense. No, the woman is the weaker vessel; it won't do to trust one too far. Their heads won't bear it."

So Mr. Nicodemus passed through the house, and out toward the barn, with the pre-occupied air of a man who has an egg to lay, and don't know where to hide from the eyes of mankind to the best advantage. The kitchen was empty and silent as he went through it. But oh, if he could have seen the buxom, good-looking female who stole silently out of the pantry, and as silently followed him on his way toward the barn.

Mrs. Harding came back in about twenty minutes or so, with a face red with suppressed laughter.

"Don't tell Betsey Jane," she said, giggling into her gingham apron. "You are a very smart man, Nicodemus, and my brother, Tim-Noyes, is another, and a lawyer in the bargain. Don't tell Betsey Jane, indeed! Two wretches, you deserve all you'll get, pretty soon!"

Betsey Jane said no more, but bided her time. A week passed, and then brother Tim's wagon drove up again to the door, and Nicodemus stepped into it, and was off to the village once more. Betsey Jane had asked in vain to go.

Nicodemus was bound on business—business which a woman could not understand," he loudly exclaimed. He, lord and master, well out of sight, Betsey Jane went about that business a woman could not understand with a merry twinkle in her bright black eyes.

At 4 p. m. Nicodemus returned home

## A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

A most ludicrous mistake occurred at a church in a small Eastern City, during last summer. It has all the elements of a farce incident, and must have been equally astonishing to the actors and the audience.

The afternoon service had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when to the great astonishment and manifest interest of the worshippers, the good parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said in a calm, clear voice: "Those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony will now please to come forward. A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silk as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position, to catch the first view of the couple to be married.—No one however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to arise. Whereupon the worthy clergyman, deemed his first notice unheeded or misunderstood, repeated the invitation:

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of awkwardness of the position was gradually spreading among those present, when a young gentleman who had occupied a vacant slip in the broad aisle during the service slowly arose, and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good-looking and well dressed, but no one present knew him, and no female accompanied his travels, and no arched within a respectable distance of the clergyman he paused, and with a reverent bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything, or seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone. The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride who he supposed was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman, in an under tone:

"The lady, sir, is dilatory."

"Very, sir."

"Had we not better defer the ceremony?"

"I think not. Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"Me, sir!" said the astonished shepherd, "how should I know of your ladies movements?" This is a matter belonging to yourself."

A very few moments more were suffered to elapse in these unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatory:

"Did the lady promise to attend at the point of hour, sir?"

"What lady, sir?"

"Why the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for?"

"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Then, sir, may I ask why you are here, and for what purpose you trifle in this house?" said the somewhat enraged clergyman.

"I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony to step forward and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good-day."

## Spitting the Difference.

It is astonishing how much the business of the world is facilitated and made agreeable by the practice of spitting differences. The more it prevails among men, the more even is the tenor of their way, the more smooth and tranquil the course of their life. In all our relations with each other, the wise dealing with differences is of vital import. The poet says, "Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers," and so we do if we only get and spend; but we cannot do without spending, and we must get in order to spend. The mischief is that men will get all they can possibly grasp, and are apt to spend even faster than they get, and so sacrifice life for the means of living luxuriously. This is the vice of our time, springing out of the social rivalries which are its characteristic. Brown must keep his brougham, for no other earthly reason than because Jones has set up his, and both go galloping toward insolvency because neither will allow the other to outshine him; if they would split the difference between parsimony and extravagance, they would get at the golden mean, and their lives would be taken up as fairly and honestly. Nothing is more common than the violation of this rule, and with all of us there is too great a tendency to spit differences in conformity with our own pet notions, predilections, or creeds. Hence we are but unreliable judges in matters in which we are personally interested, and in all such cases, when a difference is to be split, we should commit the process to another. Still we shall have cases always recurring in which we must deal with differences from our own single point of view, simply because we cannot bring ourselves to confide to others the opposing motives that have weight in our secret hearts. In no case, scarcely, is the decision so difficult, or the difference so hard to split to our own satisfaction, as in judging of the claims of others to our admiration, regard, or esteem. It is not very creditable to us that in estimating the merits of others we almost invariably compare them with a standard far loftier than that which we could fairly claim for ourselves; if there is any reason for our doing so, other than our vanity and conceit, we confess we are unable to discover it; and if such be the reasons, then the sooner we descend from our fancied exaltation the better. There is a verse of some German poet, whose name has escaped us, which affords a very good rule for judging of our fellow men, and which practically splits the difference between that undue laudation on the one hand, and detraction on the other, to which all of us are prone at times. The verse may be thus, "Done into English":

If I see my character impeach,  
And wonder what my feelings be,  
Suffer my friends in turn to teach  
That virtue hath some part in me.  
If I should hold me up to wrath,  
Or fame weave laurels for my brow,  
I'd have these choose the middle path,  
And deem I am a man—as thou."

In matters of morality there must be no spitting of differences. The sense of right and wrong is engraved on every heart, and the obligation to do the right, and shun the wrong, if it be not identical with this moral sense, is yet inseparable from it. In matters of religion, also, there must be no spitting of differences. Every man must be fully persuaded in his own mind, and no man can refer his decisions to the control of another without treason against his own conscience, and unfaithfulness to the revealed standard of truth.

On some countenances is written a history, on others merely a date.—J. P. Richter.

A Mouse can drink more than its fill from the mightiest river.—Chinese proverb.

## Points of Etiquette.

Don't speak of persons with whom you are irritable acquainted by their first name. Irritability is a breach of good morals as well as good manners. Gentle courtesy we owe to all.

Be punctual. It is always annoying to be kept waiting, and often a serious detriment to one's business.

Answer a civil question pleasantly and kindly, even if you are in a hurry.

Jokes are dangerous things, to be used like gunpowder, with extreme caution.

If possible, always be at the station at a few minutes before the cars start. Getting aboard after the train is in motion is not favorable to bodily safety, nor to that calmness of mind which leads us to act wisely.

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course they did not reserve them.

Have your ticket in your hand. Conductors haven't always the time to wait till the portmanteau, pocket and traveling bag are searched before receiving it. We once saw a lady, when the conductor demanded her ticket, dive to the lowest depths of her traveling bag, where she clutched something frantically, and in blind haste handed the waiting officer a fine-tooth comb, supposing it to be the ticket, which she afterwards found in the folds of her garments.

When a car is crowded, don't fill assest with your bundles.

True politeness is not amiss, even amid the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance. If an open window prove uncomfortable to another, you close it.

Don't fidget with the hands or feet.—Let alone the watch chain and neck-tie. Quiet ease, without stiffness, indicates genteel breeding.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.—Exchange.

## A LONG AND WEARY SEARCH.

Two years ago a Mr. Nelson married a respectable young girl of Lawrence, Mass. Two months ago he ran away with another woman, and as a natural consequence went to Chicago. The wife sold out what little furniture she had, and with her infant started for this modern Babylon. She was, however, just too late, he had gone to Detroit. To Detroit she went, and there she learned the trampscamp had went to Jackson, Miss. Her money having been expended, she set out on foot, and arrived at Jackson only to find that he had gone to Missouri. Mrs. Nelson set out on foot, carrying the child on her arms, and did not pause for even a day's rest until reaching Livingston county, Mo. always a few days behind the pair, who were making for a relative of Nelson's, near Downs, in the above-named county. Mrs. Nelson arrived to find that the two had departed the day before for Kansas, and at this point her courage gave out. She had been without money for a week, her clothing soiled and torn, her food and lodgings the gift of farmers, and she made up her mind not to follow the husband any further.—Failing to be provided for otherwise, she took the child on her arm and started for Jackson, walking every mile of the way, and begging food and a place to sleep.—At Jackson she was forwarded to Chicago by the poor-master, and the same official in Chicago forwarded the pair to Detroit again, where she told her sad story, and was kindly furnished with means to take her back to Massachusetts. This poor woman, with a hearty worth the affection of an angel, said it was not her intention to prosecute her husband, but try to redeem him if he could. She traveled over 2,000 miles alone and without money to regain his love, and unable to pour her heart into his, she returns to the town of her former happiness with her young life blasted by the villainy of a man and the perfidy of a woman.

## Wonders of the United States.

The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lake forms a river of three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the known world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long, and 1,000 feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm 80 feet in width, and 250 feet in depth, and at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, in New York. Its length is 40 miles, and it cost \$15,500,000.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually and appear to be inexhaustible.

Show me a people whose trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham.—Froude.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—Dr. Johnson.

## No Household God.

A little boy three years old, whose father was irreligious, spent several months in the dwelling of a godly family where he was taught the simple elements of divine truth.

The good seed fell into good and tender soil, and the child learned to note the difference between a prayerless and a christian dwelling. One day as some one was conversing with the little fellow about the great and good God, the child said:

"We haven't got any God at my papa's house."

"Alas! how many such houses there are in our world and land—houses where there is no prayer, no praise, no worship, no God! And what homes are they for children; and for men and women, too. How much better is the pure atmosphere of a christian love than the cold, selfish worldliness of a godless home!"

Said an ungodly man: "I never was so near heaven, and probably never shall be again, as when I spent a day in the house of Ebenezer Brown, a godly Scotchman, who guided his household in the fear of the Lord."

Would that there were more such homes, the memory of which might shed a holy savor over many a wanderer's heart, and lead the sad and lonely sons of sorrow and of tears to look forward to the gladness of the eternal gathering beyond the toils and trials of this weary pilgrimage.

To such homes the weary come for rest, and the troubled for consolation. The Son of Peace is there. Blessed be such homes! and may ours ever be of this number!—British Workman.

## Take Enough Sleep.

Said one of the oldest and most successful farmers in the State: "I do not care to have my men get up before five or half past five in the morning, and if they get up bed early and can sleep soundly, they will do more work than if they get up at four or half-past." We do not believe in the eight, hour law, but nevertheless, are inclined to think as a general rule, we work too many hours on the farm. The best man we ever had to dig ditches, seldom worked, when digging by the rod, more than nine hours a day. And it is so by chopping wood by the cord; the men who accomplish the most, work the fewest hours to exercise, and make every blow tell. I was, plodding Dutchman may turn a grindstone or a fanning mill better than an energetic Yankee, but this kind of work is now mostly done by horse power, and the farmer needs, above all else, a clear head, with all his faculties of mind and muscle light, active and under temperament; but, as a rule, such men need sound sleep and plenty of it. When a boy on a farm, we were told that Napoleon needed only four hours sleep, and the old nonsense of "five for a man, six for a woman and seven for a fool." But the truth is, that Napoleon was enabled, in a great measure, to accomplish what he did from the faculty of sleeping soundly—or sleeping when he slept and working when he worked. We have sat in one of his favorite traveling carriages, and it was so arranged that he could lie down at full length, and when dashing through the country as fast as eight horses, frequently changed, could carry him, he slept soundly, and when he arrived at his destination, was as fresh as if he had risen from a bed of down. Let farmers, and especially farmer's boys, have plenty to eat, nothing to "drink," and all the sleep they can take.—American Agriculturist.

## SHINGLE YOUR OWN HOUSE.

Bar-room. Time—Mid-night.

Wife—"I wish that man would go home if he has any one to go to."

Landlord—"Hush! hush! He'll call for something else directly."

Wife—"I wish he would make haste walk out then, for it's time every honest man was in bed."

Landlord—"He's taking the shingles off his own house and putting them on ours."

At this time James began to come to his senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretching himself, as if he had just awoke, saying, "I believe I will go home."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landlord.

"O yes, I must go," said James, and he started off.

After an absence of some time the landlord met and accosted him with, "Hallo, Jim, why ain't you been down to see us?"

"Why," said James, "I had taken so many shingles off my house it began to leak, so I thought it time to stop the leak, and I have done it."

Young man, whose house are you shingling? How many bricks have you got in some of the houses in town?"

IMPROVED FARMING.—The Cambridge Chronicle says of the recent attempt of the farmers of Dorchester, at market gardening.

The result is astonishing. One man sells the apricots from a single tree in his yard realizes \$48. Another puts down two acres of comparative poor land in strawberries, and clears \$300 the first season. Another picks the blackberries growing wild on his farm, and realizes a little over \$100—enough to pay his entire tax for the year. In conversation with one of the most intelligent and enterprising farmers of New Market district a few days ago, he told us that a neighbor of his in stiff clay ground had, from the sale of small fruits and vegetables, cleared more than \$100 up to this time than his entire parcel of land would have brought in market five years ago.

An exchange says, editors and chickens have to scratch for a living; and pretty lively scratching most of them make of it in order to keep square with the world.

## HOOD'S LAST VERSES.

The following stanzas were written by Thomas Hood on his death bed:

Farewell, life! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim;  
Through shadows cloud the light  
Like the advent of the night—  
Colder, colder, colder still—  
Upward steals a vapor still—  
Strong the earthly odor grows—  
I smell the mold above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!  
Strength returns and hope revives!  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn—  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—  
Sunny light for sullen gloom—  
Warm perfume for vapors cold—  
I smell the rose above the mould!

SUMMER IN A CORNER.—Dear, generous summer is at hand, of all seasons most lavish and loving.

Her full lap holds the blossoms of a world; her prodigal fingers scatter flowers on every side, by dusty highways, on mountain tops, in deep secluded glens.—The daisy's snow she piles in the meadows, and tinges a million fields at once with the gold of buttercup and red clover. But none the less does she find time for humble nooks, unnoticed spots of earth.—And to us who have but a tiny corner, a narrow back yard in which to do her homage, she comes as truly and as affluently as to palaces, gardens, or wide savanna.

Do we drop a few seeds—insert a twig? Immediately her warm hands descend in blessing. Flowers have no airs, no pride, rank or place to keep up. Mignonette will bloom and violets nestle, roses open their perfumed hearts, morning glories climb and twine, and lilies rear their stately heads as gladly in one place as another. Give them but earth, sun, and their beautiful opportunity, and nothing will they care that the family wash flaps on the lines over their heads, or that but a poor board fence separates from them the next door ash heap.

Let us take courage—we who pant in cities and narrow lives, feel sometimes that the summer is not for us. The universal Mother knows no distinctions. We are all alike hers, and for every smallest aid to her loving mission she is ready to give tenfold recompense, and

"Make the world more sweet."

## A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.

Never sendest thou in an article for publication without giving the editors your name, for the name often secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office, for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Neither do thou loaf about, ask questions, or knock down type, or the boys will love thee like they do shade trees—when thou loavest.

Thou shouldst not read the copy on the printer's case or on the sharpened and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire thou of the editor for news, for behold it is his business, at the appointed time to give it too thee without asking.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for his duty requireth him to keep such things to himself.

When thou dost enter into his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be laying open and concerneth thee not, for this is not meet in the sight of good beeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou mayest understand it.

Frederick thine own town's paper to any other and subscribe for it immediately.

Pay for it in advance and it shall be well with thee and thine.

## CANCER.

The fact was not long ago noticed that a diplomatic agent of the United States had brought to the attention of the State Department the unappreciated value of the undergrowth plant, which grows in Ecuador, in the cure of cancer. In referring to the fact at the time, we expressed a hope that the anticipations raised by the reported remedy would not, as in so many other instances of alleged cure of cancer, proved illusory.

The doubt thus intimated has been confirmed by the result of a very thorough investigation at Washington as to the virtues of a few specimens of the plant which have been received. The report of that army surgeon is against efficacy of the substance. Thus far cancer seems to be incurable, and few have any idea of its prevalence. Dr. Bliss, under whose charge the examinations at Washington have chiefly been, has started the whole country by a statement deduced from inquiries made that there are one hundred thousand cases of cancer annually in this country, the deaths from which are one hundred per cent.

Life is like a brook in which we every day read a page. We ought to note down every instructive incident that passes. A crowd of useful thoughts cannot but flow from self-converse. Hold every day a solitary conversation with yourself. This is the way in which to attain the highest relief of existence; and if we may say so, to cast an anchor in the river of life.

EXAMINATION.—A clergyman wishing to know whether the children of his parishioners understood their Bible, he asked a lad whom he found one day reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man.

"Moses, to be sure," said the boy.

"Moses?" exclaimed the parson, "how can that be?"

"Why," said the lad, "he broke all the commandments at once."

## Wit and Humor.

Hard to beat—a boiled egg.

Good country butter—an old ram.

Why might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

"Hello there," said a farmer to an Irishman, busily engaged at one of his cherry trees, "by what right you take these cherries?" "In faith my friend," said he, "by my right hand sure."

In reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or content, an old lady of experience said—"My dear, when you have found a place where everybody and everything are always pleasant, and nothing whatever disagreeable, then let me know, and I'll move there too."

Some one sends to the Washington Capital a fairly written poem, really containing a bright idea. It represents a mean old man marketing, who refuses to pay more than half price for eggs, because they are the product of female labor. Eggactly so. That's the principle upon which female teachers are generally paid.

A colored man was arraigned before one of the Canadian courts, a short time since, charged with the larceny of some wood. When called on to plead to the indictment, he said: "I bought do wood, and dat I know I did; but to save my soul from the gallus, cannot tell the man I bought it of, kase I bought it in the dark. I guess I'll plead guilty."

If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, oh! need they both to squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby waiting on the wall; and yet he welcomes her approach by an unwellcome yawl. And if a kitten wish to court upon the garden wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile and not stand up and bowl, and lift his precious back up high and show his teeth and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love that made the feller groan?

COURTING.—Here is a specimen of the good old-fashioned mode of courting as it was done in Connecticut. Deacon Marvin, a large land-holder and most exemplary man, accomplished his in a business-like way.

Having one day mounted his horse, with a sheep skin for a saddle, he rode in front of the house where Betsey Lee lived, and without dismounting, requested Betsey to come to him. On coming, he told her the Lord had sent him to marry her.—Betsey replied:

"The Lord's will be done."

"Ain't Gor' Em!"—Three of the dirtiest, most ragged little ragamuffins in this city entered one of the magnificent drug stores in our place. Marching up to the counter, one said:

"I want a cent's worth of rock candy."

"Get out you ragamuffin! We don't sell a cent's worth of rock candy."

Slowly and sadly they filed out of the store. On the sidewalk a consultation took place. They re-entered the door.

"Mister do you sell three cent's worth of rock candy?"

"Yes."

"Well, we ain't got em," and the procession moved out again.

A good joke is told of a little fellow four years old, who, having disobeyed his father, was about to incur the penalty—a switching. The father deliberately prepared a rod, while the son stood a sad and silent spectator. As the parent approached to the unpleasant duty, the boy started at a brisk run to a neighboring hill. The father pursued, and for a short time the youngster increased the distance between them; but gradually his strength began to fail, and when he reached the hill and began to ascend he lost his vantage ground. Nearer and nearer the tree father approached, and just as the top of the hill was reached, and as he came within a few feet's length of the fugitive, who was ready to fall from exhaustion, the boy quickly faced about, dropped upon the ground, and with an indescribable countenance exclaimed: "Papa, that—makes a fellow—blow—don't it?" This "changing of the subject" was so extremely ludicrous, that the father laughed heartily over the strategy which his hopeful son exhibited, and the rod was not used.

The trials of a young widower up in Winchman county, Vt., in trying to get "help," are really told by an exchange.

At least, almost discouraged, he drove up in front of a small dwelling among the hills, and asked the customary question: "Can you tell me where I can get a woman to do the work in a farm house?"

"Where are you from?" asked the old man, viewing the handsome horse and buggy with a critical air.

"My name is, D—, and I am from W—"

"Oh, yes I've heard of you; you lost your wife quite a spell ago. Well, I have got six girls—good gals, too—and you may take your pick among 'em for a wife; but they wouldn't none of 'em think of going out ter work. I should all as leave you should take Hannah, because she's the oldest, and has chance shly quite so good, as she's high-sighted, and can't bear very well; but if you don't want her, you can take your pick of the others."

Our friend went in, selected the best looking one, drove to the Justice's and was married, and carried his bride home that very night, having secured a permanent and efficient housekeeper, who proves true far in every way satisfactory, with no question of wages, and no limit to the work she is expected to do.

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Why might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

"Hello there," said a farmer to an Irishman, busily engaged at one of his cherry trees, "by what right you take these cherries?" "In faith my friend," said he, "by my right hand sure."

In reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or content, an old lady of experience said—"My dear, when you have found a place where everybody and everything are always pleasant, and nothing whatever disagreeable, then let me know, and I'll move there too."

Some one sends to the Washington Capital a fairly written poem, really containing a bright idea. It represents a mean old man marketing, who refuses to pay more than half price for eggs, because they are the product of female labor. Eggactly so. That's the principle upon which female teachers are generally paid.

A colored man was arraigned before one of the Canadian courts, a short time since, charged with the larceny of some wood. When called on to plead to the indictment, he said: "I bought do wood, and dat I know I did; but to save my soul from the gallus, cannot tell the man I bought it of, kase I bought it in the dark. I guess I'll plead guilty."

If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, oh! need they both to squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby waiting on the wall; and yet he welcomes her approach by an unwellcome yawl. And if a kitten wish to court upon the garden wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile and not stand up and bowl, and lift his precious back up high and show his teeth and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love that made the feller groan?

COURTING.—Here is a specimen of the good old-fashioned mode of courting as it was done in Connecticut. Deacon Marvin, a large land-holder and most exemplary man, accomplished his in a business-like way.

Having one day mounted his horse, with a sheep skin for a saddle, he rode in front of the house where Betsey Lee lived, and without dismounting, requested Betsey to come to him. On coming, he told her the Lord had sent him to marry her.—Betsey replied:

"The Lord's will be done."

"Ain't Gor' Em!"—Three of the dirtiest, most ragged little ragamuffins in this city entered one of the magnificent drug stores in our place. Marching up to the counter, one said:

"I want a cent's worth of rock candy."

"Get out you ragamuffin! We don't sell a cent's worth of rock candy."

Slowly and sadly they filed out of the store. On the sidewalk a consultation took place. They re-entered the door.

"Mister do you sell three cent's worth of rock candy?"

"Yes."

"Well, we ain't got em," and the procession moved out again.

A good joke is told of a little fellow four years old, who, having disobeyed his father, was about to incur the penalty—a switching. The father deliberately prepared a rod, while the son stood a sad and silent spectator. As the parent approached to the unpleasant duty, the boy started at a brisk run to a neighboring hill. The father pursued, and for a short time the youngster increased the distance between them; but gradually his strength began to fail, and when he reached the hill and began to ascend he lost his vantage ground. Nearer and nearer the tree father approached, and just as the top of the hill was reached, and as he came within a few feet's length of the fugitive, who was ready to fall from exhaustion, the boy quickly faced about, dropped upon the ground, and with an indescribable countenance exclaimed: "Papa, that—makes a fellow—blow—don't it?" This "changing of the subject" was so extremely ludicrous, that the father laughed heartily over the strategy which his hopeful son exhibited, and the rod was not used.

The trials of a young widower up in Winchman county, Vt., in trying to get "help," are really told by an exchange.

At least, almost discouraged, he drove up in front of a small dwelling among the hills, and asked the customary question: "Can you tell me where I can get a woman to do the work in a farm house?"

"Where are you from?" asked the old man, viewing the handsome horse and buggy with a critical air.

"My name is, D—, and I am from W—"

"Oh, yes I've heard of you; you lost your wife quite a spell ago. Well, I have got six girls—good gals, too—and you may take your pick among 'em for a wife; but they wouldn't none of 'em think of going out ter work. I should all as leave you should take Hannah, because she's the oldest, and has chance shly quite so good, as she's high-sighted, and can't bear very well; but if you don't want her, you can take your pick of the others."

Our friend went in, selected the best looking one, drove to the Justice's and was married, and carried his bride home that very night, having secured a permanent and efficient housekeeper, who proves true far in every way satisfactory, with no question of wages, and no limit to the work she is expected to do.